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Bound 2 :: Indian Sex Stories

"Ow."

He's chained on our rack bed, fully naked, elbows flexed with hands locked beside his dark head, visually saying, "I surrender."

Love his arms, muscles flexed, and his long legs chained upward, as he does me, a marionette with knees skyward.

Exposed, vulnerable, his fine cock, balls, and arsehole unprotected and waiting to amuse me; dressed in stilettos and a wrap suit that showed—oops, no panties—all, framed by corset, garters and stockings.

"Stop staring, shameless whore."

"But I'm a man."

"You're my prisoner, my slave, my bitch and 'man' or no man you're my whore, aren't you, bitch?"

"Ow!" he said with a tear, as a fat, prickly dildo was shoved to the hilt up his tight, prune pucker of an oiled arsehole.

"Yeah. I mean yes, Mistress."

"Don't talk, don't moan, and damn you, don't cum, until I say you may. Or I'll stop."

I screwed my fat dildo in, out, and around his arsehole, as I tickled his balls and cock with my fingernails. He squeezed his lips together, his hips squirmed—.

I stopped. My dildo was still rammed in his arsehole, stretching it; plus, I switched on the vibrator. He twitched like he had to pee, or cum.

I peeled off the suit and sat fingering my pretty snatch.

"Want some?" He tersely nodded, but I licked and sucked my wet fingers, leaving none. "Close your eyes, whore slave."

I yanked the dildo out with a nice suction sound and elevated my prisoner's arsehole. The click of stilettos. The feel of the fat head of my huge strap-on cock that I slid home to the hilt. I leaned in and fucked his arsehole, and hand-jerked his rigid cock.

I. Was. Cumm—.

"Mis-tress. PLEASE. May—? Ah."

That disobedient, whoring slave, squirted all over me. Without my permission.

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