

Making a Point

t'Sade

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Gary settled back into his couch and cracked open another beer, enjoying the fumes then draining it between the flashes of two commercials. His eyes locked on the screen, waiting the return of the game. As he waited, he tossed the empty can over his shoulder. It crashed into the large pile of metal and garbage behind the couch—remains of a very enjoyable weekend alone of sports.

He ignored everything but the football game as it moved into the fourth quarter. It was intense, and not just because of the thousand dollars he had riding on the Chicago Bears. They were doing their best to lose his money as they meandered down the field, missing catch after catch.

Just as the quarterback fired a beautiful throw right down the center of the field, Gary's attention snapped as the phone rang out shrilly. He frowned, unable to tear his eyes away from the screen and ignored it. His mouth opened in bliss as he watched the ball arc into the sky. His breath came rapidly as the announcer described the perfection. And, right before it landed smack in the hands of the running back, the phone grew silent and not interrupted the sheer joy he felt at that moment of time.

Bursting to his feet, he jumped as the crowds grew wild. His fingertips brushed against the textured ceiling, leaving just a few more orange smears in the cracks. He danced for almost a minute before slumping back down into the couch. To his surprise, well not entirely surprise, he felt sweat dripping down his brow from his efforts and he wiped it on a napkin before leaning forward to admire the next play.

The game ended with the Bears winning and he almost floated into the kitchen. At the refrigerator, he stopped to admire himself in the reflection of the stainless steel door. Despite being thirty in a few short months, he still managed to avoid swelling up into pigs like the rest of his buddies. His narrow chin and shoulders gave way to a profile that women still found attractive. All that without having to exercise every day for some hard body. He chuckled and pulled out a six-pack from the fridge and a pack of cigarettes from the shelf. As he turned back, his eyes caught reflection of the one thing he hated about himself: his stomach. Where the rest of him managed to remain slender, his stomach bulged out like a six-month pregnant woman. Too many beers and not enough exercise, is what his girlfriend said, but how could he be that out of shape when the rest of him was still fairly fit? He shrugged, lighting up a cigarette and took a deep draw of the smoke into his lungs.

Padding back into the living room in bare feet, he noticed the message waiting light blinking on the phone. For a moment, he considered passing it by, but jammed the button for the Caller ID. It took him a second to identify the number.

“Damn, Heather.”

Setting the beer down on the table, he flipped up the phone and dialed his girlfriend’s cell phone from memory. Only three months since they started dating, it still left a little thrill in his groin when he thought of her body against his. A few rings later and she picked up, the phone hissing from the car.

“Hello?”

“Hi! It’s Gary.”

“Oh, hi honey!” She always had the voice that sounded like pure maple syrup, almost intoxicating but not nearly as much as when she purred.

“What’s up?”

“Oh, my mother got called away, so I turned around and am heading back early.”

He glanced over at the television, thinking about all the games he wanted to watch.

“Great, when will you be back?”

“About an hour, I’ve been driving all night.”

He suppressed an inward groan. In the brief second that followed, he prayed that she didn't want to do anything until much later; he had enough games to keep him happy until Tuesday.

"So, I'm kind of bored after all this driving, want to do something?"

His lips ground together for a moment, then he took a deep breath.

"Sure, how about the chicken wing place down the street? Say at about eight?"

There was a pause of her own, "I was thinking about a nice long walk down that trail behind your house."

His eyes rose up to peer out the window. A light drizzle splattered the ground, but it didn't hide the hills and mountains behind his house. An amazing view with hundreds of miles of walking trails that he never even considered walking.

"I don't know," he lied, "its raining pretty heavily here. Might not be very safe."

She purred, "Come on, I'll make it worth your while."

"But, then rain..."

"Means we'll be all alone, which means I might," he could imagine her licking her lips, "lose my shirt along the way. And I heard there is nothing better than a nice long blow-job in the rain to really get your juices stirring."

His cock, a reasonable length of manhood, perked up at the thought, but his attention drew back to the game on the television set. From his vantage point, he could see a spirited game already in play and he was missing it while talking on the phone.

"I don't know, Heather, it seems really rough. Why don't you call back when you get closer and we'll see?"

"I suppose," her voice took on an icy tone, "I'll head home first then and call you from there."

He pictured her apartment, clear on the other side of town, "Sounds like a plan."

A few moments later, he was settled back into his couch, volume turned up and the excitement burning in his chest. His conversation with Heather disappeared somewhere in the first quarter, not that he missed it.

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The game ended on a good note and Gary flipped idly through a hundred sport channels looking for another game. The phone rang again and he didn't answer it at first. It grew silent, then rang out again. Sighing, he got himself out of the couch and padded over to to it, flipping it up.

"Gary."

"Hi, its Heather!"

His eyes automatically looked out the window. The drizzle managed to turn into a rain, but nothing more serious than a good soaking. Fog clung to the tips of the mountains, in a view that was no doubt stunning to someone who cared.

"Oh, hi! Back at home?"

"Yes," a tiny pause, "So, how's the weather?"

"Oh, still coming down hard," he lied again. Flipping the phone to his other ear, he grabbed the phone book and started flipping through the pizza section of the yellow pages. He managed to keep his lit cigarette in his fingertips as he flipped through the pages.

"No walk then?"

"I don't think so."

"Come on, just a little one?"

"No, its really bad out here."

"Really," came a suddenly hard response. He frowned for a moment, feeling a strange feeling of something wrong, then heard a car pulling into the drive. Gulping, he listened to her getting out of the car over the phone and through the front door at the same time.

"Um..." he stumbled but she just turned off the phone and walked in the front door.

There are few things in a young man's life that one could never forget. Seeing a hard-bodied, nineteen year old coming out of the rain, water sheeting off her nearly transparent shirt and dripping off nipples hard from the cool water was one of them. Heather jammed her phone in her pocket and ran her fingers through her hair.

"Hi," she said simply. He swallowed and set down the phone. Closing the phone book, he took a deep draw from his cigarette and looked guilty.

"Sorry."

She shrugged, “No matter, you can beg for forgiveness by going on a short walk.”

Gary made a face, “I’d rather not. A game just got started-”

“And you’ve been watching games all weekend. Come on, just a fifteen minute walk.” She stepped forward, rocking her hips as she took a deep breath. Her small breasts pressed up against the shirt and there was no doubt that the only thing that stood between her hard nipples and his hand was wet fabric. Her eyes burned with lust as she drew fingers down his chest.

“I’ll make it worth your while.”

His cock lurched to full mast as she ran her fingers down his sweatpants, tracing the outline with her tips and cupping his balls. Her eyes burned with passion as she stepped up to him, looking up since she was easily a foot shorter than him.

“Come on, fifteen minutes.”

Gary gulped and glanced over at the television.

“Couldn’t we just do the Wii for that?”

“You won’t get a blow-job for the Wii.”

To his surprise, he couldn’t decide. While her lips wrapped around his shaft were great, the idea of hiking fifteen minutes just to enjoy some sex on leaves and rocks didn’t really appeal to him... ever. And, as his eyes focused on the television, someone just managed to sink a three-point shot from clear across the court.

Distracted, he shook his head, “No, I’d rather-”

His words were cut off as she pressed one hand against his mouth. It wasn’t plastered against his face, but the feel of her soft skin silencing him surprised him. He inhaled sharp and almost choked on the smells of gyms, cars, and sweat. He choked for a moment and jerked his head back. Her eyes flashed with annoyance and she slapped her palm against his mouth again. He jerked away, but this time she held to him tightly, moving with Gary as he tried to escape.

“Come on, it doesn’t smell that bad.”

He snapped and shoved her away as he stumbled back. Breathing in fresh air, he gave his girlfriend a glare.

“Stop that!”

Her eyes burned icily as she glared up at him.

“Look, get your damn shoes on. We are going to take a walk and you are going to get a proper blow-job, you hear me?”

Her voice dropped the temperature of the air around him and for a moment, he realized he couldn't pull his eyes away from her burning blue glare. He took another deep breath, drinking in the smells of her hand and tried to pull back. A smirk quirked her lip as she watched him struggle but she only ground her hand harder against his lips.

“Come on, how bad could it be?”

Her voice was mocking and he struggled to escape her hands. She seemed to take an unusual thrill at his struggles and he felt a blush creeping up his cheeks. Tears formed in his ears as he panted, but she didn't pull her hand away from his mouth. Instead, she forced him to smell her hand, the scents of leather and sweat, and struggled with choking.

“Understand?” she repeated herself.

After a moment, his dignity broke and he nodded. She released him and stepped back. The icy glare melted away and she smiled sweetly.

“Come on, you'll have fun. We haven't gone on a walk for months.”

Sulking, Gary started to gather up enough clothes to go outside. He found his shoes and jammed on one, then slowed down as he watched the game on the television. Heather drifted into the kitchen as he laced up one shoe, then the ends slipped from his fingers as he watched a stunning maneuver across the screen. Just as the player launched the ball into the air, the entire television snapped and went black.

“What-? Hey!”

He looked up to see Heather with her finger on the power button.

“Come on.”

Without thinking, he leaped to his feet and ran around the table. His fumbled for the power button—his shoulder bumped into her—as he frantically jammed it back on, hoping to catch the end of the shot. As the television powered up, the audio turned on and he heard the roar of the crowds and the announcer screaming at the top of his lungs. He felt his stomach dropping. A once-in-a-lifetime shot and he missed it. Frantically, he peered at the darkness waiting

for the image to come back. It finally flickered to live, just as the end of the slow-motion replay ended. He only saw the basketball bouncing on the floor and heard the roar of the crowds once again.

He swore as he prayed for another replay. Snatching up the remote, he backed up to regard the entire screen. Just as he reached the couch, he saw movement on the corner of his vision. Looking over, he felt his skin tingle as he watched Heather getting back to her feet, pure hatred burning in her eyes.

There are more things a man never forgets. The look of his girlfriend's face as she slowly stood up, brushing broken potato chips from the tight pants plastered to her ass. Or even the sound of her cracking her knuckles as she regained her balance. He felt a shudder of fear rising through his gut as she whispered angrily.

“Did you just shove me out of the way for a god-damned game?”

The television drowned out anything else she said. With a snarl, Heather slammed her fist against the power button of the television. The blow slammed the flat screen into the wall behind the cabinet and it crashed to the ground. He winced at the incredibly loud sound of it dropping to the floor. Heather took a step forward, her feet crunching a discarded wrapper.

“I said, did you just fucking shove me out of the way?”

Trembling, Gary sat down hard.

“I-I'm sorry, I didn't-”

“For a fucking game!?” screamed his girlfriend. She stormed forward, easily stepping over the table. Gary tried to stand back up, but she shoved him back down, towering over him. He flailed around, spinning around to scramble over the back. She caught him just as he reached the pile of discarded cans. Her hands, tiny but strong, yanked back and he let out a scream as she pulled him down. He lost his balance and fell off the couch, landing on the coffee table and banging his head against the wood.

As stars exploded in his vision, he tried to get back to his feet, but she jammed one knee into his chest and slapped her hand against his mouth, cutting off his breath and the scream that rose up in his throat. Fingers dug into his jaw and the edge of her hand pressed up against her nose as she put her weight into his stomach, grinding her kneecap right into the point below his ribs.

Gary panicked and kicked out. Heather grabbed his face tighter, digging her fingernails in as she rode his panicked bucking easily. At one point, he felt her weight lifting from his stomach and he thrashed harder, but then his world turned into a storm of agony as she rammed her knee into his groin.

“Look,” she leaned right over his face, glaring down at him as her fingers dug into his face. He couldn’t smell anything but her hand: the sweat and leather of her car, the perfume of her body, and even the scents of her car. It overpowered everything else as he desperately gasped through her fingers.

“I just spent eighteen hours driving back here and all I wanted was some mind-blowing sex in the middle of the woods. But, all you seem to care about is watching your damned television.”

He tried to speak up, but she rapped his head against the table to silence him.

“No, listen up. We are going on a damn walk, if you like it or not. I’m tired of you being lazy all the damn time and we are going out now! I’m frustrated, bored, and horny and you are going to do something about it!”

Gary looked up at her, feeling fear pooling in his gut and sweat dripping from his forehead. Heather worked her lip for a moment, then took a deep breath. Grabbing his hair, she pulled him to his feet. He swayed, but her hands just tightened on his mouth, gagging him. Pulling him with surprisingly strength, she dragged him to the back door.

“Put your shoes on.”

He struggled to put on his shoes while she kept her hand plastered against his face and one hand curled up in his hair. As he struggled to balance and shove on his shoes, she giggled.

“I can’t believe it only took some wrestling to get you out.”

He blushed and hesitated, but she tightened her hand over his mouth. After a second, he continued pulling on his shoes as she chuckled.

“I mean, I’m just this small little thing and here you are, practically my slave. Now, did you give up for my pussy,” she leaned into him to tickle his ear with her breath, “or this hand?”

Her fingers tightened on his mouth and he choked again. She grinned and inched her hand up to force him to breath in the scents.

“Come on, my hand isn’t that bad. You act like I gave a skunk a hand-job.”

Leaning forward, she whispered, “If you are lucky, you’ll smell something else too. And it won’t be skunk.”

He finished pulling on his shoes and she shoved him out the back door. He blinked at the rain that splashed down on his face, soaking his t-shirt and sweat pants almost instantly. It was a lazy, heavy rain, thick droplets that didn’t hurt or even blind him.

She stopped for a moment, then he felt her hand slipping away from his mouth as she went to close the door. Seeing a chance, he yanked free of her grip, leaving a bit of hair behind, and stumbled back. Inhaling sharply, he yelled out.

“Hel-!”

She spun around as soon as he opened his mouth. She tackled him surprisingly quickly, driving into his stomach and driving the wind from his lungs. The scream that echoed in his throat turned into a grunt as he slammed into the soaked grass and mud. He flailed again, trying to escape, but her lithe body managed to pin him hard to the ground, grinding the back of his head into the grass as she slapped her hand against his mouth to gag him.

“Shut up!” she hissed.

He jerked, but she planted one knee back on his stomach and jammed her weight into it. He coughed violently but her hand over his mouth prevented him from breathing. Seconds passed quickly and soon he felt his lungs burning with the need to inhale. She finally leaned back and gave him a tiny second of fresh air.

Leaning forward, she ground her hand, “Look, either you behave or you’ll be gagging on this.” She jammed her palm harder against his face. He panicked, unable to smell anything besides the sweat and leather, but she rode him easily, pinning him time and time again until his lungs and eyes burned with humiliation.

“Get up,” she growled. With her hand on his mouth, she forced him to his feet and walked him out his backyard. Like most of the houses in his neighborhood, his yard lead into thick woods with foot trails leading through the trees and into the hills that ended up at the mountains. When he first bought the house, he considered walking but never got past the foothills. Now, he stumbled as he walked, gagged and helpless by a girl half his weight.

“You are pathetic,” she said after a few minutes.

His eyes sneaked to look at her but she didn't look back.

“Five minutes ago, you were a fat slob on the couch.”

Gary couldn't say anything.

“And now, you are being kidnapped and taken into the mountains.”

He let out a whimper and tried to stop, but she pressed hard on the small of his back and clamped her hand over his mouth.

“Nothing you can do, except breathe it all in.”

There was a smirk on her lips and he couldn't resist obeying. The smells were choking and humiliating, burning deep in his gut, but the only air came between her fingers. They slowed and he looked at her, guilty and frustrated. His half-hearted attempt to escape left him nothing but desperate gasps for air and a sore wrist.

“Come on,” she gestured to the path, “your kidnapper wants to go somewhere.”

They walked in silence and he was thankful for the trees shielding him from the rain, but too soon the ground grew rockier and steeper, forcing him to work. He stumbled, but Heather refused to let go of his mouth. The once lovely smells of the wet woods were drowned out by the scent of her hand inches away from cutting off his breath. They reached the first trail after ten minutes of marching and he already felt the pain in his side.

By the time they reached the first fork in the asphalt trail, he felt his legs burning from the effort. He kept stumbling, but she just shoved him forward, heading somewhere with a purpose. If it wasn't for the hand over his mouth, it would have been almost romantic as she slipped one arm around his. But, it was the hard palm against his mouth that kept him on a knife's edge. His clothes stuck uncomfortably to his skin as rain poured down, but it was nothing to fear that filled him. He felt it soaking every part of his body and even the sensations of her dripping body against his wasn't enough to distract him from his misery.

An half hour later, he was gasping for breath. Every time he drew in air, he was overwhelmed by the smell of their combined sweat and rain that flooded his lungs. Her body seemed to relax slightly, but her hand never left his mouth as they walked along the path.

Behind them, the sun dipped toward the horizon and the entire mountain turned a bright, hellish red from the sunlight.

She finally stopped soon after dusk plunged over the mountain. The buzz of insects mixed in with the slowing rain but he ignored everything but the desperate need for air and another cigarette. Gary kept one hand on his side, trying to breath as they came to another fork. This time, the both gravel trails lead up into the mountains. She finally released his mouth as she stepped away, to read a sign. Gary considered escaping, but the first step almost brought him to the ground with legs of rubber. Gasping, he just bent over and panted, trying to stop the pain in his gut and lungs.

“Come on.”

She grabbed his arm and pushed him up one trail. Gary whimpered and obeyed, stumbling in the fading light.

“W-Where are we going?”

“A cabin, its just up this way about twenty minutes.”

He gulped in air, “A cabin? Why?”

Her eyes glared at him, “Because I thought it would be romantic. I even got a couple special things for you, but you decided to be a dick instead.”

Wanting to ask another question, he said nothing when she just glared at him. He stumbled in silence until they reached the cabin, an old wooden thing with peeling paint and a gravel drive leading down the mountain. It was a crappy little place, the type rented out to tourists who didn't know better and saw maintenance only when someone complained enough. At the end of the season, it looked and smelled old. Their feet shook the wooden deck as she led him into the building.

Inside, he saw a single room with a kitchen in the corner, a massive four-poster bed alone one wall, and a door leading into a bathroom. On the bed, with a dingy comforter, he spotted a few bags from Walmart and a sport shop. Panting from his effort, he just stood in the center of the room as she closed and locked the door behind him. He watched as she dragged a chair into the center and motioned for him to sit on it.

Despite the fear in his stomach, the burning in his legs and gut drove him to sit down. She smiled and kissed him on the top of the head. The chair faced the bed and he watched as she dug through

the bags, then pulled something out. Hiding it behind her back, she returned to him.

“I was going to make this a very special week, you know. The type of thing that you would call in sick for.”

Gary shivered, water dripping off his body, as he looked up at her. She looked so tiny next to him, but there was a confidence that scared him. Her lips curled into a smile before she circled around him. He started to follow, but she pushed his head away. Frowning, he obeyed and waited.

At the first feel of the rope at his wrist, he froze. He couldn't identify it until he felt her tightened it around his wrists, pinning him.

“Heather!?”

She ignored him as she tied his wrists and arms quickly and firmly. When he tried to get up, she yanked him back down and tied him to the chair. Gary panicked and kicked out, jumping in the chair to move it.

She only gave him a few seconds before her hand snaked out and clamped down over his mouth. Her weight bore down on his shoulders and he didn't have the energy to move. Her lips, hot and warm against his ear, worked as she whispered.

“I was going to let you tie me up tonight.”

He groaned at the flash of fantasy he had ever since he met her. She continued to whisper as he felt fear and lust fighting inside him.

“Any position you wanted, me helpless and letting you fuck every hole in my body. I would even let you tie my ankles above my head, I know you like that.”

Gary groaned.

“But,” her hand tightened on his mouth and he felt her nails digging into his skin. He breathed in frantically, anticipating her cutting off his breath, and focused on the smells of fresh rope and sweat flooding his senses. He tried to think of something else, but the whispers and scents overpowered his thoughts.

“You wanted to watch a fucking game. And then, you little shit, you shoved me.” She jammed her hand against him, glaring at him. Then, she leaned forward to whisper to him.

“And when you tried to fight back, what did you get?”

A pause.

“Nothing but your ass handed to you like a little pussy. I own your ass tonight and there is nothing a little wimp like you can do to stop it.”

Ice-cold fear ran down his spine. He gulped and tried to pull away, but she held him back.

“If I tell you to smell my hand, since you were being so dramatic about it, there is nothing you can do.”

She grinner, her lips curving.

“So, smell my hand.”

Gary shook his head and held is breath. She watched him intently, shifting her hand. He could almost taste the smells but he couldn't obey her. As the seconds passed, he felt his lungs burning until he finally had to inhale.

Choking on the smells, he heard her whisper.

“That's a good wimp, smell my hand. Smell the tiny little girl who just beat your ass.”

Tears ran down his cheeks as he breathed it in, unable to do anything but obey. Humiliation burned on his face and her knowing smirk only made it worse.

“So, tonight, I'm going to tie you up,” he tried to gasp, but she smothered him with her palm, “and, unless you are damn good, I'm going to fuck every hole in your body, do you hear me?”

He nodded meekly and she tightened her grip.

“I said, do you hear me?”

Gary nodded frantically and Heather released his hand.

“Good, now kiss my hand.”

He frowned, but leaned forward and kissed her palm. His lips felt cold against her damp palm, but it seemed to be what she wanted. Heather breathed softly in his ear.

“Good.”

She brought one fingertip to his lips and he obeyed by kissing her. She kept the tip against his lip and he held his breath.

“Now, I'm going to finish tying you up. If you resist, I'm going to gag you.”

He whimpered, but didn't pull away. She kissed his ear, then took her fingers away to tie his ankles to the chair. He whimpered as he watched her, but she ignored him as she firmly bound him into the chair. When she finished, she stepped forward and straddled his lap,

setting herself down on his thighs with her warm body. Her rain-soaked shirt pressed against his and he could feel her hard nipples with every fiber of his being.

Heather kissed him almost tenderly once.

“You know what?”

He had to swallow before answering.

“What?”

A wry smile ghosted across her lips, “You are so easy to force.”

He blushed hotly, but she continued to speak.

“I mean, it took me all of what... a minute to get you out of your house. And now, you are sitting here, tied up as my victim, in a cabin in the woods.”

His blush grew even hotter, but his cock also twitched at the thought of her body against his. Instead of seducing him, she stood up.

“I need to run out for something.”

He whimpered. She grabbed the keys, tested his ropes, and left without explaining herself. Gary’s whimpers grew louder as he called out for her, then for anyone.

Time passed painfully slow. He tried to escape more than once, but the binds were too tight and he gave up after a few minutes. He just stared at the bags, wondering what she had in mind. He could see more rope, something that looked like scarves, and even a bag that was labeled “Secret Boutique”.

He jerked his head up when he heard a car pulling up. Taking a deep breath, he prayed it was the maintenance worker and called out for help. The door opened behind him and he took a deep breath just as her hand slapped across his face.

“Damn it, you are a loud one.”

He whimpered into her hand as she ground her palm against his face. She set down some bags as she stretched back to kick the door shut. Then, she got closer and pressed both hands over his mouth to gag him.

“And, when I said be good, I didn’t mean yell out the entire time I was gone.”

Her voice grew icy, “That is not being good, which means I’m going to punish you for that.”

Gary whimpered and found renewed strength to struggle, but the ropes just dug into his ankles and wrists and he still couldn't free himself. She waited patiently and he realized she was waiting for the fight to leave him.

"God, you are pathetic. All I wanted was some sex today."

He blushed hotly as she released him. Grabbing the bags, she walked around to the bed and threw them on the table. Her clothes were drying, but he could still see it sticking to her tight ass and body. When she turned around, she had a pair of scissors in her hands.

"W-What are you doing?"

"Stripping you, of course."

And she quickly proceeded to cut the clothes off him, yanking it out from underneath him and tossing them aside. He held himself tightly when she cut his underwear away from him. Seeing his hard-on standing up as she pulled the clothes away brought a fresh blush to his lips.

"At least part of you likes this."

Heather cocked her head, "In fact, I think I hear it speaking."

Gary's eyes widened. She set down her scissors and grinned cruelly.

"I think its saying, please make Gary smell your hands."

Shaking his head violently, he let out a sob before she clamped her hand over his mouth.

"Come on, smell it. You know you want it. I bet you were yelling that while I was gone, weren't you?"

He shook his head again, but she shifted her hand to cover over his mouth and cutting off his breath.

"Are you sure?"

Gary started to shake his head again, but the warning look in her eye stopped him. Tears in his eyes, he gave a tiny nod.

"And then why don't you ask for it."

She released his hand and waited. Gary almost didn't say anything, but then whispered hoarsely as she went to gag him again.

"P-Please?"

"Please what?"

"P-Please let m-me smell your hand." Heather smiled sweetly, "Since you asked so nicely."

The most terrible thing he ever saw was his girlfriend wrapping both hands over his mouth and nose. The heat of her palms only magnified the scents of her palm: plastic, leather, and sweat. It choked, but he could barely breath through the humiliation.

A sob ripped out of his throat and he bowed his head. Heather laughed and released him.

“Good boy, maybe you’ll get a backbone at some point.”

He tensed as she ran the sharp edge along his length, just enough to remind him of his position but not enough to cut. He whimpered as he watched, but she didn’t do anything besides toss the scissors back on the bed. With a smile, she stepped over and pressed her fingertips against his lips. He whimpered as she ran the nails against his lips.

“Kiss my fingers.”

He looked up at her with surprise, but he kissed the tips of her fingers. Her lips parted slightly as he did and she brought each finger to his lips, letting him embrace each one.

“Good, at least you are learning something.”

Slipping away from him, Heather returned to the bed and pulled out a few things from one of the new bags. To his surprise, it was the same boutique as before. Her body shielded the contents, but he heard her ripping open packing and plastic for a moment before she turned back to him.

At the sight of the large butt plug in her hand, he inhaled sharply. Then screamed.

“Oh, god, no!”

Thrashing in his chair, Gary watched helplessly as she brought it to him. It looked as thick as his fist with a rounded tip and a wide flared base. In her other hand, she emptied out almost an entire bottle of lubricant over the surface. The crystal clear goop rolled down all the edges.

“Now, now, you were yelling, Gary.”

“No! Please no!”

Her eyes hardened for a moment.

“Then stop me.”

In that brief moment, he tried to break his bounds and fling her away, but even with a surge of strength, he remained bound helplessly. A smirk crossed her lips as she raised her eyebrows.

“Go on, get out. Stop me. I’m just a girl, half your size and height. I bet it would take nothing. Come on... come on, stop me.”

She grinned evilly and hefted the plug, “Otherwise, you are going to be riding this in a few moments...”

Tears burned in Gary’s eyes and he dropped his head in defeat. She dropped the bottle and grabbed the scissors again. With growing fear, he watched her and felt his lungs burning in his chest. Then, he let out a yelp as the sharp tip of the scissors pressed against his back. Despite the terror that burned him, and the feel of his asshole clenching tightly, he couldn’t resist pulling away from the scissors and lifting his ass up from the chair. When he felt her position the thick plug underneath his ass, he let out an inarticulate yell and strained to keep up.

The sound of the scissors dropping shook through his senses, but he could feel her aiming the thick plug against his ass. Then, her other hand snaked around to press against his mouth tightly, gagging his yells. He continued to bellow into her palm, hearing her mute him instantly, but his entire world focused on the large device about to impale him.

Heather whispered.

“You are a fucking wimp, Gary. You won’t be able to hold yourself up for twenty seconds, much less a minute.” The hand over her mouth starts to pull down and he strained to keep himself away from the dildo. She pressed her tits against his back as she whispered.

“Now, I’m going to give you a chance to escape this. All you have to say is, ‘Please, Heather, let me worship your hand.’”

He froze, silencing instantly as he strained to hold himself still. She released her hand slightly, giving him a chance to breath in the strong smells of virgin rubber and plastic. It choked him and he coughed into her hand. She let out a tiny growl.

“That’s disgusting.”

Releasing his mouth, she wiped her hand on his chest. He tilted away to avoid her hand back on his mouth, but quickly drew his attention to his weakening legs and the feel of the slick plug inching its way up toward his helpless anus. At the first feel of the icy cold rubber against his clenched ring, he jumped and let out a yelp.

Heather's hand slapped back against his mouth as she tightened her grip on him. One hand aiming the plug into his virgin hole and the other against his mouth.

"Kiss my fingers."

He waited for her to pull back her palm, but she didn't. Blinking back the tears that rolled down his cheeks, he kissed her hand. He could feel her breathing grow deeper as he kissed the ridges of her soft hand, working his way as she relaxed her grip. Her lower hand still kept the plug against his opening, but she guided him to kiss her wrist, fingers, and even tips. His breath came in long shuddering gasps as he prayed he could worship his hands before his shaking legs lost their strength.

She brought her fingertips to his lips and he kissed them desperately. Instead of pulling them back, she pressed two fingers into his mouth. He relaxed his jaw and she began to slide them in and out. He could taste the lubricant and rubber on her fingers but it only increased the humiliation he felt as she drove in and out of his mouth. When she added a third finger, he had to open his jaw as she pumped his mouth. Her hot breath blew on his ear as she stroked his mouth.

Then, his burning legs finally gave up the ghost and he collapsed into the chair. At the first feeling of the butt plug slamming into him, he opened his mouth to scream, but she jammed all four fingers into his mouth and gagged him. He felt her fingers choking him as he screamed out from the burning feeling of being impaled. The slick toy easily stretched him wider and fuller than he could ever imagine and slowly burying deeper as his body sank down on it. Only her fingers in his mouth silenced him as he thrashed and tried to pull off, but her weight and his weakened body refuse to let the intruder escape.

Sobbing, he felt the flared ridge tearing into him, then his ring snapped shut around it. He let out a gagged yelp of pain as he felt it settling down, stuffing him to his limits, but no longer tearing him open.

Heather purred, "Good boy."

When she pulled her fingers from his mouth, he could only sob as saliva dripped from her fingertips. She wiped them on his chest before standing up. As she came around, he saw a flush on her

cheeks. He continued to sob as she stripped down, but the crying faded with the burning pain and he looked up to see her standing naked before him.

In all the months they were dating, he could never forget the tight body before him. The lines of muscles and the tone that kept her hard and smooth. His eyes focused on her perk breasts with hard nipples the perfect color of dusty pink. He glanced down at her sex, shaved smooth except for a tiny patch right above it. He shuddered at the thought of her, his cock hot and harder than he ever thought possible. Even the aching pleasure of his hardness couldn't push back the feelings of humiliation and violation he felt from the plug buried in his backside.

Heather admired him for a long moment before she stepped up to him, straddling his thighs. It took him a second to realized what she was doing before she settled down, sitting on his lap with his cock pressing right up against her stomach. The weight shoved him further down on the plug and he let out a yelp as it settled deeper.

Her hand plastered against his mouth again, gagging him as she drew up. He could feel his balls, tight and hot, pressing against her lips as she settled into place.

"Kiss my hand."

He obeyed, kissing her fingers and sucking on them. She moaned as she fucked his mouth with her fingertips, sliding in and out. He swallowed hard as she used him. He could feel every time her body ground up against him since it worked the plug deeper into his abused rectum. He shuddered at the sensations, but still opened his mouth as she forced him to worship her hand.

"Now, ask to smell it."

Gary looked up pleadingly, but she shook her head, releasing herself just enough to spread out her fingers.

"Go on, beg for it."

He sobbed, both sets of cheeks burning, "P-Please."

"Please what, little wimp?"

Leaning forward, she grinned.

"What was that, my pussy? I mean, a man could have stopped me. A real," her grin widened, "man that is."

"Please let me smell your hand."

"I think, we are past asking nicely. Make me. Ask me properly."

Tears burning on his cheeks, he sobbed.

“Please make me smell your hand.”

“There we go,” she purred. Pressing her hand tightly against his mouth, she ground it against his bruised lips. He breathed in deeply, fighting the choking humiliation as she rocked back and forth.

“There we go, one pussy-whipped wimp.”

As she used him, her other hand dropped down to finger herself; he could feel her wrist against his aching shaft as she pumped fingers into her pussy in rhythm to the fingers impaling his mouth. As she grew faster, he gagged on her fingertips with each deep stroke.

She came quickly and he breathed a sigh of relief when she finally pulled her fingers from his mouth and her pussy. She smiled lustfully as she looked up at him.

“I could grow to like this.”

He swallowed, unable to find the words to speak. She lifted herself up to kiss him on the lips, her lips against his. It was rough and powerful, but he couldn't escape as she held him tightly, forcing her tongue into his mouth even as she aimed her dripping hole over his aching cock.

He shuddered as she lowered herself just an inch. Her pussy clenched hotly at his opening and he let out a low moan of pleasure. Her eyes sparkled as she pressed her other hand against his mouth. He gasped in surprise, then lost himself in the scent of her excitement that flooded his senses. He couldn't smell anything else as she held him tightly, bobbing up and down only an inch on his cock. Gary shuddered from the sensations, unable to escape as she worked her way down his length for better part of twenty minutes.

As she tortured him, all he could do it smell her pussy on her fingers. It nearly choked him with the tart sweetness, and he felt the hot blush of humiliation as she used him. Pumping herself up and down, her athletic body easily driving up and down on his cock. He felt his body growing hot with an orgasm, but the pressure in his ass refused to let him come. Instead, he just fired dryly as his member grew more sensitive with every stroke. Heather just moaned, gagging him to silence as she drove down. Every stroke rammed the plug deeper into his ass and he tried to come again and again.

She gasped with every stroke and drove even harder, pounding him fast as she brought herself to one screaming orgasm after another. Their juices dripping down his thighs, but the torture of pleasure refuse to end.

He lost count how many times she orgasmed on his shaft, but when she released his hand to press her slick fingers to his mouth, he automatically obeyed, parting his lips to let her fuck his mouth as she pumped his shaft. She came one more time before slumping against his chest.

“All,” she panted, “I want to do is make a point.”

He moaned, feeling the pressure of her body and the plug, and kept on sucking on her fingers. She watched him worshiping her fingers and moaned herself. She rocked forward to kiss his neck as she stroked her fingers in and out of his mouth.

Shuddering, she rocked her hips back and forth on his shaft, riding him.

“You need to work out more,” she moaned as she drove down hard, impaling herself and driving the dildo to its furthest depths in his rectum. Gary groaned and shuddered himself, sucking on her fingers as she gasped.

“And when I said I want to fuck, you better be willing to go on a walk.”

Her body tensed around his hardness, then she smiled as another orgasm coursed through her. He moaned around her fingers. She pulled them out of his mouth, dripping wet. Holding it before him, she smiled and pressed her palm against his mouth; he could only smell their sex from her fingers, but he didn't care. Heather leaned forward until her breasts ground into his.

“And when I tell you to be quiet, you shut up. Do you understand?”

He didn't know what to say, so he just kissed her palm.

“And when I tell you to worship my hand, what do you do?”

He opened his mouth obediently, unable to do anything else. She grinned and drove her pussy down on his shaft at the same time she drove three fingers into his mouth. It was a brutal thrust, commanding and he was helpless to do anything but gag on it. She fucked his mouth with her fingers, pumping both faster and harder.

When she came, her scream echoed shrilly in the room. Sweat dripped down her perfect breasts and he waited those long seconds for her to give him a chance to breath.

She didn't pull her fingers from his mouth. He tried to breath but she reached up with a dripping finger to plaster her other hand over his nose.

Fear rose up as he felt his lungs burning again. Humiliation seared at his thoughts as he tried to breath for air, but his begging words couldn't escape the gag in his mouth. He worked his lips, desperately trying to worship her hands for the chance to breath, but she just shook her head.

"I wanted a real man, Gary. You are just a pathetic wimp, aren't you?"

Gary tried to scream, but everything fought against him. He gagged on her fingers and drew in the fetid air forming between his nose and her palm.

"Come on, stop me," came her whisper.

Black spots slid across his vision. He let out another sob, muted and helpless.

"Go on, beg to smell my hand. Come on, beg."

She said something else, but darkness swallowed his thoughts.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

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