

patrickrichards



downwardspiral

Table of Contents

[**Title Page**](#)
[**Chapter One**](#)
[**Chapter Two**](#)
[**Chapter Three**](#)
[**Chapter Four**](#)
[**Chapter Five**](#)
[**Chapter Six**](#)
[**Chapter Seven**](#)
[**Chapter Eight**](#)
[**Chapter Nine**](#)
[**Chapter Ten**](#)
[**Chapter Eleven**](#)

Downward Spiral
by Patrick Richards
ISBN: 978-1-945648-21-2

Copyright ©2017 Patrick Richards

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying recording or otherwise without prior written permission of the publishers.

For information contact:

Pink Flamingo Media

www.pinkflamingo.com

P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI

Introduction

Life has its ups and downs. All of us experience them. There are good days and bad ones. Sometimes we tip toe out into the water and get caught up in the current. We flounder and fight and hopefully pull ourselves out before it's too late.

But some people are dragged out deeper than they imagined and end up in the whirlpool of life. They're drawn in too far and realize they can't swim against the powerful current. They go round and round, being sucked in deeper and deeper until they finally reach the very bottom.

Tom Roberts experienced that. He had inherited a multi-million dollar electronics business from his grandfather when in his early twenties. He was married to a stunning woman, who was on her way up in a very prestigious law firm in one of those tall, glass-fronted high-rises in the center of the city. They had it made.

Fast cars, nice boats, a magnificent home in the suburbs - what could be better? Lots. One evening when Tom came home, Margo was standing in the kitchen holding a pair of handcuffs she had found in the garage. One thing led to another and Tom was spread eagle on the bed. She was

both excited and intrigued by the thought of bondage and thought it might add some spice to their sex life. It did.

They played games that seemed to get more intense by the night. Tom always played the submissive slave while Margo was his Mistress. That's the way they both wanted it. He had always been intrigued by the whips and chains thing, and she took advantage of it.

With multiple trips to the local adult store, things just got hotter and hotter. Before long Tom was in far deeper than he could possibly realize. He spent more and more time in bondage and pain, while Margo spent extra time working on upcoming court cases.

You can read between the lines. Tom was pulled out by the rip tide and found it impossible to swim back to the safety of the shore. He was submerging in the pool he had created.

There's no limit to the depth that Tom plunged. Some say it was all the way to the bottom. They have no idea. Brutal sadists and being forced into prostitution were only part of his stop off points while drowning in the sea of darkness and despair. Tom experiences the true darker side of life, a world he only knew existed on the internet.

Femdom, bondage, slavery, body modification, chastity, brutal torture, cross-dressing, gay, maledom, anal, oral... OMG, there's even more.

Chapter One

“Hi, babe,” my wife Margo said, as I walked in. “So what’s with these?” she continued with a sly, yet playful little smile.

Dangling off the end of her fingers was a pair of official, stainless steel handcuffs. Besides that, on the kitchen table was the box containing my secret stash of things that I’ve had for many, many years. I had always kept it hidden in the garage out of sight.

“Ah... ah... those belonged to my uncle. When he retired from the police force, he gave them to me.”

“Well, what about the rest of this kinky stuff?” she asked, as she picked up coils of rope, leather cuffs and straps, along with a gag, blindfold, padlocks and a variety of other bondage items.

“They’re... ah....”

“Well, I think I discovered a little secret that you’ve been keeping from me all these years, haven’t I? But, that’s okay. I just can’t wait to take you upstairs and try out all these things. I think we can have loads of fun with this stuff. Bet when we’re done, you’ll wish you hadn’t kept it a secret for so long.”

“You mean you aren’t upset?”

“Hell no. It actually excites me a little.”

“Really?”

“Yea. I used to love tying my brothers up when we were young, and I can’t wait to do the same with you. So tell me, how long have you had this little fetish?”

“I guess forever. I’ve always been intrigued with B and D, even when I was a little boy. I’ve spent a lot of time tying myself up and experimenting with all kinds of bondage.”

“B and D?”

“Yea, bondage and discipline.”

“So that’s what this whip and paddle are for. Ever had anyone beat on your ass with them?”

“No... I’ve never found anyone who was interested in the whips and chains thing.”

“So how do you know you’ll like it?”

“Oh, I’ve caused myself some pain with them.”

“I doubt if doing it to yourself would be anything like being tied down and having someone else swatting these things against your naked butt. When you whip yourself, you can stop if it hurts too much. When you’re tied down and someone else is wielding the whip, you have no control. You won’t be able to stop it when it really begins to hurt.”

“I know, but that’s what I’ve always wanted.”

“Would you like me to tie you up and whip your ass so you won’t be able to sit for a few days?” she grinned.

“Would you actually do that for me?”

“Maybe.... You know there’s an old saying. ‘Be careful what you wish for.’”

Slowly she walked around the table and put her hand on the quickly growing bulge in my jeans.

“I guess this really does excite you. Why don’t you go on upstairs to the spare bedroom and get naked. I’ll be up in a while.

“Here,” Margo said, as she handed me the blindfold and leather manacles. “Lay down on the bed face up with your arms and legs stretched out to the corners of the bed. Don’t move or say a word. Got it?”

“Yes, honey.”

By the time I got to the bedroom, my mind was racing in high gear. I couldn’t believe what was happening. I quickly pulled my t-shirt over my head and unbuttoned my Levis. By the time they were pushed down below my knees, my cock was struggling against my boxer briefs, trying to get fully erect. Finally my legs were freed from the denim. With both hands I slip my underwear down over my hips. Immediately my pecker poked straight up and grew to its maximum size. Six inches of rock hard cock stood up at attention ready for what lay ahead. God, I was horny. A sexual excitement totally consumed me. I couldn’t believe this was actually happening.

My heart was pounding, as I fastened the wrist and ankle cuffs. Then I picked up the blindfold and lay back on the bed. I positioned myself in the middle, pulled the black leather blinder over my eyes and extended my arms and legs. I was ready.

Several minutes passed before I heard her enter.

"Is this okay, Margo?" I asked.

"I said not to speak, didn't I? That could have cost you ten swats with the paddle. And besides that, when we play these games, you will always address me as Mistress, and I will call you slave."

"I'm sorry Mistress."

"Those words would have made it twenty times with the paddle, but we'll get to that another time."

"You mean you aren't going to paddle me?"

"We'll see how well you perform," she said, as she knelt on the bed. Immediately I felt her hand close around my erection. It was hard and ready for whatever she had in mind.

After giving it a couple quick strokes, she got up and started to tie some rope to my right wrist cuff. I immediately realized that she already had the rope secured to the bed posts. She had this all planned out before I ever got home.

"That should hold that one, don't you think?"

I just nodded my head, as she walked to the other side. With the same motions, my left wrist was securely fastened. That left just my legs, but they too were secured with ropes to the legs of the bed.

"So slave... how long have you ever been kept in bondage?"

"I locked myself up for several hours before. A few times I've spent the night all tied up."

"Did you like it?"

"Oh yea. I loved it."

"Good. I'm going out for a while. That hard-on will probably be gone in a little while, but I bet I can get it back

up when I get home. Have fun, okay.”

She leaned over and kissed me softly. “Just think of all the fun we’ll have when I get home. Love ya.”

“Love you too.”

Before long I heard her leave. Now I just had to wait. As I lay there unable to move, I wondered where she went and what she needed, but I guess I’d find out later. Then a troubled thought came to me. What if she got into an accident or something? No one would ever find me. That only bothered me for a couple of minutes. Heck, I used to lock myself up and have to wait for the keys to drop.

To pass the time I started to think of all my bondage experiences. I thought back to my youth. I was visiting my grandparents at their farm one summer. I loved to play up in the hay mow. Across the rafters was a track. A metal, roller-type device with wheels would run along the narrow, metal rail. It was small with some pulleys. I guess they used it to put the hay in the barn. Sometimes I would grab it and push myself off, letting the car-like thing carry me out over the hay. Then I’d let loose and drop into the soft hay below.

One day I got this brainy idea. I’d take a rope with a loop on each end for my wrists and push myself out so that I hung by my arms. In theory it was a great idea for a budding bondage lover. I stood up on the landing and put my hands through the loops. Once I was secured, I pushed off with my feet. The metal car rolled out just as it always did, but this time I was left hanging there like some prisoner await his punishment. It really excited me. I hung there until my arms got tired, but then I realized there was no possible way of getting back.

Immediately I started to panic. I pulled and tugged on the rope, but there was no way of untying it or even breaking it for that matter. I tried to swing myself back and forth, but that didn’t work either. But after what seemed like at least an hour I tried something entirely different. By raising my feet up and quickly thrusting them out towards the landing,

the rusty metal car lurched forward a few short inches. I continued that method and finally covered the eight feet necessary for my release.

I was lucky. I suppose that if I yelled and screamed long enough, someone would have found me. That not only would have been embarrassing, but probably my grand dad would have given me a good thrashing.

You would have thought that I learned a lesson, always having an escape plan. Nope. Several more times things just didn't go as expected. Oh, my bondage was successful, but my escape had a lot to be desired.

As I lay there, I finally wondered where she could have gone. We got groceries just a couple days ago. She never told me we needed anything. What was she going to do after getting me out of the way? I lay there and wondered for a while.

Then I decided to test her rope tying skills, but soon learned that there wasn't a knot that could be reached. So all I could do is wait. Besides that, she was right. My erection had long since disappeared.

At one point I wondered what she would have in mind for me when she returned. Would she get me hard and ride my cock like a horny cowgirl, or would she just let me loose? I guess time would tell.

Finally I heard her car in the drive. Even though she might try to sneak in and surprise me, I knew she was home. A few minutes later I felt a finger run up the sole of my foot.

"Having fun, slave?"

"Yea, I like it, Mistress."

"Good. I'm going in and take a quick shower, and then we'll have a little fun. Is that okay?"

"I guess so. I don't plan on going anywhere soon."

About fifteen minutes later, the sound of the shower vanished, and the scent of perfume announced her arrival. Moments later she had straddled my head and was working on my flaccid dick. It didn't take long. With a mind of its own

it stiffened and grew to usable proportions. I was hard and ready. Slowly she lowered her sweet pussy to my lips and took my cock in her mouth. She sucked and playfully bit my pecker while I lick and worshiped her hungry twat.

Before long I latched onto her swollen clit with lip-covered teeth. Then my tongue went to work, driving her into a sexual frenzy. A powerful orgasm roared through her. She shook and cooed through a very satisfying ride. Finally she got up, but left me unsatisfied. My cock was hard, and I was so close to blowing.

“Why’d you stop?” I asked.

“Oh don’t worry, we aren’t done. It’s time for that paddling that you wanted. Besides if I let you blow, there’d be no sexual excitement. The paddling would just be pain. There’d be no pleasure.”

“Oh.”

“Now I’m going to untie you and bring you around to the end of the bed.”

Before long my legs were spread out and tied to the legs of the footboard. She lengthened out the rope from the headboard and pulled my arms up tight. I was bent over the end of the bed with my ass in perfect position and unable to move.

“Now slave, here’s how it goes. I’m going to give you ten hits on your ass for asking me why I stopped. If you can take all ten without screaming and begging for mercy, I’ll let you jerk off when I’m done. If you scream and yell, I’ll leave you tied here until I’m ready to go to bed. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She picked up the paddle. It was made of three-eighths plywood, about a foot long and four inches wide. The surface had numerous holes drilled through it, so it would have no air resistance. Slowly she rubbed it across my ass cheeks.

“Beg me to paddle your ass, slave. Tell my how you want it.”

“Please, Mistress... please paddle my ass hard enough so I will think about you all day tomorrow whenever I sit down. Give me the punishment I deserve for asking why you stopped.”

“That’s sufficient. Are you ready?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Suddenly the first stroke hit my ass. It hurt far worse than any time I used the paddle. I made only the slightest sound as a deep red patch instantly appeared across my butt.

“Why don’t you count them out and thank me for every one? Pretend you’re in a college fraternity, and it’s hell week. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Now, we’re going to start over with number one.”

“But...”

She stopped me with a couple of playful taps with the paddle. Then she brought the paddle around sharply, hitting my buttocks with a little more force.

“One! Thank you, Mistress. May I please have another one?”

She obliged. The second stroke overlapped much of the first on, landing just an inch or so higher.

“Two! Thank you, Mistress. May I please have another one?”

“Ah - h...” The third one was even harder yet.

“Three! Thank you Mistress. May I please have another one?”

“Of course you may. This is kind of fun. Are you enjoying it as much as me?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good, then we’ll try it a little harder from now on.”

“Please Mistress, not harder.”

“Oh that wasn’t good. Now we’re going to start all over with number one.”

I realized that I was in no position to argue or make another protest, so I did as she asked.

The next hit of the paddle was rather intense.

“M - m - m....”

“One! Thank you, Mistress. May I please have another one?”

She was more than willing to continue and decorate my ass with deep bruises that were turning black and blue well before she was finished.

“Eight. Thank... oh God, Mistress. Please stop. I can’t take any more.”

“Didn’t I warn you to be careful what you ask for?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Well, we’re going to finish. You have two to go. Besides, beating your ass seems to be making me rather horny. Don’t you wish you hadn’t asked me to stop? Instead of jerking off, I might have let you make love to me. But with spending the night tied here to the bed, that’s not going to be possible, is it?”

She brought the paddle back and quickly swung it, hitting me even harder than before.

I didn’t speak.

“Do we have to start over with number one?”

“Nine! Thank you, Mistress. May I please have another one?”

That one was the hardest yet.

“Ten! Thank you, Mistress.”

“Now, before I leave you, think about this. There was nothing that happened here tonight that you didn’t want, was there?”

“No, Mistress.”

“As you think about what just transpired, remember this... you’ve wanted someone to share your fantasies and desires with for many, many years. Well, you’ve found that person. I’ve been with you for nearly six years. I think this will really add some spark to our sex life.

“I’m very willing to be your Mistress and do the things you like. It was fun today and really turned me on. Please

don't be afraid to ask me to put you in bondage or whatever you want. If you don't want to ask, then be on your knees naked at the front door when I get home from work. I'll get the hint. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you for doing this for me."

As we talked, her hand found my cock and rubbed it until I was about ready to blow, but like she had promised, she never let me have that pleasure. She left the room, leaving me bound to the bed.

Finally just before bedtime she released me. I was a little stiff, and my ass hurt like hell. I immediately went into the bathroom and took a piss. Then I looked into the mirror. My ass was a deep purple color. I continued on into the bedroom and slipped into some boxers. Even where the fabric touched my ass, I could feel it. It's a good thing I don't sleep on my back.

I climbed into bed and snuggled up next to Margo, my wife and Mistress. I put my arm around her and kissed her on the back of the neck.

"I love you, darling."

Immediately she turned over and kissed me back passionately. "I love you too."

As she turned back over, she said, "I don't want you jerking off in the shower in the morning. In fact, let's make it a standing order from your Mistress. You can't jerk off without my permission from now on. If I find out you did, I'll double any punishments in the future. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Promise me."

"I promise I won't jerk off without your permission."

With that we turned over and went to sleep.

In the morning I eased out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

"Don't get in the shower yet," she said. "I'll be right in."

"Okay, give me a couple of minutes though."

When she arrived, I stood there naked, looking at my bruises.

“Nice ass,” she commented.

“Yea, I sort of like it decorated this way. It’s my red badge of courage. You’ve marked me.”

“Marks like those will do until I decide to mark you more permanently. But today, all that hair has to go.”

“What....”

“Don’t give me any shit. You’re my slave now, and you know that all the slaves in those stories you like to read are shaved clean. I’ve read some of that stuff. Many of them use a chemical, but a permanent depilatory cream is not really available. So for the time being you’ll shave, but after a while you can schedule laser treatments to make it gone forever. Is that alright with you, slave?”

As she described the shaving, I started to get hard.

“So you like the idea?”

“Yea, if that’s what you want.”

“No, I think it’s actually what you want, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good. Let’s start with the electric clippers.”

Margo got out the clippers and started right in. She had me stand with my legs apart and my hands behind my head. As the motor hummed, she started across my chest.

“Hey, what’s this?” she asked while grabbing my hard cock. “Is this turning you on?”

“Obviously, Mistress.”

Before long, my chest and stomach was bare, and she continued on down to my pubic area. As she mowed every hair in sight, I had to ask, “Isn’t this going to itch a lot?”

“Not if you shave it every day.”

“Every day?”

“Yup. That’s all part of it.”

She did my pits and then it was on to my arms, back and legs. When she was done, there was lots of hair on the floor, and I was as bald as a ten year old.

“Oh, I like it,” she commented with a smile. “I never liked hairy guys, but what do you think?”

“I like it, but what if I’m in an accident or something?”

“I guess you’ll have to live with the embarrassment, but probably no one will even care. I think a lot of guys do it. I saw it on Oprah one day. It’s called Manscaping.”

“Manscaping?” I whispered.

I just shook my head, as she led me into the shower. She had a five-bladed Gillette and a can of shaving foam in her hand. Those were put on the shelf until we washed and kissed for a while. Then she began. Extra care was taken around my junk before she had me bend over and spread my ass cheeks. When she was done, she assured me that every hair was gone, and I was to keep it that way from now on.

“My God, you’re still hard,” she commented.

“Yea... I guess I’m still horny from last night. Remember, I didn’t get to....”

She instantly put her finger to her lips, indicating that I wasn’t to speak. I got the message.

We spent the rest of the weekend just hanging out. We went to the mall and then out for dinner. Later on Saturday night we headed down to a local pub where some guy was playing the guitar and banjo. He was really good. Most of the time, we stood near the bar and drank their craft beer. I really like Dylan’s Pale Ale. Finally a couple we know asked us to join them at their table. I sat down rather gingerly after last night’s ordeal.

“What’s the matter Tom?” Marilyn asked. “You sat down with a little trouble.”

Jokingly I responded, “Well, Margo said she was going to kick my ass. I guess she did a good job at it.”

Everyone laughed a little, but Marilyn looked at Margo and just smiled. I wondered if she knew.

A while later the girls decided to go to the bathroom. Bill and I discussed the Yankees game while they were gone.

When Margo returned, she moved her chair over closer to mine so she could see the stage and the entertainment a little better. As the performer ran his fingers up and down the neck of his instruments, she ran her fingers up and down mine on the outside of my jeans. It took her only a couple of minutes to get me hard. I had to adjust it a little. By the time she had finished her drink, she had me within a stroke or two of ejaculation. Fiendishly, she kept me right of the brink of climax for rest of the evening. By the time we got home, my ass ached from the hard chairs, and I had a colossal case of blue balls.

Margo suggested I go up and get in bed. She'd be along in a few minutes.

When she entered the bedroom, my jaw dropped. She was wearing a black leather half bra that let her nipple peek over the top, and a matching garter belt to hold up her stockings. There was nothing more except for the handcuffs that dangled from her fingers.

"Oh fuck!" I whispered. She looked magnificent.

"Yea, that about sums it up. We're going to fuck. Do you think you can manage that?"

"Oh yes, my beautiful, sadistic Goddess."

"But the question is, can you fuck me and get me off first?"

"I don't know. My balls are really full, and I'm extra horny after all you've done to me."

"Well, this is the way it goes down, slave. You can stick that thing in me and go to your heart's content, but if you blow before I climax, I'm going to sit on your face and let you finish me with your tongue."

"But if I blow first, you'll be full of my stuff."

"You figured that out all by yourself? I guess you'll try really hard then, won't you? But what difference does it make? Don't you expect a girl to swallow? Besides that, all the slaves in those stories you like do it. So you have a choice. Do it my way, or I cuff your hands to the bed post,

and we both just go to sleep. You have a choice. What will it be?"

I thought for a minute. God, I needed to blow so badly, and she's so sexy in that outfit. I know if I don't do it, I won't get any sex for several more days. But, if I can't hold it, I'll have to eat my own cum.

"Well, what's it going to be, boy?"

"I guess I don't really have a choice. Let's do it."

She put her arms around my neck and pulled me in close. Our tongues met as we worked ourselves into a sexual rage. Before long, she was on her back, and I was between her legs, pounding my hard cock into her pussy with a vengeance. My mind had blocked out what would happen if I didn't get myself under control, but my little brain was doing all the thinking anyway. It wanted its pleasure no matter what the consequences.

"F - U - C - K!" I yelled, as two full days of cum build-up shot deep into her. I could feel gusher after gusher of creamy jism blast from my balls and shoot from my dick.

"Ah - ah - ah - ah..." I moaned, as I slammed my cock into her even deeper.

Finally the last of my cum drained into her. It was then that the realization of my fate became really evident. My cock brain didn't care. It got what it wanted.

"Come on. Lay down here and get me off. You agreed."

I did as she demanded. Within seconds her pussy was on my face, and I was licking and swallowing my load of cum as it drained from her. When it first hit my tongue, I thought I would be sick, but it wasn't nearly as bad as I thought.

"Just don't lay there, bring me, slave."

And so I did. I licked and beat on her clit with my tongue until she came at least three times. She had an insatiable appetite for her sexual pleasure.

We both worked throughout the week, but I had dinner ready every night when she got home. Being a young lawyer in a large law firm, she was working on a big case

and had to spend a few extra hours. On Friday night when she walked in, I was kneeling in the foyer totally naked. I needed her to be my Mistress tonight.

"I figured you'd be there," she said with a grin. "Go upstairs and get on the bed like you did last week. I'll be up in a few minutes."

Actually it took her a while. She ate her dinner and then went right into the bathroom to shower. When she arrived, she was only wearing a pair of red silk panties. Margo tied the ropes to my cuffs, leaving me stretched out tight and in a very vulnerable position. Her hand soon grabbed hold of my throbbing cock and started slowly sliding up and down its entire hard length.

"I bet you like that. It's surely better than doing it yourself, isn't it?"

"Oh God!" I whispered.

"Well, we can't let you have all the fun, can we?"

She knew I was just a couple more strokes from exploding, so she released my cock, leaving me right on the edge of my climax. As she stood up, she slid that petite, little patch of silk down over her hips and long, lean legs. They dangled from her finger tips as she leaned over the bed.

"Open wide, slave. You'll like my little gift. They're soaking wet with my hot inner juices. I've been thinking all day about tying you up and having my way with you."

Instantly she pushed them into my mouth. I could taste her magnificently fragrant, musky offering. I welcomed her present and savored the wonderful taste of her.

I watched her carefully, as she picked up a tube from the side of the bed and squeezed a generous ribbon of gel into her palm. It felt cool, as she rubbed it over my entire cock. Next came a small shiny packet. My Mistress put a corner between her teeth and ripped it open. A rubber fell onto the bed. Without hesitation she put it on the head of my dick and unrolled it down the entire length of my manhood.

“We don’t want any pre-mature ejaculation like last weekend, do we?”

I shook my head back and forth as she opened up another Trojan.

“You see... from now on, your entire duty in life is to satisfy me. Your reward is not my concern as long as I get as much pleasure as I need. There’s no more blowing your rocks in me and then leaving me hanging on the edge, waiting for my pleasure. From now on, you bring me first.”

“I always finish you,” I mumbled through her panties.

“That’s ten with the riding crop. Keep breaking the rules and you’ll have a little trouble sitting down tomorrow. But, it’s your ass, so the choice is up to you.”

Without another thought she unrolled another condom down over my cock. That was followed by a small round band. She stretched it out to get it over the head of my cock rolling the extra tight, pink band all the way down.

“There, that should keep you hard.”

My Goddess climbed up on the bed and straddled my bound body. With only the slightest motion she pushed my cock back just a bit and lowered her pussy onto my waiting organ. She was so wet that she slid right down its entire length.

“Oh - h...,” she softly moaned, tipping her head back just a little.

Then she looked me straight in the eyes. “If you blow before I’m completely satisfied, I’ll double your whipping and you’ll suck all your filthy cum out of those rubbers. And let me warn you right up front, one orgasm will definitely not be enough for me tonight.”

Then she started. After several times of raising and lowering her body, she changed positions just a little. Then with my cock hitting her in just the right spot she rode me hard. I guess after all those years of riding horses and posting in the saddle, she wasn’t going to tire for a while.

As she continued to fuck herself on my pole, I realized that I wasn't feeling a thing. Obviously she had coated my prick with a numbing, desensitizing cream before applying the condoms.

A few more minutes passed before her body tensed.

"Ah... ah... oh... oh... oh sh... sh... shit!" she quietly screamed. Her entire body shook like nothing I'd ever seen before. Finally she collapsed on my belly and chest. Her sweaty body lay on top of mine as she drew in several long, deep breaths.

"See, that's how you're supposed to please a woman. Understand now how I like it?"

She lay there for a few more minutes before she turned her head and playfully gripped my nipple between her teeth. As her jaws tightened, she lifted her head and moved it back and forth.

"Um - m...," I softly moaned.

"Do you like that, slave?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"I thought so."

After biting and tugging for a couple minutes, she moved to the other side.

She giggled, saying, "Oh this one is already hard and erect. I guess you like my little nibbles more than I expected."

Then she closed my little nub tightly between her pearly white teeth. As the pain increased, I could feel her hips start to move. She was beginning again. She continued to bite my tender nipples, switching back and forth, pulling and tugging harder and harder. At times she rolled my little buds back and forth between her teeth, ever increasing the pressure. Finally she released the grip and sat up. But the tit torment was far from over. She grasped each nipple with her fingers and started her wild ride on my junk.

Up and down her hips went, sliding my cock in and out of her hungry hole. But the harder she fucked herself, the

harder she twisted, pinched and yanked on my tits with her fingers.

Oh my God! Never have I experienced anything like this. She had an insatiable lust and energy about her. As her craving grew, so did the tit torture. At times I wondered if she might rip them off by accident. After several long minutes she was ready for another round of orgasm.

Suddenly it roared through her, but she never let up. She just rode me harder. Her screams became far more vocal.

“Oh God, yes. Fuck, fuck, fuck...!” she screamed.

And just as I thought it was going to be over, another one blasted within her loins. Over and over she screamed and moaned with pleasure. Then it started to subside. Again she collapsed on me. But in less than a minute she reached into my mouth and removed her panties. Just as quickly, she slid off my cock and switched her body around, placing her dripping wet lips over my nose and mouth.

“You know what to do, slave.”

Immediately I started to suck the juices from her and lick her magnificent cunt. She purred like a contented little kitten.

We were in a sixty-nine position, giving her free access to my unsatisfied cock. I hoped she would remove the protective coverings, but that wasn't what she had in mind. Instead she pulled my balls up and started to bite them as well. By separating them with her hands she squeezed my left nut up between her thumb and fingers. I moaned.

I could feel her suck it into her mouth and bite down. My body immediately stiffened as the pain steadily grew. My testicle was directly between her teeth, and she was biting down hard. I instantly stopped licking and working on her honey pot.

She pulled my nuts from her mouth and spoke. “If you stop again, you'll know what real pain is. Now bring me again no matter how much pain your worthless balls feel.”

So we both started where we left off. Her pleasure continued, and so did my pain. Before I brought her again, both of my nuts had been bit, chewed and nearly crushed. They hurt so badly that I was almost nauseous and could feel the ungodly pain clear into the pit of my stomach.

As she got close, she let go of my nuts and put the head of my cock between her teeth. As she came, she bit down hard, but I knew better than to stop. Her vulva rolled back and forth on my face, as her knees squeezed tightly on the sides of my head. Then she cut off all possible breath as her orgasm continued. I fought to get air, but it just pushed her further along. Finally, just as I was about to black out, she relaxed her knees. Quickly I took a quick breath before the ordeal continued again.

Finally she'd had enough. Her third or fourth, oh God, I have no idea how many times she climaxed. Me, the only thing I experienced was pain, but I quickly realized that this is exactly what I wanted. All my life I have craved someone to use and abuse me, and all of a sudden she found me. Sure we have had a wonderful marriage for the last five or so years, but obviously it was lacking something. Maybe things will be even better in the future.

When I had licked and sucked her pussy clean, she climbed off, and I started to speak. She just looked at me, and I remained quiet.

After I was released from the ropes that held me, she helped me up.

"Hands," she demanded.

As I extended my hands to her, she closed one of the inescapable steel cuffs around my wrist. I could hear the ratcheted click of the steel, as she closed it tightly against my skin.

"In the back, slave."

Without hesitation, I put my hands behind my back and heard the same sound, as I felt the cold metal cuff tightly grip my flesh.

“What’s next, slave?”

“My punishment?”

“That’s right, slave. You catch on real quick. How many did you earn today?”

“I don’t remember, Mistress.”

“So, I can give you any number that I want.”

“I think it’s 20 with the paddle and 10 with the crop.”

“See, you do remember. Now get down on your knees, kiss my feet and tell me how you want your punishment.”

As I got down, I saw her beautiful black leather stilettos. Wow! Those four inch heels made her legs look even better.

Tenderly I kissed each foot, right on the instep. The scent of her feet and the intoxicating aroma of the leather made my cock swell even harder. Then I looked up at her. “Mistress, I spoke when I was instructed to remain silent. Please paddle and whip my ass as hard as you wish. I have wanted this for so many years. Please do it hard. Have no mercy. I want to wear the marks and welts of my punishment for several days. Please make my punishment severe enough that every time I sit down for the next few days, I will only think of you. I love you, Mistress, and want to be your slave and please you in any way you want forever.”

“Then get up and stand here at the end of the bed. Spread your legs.”

I stood at the end of the bed and spread my legs.

“Wider.”

I felt her tying ropes around each ankle, keeping my legs spread far apart. Then she stood up and buckled a collar around my neck.

“I’m going to gag you to cut down on your screams. We certainly don’t want to alarm the neighbors. And after all, you said, ‘Please do it hard,’ and ‘Have no mercy.’ Trust me, slave, I will make sure you can’t sit down for at least a week. That’s what you want, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Mistress.”