tick, tock, goes the clock

by artsypolarbear

Summary

Tick, tock, goes the clock.

You kneel and drip in wait for your Mistress.
You count the ticks, and you wait.
You know she’ll be back.

Tick, tock.

Notes

i couldn't resist the temptation to write this little thing
just in case it isn't painstakingly clear, it's from Lexa's perspective
Chapter 1

*Tick, tock.*

It’s almost entirely silent in the room. Too silent, even. It's heavy and soft and pressing, it makes you feel like you're almost in a dream.

You thought she’d give you ear plugs again to accompany the blindfold, to render you completely senseless and leave you at her mercy.

The thought of her doing that had been enough to have you dripping, and so when she’d said she’d do something different, you’d been disappointed.

You hadn’t concealed the slight pout of your lips well enough.

She saw.

“Oh, Lexa,” she had sighed. Her eyes had shined with sheer joy, she’d been happy that you’d made that mistake.

You’d hung your head in shame, knelt before her, and said nothing.

You didn’t have permission to.

“Now I have to punish you, baby.”

*Tick, tock.*

The bed frame creaks as you test your bonds and try to shift into a more comfortable position. You try, even though you know you can’t.

She’s made sure of that.

She always makes sure that you’re not entirely comfortable. After all, this is a punishment.

*Tick, tock.*

Your knees ache just the slightest bit, they're pushing deep into the mattress. Your legs are spread wide apart by a bar to which your ankles are fastened. She knows you’re not good at listening when you’re a whimpering, needy mess.

The bar eliminates any concern about you clamping your legs shut when it gets too intense.

She knows, and prepares accordingly.

*Tick, tock.*

She’s tied your wrists together in front of you, with rope that she knows digs into your skin, just tightly enough that it’ll begin aching soon. She likes marking you as hers, even in the simplest of ways.

You endure the slight pain of the ache, the slight abrasion on your skin, the burn of the rope when she’s being especially rough, because you know it pleases her to see the marks the next day.
Above all else, you want to please her.

*Tick, tock.*

The rope’s bound around your wrists and elbows, it keeps your arms together, and a rope keeps your wrists bound forward where they’re bound to the headboard. Your upper body is pressed into the mattress, forcing your back into an uncomfortable arch, pushing your ass up high to be presented – you’re spread wide open, your cunt is visibly dripping, you don’t have to see it to know it. You can feel the insides of your thighs are covered in the slick wetness, you can almost *feel* the string of your arousal dripping, hanging from your cunt – and you’re ashamed.

You’re ashamed, because she’ll know how much of a little slut you are by just looking at you.

She’ll know just how much her little slut loves being denied and punished.

*Tick, tock.*

She’s put a glass of water on your back to keep you still. It’s right in between your shoulder blades, forcing you down so low that your back is arched as far as you can. It aches, it’ll hurt soon, but you strain against your tiring muscles and keep your shoulders pressed into the mattress.

You know she won’t be pleased if you make a mess.

*Tick, tock.*

All you can hear is the steady ticking of the clock.

*Tick, tock.*

You’ve been trying to keep count of the ticks, of the seconds that pass. She told you how many it would be. She told you how long the wait would be, she left the clock ticking right on the nightstand beside you, she left you with all the knowledge, making it appear as though there wouldn’t be any surprise.

“She wait, baby,” she’d said. “It’ll be half an hour.”

You had whimpered when you had felt a hard slap against your dripping cunt, still twitching from your last climax.

Then she’d left.

*Tick, tock.*

It’d taken a while for your mind to clear over enough for you to work out how many seconds it really would be.

1,800.

And then you’d focused on counting.

*Tick, tock.*

She knows you’re not good at focusing.

Especially not when the rubber cock filling you, stretching you, is distracting your silly little head.
Once again, you try to shift your hips, hoping to perhaps move the toy a little bit – but the glass on your back shakes, and you freeze.

You pray it won’t tip over.

You don’t want to be punished. You know she won’t be kind.

You pray, but you not so sure what you’re praying for.

Spill. No, don’t spill. Spill. No, don’t...

You don’t know, and so you stay there, unmoving, waiting for her like the good little girl that you are.

Tick, tock.

You hear footsteps near the door, and immediately, your mind perks up from the haze it’s been in.

Has it already been half an hour?

You’re sure it’s been a year, or two, or a thousand – you don’t know, all you know is that the clock’s been ticking and you’ve been dripping.

The door opens, and you feel a cool breeze on your skin.

You can feel her eyes on you as she walks to the bed.

You don’t move. You don’t even dare to breathe.

She comes close to the edge of the bed, you catch a whiff of her perfume, and instantly, you relax a little.

Tick, tock, goes the clock, for the last time.

You hear a click, and you know she’s turned it off.

The anticipation is almost too much. Your heart flutters, your insides clench, your cunt throbs with want and need for her attention.

The glass is lifted from your back, and you let out a little sigh of relief as you’re able to relax a little.

The instant you move, she slaps your ass, and you whimper.

“I didn’t say you could move,” she says.

Her tone is commanding, but not cold.

You move back to the position you were in, and wait. Your ass cheek is burning where it’s been slapped, but that only makes you feel like the slut you are. You should’ve known better, you should’ve waited for her order.

She inspects you, she scrutinizes you with her eyes, and all you can do is wait.

You think you’ve done well. After all, you didn’t spill the glass.

But then she hears her click her tongue, and you flinch without even thinking.
“You’ve made a mess, Lexa,” she sighs.

She sounds disappointed, and you are, too.

“Look at you,” she continues, “You’ve dripped all over the sheets. They’re all wet.”

You stifle the whimper that tries to escape your lips when she slaps your cunt. You know she isn’t above gagging you if you get too loud.

Your jaw still aches in memory of the ballgag she put in your mouth two days ago. You don’t want it again.

You tense up when you feel her fingers trailing up the insides of your thighs, running smoothly along the slick wetness that has spread there.

Her fingers toy with your cunt, and you stifle another whimper when the dildo inside you is thrust even deeper.

You want to beg her to fuck you. You want her to fuck you, you want her to show you she owns you.

But you know better than to tell her what to do.

When she touches the dildo again, you tense up in anticipation.

She pulls it almost entirely out, and for a moment, you panic – but then she thrusts it back in, quickly, and out let out a choked cry.

“You use the pillow, Lexa,” she murmurs.

She knows that saying your name, the way she says it so soft, she knows it sends shivers down your spine.

You hear her, and you obey. You muffle your next moan into the pillow, and she lets out a pleased hum.

The toy moving in and out of you is coated with your juices, you feel it and you’re once again embarrassed. As though she’s reading your mind, she strokes your ass and the deep curve of your back as she thrusts the toy all the way in, quietly murmuring words she knows send you near the edge.

“Such a good girl,” she sighs, and you shiver. “So wet for me.”

She slaps your ass when she thrusts the toy into you, it’s thick shaft stretching you and forcing another moan out of your mouth and into the pillow. You’re biting into it now, she’s going faster, you can feel the heat of release approaching but you know it’s not enough.

You can’t finish unless she touches your clit.

You know that, and she knows that.

She’s trained you to be that way.

“You want to cum, baby?”

Her question sounds innocent enough, but you know better than to answer. She hasn’t given you
permission to speak.

She’s kneeling behind you now, you can hear the clicking of the harness, you can feel her attaching the toy, tip still inside you, onto herself. You push your ass up even higher to please her. You know she loves the visual of having you bent over before her, submitted to her, all hers for the taking.

You’re at her mercy, and she loves it at least as much as you do.

You can almost hear her smiling when she grabs your ass and thrusts into you again. When her hips touch yours, the toy is in so deep you can’t help another moan. The pillow beneath your mouth is wet with your spit and drool, and you know she won’t be pleased. You’ve made another mess.

She fucks you slowly, she takes her time, and you lay there on your knees and take it. When she leans over you and reaches one hand under you to cup a breast, you let out a quiet whine – the clamps on your nipples, which you’ve almost forgotten about, remind themselves of their existence when her fingers toy with the nipple in between the harsh metal teeth of the decorative clamp.

You can feel her blonde curls tickling your back as she leans even more into you, as she brings the toy as deep into you as she can.

She pulls on the clamp again, and you let out a whimper.

She doesn’t make you wear them often. She knows they hurt almost too much, but, for today, she’s put them on. You love the way they look, the way they mark you as hers, but you hate the aching pain they give your sensitive nipples.

When she takes one of the clamps in between her fingers and pulls a little, you whine again.

“That hurt, baby?”

You don’t answer. She still hasn’t given permission.

“Speak.”

“Yes, Mistress,” you breathe.

She pulls a little harder and a choked whine escapes your lips.

“Good.”

The way her voice husks near your ear when she says that makes you want to moan again. She thrusts into you, the toy is hitting your cervix now, and your breaths are now shallow and frantic. The feel of her leaning on top of you, one hand pressing your back down as she continues to take you, it’s all enough to have your mind spinning.

She lets go of the clamp and instead reaches down along your stomach to your front, to the swollen clit that’s aching for contact. She pinches it, and you yelp, and she chuckles as she continues to swirl her finger around it, forcing your legs to shake. You’re so close, you’re moments away from the sweet, sweet, release – it’s been so many times now, you’re so sensitive that the oncoming orgasm is terrifying in it’s intensity, and you tremble in anticipation.

“You needy cunt,” she purrs, “Can’t get enough of my cock, can you?”

You don’t answer. She doesn’t expect you to.

“You want to cum, baby?” She asks then. “Answer me.”
“Yes, Mistress,” you gasp. “Ple-“

A hard slap to your clit cuts your words short and forces a whimper from your lips, and she stops for a moment, the toy all the way inside you, your cunt clenching around it, seeking for release but not finding it.

“Now, what did I say about begging?”

Your shoulders slump a little, but, like the good girl you are, you wait for permission to speak.

“Answer.”

“I can only beg when you tell me to, Mistress.”

“And did I ask you to?”

“No, Mistress.”

She gives your cunt another slap, and then, she does the one thing you really do not want her to do.

She pulls away.

When she pulls the toy out entirely, you can’t help but let out a quiet whine. You feel empty, and you hate it.

She chuckles when she hears your whine, she knows that you’re feeling empty, like something is missing.

“I know you want to cum,” she says. “But you clearly don’t deserve it.”

You don’t say anything. You rest your shoulders on the bed and wait for whatever may come.

Another slap on the ass doesn’t surprise you, nor does the other.

You bite the pillow and count the slaps like she tells you to.

Twenty in total.

“Good girl,” she purrs when she’s done. “I like it when your pretty little ass is all red.”

You smile to yourself with your face buried in the pillow.

The mattress shifts when she gets up, and you hear footsteps near your right.

The glass is placed onto your back again, and your smile is wiped away.

You hear a click.

“Twenty minutes,” she says.

One last slap on your needy, whining cunt, and then she leaves.

Tick, tock.

You shudder when you hear the ticking again. It’s an agonizing sound, you hate it, you loathe it – but you also love it. Each tick means you’re one second closer to her coming back again.
You let out a quiet whine, you know she won’t hear. Not having anything filling you is more agony than having nothing, you can’t focus on the feeling of being full to distract yourself from the ache in your shoulders and your back, from the pain in your nipples.

*Tick, tock, goes the clock.*

You kneel and drip in wait for your Mistress.

You count the ticks, and you wait.

You know she’ll be back.

*Tick, tock.*
in honor of us winning the poll and you guys seeming extra thirsty, here's another chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You’ve given up on counting long before the door finally creaks and she steps in.

This time, when she takes the glass off your back, you don’t move.

You cannot see it, but she smiles when she sees her little slut obeying her orders to perfection.

You feel a gentle stroke along your back, a finger running down your spine, and fight the urge to moan. Even that slight touch has you in it’s grip, that finger drawing so near to your neck, and then back down towards your ass, perched up high for her.

She slides her finger down over your ass and in between your legs, to the dripping heat of your arousal – a sigh escapes her lips, you know it’s not intentional, but it pleases you to no end that she’s happy to find you so aroused.

“Now,” she purrs as she slowly pushes one finger into you, “Where were we?”

The temptation to whimper and push yourself more against that finger is so great you can only barely resist it.

“A needy little cunt, aren’t you?”

You don’t answer until her hand fists your hair and pulls you up, straining your arms, still tied to the headboard. She’s not quick or rash, no – she’s slow and deliberate, and it only hurts a little as she forces you to face her.

You cannot see a thing through the red silk blindfold, but soon you feel the heat of her breath against your lips.

“Answer me, baby,” she whispers. “Whose needy wet cunt are you?”

You shudder when her hand in your hair tightens, causing a little pain in your scalp.

“I’m your needy wet cunt, Mistress,” you reply.

You know it in your heart, and you love it.

Her fingers loosen in your hair, she strokes it in an almost gentle fashion. She can be soft, she can be rough. She can be gentle or she can be ruthless.

She has the choice, the power, and you’re more than happy to relinquish it all to her.

You don’t dare to turn your head back when she lets go of your hair. You keep facing her, and her fingers trail down to your temples, then down to your cheek.
She slaps it gently, just to remind you that she could be ruthless, and you jump a little. She just
chuckles and kisses you suddenly, you’re overwhelmed by her tongue in your mouth, and you’re
unsure of how to respond.

Before you can truly do anything, she’s pulled away again.

You want her to come back, but you know it isn’t your place to ask. At any other time, you have as
much right as she does to kiss her as much as you want. When you make love, you make sure to kiss
her as deep as you can.

But this isn’t you making love. This is sex, this is about her wanting to push you to your limits,
pleasure you more than you thought you could be – this is different, and you love it.

You love all of her, really.

She’s moved behind you, and you’re surprised by a slap directly to your clit.

You cry out, and she slaps you again, and growls: “Do I have to gag you?”

Her voice makes you want to whine and arch your back even more than you can, you want to submit
to her even more than you already are – but it isn’t possible, you’re already all hers, and all you really
can do is stifle your whines and whimpers of need into the pillow under your head.

She undoes the ropes keeping your ankles in place, and flips you over with more grace than you
could expect. The rope around your wrists tightens a little, it hurts now, but not much. It’ll bruise,
you know that, and you’re pleased even though you’re in pain.

You can feel her eyes on you, she’s kneeling in between your spread legs, and you can feel her bare
skin grazing your thigh. You shiver as you realize she’s going to use you again, make you her toy,
just a thing to get herself off on.

As much as you want to cum, you want her to cum even more.

Above all else, you want to please her.

“Now, baby,” she purrs as she climbs over you and straddles your waist, bringing her cunt down
onto your stomach. “What are you?”

You can feel her wetness dripping onto you, and your body aches to have her move up forward –
you want her to use your mouth, you want to taste her, you want to serve her with your mouth just
the way you know she likes.

But your wants are of no concern here.

“I asked you a question,” she continues as she slowly rolls her hips and grinds herself on you. “What
are you?”

Her hands have trailed up to cup your breasts. One hand is toying with the clamp, with the
decorative little jewel that hangs off of it, and you anticipate pain although she isn’t yet doing
anything to cause it.

“Yours, Mistress” you breathe.

She twists the clamp a little, and you whimper.

“Wrong answer. Let’s try again,” she growls. “What are you?”
You don’t know what answer she’s looking for.

“I’m your little slut, Mistress,” you try.

This time, she slaps your breast, and you only barely stifle the cry that almost leaves your lips.

“Wrong answer. You get one last try. Think carefully, you know what the answer is.”

She’s leaning over you now, one of her hands is still on your breast, but the other has trailed up to toy with your collar, tracing the leather lining and the little heart-shaped studs embedded in the deep red leather.

You think and you think, but her continuous grinding on your stomach is distracting. Your entire stomach is covered in slick arousal, she feels so hot against you, you want to be helping her to her release, but that’s not what you are.

And that’s when you remember.

“I’m your needy fucktoy, Mistress,” you breathe.

Her hand leaves your breast while the other tightens around your collar and the chainlink leash that’s attached to it.

“That’s right,” she murmurs as she leans in to kiss you again, “You’re my little toy, mine to use as I please. But you like that, don’t you, toy? You like being used?”

She doesn’t give you a chance to answer, because her tongue invades your mouth hungrily and with claim – you focus on that, savor it, and so you don’t realize her hand is undoing the blindfold till it’s fallen away entirely.

You blink to regain your eyesight, and what you see makes your cunt throb with even more want and need.

She’s straddling you, one hand holding your leash, just tight enough to remind you of the collar tightening around your neck. She’s leaning on her other hand, placed next to your head, and she’s hovering near your face, blue eyes full of lust and command.

She’s wearing a corset, dark blue with black lacy details – it makes her breasts look divine, she looks like a seductress, and you half feel like you shouldn’t have permission to look at her. She’s also wearing a garter, a matching one to the corset.

She knows you love seeing her in a garter, but she’d never admit she’s worn it for you.

Her lips are painted dark red and her eyes are dark, not just from the makeup but from the sheer hunger within the cerulean blue.

Her hair glints in the hazy sunlight passing through the windows, though most of the curtains are drawn - one ray of sunlight hits her head and illuminates her, she looks like the goddess that you think she is, and you sigh in sheer pleasure of the beauty before you.

“You like being used, don’t you, toy?” She repeats, and you realize she wants you to answer.

“Yes, Mistress,” you whimper as she moves her hand away from it’s place next your head and places it on your chest, placing pressure as she begins to grind on you at a faster pace. “Please use me, Mistress,” you add, you know she likes to hear you say it.
She’s so beautiful, and you’re eternally grateful that she’s allowing you to see this. She’s letting you see her use your body to get herself off, you’re tied down and unable to do anything – all you can do is lay there and watch as she gets herself off.

As she starts getting closer, she moves her hand from your chest and clamps it over your mouth, as though she knows you’ll moan at the sight of her climax – her other hand is holding tight onto your leash, the collar around your neck is tight, reminding you of your place.

You’re a toy, and she’s using you.

You’re lucky that she lets you see her.

You’re grateful that she’s using you, and that she’s letting you watch her do it.

She lets out an involuntary whimper when she starts getting even closer – her hips are rolling over your stomach, covered in slick heat, and she still somehow manages to retain her composure amidst all of this.

You, on the other hand, are dripping now more than ever.

She can feel your whimpers muffled against her hand clamped over your mouth, and she loves that feeling.

“You want to touch me, baby?” she asks as she rolls her hips again. “You want to fuck me?”

She doesn’t move her hand away from your mouth. She doesn’t need you to answer.

“You’re just a toy now,” she growls as she grinds again, so close to her climax but not quite, “You’re mine, and I’ll use you as I please.”

She eases her hand off your mouth, and you watch her in awe as she grinds herself to an orgasm. You lay there and watch, unable to tear your eyes off of her as she tips over and comes.

When she does, she grabs your breast so roughly that you let out a cry, but amidst her orgasm she lets it pass. She grips you, her other hand still holding your leash, as she rides out her climax on your body.

When she’s done, she gets up as though to leave, and you let out a whine.

She tuts as she comes back not a moment later.

“You think I’m done with you?” she asks in a low voice as she runs a finger up along your side. “Or are you growing tired?”

You shake your head, and your eyes widen when she runs her tongue along your stomach, tasting her own wetness on your skin. She lays her hand flat on your abdomen, and for a while, she just traces patterns on your skin, driving you insane with the littlest of touches.

“Let’s see how much of a mess you’ve made this time,” she finally murmurs as she slides her hand in between your legs to meet the dripping arousal within.

“Again, baby,” she shakes her head. “You know a good girl wouldn’t get so wet from being used.”

Your mind screams against it.

No, I am a good girl, you want to say, I’m your good girl-
You want so badly to be her good girl that you don’t realize anything else.

“I suppose you can’t help yourself,” she smirks as she pushes two fingers into you. “You’re just a needy cunt, after all.”

You let out a whimper, and she immediately withdraws her fingers.

“You want to cum, baby?”

You look at her and nod.

She smiles and brings her fingers up to your mouth. “Suck.”

She doesn’t have to ask. You open your mouth obediently and allow her fingers in, she pushes them in all the way, and you almost gag – but you don’t, you’re a good girl, you’ve learned how to take whatever Mistress wants to put in any of your three holes.

You’re just a needy toy, ready to be used.

She pumps her fingers in your mouth for a while, and you take what she gives you – you suck and swirl your tongue, you try to be as good as you can, and she strokes your cheek gently as a reward.

“Maybe you are a good girl after all,” she murmurs as she gives your cheek another quick slap.

Her hand trails down your body as her fingers continue to stay in your mouth, you keep sucking to the best of your ability. It isn’t your place to wonder what Mistress has in store for you. Your job is to take what she gives you, and to serve.

You hear a click, and then a buzz – your cunt clenches when you recognize the sound, and your mouth tries to voice a protest which her fingers silence.

“Now, don’t you want to cum?” She asks.

You do, you need to, but you know she isn’t kind with the vibrator. She never is.

She doesn’t wait for your answer – it’s impossible for you to, your mouth is still filled with her fingers down your throat, and you force yourself to focus on not gagging on them as she moves the vibrator in between her legs.

The first touch is so electric you can’t help the moan that leaves your throat. It’s too much, it’s too intense, and you want to move away – but she’s tied you down tight, you can’t even move your hips away from the tormenting device.

She keeps fucking your mouth with her fingers as she moves the toy in between your legs, until she settles on a spot and keeps it there.

She picks up the pace another notch, and you’re shaking.

“Aw, does the little toy want to cum?”

You’re shaking, you want it so bad, but it’s so intense that had you command of anything, you’d stop it – but she knows this, she knows you wouldn’t handle it were you not tied down, but she also knows you really don’t want it to stop.

You want it to stop, but you also don’t.
You pray that she won’t make it stop.

“Cum, baby,” she husks as she shoves her fingers deep into your mouth, “Cum like the fingers-sucking little toy you are.”

Her voice sends you over the edge, toppling, tumbling – it’s intense, you can’t help the moan, the cry that leaves you, and you buck your hips as much as you can. For a flashing moment, all goes white – and then you’re back, you’re trembling, it’s so intense it hurts, but she hasn’t moved it away.

That’s when you realize that she won’t move it away.

“I’ve denied you twice,” she says in a nonchalant tone as she probes her fingers in your mouth, “So it’s only fair…since you’ve been such a good girl.”

You want it to stop, it hurts. It’s supposed to be pleasurable, but it hurts.

You tremble and quake, but she’s gentler now – she keeps you down, her fingers in your mouth silence your whimpers of protest, the toy is still against your dripping cunt, forcing you to another orgasm while you’re still reeling from the last.

“Please,” you try to manage through her fingers.

To her, it only sounds something along the lines of ‘pwwmmpf’.

She doesn’t pay much notion to it. She focuses on keeping the toy where it hurts the most, where it pleases you the most, and you think you can’t take another.

“Cum again, Lexa,” she murmurs into your ear, “Cum again for me.”

It hurts to just approach it, but then the pain turns into burning heat, and then – pleasure.

It feels good for about ten seconds, and then you’re cumming again. You moan and whimper and whine, you can’t take it but you have to, you want to arch your back and buck your hips but you cannot.

She watches you, and takes in the sight of her little slut amidst a whirlwind of pleasure.

When she finally turns the toy off, you’re only barely aware of your surroundings. You’re breathing heavily when she withdraws her fingers from your mouth, glistening with drool and spit, and you look at her in complete and utter exhaustion.

She knows you’re done.

She knows your limits better than you do.

“You did so good, baby,” she murmurs as she kisses your lips.

It’s a soft kiss, and that’s when you know she’s done, too.

“Thank you,” you mumble.

She laughs and shakes her head as she moves down to undo the ropes keeping your ankles tied to the bedposts.

“No, Lexa,” she says softly. “I’m thanking you.”
She takes the bar away from your legs and takes a while to massage your ankles, kissing gently where the rope has dug into your skin. You lay there in a state of complete exhaustion and elation, your head is swimming with emotions and pleasure and her, and you’re smiling.

She moves over to your head and undoes the rope holding your bound wrists to the headboard. Your hands fall limply to the bed, and she presses a gentle kiss to your temple before bringing your wrists to your chest and undoing them as carefully as she could.

She kisses where the rope has burned and dug and bruised your skin, she’s showing her appreciation for you through every gesture, and you watch her, happy as you could be.

She tries to be as gentle as she can when she takes the clamps off your nipples, and soothes the pained whimpers from your lips by lathering her tongue over each pained nipple.

That’s when she’s done.

The collar’s for you to take off.

It’s your choice, ultimately. When you put the collar on, you submit to her. That is your agreement, the ultimate decision is yours, and she respects that.

That is one of the reasons why you love her so.

Your arms ache when you raise them to your neck and undo the clasp of the collar.

You take the collar and place it in the drawer of your nightstand to await the next time it’ll be used.

She cups your face gently as she kisses you again, and you sigh in pure relief and exhaustion at how soft she is.

“You okay?” she asks quietly, the harshness all gone from her beautiful blue eyes. All that’s in them now is genuine concern and love for you, and you can’t help but smile.

You’re too tired to speak, but you nod.

She smiles and gets up to go fetch you some comfortable clothes. You lay down and rest, and when she comes back, she dresses you in sweatpants and a tank top, being slow and careful with her movements. She puts your socks on slowly and with care, she’s picked ones with kittens this time, and they’re adorable.

She’s changed into leggings and a hoodie, too, and the makeup’s gone. She’s no longer Mistress, now she’s just Clarke.

You’re no longer a toy, a cunt, her little slut - now you’re just Lexa.

She takes you by the hand and helps you up for long enough that she can pick you up piggyback.

When your aching cunt makes contact with her back, you yelp in surprise, it’s that sensitive that you can’t help yourself. She freezes immediately and turns her head to look at you in concern.

“Are you okay?”

You nod again.

"You're not in pain?"
You shake your head, and after a while, she moves slowly and carefully to the living room. She’s already set up there beforehand, and so she lets you down for a moment before sitting down herself, allowing you to crawl into her lap.

She wraps the blanket around you both and offers you a water bottle.

“What do you wanna watch?” she asks as she pulls up Netflix.

You’re still too tired to speak, and so you grab the remote and choose Lion King.

She chuckles and wraps her arm around your waist, she draws you close and nuzzles her face in your hair.

“You were amazing,” she murmurs. “You are amazing.”

You don’t say anything. You point to the tray on the coffee table, to the bowl of M&M’s, and she reaches over to hand it to you.

After a while, she begins to massage your wrists again, her fingers kneading the aching skin as carefully as they can, sometimes alternating between kisses and rubs – she’s so gentle, it’s almost as though she’s apologizing, and you love every second of it.

She presses a kiss to your cheek and sighs. You don’t have to look at her to know she’s smiling.

“I love you,” she whispers.

You smile and burrow yourself deeper into her arms.

“I love you too,” you mumble. "I really do."

Chapter End Notes

aftercare is important and fluffy and i love it
leave kudos & comments you sinful bastards i wrote this sin the least you can do is commit yourself in this hellhole with me and leave a comment ;)
or you can come pester me for more sin on tumblr @clexy-polarbear
good evening, time for more sin
get your holy water ready because it is dirty dirty dirty

It’s another day.

You’re home before her. You almost always are.

She texts you when she leaves work.

Submit?

That’s all that the text says. That’s all it needs to say.

In truth, you’ve been expecting it, and so you’re all freshly washed and cleaned, shaved and ready for her use.

You strip all your clothes off and respond with a picture. It is of you, showing the pretty collar around your neck, the leash hanging off of it, waiting for her to come and pick it up.

She responds to the picture with another text.

Good girl. Your pretty little nipples look lonely, though.

You put on the clamps with the red jewels hanging from them, the ones she got you for Valentine’s day, and send another picture. Your nipples ache with pain, your breaths are shallow as you work to adjust to it, but you don’t take them off.

The bigger jewel, too.

When you see the text, a shiver runs through your spine, and your cunt clenches in anticipation of what you know will follow.

The clamps had come with a plug, your first one – it had a similarly colored jewel decorating it, one which could be seen once it was in. She says it makes your little ass look pretty.

You don’t like it too much, but she likes it, and so you lube it up and slowly slide it into yourself. The stretch hurts a little, and you bite your lip to not whine, but once it is in, you feel full and owned. Even without her there, you’re her little slut.

You’re taking an awful lot of time, pet.

When you see that text, you hurriedly rush over to the mirror and get down on your knees, so that you could take a picture and show the jewel adorning your ass. You spread your legs and arch your back to show off your already glistening wet cunt and the jewel above your wet hole, trying to look as good as you can for her.
You took too long. You know what that means. Get ready.

You let out a whimper. Despite all you’ve tried, you haven’t been a good enough girl for her.

You know what she means, though.

You kneel in front of the door of the bedroom, legs spread. No restraints, nothing, just you, naked and collared, cunt and ass perked up so that they’re the first thing she sees when she enters the room.

By the time she comes home, your cunt is already aching for any contact whatsoever. When you hear the front door open and close, you jump a little, and your breaths grow quicker as you hear her footsteps near the bedroom door. But she walks past, and you’re disappointed, she goes to the bathroom instead and you hear the shower turn on.

But you wait like the good girl you are, you don’t move a muscle, and when she finally does come into the room, you hear a pleased sigh.

“Look at you, all dripping and desperate for me,” she purrs. “Little slut.”

She slaps your ass, and you only barely contain your whimper.

“You took too long,” she says then. “Clearly, you can’t resist punishment.”

Clearly, I can’t, you think. But you don’t say anything, you don’t move.

She runs her fingers over your skin, toys with the plug in your ass – she pushes it in a little more, and pulls it back, causing you to whimper.

She shoves the plug back into you and sighs. “Quiet.”

You obey, and wait for her next command.

You don’t raise your eyes from the floor as she walks over to the dresser. You hear her open a drawer, and you know which one it is – the third one from the top is full of all the toys, ropes, and everything that she loves to use on you.

You love and hate some of the items in the drawer, but they’re not for you to choose. No, you’re just her pet, her slut, her toy, all you have to do is take what she gives you.

“You’ll raise your eyes from the floor as she walks over to the dresser. You hear her open a drawer, and you know which one it is – the third one from the top is full of all the toys, ropes, and everything that she loves to use on you.

You love and hate some of the items in the drawer, but they’re not for you to choose. No, you’re just her pet, her slut, her toy, all you have to do is take what she gives you.

“Get up.”

You stand up with shaky legs and keep your eyes fixed on the floor as she takes your leash and leads you to the end of the bed. She positions you so that you’re facing front, away from the bed, and you still keep your eyes on the floor as she begins to tie you up. The rope she’s chosen is rough, but not as rough as it could be – it’s red, like the sheets on the bed, and she winds it tightly around your ankles and binds your legs to the bed, spread wide.

She moves onto the bed so that she can tie your arms above your head, wrists tied together, the rope winding up to bind your elbows together as well, and then up over the beam of the bedframe, forcing your arms up as high as they can go. When you stand on your toes, it doesn’t hurt, but when you don’t, the ropes dig into your skin and hurt.

She takes the leash of your collar and ties it up above your head, too, forcing you to keep your head up. If you try to rest it down, it chokes you, the leather digging into the soft skin of your neck so rough it’ll leave marks. And so you keep your head up, fearing what comes next, dripping along
your thighs because you’re so aroused you can barely think.

She runs her hands along your skin and you shiver, you don’t know what to expect and it’s as scary as it is arousing.

“Needy little slut,” she murmurs as she bites your neck and moves her hands down to your dripping cunt. “You’d think you’d have learned to behave by now.”

You whimper when she shoves two fingers into you – it’s only a probing touch, not meant to pleasure you. It’s only to test how wet you are, and, by the dig of her teeth into your skin, you judge that she’s pleased.

But then she pulls her fingers out and slaps your cunt.

“You’re not comfortable, are you?”

You don’t respond until she’s moved in front of you and grabs your jaw, forcing you to look up. There’s a fiery hunger in her eyes, one that would make you swoon – you’re thankful for the ropes forcing you to stay up, though they hurt, they still keep you up in the face of the stormy blue eyes that you love.

You also fear them in that moment, but that fear only arouses you.

“Answer me.”

“No, Mistress,” you whimper as she tightens her grip of your jaw. “I am not comfortable, Mistress.”

She smiles and pats your cheek, you flinch because you expect a slap – but she moves away, leaves you there, only to return with a dildo.

It’s the biggest one she has, and you hate it.

She knows you hate it. She only bought it for punishment purposes.

When she moves it’s wide head to your entrance, you whimper, and she shakes her head.

“You can’t keep quiet, can you, slut?”

You shake your head, and she sighs as she retrieves the ball gag.

“Open up.”

You open your mouth and allow the ball in between your lips, careful not to dig your teeth into it. You know she checks for teeth marks, and marks mean punishment. Good girls don’t bite.

The clasp of the gag is tightened around your head and she slaps your cheek, not as hard as she could, but enough to make your skin tingle as she moves back to slide the dildo into you.

It stretches you and you gasp, but the gag mutes it – you whimper as it continues to slide into you, pushing your body to it’s limits, and the gag thankfully keeps you quiet enough that she doesn’t stop to punish you.

When it’s all the way in you, she turns the vibrate on, and you can’t help but jolt at the sudden waves of pleasure accompanying the stretching pain in your cunt.

She grins and gets even more rope. You try to remain as still as you can as she winds the rope
around your breasts, forcing them together and making them ache a little – she says they look prettier this way, and you know this is true.

That’s why you endure the pain of your breasts being pushed and tied, because she likes it.

You expect her to punish you further, you expect a paddle or a whip – but no, this time, she doesn’t do any of that.

She leaves you there.

You whimper when you see her retrieve her sketchbook, you whine when you see her drag her armchair directly in front of you. You beg with your eyes, you’re desperate, you hate this, she knows it – but she just smirks and sits into the armchair, and flips to a new page.

“Now, stay still. Keep your pose.”

You try, but you can’t contain your trembling legs and aching muscles entirely. When the vibrations in your cunt push you to your first orgasm, you moan so loudly into the gag that she stops her sketching for a moment and looks at you sternly. That shuts you right up, but the keening whine doesn’t leave you entirely. You can’t contain yourself, you’re so sensitive, you can’t be pushed through to another, but she doesn’t care.

You try to keep quiet. All that you can hear in the room are your quiet whimpers and whines and the etching of her pencil against the paper.

She loves drawing. You know this, and you love it. But you hate it when she draws you like this – you hate being restrained and made to wait, you want her to touch you, you need her to touch you – but she’s your Mistress. She can do as she pleases, and she particularly enjoys drawing you in your most predicament-like positions. She says that’s when you’re at your prettiest, and you know this to be true.

You know she could be done with the sketch in minutes, but she takes her time. After all, you’re being punished.

When she finally sets her pencil down, you relax, expecting her to finally be done. You’ve cum more times than you can count, you’re shaking, drool is dripping from your lips and onto your aching breasts, down along your stomach and to your legs to mix with the dripping wetness of your arousal.

“Oh, no,” she chuckles when she sees your eyes get that relieved look. “You’re not done.”

She comes over and kisses your neck again, bites down enough to make you cry out – and then her hands are on your breasts, toying with your aching nipples and the sensitive skin, her lips are soft and warm on your neck, and you moan as another orgasm ripples through you.

She meets your eyes, as though to check, and for a moment, you think you see concern in her eyes. You trust her, and you know she always checks like this before pushing the limits.

That is why you’re only half surprised when she reaches down and drives the vibrator up another notch, the vibrations twice as intense now, making you see stars. She grins when she sees your eyes roll back in your head, you can’t contain it, it’s so much – but she can see you’re not done, not in the way that you know she’ll notice if it happens.

That is why you trust her.
You know she’d stop if it came to that, but, in that moment, it hasn’t come to that. Even with the vibrating dildo causing pain and pleasure to mix your brain into a confused haze, you still enjoy it, in a sick, twisted, way – you’re a slut, you’re her little pet, her little toy, and even amidst your pain and torture, you’re infinitely pleased to know that she’s enjoying watching you and playing with you.

You moan and whimper, you’re begging her to take it out of you, but she just pats your cheek and whispers: “I’ve still got your pretty little ass to sketch.”

She moves behind you and slaps your ass once before she sits down and flips to another page. You focus on the etching of the pencil on the paper, you’ve given up on containing your whimpers and moans, all you focus on is the continuous sound of her sketching.

When she’s done, she slaps your ass again, and you cry out. She moves up in front of you and turns the dildo off, and you gasp in relief when the vibrations stop. The toy slides out of you so easily, and for a moment, you whimper when you feel yourself be left empty.

A mouthful of spit and drool leaves your lips when she takes the ball gag out of your mouth, and you’re disgusted by the mess you make. She is too, you can tell, but she just lets out a little laugh, cruel and melodic at the same time, and slaps your cheek.

“Wasn’t I so kind, slut? I gave you all the orgasms you wanted…”

You nod, you’re tired, and she kisses you roughly before moving away again.

“I think I like you being tied up like this,” she tells you as she sits back into the armchair. “You’ve got a nice view, haven’t you, baby?”

You’re not sure if she wants you to answer.

“Answer me, slut.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Yes what?”

“I have a nice view, Mistress.”

She smiles and slowly undoes her blouse, revealing her beautiful body and making you sigh at the sight. You know she isn’t for your pleasure like you are to her, and you’d look down if you could – but she’s tied your leash up, she knows you can’t look away, and she doesn’t want you to.

“Look at me, pet,” she purrs.

She’s taken her underwear off, her blouse is undone and her skirt is hiked up so that you can see all of her, and she’s raised her leg over the arm of the chair to properly spread herself for your view.

“Watch me fuck myself, pet,” she tells you. “You’re only a toy. I know you want to fuck me, but you haven’t deserved that today.”

You whimper when you watch her slide two fingers into herself – your fingers twitch in want to be doing the same motion, and she just grins as she locks eyes with you and begins to fuck herself.

This is a punishment, and you sure as hell are in pain.

She knows this, and keeps going, teasing and taunting you with her moans and by playing with her breasts, by fucking herself in ways you want to be doing. You can’t move, you’re not entitled to
touch her, and it’s driving you crazy. All of this she knows, and all of this she uses to make you whimper and whine, drive you to the edge of begging.

But you don’t beg.

You know good girls only get rewards if they take their punishments like the good little sluts that they are.

Chapter End Notes

this is what studying has reduced me to, i honestly think stress causes my libido and smut-inspiration to reach all-time highs
not that any of you are complaining, right?
don't forget to grace me with kudos and comments
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

it's Sin-Day everybody, have fun with this one :) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

She comes home to find you kneeling in the middle of the living room, wearing nothing but your collar. You’ve been waiting for a while, an hour at least, and this time, she hasn’t even told you to. You decided you wanted to be a good girl, and so you stripped all your clothes, made the bed, set up a few toys you know she likes to use, and came into the living room to wait.

The leash hangs from the ring on your collar, inviting her to come pick it up.

She hasn’t expected this, you can tell that by her hesitation at first, but then she walks past you and gives your cheek a little stroke on her way to your shared bedroom.

“Good girl,” she murmurs, and then she’s gone.

You smile, and the heat in between your legs grows once again.

She’s gone for only a short while, and comes back wearing not her favorite corset, but yours – she’s wearing the one you like to see on her the most, the dark red one with black lacy details and a bust so ample you’d drool had you no control over yourself. She’s wearing the matching stay-ups, and black stilettos, and even the black lacy choker, the one you got her as a joke even though you really did want to see her wear it. She only wears it when you’ve been especially good, when she wants to treat you, and excitement stirs up in your gut.

You’ve been such a good girl for her. She put you on no-touch for the week before, and then had you edging for her, never cumming, just edging – you obeyed her every word, you suffered for her. You couldn’t always withhold your whines and complaints, but she only relished them. She likes it when you whine, because even when you’re complaining, you’re edging yourself and being her good girl.

She takes the leash, and tugs at it a little, pulling you up. She studies you, you keep your eyes fixed on the ground, until she pushes your chin up, forcing you to look at her. There’s a devilish smile on her face, and a hungry look in her eyes, and you can’t help the shiver that runs down your spine.

She squeezes your nipple as she draws you in for a bruising kiss, she’s claiming your mouth and you can’t help but whine. You haven’t cum in two weeks and your cunt is throbbing for release, and even the kiss is enough to have you on the brink.

“You’ve been a good girl,” she whispers as she tugs at your nipple and puts a clamp on it, “I think you deserve a little reward.”

Your breath hitches when she takes your other nipple, already hard, in between her fingers and toys with it for a while before putting the other clamp on it, too. They hurt, the little jagged edges of the clamp dig into your sensitive nipples, and you fight the urge to whine. She won’t take them off, you know she won’t, she loves the way they look and the way they make you even more desperate to
She leads you to the bedroom and tells you to lay on the bed, on your back.

You do as told, and she comes over with ropes and a blindfold.

You don’t like not seeing, but you don’t say anything as she fastens the blindfold over your eyes.

She ties you in an x-shape, your hands to the bedposts and your legs the same way, the ropes so tight that you cannot move anywhere.

You hear shuffling, and then there’s a tug on your leash, and the mattress dips on both sides of your head as she lowers herself on your face. This is the greatest gift to you, the best reward you could get, you immediately stick out your tongue and set to work. You relish the taste of her on the tip of your tongue, to you, it is the greatest luxury of all, and you love her so much for using you for what you are worth.

You worship her, speak prayers with your tongue amidst her dripping folds and around her sensitive clit, and she doesn’t need to tell you want to do. Her grip in your hair is tight, she still has the control, she slowly grinds herself against your mouth, and you serve her.

“Good, that’s a good girl, eat your Mistress’s cunt,” she growls as she nears her climax. Her thighs quiver around your head, her hand tightens in your hair, and you keep going until she lets out a low moan and comes.

When she dismounts from your face, your mouth and chin is glistening with her arousal. You cannot see it, but you feel the wetness, and you already feel like you’ve served her so well.

“Thank you, Mistress,” you whisper.

She doesn’t punish you for speaking out of turn, not this time. She just chuckles and gives your cheek a slap, not hard, just hard enough to leave it tingling and warm as she moves away to retrieve some toys.

You hear the strike of a match, and you quiver in anticipation.

When the hot wax first touches your skin, you whimper, and she gives your cunt a little slap. You jump, and bite your lip to keep quiet.

“I’ll gag you if I have to, pet,” she says coolly.

The wax drips again, it’s hot, probably the red candle, it burns for a few seconds before starting to cool on your skin. She drips it along your stomach and rips, nearing your breasts, but not quite – she goes around, drips the wax along your lower stomach, so close to your cunt you let out another whimper.

She stops for a second, and sighs. “I know you’re trying, but it’s not good enough.”

The clamps are taken away from your nipples, and you brace yourself for the pain. When the hot wax drips on your still sensitive nipple, you bite your tongue to keep quiet, so hard it hurts, but not nearly as much as the burning sensation on your nipple. She drips hot wax on and around it, effectively coats your left breast with the wax before moving on to your other breast.

Your cunt is hot and aching by the time she sets the candle down.
You hear a click, and suddenly, the clock is ticking again.

“I’ll be back in half an hour,” she says.

She leaves, and you whimper when you hear the door close.

Tick, tock.

Your skin is aching, every movement makes the wax crack and twist on your skin, making the burns hurt and ache – you know your skin is pink wherever it’s been dripped, in some places it’s still warm, and the aching throb in between your legs is so great you can’t properly think.

Tick, tock.

You count the ticks, but it’s of no use. You’re in pain, more of frustration than physical, you know exactly what she’ll do when she comes back, and you shiver in anticipation.

She’s left the whip so that it rests against your side, the leather flaps grazing your skin whenever you breathe, reminding you of what’s to come.

You may have been a good girl, but you still have to work for your reward. She never makes it easy.

She knows it’s even sweeter the longer she makes you suffer and wait.

Tick, tock.

You twist your wrist a little, trying to get blood to circulate better, and thankfully, the bindings give a little leeway. You stretch your fingers, wrapped around the rope, and you wait.

You can hear her clattering in the kitchen. In all likelihood, she’s having herself a drink, or a bite to eat – you never know what she does when she makes you wait, all you know is that she makes sure to make enough noise to keep you on your toes. She wants you to know and be aware of the fact that she’s ignoring you.

Tick, tock.

You slip elsewhere, you’re only half aware of what’s happening, all you can feel is the throb in your cunt and the inherent need you have to be touched. Time slips away from you, the ticks become irrelevant, and you just wait.

When she comes back, she finds you breathing heavily, dripping wet and aching to be touched.

“Good,” she says, her voice low and steady as she reaches for the whip. “Count for me, pet.”

She strikes you, and your raw skin screams in pain. You let out a quiet whimper, but, as quick as you can, you say: “One. Thank you.”

The whip isn’t the harshest she has. It’s soft, even, though it makes your skin hurt, and you’re thankful that she’s being gentler than what she could be.

She strikes you again, and the wax is struck off your skin, ripped off, and you whimper again.

“Two. Thank you.”

She whips the wax off of you, and you count. You don’t lose count, not once, and she’s proud of you for that.
“Thirty-four. Thank you.”

She strikes you with the whip one last time, right on your breasts, and you arch your back in pain. “Thirty-five. Thank you.”

She sets the whip down, and for a moment, you lay there, trying to figure out what she’s doing next.

Something cold touches your nipple, and you yelp in surprise.

She puts a hand over your mouth, slides two fingers in, and silences you as she slides the ice cube over your raw, burned, whipped skin – it’s so cold, you’re gasping for air, you hate everything cold and she knows it.

You suck on her fingers like the good girl you are, hoping behaving well will make your torment last less time.

She slides the ice cube along your skin down towards your cunt, and you whimper. She just shoves her fingers in deeper to your mouth and muffles your whining protest as she touches the ice to your clit.

You jump, but she’s tied you down so well you can’t move away from the ice as she slides it down to your entrance and pushes it in, just a little. It’s so cold you’re gasping for air around her fingers, you’re trembling, but she just chuckles.

“Your cunt is so hot it’s melting the ice,” she murmurs, pushing the ice cube all the way in and leaving it there.

You panic, thinking she’ll leave it there entirely. It’s so cold you can’t take it, you want it out, you hate the cold – and then she slides her fingers back into your eager cunt, and is easily able to wrap her fingers around the slippery ice cube and retrieve it, now significantly smaller.

She pulls out her fingers from your mouth.

“Open up.”

You do as told, and she places the ice cube in your mouth. “Suck on that,” she tells you as she gets up. “If you keep it in your mouth the whole time, I’ll let you cum.”

The ice cube tastes like your arousal at first, and you keep it in your mouth, it’s cold and hurting your tongue a little, numbing it, but you want to cum.

You need to cum.

It takes a minute for it to melt, but you’re proud of yourself that you did it.

“Good girl,” she purrs, and shivers run down your spine again.

She undoes the blindfold and you see her, she looks so proud, her eyes are shining with lust and love, and you smile weakly.

She settles over you and grinds herself off on your thigh, as a thank you – you watch, you’re in awe, and she knows you’re aching to touch her.

She doesn’t let you. No, she just lets you watch, and when she cums, she gasps and moans, writhes a little – and then, a smirk returns to her lips.
“Time for play, pet.”

She undoes the ropes and pulls you up, leads you over to the desk before the window, and bends you over it.

You can’t remember if the curtains were open or closed.

The thought of them being open, of you being exposed to the whole world, arouses you even more.

“Spread your legs for me, slut.”

You spread your legs and push your ass up, and receive a hard slap that sends vibrations running through your whole body.

She slaps you a few times, just for fun, and you take it. It hurts, you whimper, you know there’ll be a bruise the next day, but you take it because you know she likes to see her pet’s ass all pretty and red.

She moves away again, and you almost whimper – but then she’s back.

You feel her touch you, first your wet pretty cunt, and you think she’ll fuck you.

She will fuck you, you realize, but not there.

No, her fingers are coated with lube, and she moves a little upwards, to your puckered hole, and pushes one finger in.

She never goes in dry, she’s not that cruel, but she always takes her time with the lube. She likes torturing you with it.

You’re not a big fan of her fucking your ass, you prefer your cunt, but you’re glad for any attention at this point.

“Now, take it like a good girl, don’t make a fuss,” she says, and pushes the head of the strapon against your asshole.

It slips in, it stretches and hurts a little, but not much.

She goes slow first, she knows you’re still not used to it, and so she gradually pushes the strapon in until it’s all the way in, her hips are pressing against your ass, and you feel full.

You’re empty, your cunt is empty, but you feel fuller than in weeks. You hadn’t realized she’s used a bigger strapon, not until it’s in, and you whimper when she pulls back a little, only to thrust back in.

“This is your reward,” she murmurs, stroking your back with her nails, “You can cum as many times as you want, and you don’t have to keep quiet.”

You shudder. Even though it hurts, you’re so aroused and aching for release, that even being fucked in the ass pushes you to the brink.

She picks up her pace, and you whimper and whine. She’s rough, she pushes the strapon all the way in and almost all the way out, slow at first but then settles on a pounding pace, one which has you gasping for air and yearning for more. Your clit is aching, she knows you can’t cum without it being touched, and for a long while, she doesn’t even try.

But then she slides her hand around your waist and pinches your clit, and then begins toying with it, and you moan so loudly you’re sure anyone standing outside in the street hears. Her fingers are sure
and firm, they toy and fuck you, and the heat building up is so intense it hurts – you’re suddenly afraid, the toy is pounding into you so rough, the impending orgasm seems so intense, you’re afraid you can’t take it – but then it hits you, you moan, and she’s pleased.

She keeps going, you’re crying out with each thrust now, she’s still playing with your clit. You’re begging, no coherent words leave your mouth, but you want more. You need more, even though the pleasure is so intense it hurts.

“I want to try something,” she murmurs, leaning in, one hand around your neck. “Something new.” You nod before she even says what it is. You’re ready for anything.

“Think your cunt feels lonely, hmm?”

You realize what she wants to do, and excitement courses through your veins.

“Do you, pet?”

You swallow and try to find your words, even with her still fucking your ass with small, gradual movements, driving you wild. “Yes, Mistress. Please fill my cunt and my ass.”

The words send so many shivers through your spine you almost cum right there and then. But you don’t, no – she stops for a second, reaches beside you, and then you feel the dildo’s head prodding at your cunt’s entrance.

You’ve never had two dildos in you at the same time, and as she slips the toy in, you whine at the stretch. You’ve had plugs in you while she fucks your cunt, but this is new.

She slides the dildo all the way into you, slowly, watching for your reaction, but all she sees is the arch of your back and the small trickle of drool hanging from your lips. You’re disgusted, but you can’t wipe it away, because your hands are tied behind your back.

“Look at you, so full,” she purrs.

She picks up her pace again, and you let out a loud moan, close to a cry - it hurts at first, but then, the pleasure sets in, and you’re almost blinded by it. You can’t think, you’re nearing another orgasm, you’re so full and stretched wide, and, above all else, you’re so proud – you’re taking this for her, you’re being so good, and you know she’s proud.

You cum again, and almost pass out from it’s intensity.

She gives you a little break, draws patterns on your back with her nails, not too rough but just enough to sting a little, and you breathe heavily as you try to adjust to the dripping wetness in your cunt and the feel of the dildo still in your ass. Your clit is throbbing, sore, aching – it wants more and no more, and you’ve stopped even feeling anything other than your cunt.

And then she goes again, rougher this time, and you take it and love it – she pulls you up by your bound hands behind your back, arches your back, and pounds into you, still not as rough as she could, but as rough as she dares given the fact that you’re stretched as open as you can.

You cum for the third time, standing, and all energy is drained from you. You’d fall against the table were it not for her arms wrapping around you and holding you tight against her as you ride out the aftershocks, your cunt and ass clenching around the toys in you. You whimper and cry, and she soothes you, strokes your hair – and then, she kisses your neck, gently, and you sigh when you realize it’s done.
You’re almost relieved.

She lays you back on the table and kisses your neck again, her hands are soft and gentle now as they stroke your shoulders and arms.

“Relax, baby, or it’ll hurt when I take them out.”

You nod and relax as much as you can, but you still whimper a little when she first takes the toy out of your cunt. She eases the dildo out of your ass as slow as she can, but you whimper nevertheless, and she strokes your thighs and ass and back as gentle as she can.

She sets the toys aside and undoes the ropes, and you smile weakly when she leans over to check on you.

“You good?”

You nod.

“How do you feel about a bath? I could wash the wax off of you, and soothe the burns.”

You nod again, and smile. She helps you up, picks you up like a princess, and carries you to the bed.

“Rest,” she tells you as she leans in to kiss your lips gently. “I’ll draw the bath.”

She pulls the covers over you, in case you get cold, and goes to the bathroom. You lay there and try to adjust, you’re still dripping and you know you’re making a mess, and you’re yet to take off the collar.

You take it off, and sigh. For a moment, you admire the leathery collar, run your fingers over the decorative studs and smile.

You put it in it’s drawer and lay back to rest, your body is aching and tired, but you’re so happy you can’t stop smiling.

When she comes back, she kisses you again, and her blonde curls are undone from the bun they were in – she’s naked now, her hair tickles your nose when she leans in to kiss you, and you giggle.

“You hungry?”

You shake your head.

“Not even for some watermelon and grapes?”

You smile, and nod. She knows you too well.

She insists on carrying you to the bathroom, and then she helps you into the bath. It smells of lavender and lemon, she’s studied which herbs and oils help with burns and bruises, and when you settle in the warm water, you hiss – the welts and burns sting in the water, but you settle down anyway, sighing in relief as the warmth envelops you and relaxes your strained muscles.

She climbs in behind you, and you lean into her. Her arms wrap around your waist and draw you closer, she leans her chin on your shoulder and starts kissing it, trailing soft kisses along your neck and jaw.

“I love you,” she murmurs, over and over again. “I love you, Lexa.”
You smile and raise a weary hand to stroke her cheek. “I love you too,” you mumble. “But can I have some watermelon?”

She chuckles and reaches over to the counter to get some, and insists on feeding it to you. You let her, she’s so cute when she’s taking care of you, and your heart is swelled with love for her, in all her forms.

“You were so good,” she tells you as she washes your hair, her fingers kneading your scalp carefully, working to smooth out the few knots in your hair. “So good.”

You smile, and sigh. “I know.”

“Cocky, are we?”

“Shush,” you mumble. You’re almost falling asleep, but you trust she won’t let you drown.

When she’s done washing you and massaging you, she pulls you up and wraps you in a soft big towel, dries you up and presses kisses to each and every bruise and scrape she’s left. You can barely stand, but she holds you up as she lotions you up, with your favorite one – it smells like mangoes and freshness, it’s sweet and lovely, and when she’s done with that, she brings you clothes.

You could dress yourself, but you like letting her dress you. She’s so careful and gentle, and watching her serve you after you’ve served her only makes it all feel fair and equal.

She leads you to the living room, and sits you on the couch as she goes to order you two some takeout – you’ve expressed wishes for Chinese, and so, Chinese it is.

You’re not comfortable sitting, your bruised, sore ass doesn’t feel comfortable, and so you stand up again and take her by the hand and lead her to the couch. She’s still on the phone as you push her down, and then move in to straddle her lap, so that there’s as little weight on your ass as possible. She just smiles and finishes up ordering, and then sets the phone aside and reaches for the blanket, wrapping it around you both.

“It’s going to be hard for you to watch TV like that,” she comments.

You hum and kiss her neck, lazily and without any intentions beyond tasting her skin and feeling it soft beneath your lips. “I’m too tired for TV,” you say.

She lets you sleep until the takeout arrives, and gently rouses you. You whine, you don’t want to let go of her, but she untangles herself from your arms long enough to go get the food, only to come back and return to the same position.

“Clingy little koala,” she smiles. “Now, do you want the chicken noodles or the fried rice?”

You take the fried rice and she takes the chicken, although you steal half of her food anyway. She doesn’t mind.

“You’re sure you’re okay?” she asks when you’re laying on her chest in bed, half asleep and relaxed.

You nod. “I’m happy.”

“Does it hurt too much?”

You sigh and settle further up, and kiss her jaw. “It hurts just enough,” you say. “I love you.”
She smiles, and nods, and carefully strokes your back. “So you’d be up for that again? The…”

“Double penetration?” you ask, smirking at how prudish she appears in that instant.

“Yeah.”

You smile. “I loved it.”

And then you yawn, and she smiles, pulling up the covers better over both of you. “Sleep, Lexa. You’ve had a rough day.”

You smile to yourself, and close your eyes.

You fall asleep with bruises on your body, with your cunt and ass aching, but you’re happy as it is – you’re happy with the pain, it makes you feel right, you’re hers and she’s yours.

You’re her good girl, and it makes you happier than you ever thought you could be.

Chapter End Notes

don’t forget to leave kudos & comments, the more comments i get, the faster i update ;)
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

it's Sunday my dears, time to Sin

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One day, she asks you to submit.

It’s been weeks since you have. She’s been busy, you’ve been busy, and then there was the period – you’re synced, grossly domestic as her friends say. There hasn’t been time and she’s been stressed.

You’re still stressed. You have a big presentation coming up, in a week or so, one which you’ve been working on for months. You contemplate saying no, for the briefest of seconds – but you miss it, you want it, you miss it so bad that you say yes and smile, and she gives you a soft kiss before patting your cheek and saying: “Now go put on your pretty little collar, baby.”

When you put on the collar, you can see her watching you carefully, eyes gleaming with excitement and lust – you’re excited too, so aroused you can barely stand, and she can tell.

“Strip.”

You do as told and take off all your clothes, put them away, and wait for her next order.

You stand up straight, eyes fixed to the ground, arms at your sides, concealing nothing from her prying eyes – you have no want to hide, you want her to see you.

She walks around you, inspects you, gropes your breast and gives your ass a hard slap, one which leaves your ass cheek burning and tingling with pain.

“Kneel.”

You do as told, you settle on the floor, your eyes still fixed on the tips of your fingers on your knees, and you wait.

She pulls your brown hair, just freshly washed and smelling of peaches, tugs at it a little and you’re confused – but then you realize she’s braiding it, quickly and without much care as to how it looks, only wanting to get it out of your face.

You shiver when she walks into the closet and leaves you there. You know she only gets your hair out of the way when she wants to use you for her pleasure.

You love it when she does that.

You wait. You always do.

When she comes back, she’s wearing a corset, but you daren’t look up to see which one – she has a few, she likes wearing them, and you love seeing her wear them.

She moves in, closer, and then puts her fingers under your chin and pushes you to look up at her.
She’s not wearing underwear, that’s what you first notice, and that’s when she moves even closer, spreads her legs a little, and tells you to satisfy her.

You do as told and you love every second of it. She uses you, it’s not slow and beautiful, she grinds herself on your mouth and you serve her as she wants – you savor her taste and you’re grateful for each second.

When she cum, she grips your hair so hard it hurts, and you whimper, the sound muffled by her cunt pressed against your mouth.

“Good,” she mutters.

She doesn’t say ‘good girl’.

You’re disappointed, but only for a second.

“Good girl,” she murmurs as she hooks two fingers around your collar and pulls you up. “Now, let’s tie you up all pretty.”

She makes you stand again as she winds the rope around you, tying a cute little harness that pushes your breasts together – you know they’ll be bruised and sensitive soon enough, and that’s how she likes them. The rope ties your arms behind your back, very tightly, and the strain on your shoulders is familiar and comforting – you’re relinquishing power, it’s taken away more and more with each knot she ties, and by the time she’s pushing you to the bed, you’re entirely gone. All that matters to you is her and her happiness, pleasing her in all means necessary.

She ties your legs to your arms, spread wide with a bar so that she has full access – it’s uncomfortable, the tightest you’ve ever been tied, and you can’t move a muscle.

She blindfolds you, and then gags you with a ball, and then she leaves for a second.

You’re a pretty package for her, laying on the cool hard wooden floor, your drool dripping from your lips, unable to keep it from making a mess.

She comes back and without any further thoughts or warning, slides a plug into your ass. This one’s new – it’s big, huge even, and you can’t help the whimper of protest that leaves your throat when you feel the uncomfortable burning sting of the stretch radiate through your sensitive body.

“Got you a new toy. You like it?”

She slaps your ass and doesn’t wait for an answer before she strikes you with the crop – once, twice, you lose count, she’s not asking you to count this time. You whimper and want to move away from the pain, but you can’t. She’s having fun making patterns on your skin, whipping your ass and legs and back, and you take it, your whimpers muffled by the gag stretching your jaw wide.

By the time she’s done, your ass is burning with pain, and a single tear has slipped from your eye. When her hands touch your ass again, you jump, expecting pain – but instead they stroke gently for a second, before finding firm grips on your hips.

That’s when she slides into you – it’s her favorite strap-on, ribbed and thick, so thick it stretches you even further. She goes in slowly, torturously, and you moan, you can’t help it, you just do.

“That’s it, slut,” she murmurs as she grabs your bound arms and thrusts into you again. “Moan for me.”
And you do. You moan with each thrust, you’re dripping wet and so aroused, you feel so used but it’s so good – she fucks you hard and rough, she knows it hurts you, from the winces and whimpers silenced by the gag.

You cum, and she keeps going. It hurts now, you’re whimpering more than moaning, but she keeps going. You enjoy it, you’re in ecstasy, and the sounds escaping you are loud. You understand now why she gagged you.

She’s pulling on your hair when you cum for the second time, rough as the first – that’s when it hits you. She’s still going, her pace steady and cruel, but it’s no longer enjoyable.

No, all of a sudden everything becomes small. The ropes feel like you’re burrowing into your skin, you want to run, leave, you want it to stop – you try to say it and panic when you remember the gag. She can’t see your distress, she’s more into fucking you, and you’re in pain and panicking.

All you want is for it to stop.

That’s when you remember the bell she’s put in your hand. You shake it, quickly, and keep shaking it, fearing she won’t hear. You’re terrified she won’t hear, you can’t even hear another second of this – it’s too much, you feel like you’re breaking, and you’re so far in your own mind that you don’t notice it’s stopped.

She stops at the first shake of the bell. No matter how far in her own role she might’ve been, that first little noise was all it took for her to be wrenched out of it and to stop dead in her tracks, to see the change in the mood – this was no longer enjoyable, not even uncomfortable, no; this was purely painful for you, mentally and physically, and she stopped the instant she realized this, a panic of her own rising in her chest.

“Oh my god, Lexa-“ she says quickly, pulling out the strapon and disregarding all else but your panic and her duty to do anything she can to alleviate it. She undoes the blindfold and the gag, and you sob a few words before becoming incoherent again.

“I feel trapped, I-“

She understands, grabs the scissors she keeps nearby and cuts the ropes. Her hands shake and she accidentally pokes your back while she’s at it – not hard, but enough to make you wince, and she’s rambling, apologizing profusely.

“I’m so sorry, Lexa,” she keeps repeating, over and over again as she undoes and pulls the ropes off of you, tossing them aside in disgust.

You don’t settle when you’re free. You can’t control it, and curl up, still sobbing, still feeling trapped and lost.

She’s too afraid to even touch you, and amidst your mess of a mind, you convince yourself she’s mad at you, and that that’s why she’s sitting beside you so quietly.

“I’m so sorry,” you whimper, “I’m so so sorry, please don’t be mad-“

You’re convinced she must be mad. You should’ve been able to take it, she’s done this so many times before – why not today?

“Lexa, please, I’m not mad.”

But you don’t believe her.
“I failed, I should’ve-“ your words are cut off by another sob, and you feel a tentative touch of her hand on your shoulder.

“Lexa…”

And then you whimper and crawl into her arms. You don’t notice the sigh of relief that leaves her lips when you do – no, you feel her arms wrap around you and pull you close, hold you tight and safe, and you seek out that safety despite feeling so awful inside.

“I wasn’t good, I failed, I should’ve been able to take that-“ you sob. “I’m so sorry I disappointed you, I’m sorry, please don’t be mad-“

“I’m not mad, Lexa. Please believe me.”

You tremble and she pulls you even closer. You’re suddenly cold, and you don’t even need to say it for her to reach for a blanket and wrap it around you two. She rubs at your arms to get you warm, pulls you into her lap and holds you close, and buries her face into your neck. She’s whispering something into your hair, and it takes you a long while to decipher what she’s saying. Apologies, you realize, she’s murmuring apologies, over and over again, and you’re left confused. You feel like you’ve wronged her, failed her, that you should be the one apologizing – but she’s the one doing it, she’s apologizing not just with her words but with every gesture she makes; the way she holds you is so frail and careful, and yet tight to make you feel safe and protected; the ghost of her lips on your neck and her soft warm breaths are so gentle, as though to comfort you – the fact that she is murmuring apologies, over and over again, it all makes you realize that she thinks she’s the one who’s done the wrong.

You’re still too caught up in your own head to realize that you hadn’t done anything wrong. You’re focused on breathing, you’re trying to calm down, and after a long while, you calm down enough that you’re no longer sobbing. She’s laid you two down, you’re on her chest, blanket wrapped around you to keep you covered and warm. She’s stroking your hair, and every now and then, she’ll press a gentle kiss to your forehead.

“I’m sorry,” you whisper, and your voice doesn’t break.

“Lexa,” she sighs, “You don’t have anything to be sorry for. I pushed you when I shouldn’t have. I’m the one who’s sorry.”

“But I- we’ve done that before, I-“

"That doesn't matter. You couldn't do it now. That's all that matters."

"But I've done it before."

“Today wasn’t a good day for it.”

You think about it, and nod. “I guess.”

“I should’ve realized it sooner. I’m sorry.”

“No, don’t.”

“I hurt you, Lexa.”

“It wasn’t…” you try to argue, but you know it’s true. You sigh and bring your hand up to wipe at your eyes, stinging from the tears and exhaustion. “You couldn’t have known today wasn’t a good
day.”

“I should’ve seen something was off.”

“But even I didn’t.”

“Lexa, it’s my responsibility to make sure you’re okay. At all times, when we’re doing this.”

“I know.”

“And I failed at that. I’m sorry.”

“You stopped the moment I asked you to, and-”

“But I pushed you to a point where you had to ask me to stop. I’m sorry.”

“Stop apologizing.”

She lets out a chuckle and nuzzles her face in your neck. “I can’t. I hurt you. I’m sorry.”

You sigh and suddenly realize you’re thoroughly exhausted. “Can you take it off?”

She doesn’t have to ask what you mean. She nods, and her fingers brush your braid away gently and undo the clasp of your collar. When it slips from around your neck, you sigh, your neck feels free and unrestricted.

Even so, with all she’s said, you feel guilty.

“I shouldn’t have pushed myself.”

“I shouldn’t have let you.”

You tremble again, and she sighs. “Tell me what I can do to make you feel better.”

You don’t answer her for a long while. “I’m cold. Can you bring me food while I go get dressed?”

She nods and helps you up to a sitting position – you stand, your legs are shaking, but for a moment, she stops you.

“Hold on.”

She reaches under the bed where you keep the first-aid kit, and retrieves a band-aid.

“You’re bleeding,” she explains, “From the nick I- I’m sorry I hit you with the scissors, my hands were shaking, I-“

“It’s okay,” you say, and smile. “I don’t even feel it.”

“I know, but still.”

She dabs at the little nick with antiseptic and puts a band-aid on it, and gives it a little kiss. “There. You sure you’ll be ok?”

You nod. “I need a bit alone.”

She nods, and understands.
“I’ll be right over in the kitchen.”

You don’t have to tell her what you want. She knows anyway.

You drag yourself to the closet, thankful for the moment of silence and solitude, and collapse against the wall. You’re trembling from exhaustion, your mind feels heavy and tired, and you’re so close to another set of tears you can almost feel them falling again.

You fight the heavy weight in the pit of your stomach as you rummage through the closet and find your softest leggings and underwear, and Clarke’s hoodie – it’s blue and soft and smells like her, like paint and old coffee and vanilla, and it comforts you.

You go back to the bed and shudder the sight of the cut ropes – in a fit of sudden anger, you grab them and toss them away, out of sight, and then you crawl under the covers and hide away. You feel awful, tired and your head is aching, and your ass hurts and your cunt – well, your cunt is aching, it’s a pain you’re used to but this time there’s no pleasure in it.

She comes back with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and hot chamomile tea, and chocolates. You don’t feel like eating quite just yet, and so she sets it aside. Wordlessly and with little to no gestures, you grab her and pull her to the bed, not missing the fact that she’s changed into your sweatpants and a shirt – you take her over to the headboard and she sits there, and you settle yourself into her lap. She lets you move her as you please, she usually does, and you settle in comfortably with your legs wrapped in hers and your head resting on her chest.

“Are you okay, Lexa?”

You glance at her, and see genuine concern. She looks like she’s about to cry, she looks afraid – she’s afraid she’s hurt you, hurt you too much in ways she didn’t intend.

“I will be,” you mumble.

After a long while of silence, she settles to undoing your braid and redoing it, neater this time, still being as gentle as she can with you.

“Why couldn’t I take it?”

It’s a question that you voice, you’re not sure if it’s to you or to her, but it slips away as quiet as a breath.

“Maybe it was stress,” she suggests quietly. “Maybe I pushed it too far. Maybe you hurt more this time. I don’t know, all I care is that I hurt you and that I’m so so sorry.”

“No, Clarke, don’t.”

“I am, Lexa. I did this.”

“But…”

“No buts,” she says. “I’ll make it up to you, I wronged you and hurt you and I’ll make it up.”

“How?”

“Well, for starters, I’ll do all your chores and get you food and bring you lunch until your big presentation. And I’ll give you massages. And kisses. And, when you’re done with it…” she strokes your neck carefully, and you shiver – but this is a good shiver, not a bad one, and she smiles. “When
You’re done with your presentation, I’ll take you up to the mountains, and we’ll have ourselves a nice cabin. I’ll go on as many hikes as you want to drag me on. They can be my punishment.”

You chuckle, and the weight in your stomach, though still there, eases a little. “That sounds nice.”

She spends the rest of the evening making you feel as safe and comfortable and protected as she possibly can. There’s soft gentle kisses and caresses, massages and hot tea, and by the end, when you lie on your side and she spoons you from behind, you take her hand and give it a little kiss.

“I’m okay now,” you murmur, voice thick with sleep and exhaustion.

She smiles into your neck and pulls you even closer. “I’m glad to hear that.”

“I’m still sorry.”

“You shouldn’t be. You did everything right.”

“But I stopped it.”

She sighs, and you turn to look at her. “The first thing I want from you, as my girlfriend or as my good girl, is that you’re honest. You were hurting and wanted it to stop, and so you told me to stop. That’s what I want you to do. I don’t want to irreparably hurt you. When it stops being fun, I want you to stop me.”

You nod. “I see.”

And then, she gives you a smile that makes your heart feel warm, and says: “You were perfect.”

Even though a sliver in your mind still contests this, the rest of you simply feels content. You smile, and she kisses your cheek, and then you turn your head and go to sleep. You’re no longer afraid or feeling lost or trapped, no – you feel safe, there in bed, with her there.

You’re comfortable, and so overwhelmingly happy that she understands you so well.

Chapter End Notes

so many of you asked for lexa to safeword out and to see that, so here
don't forget the comments and kudos my sinners
this week's a little softer and not so sinful, but i felt like it wouldn't quite be appropriate for them to get right back at the hardcore stuff after such an event as last chapter's one
ANYWAY, happy Sinday!

You wake early in the morning, confused and lost. You don’t know what’s roused you, and for a long while, you just lay there comfortably with her arms around you – tight, you notice, they’re very tight, she’s holding you so close you can barely breathe.

You can breathe, of course. She’s just pressed up far closer than usual, face in your neck and arms around your waist, pulling your body against hers.

You don’t mind. Sometimes she does that. If anything, it’s more comfortable, her body pressed up flush against your own.

But on this occasion, you notice her hand – no, her whole body – is trembling. And then there’s a sob, stifled and quiet, barely audible, muffled in your hair.

You freeze, and wonder if she knows you’re awake. You don’t know if she’s awake – she could be sleeping, dreaming, and so you wait, you don’t want to disturb her in case it’s one of those times she’d prefer you pretend she’s not crying.

It doesn’t happen often, but you know that sometimes she’s embarrassed when she cries over little insignificant things.

Her arms tighten around you, they’re somehow gentle and yet so tight, as though she fears you’ll slip away; and then, quietly as a breath, she whimpers.

“I’m so sorry, Lexa.”

That’s when you turn around – and groan, quietly, you can’t help it, the welts and bruises still hurt and force the noise out of you, startling her into the realization that you’re awake. She brings one hand to hurriedly wipe at her face, but it doesn’t do much – her eyes are teary, the beautiful blue that you love is watery and dark in the low light of your bedroom.

“Sorry,” she mumbles, “Didn’t mean to wake you. Just go back to sleep.”

You’d never do anything of the sort. You’re wide awake now, and you notice the dark circles under her eyes, and the redness, and the general exhaustion that’s so evident on her face.

“You haven’t slept.”

She doesn’t answer you. It wasn’t a question, simply an observation.

You shuffle in closer, rest your head on the pillow only inches from hers, and look at her in concern. “Why’re you crying?”
You already have an idea, but you want to test if she wants to talk about it.

She looks at you, and her lip quivers. You move in, shuffle a bit higher, and she crawls into the space you’ve created, buries her face into your chest so that your chin rests on the top of her head, and cries. You bring a hand around her waist and another to the back of her head, and hold her, and wait. Your slender fingers toy with the hairs that have come undone from her bun – which at this point of the night is essentially all of them. She holds onto you tightly and cries, whimpers and winces leaving her amidst the sobs, and your heart is being torn to a thousand shreds with each tiny tremble and tear that falls from her eyes onto your skin.

“I’m so sorry,” she whimpers quietly, “I’m so sorry, Lexa, I hurt you, I—“

Her words are cut short by another sob, and you try to soothe her in any way you can.

“But I’m okay, Clarke.”

“I hurt you.”

“You did, but I’m okay now.”

“But I hurt you. Really hurt. I—“

You sigh and stroke her hair gently. “But you also made sure I was okay, afterwards. It’s thanks to you that I’m okay now.”

“Without me you wouldn’t have been hurt in the first place.”

“Clarke, this is as much my fault as it’s yours,” you murmur, nuzzling your face into her hair and letting out yet another sigh. “I shouldn’t have pushed my limits. I should’ve told you I was feeling a bit off.”

“I should’ve know—“

“No, Clarke, perhaps you could’ve asked, but how could’ve you known that you had to ask? This hasn’t happened before.”

“I know, but—“

“Clarke, you hurt me, yes, and then you fixed it. You have nothing to be sorry about.”

Clarke just sighs. “Doesn’t mean it doesn’t hurt.”

“I know.”

What you don’t know is that she’s been hurting for hours. She hasn’t shown it, but she has. When you needed space, she gave it to you and went to the kitchen. What you don’t know is that the instant she was beyond earshot, she collapsed and cried. What you don’t know, what you couldn’t know, not until she quietly whimpered incoherent words to you about it, is that she’s in pain over hurting you.

She’s hurting herself, she’s convinced herself she’s done irreparable damage, and at first, you don’t know what to do.
You do what you know. You hug her tight and whisper sweet words into her ear, stroke her back and soothe her. She relaxes at your touch, melts into your arms, and soon, her sobs cease. She’s exhausted, and not long after, while you’re still quietly telling her that everything’s alright, she falls asleep.

Once she’s out, she’s really out cold. Limp and occasionally sniffling in her sleep, she’s so deeply into her dreams that she doesn’t wake when you turn her a little. She doesn’t even stir at the gentle trace of your index finger from her temple to her jaw, running along the soft skin of her neck, to trail along her clavicle and around her shoulder. You’re not thinking.

You’re just taking her in.

She’s vulnerable now, in ways you’ve never seen her, and you hurt. You’re still a little jumpy yourself, as you ought to be – but you’ve had your hurt addressed. Metaphorically speaking, your wound has been bandaged and is on its way to be healed.

Hers isn’t, not yet.

There’s a crack in the solid trust between you two, and while you can easily see it can be repaired till it’s anew, she can’t see that yet.

You understand. She’s paranoid about these things – she’s discussed it, she talked about boundaries and about her fear of hurting you, so many times you lost count – but you understood.

You may not entirely understand the mindset of a dominant, but you understand her fear of hurting you is as real as your fears as her sub.

The next morning, she wakes before you.

You’re not sure when you fell asleep, whether it was when you were twirling a lock of her hair or slowly pressing kisses to her cheek – but you wake when she kisses your forehead, gentle as a feather.

“Morning,” you mumble.

You expect a kiss. She always kisses you good morning.

Not this morning. You crack your eyes open, and find her watching you, worried as ever, and you sigh.

“Clarke…”

“How are you?”

You smile and push a strand of hair from her face. “I’m good.”

She smiles, weakly, and you want her to kiss you.

You want to kiss her, but you’re afraid to push it.

She can probably see the thoughts wracking your mind, because the next seconds she leans in – not
all the way, just half, and you know she wants you to close the distance.

So you do.

She smiles into the kiss, and you move to lay on top of her, comfortable and happy to be close to her, despite the slight hesitation you can feel in every touch of her against you.

She’s not as assertive as she usually is. Usually she’s as grabby as you are, hands on your ass and waist and neck, pulling you closer, lips on lips and teeth nipping at your lips, tongues sliding against tongues and bodies melding into one another – but today, it’s not that. Today it feels chaste, you can tell she’s holding back.

You understand that she’s afraid, but you don’t know how to help her get over her fear.

You try anyway. After all, this is the woman you love, and you love all parts of her, and you’re not afraid. Even though she hurt you, even though she technically was the cause of your pain and hurt not a day before, you’re better at compartmentalizing. You know it wasn’t *her* that hurt you – she didn’t intend to, but she did anyway. But in your mind, it wasn’t her – it was the situation, you’re aware there were many variables and no clear offender, and so, you’re comfortable and you know you’d trust her again.

Sure, you’d be a little tense, but you’d trust her, because she’s held your trust countless of times, and only broken it once. Each instance now, of her proving she’s trustworthy, balances out that once offence.

She treats you too much that week.

You don’t mind – how could anyone, really, mind being treated to breakfasts in bed and massages and cute dates and flowers?

But you’re also not entirely comfortable, because you know she feels like she has to do this, pay back what she did, when to you it’s a mutual effort.

You surprise her with new paintbrushes when you hear her complaining about her old ones. You laugh and smile, you let her pick the movies on Netflix – though that only occurs after she’s insisted you pick over a dozen times – you do little things for her, things she’d barely pay notice to, but things that make her smile.

Little by little, the trust is built back up again.

The collar sits in it’s drawer, discarded, and neither of you are in any rush to revisit it.

“Not yet,” she says one night, and her eyes look dark and sad. “I just…I need a little time.”

You nod, and probably look a bit sadder than you really are – she lets out a laugh, and takes your hand, and pulls you to her. She’s sitting on the bedside, you’re standing in between her legs, your hands in hers, and she’s smiling.

“Doesn’t mean we can’t have fun. Just not that kind, not quite yet.”
In all honesty, when she lays back and invites you to bed with her, you’re glad.

More than glad. However much you may love serving her and submitting, you also love just pure clean sex.

It’s simple, this, laying her down and kissing her and sliding your hands up along her stomach, drawing her shirt over her head and baring her before you. You’re always slow, she sometimes hates it but she knows you want to savor the moments, and she loves you for it.

You’re a good sub, but you’re also a good girlfriend.

You know damn well what to do in bed, that’s for sure.

Your attentions are always devoted to one task – first it’s bringing her arousal up, getting her wet and squirming for you, and this task is never much of a challenge. You kiss her and grind on her, and when your knee presses at her cunt, she moans.

You grin, and she smacks your arm. “Don’t look so cocky.”

You just grin harder, and she wipes it away with a kiss, rough and wet and sloppy – one of your hands is on her breast, the other on her thigh, pulling it close to you.

She wraps her legs around your waist as you slip your hand down along her stomach and into her sleep shorts.

She gasps when you twirl your fingers over her swollen clit. She’s wet, dripping for you, and you kiss her as though to thank her. Slowly, surely, you begin working her up to a climax, you know your way around her like you would your own – you know where to press to make her cry out, you know the patterns and pace she likes, and you tease and push her to the limit till she’s gripping your shoulders, still as she could be, silently praying for release.

You give it to her, sweet and long and torturous, and for a moment, you think she’s going to fall asleep right there and then.

Instead, she flips you two over, and without much beyond a murmured ‘your turn’, moves down and pulls your shorts off.

She flashes you a grin, and you spread your legs. She helps you shuffle your hips closer to her, and you curse yourself that you’ve already taken out your contacts. It’s always awkward trying to see her go down on you when wearing glasses, when you have to angle your head so that you can see her, and you get a little double chin – she always points it out, she thinks it’s adorable, you think it’s gross and ugly but she loves it.

She points it out now too, smiles sweetly and you throw her a glare as you lift your hips towards her in a coaxing manner to remind her of what she was doing.

“Needy,” she comments, but no more words leave her mouth because she presses it to your dripping cunt and you let out a sigh when you feel her tongue run along your you.

Her mouth on your cunt is sweet and hot and perfect. Just like you know her, she knows you. You grip her hair and let out little whimpers, bite your lip and arch your back, you want more, and she gives it to you. You tip your head back into the pillow, and your glasses almost fall off your nose.

You gasp her name when you cum, and you can tell from her victorious smile that she’s pleased.
She comments on your mussed up hair and wonky glasses, and you stick out your tongue as you frown at her.

She darts over and licks your tongue before you have time to react, and you’re left surprised and wide-eyed as she practically rams into you and you both fall backwards, her on top of you, both of you laughing.

“You taste wonderful,” she murmurs as she buries her face in your neck and strokes your chest with her fingers. “Heavenly.”

You chuckle and wrap an arm around her shoulders. “How poetic.”

She falls asleep in your arms, and you fall asleep with her hair tickling your cheek and a smile on your lips.

Three weeks after the incident, you bring up the collar again from it's drawer.

You don’t put it on.

No, you put it on the kitchen table, and sit there, clad only in a silken robe and nothing else, and wait for her to come home.

It’s an invitation. You’re showing her that you’re ready, and asking her if she is too.

You’ve craved it more than anything. You’ve missed it.

When you hear the key turn in the lock, your stomach churns in excitement. You hope, you wish, you pray that she’ll say yes, that she’ll be ready.

You’ve discussed it. You’ve talked it over, she’s told you she’s afraid she’ll hurt you again, and you’ve told her you trust her that she won’t.

You’ve also told her that you’d trust her even if she did hurt you again. So long as she sticks to the rules and stops when you tell her to, you still trust her.

She walks into the kitchen, and sees you.

Her eyes go over your form, then drift to the collar.

You see her decision the moment she makes it. You see her over, you can almost feel the change in the air, and you’re so happy you could cry.

But you don’t. No, you wait as she comes over, slowly, and takes the collar.

She puts it in your hands, and smiles when you put it around your neck.

“Time for play, pet.”
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

sunday sinday is back with plenty of sin

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Time for play, pet.

Her words ring around in your head as she’s cuffing your hands together behind your back. You’re trembling still from the lashes of the whip – your breasts are covered in red lines, as is your back, but the burning stinging pain only makes your cunt feel hotter and wetter. Your legs spread, you stand before her as she does with you as she pleases, her movements slow as she pushes you to your knees, and from there, to the floor on your back.

You’re confused till she kneels over you, and excitedly go to please her – but she pushes your head back down, and tuts.


You stick your tongue out, quickly figuring out what she means, and freeze in your place. She lowers herself down, a little, and teases you with herself – slow touches of her cunt against your tongue, you get teasing tastes of her but not it all. She grinds herself on your tongue, a few times lowers herself on you entirely and smothers your face with her cunt, and you enjoy having her taste fully in your mouth – but then she pulls away again, and teases you and herself with just the tip of your tongue.

You let out a whine when she moves to draw away entirely, and for that, she gives your breast a little slap.

“Don’t be greedy.”

She moves down in between your legs, and pushes one of your legs up towards your chest while keeping the other down towards the side – it’s an odd position, slightly uncomfortable, but you stay there, awaiting her next order.

“Don’t cum” is all she says.

Then she kneels over you, so that her cunt touches your own – you now realize what she’s doing, though you’ve never thought it could be really done. Of all the things you’ve heard about scissoring not being a thing, you never considered it could really be a thing – but now she’s there, her cunt is grinding against your own, and the feeling is new and all-too good. Her command to not cum is harder now to follow, with her wetness meeting your own, with her and your juices mixing and slowly coating your thighs and lower stomach. She grinds slowly at first, one hand on your knee to brace herself and to help you stay in position. You’re not sure where to look, but she doesn’t seem to mind you watching her – she’s getting closer, you realize, she’s letting out little whimpers as she grinds harder and quicker against you. Each movement that pleases you, also makes you feel pleasure.
For the beginning, you thought this was pleasure. Now, with her approaching an orgasm and you already on the edge, fighting to not cum, you realize this is punishment. You can feel her quiver and shake over you, you can almost feel her cunt clenching against your own, you can see her movements getting more frantic – and amidst all of this, you’re not allowed to let go and cum. Each whimper from her lips makes your head spin with the desire to cum, it would be so easy to let go and cum.

It would be too easy. You know she’d punish you if you did, and you want to please her. And so you bite your tongue and watch her use you to cum.

When she finishes, her nails dig into your knee and she quivers over you, and you feel her cunt twitch against your own. You’re gasping for air, trying so hard not to cum, so focused on not cumming that you don’t at first realise she’s stopped.

“Good,” she says, and gets up.

She leaves you on the floor for a while as she goes to the bathroom. She returns with a strapon fastened to her hips and lube in her hand.

“Get on the bed,” she orders. “Bent over.”

You do as told. You freeze slightly when she lubes up your ass, but she gives your ass a gentle stroke and then a slap. “You’ll take it,” she says, but her voice isn’t very harsh – it’s almost kind. “You want to please your Mistress, don’t you?”

You nod.

“Good. And you may cum,” she adds, “As much as you want.”

You realize that was her intention all along. You’re so close on edge that when she slides into your ass, you gasp from the sheer intensity of your pleasure. The stretch isn’t uncomfortable – no, it’s amazing, and you bite the pillow as she begins to fuck you, slow at first, but constantly increasing her speed and the roughness of her thrusts. You’re as focused on your pleasure as you are on remaining as good for her as you can – you keep your back arched and ass pushed up towards her, torso pressed down low to make the view as good for her as you can.

“Good girl,” she grunts as she thrusts the toy all the way into you so that her hips ram into your ass, “Cum for me.”

You gasp and shudder, and a few seconds later, you push yourself to focus solely on your pleasure.

It doesn’t take long from there for you to cum, with a moan and a shudder, her hand pressing into your back as she pushes the toy so far into you it hurts a little. When the orgasm rushes over you, your ass clenches, and suddenly it feels much tighter than before – for a blinding second the toy hurts, but she knows this, and knows to pull out then – slowly, carefully, but still retaining her composure as you come undone.

“I’ll be back,” she murmurs, a gentle caress of her hand on your ass before she’s gone. “Stay put.”

You stay where you are till she tells you to get up, and follow her as she leads you by your leash to a chair. She’s wearing a different strapon now, it’s blue and way bigger, and when she sits down first, you know what to do.

“Not yet.”
She has you stand before her with quivering legs and runs her eyes over you, sees the pink of your cheeks and how hard your nipples are, and how your hands, still cuffed behind your back, push your breasts forward.

“Sit.”

She pulls your leash with one hand and with the other, guides the strap-on inside you as you climb into her lap and settle down. It’s big and long, and makes you gasp, but she pushes you down all the way till your hips meet hers.

“One more, baby,” she murmurs as she thrusts a little upwards, making you whimper. “Mistress wants to see her pretty girl cum again.”

You adjust a little, and, slowly, start rolling your hips. You’re wet and aching to be touched, you try to lean forward to grind your clit against her as you ride the toy – but she laughs and stops you, and tells you how you need to move. Up, down, the toy slides in and out of you, drawing whimpers from your lips. She’s told you to keep quiet, and you really do try – but you’re also so aroused and the pleasure is so intense, and the toy so big, that you can’t quite contain yourself.

She doesn’t punish you for that. She enjoys seeing you struggle amidst your pleasure.

As you start nearing your climax, she puts her hands on you. Up until this point, she’s rested them on the armrests of the chair, but now she places them on your body – slides them up along your ribs and around your waist, grabs your ass and gives it a little slap. Her hands find their places on your hips, and she draws you nearer, her mouth encloses around your nipple, and you gasp.

She bites down, gently, and you gasp again. You’d push her away had you your hands, but they’re bound, and she knows this.

“Keep fucking yourself, pet,” she murmurs as she bites down again, the pain drawing a hiss from your lips.

Your movements lull down as you take the whole toy in you and grind slowly, roll your hips and grind your clit against her. She suddenly decides to help you finish, and grabs your neck roughly to draw you in for a bruising kiss, her tongue invading your mouth in just the manner that is enough to make your head spin. Her other hand is around your waist, drawing you closer, and that’s when you finally cum – you moan into her mouth and she hums, pleased that she’s made you finish again.

You’re so exhausted you can’t quite think of going further, but you know she isn’t going to either.

“I think we’re done,” she says quietly. “You were so good.”

You nod, and take off your collar. She sets it on a table nearby, and then gives your forehead a kiss. Your face is buried in her neck, hands still cuffed behind you but now hanging limply, and you’re thoroughly fucked.

First she undoes the handcuffs behind your back. You throw your arms around your neck and decide you never want to move.

She goes to push you off of her, to get the toy out of you, but you grumble something and tighten your arms around her neck. She takes that as an obvious sign that you’re not going anywhere, and laughs.

“Don’t you want that out of you?”
You justshrug. “It’s comfy.”

“Lexa-“

“You’re so soft,” you whine.

That’s enough of an argument to get her to settle. She waits patiently for you to relax, for you to decide you want to get up. Her fingers dance upon your skin, trace along welts and small bruises, gentle as a feather and drawing shudders from you.

“That was okay,” she asks after a while, her voice quiet and careful, “Wasn’t it?”

You sigh, and nod. “It was perfect, Clarke.”

“And I didn’t- you didn’t get uncomfortable?”

You shake your head. “Not once.”

“You sure?”

“I wouldn’t lie.”

She nods, and believes you.

After a while, you climb out of her lap, and go to find yourself some clothes while she sets up the Wii.

You spend the rest of the night effectively slaughtering her at Mario Kart and eating pizza, you nestled in her lap, still tired and happy, and you don’t speak much the whole night.

Then again, not many words are required to win at Mario Kart.

You fall asleep in the middle of Rainbow Road, curled up in her lap, and she carefully pulls you up to the couch, on top of her, and you stay there for the night.

She may wake up in the morning with a sore neck, but at least you’re comfortable and happy, and that’s really all that matters to her in that moment.

You give her a proper back and neck massage the next morning as a thank you.

Chapter End Notes

idk what happned but my beautiful bdsm oneshot turned into a fic with two sappy dorks that do dirty sin and cute cuddles but i love it
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

yes, i know it's been a while, but writing this takes a toll on me and i needed a break
but, to compensate, this chapters extra long, so i doubt anyone will complain...

Also, IMPORTANT NOTE: this is a flashback chapter. Starts from before Clarke and
lexa meet.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.


You’re innocent, for the most part.

But we all have secrets, and you’re in no way exempt.

It was an accident, the first time. And perhaps the second time, too. You’d gotten a tumblr account
just out of curiosity, that’s all. Just to reblog pretty pictures of puppies and sunflowers and artful cups
of tea. It was really a gradual…progression.

First you started following a few sapphic blogs. You told yourself it was just because you liked the
aesthetic of pretty girls kissing one another. At the time, you yourself had a girlfriend.

But then she left, and you found yourself lonely. And then, with time, needy. Craving for intimacy.
And so the fact that you then ventured into the dirtier side of tumblr, it, well…it was natural. Wasn’t
it?

And so, one day, you come across a blog. In incognito mode, of course – you always ensure there’d
be no traces of your more shameful activities. Why they were shameful, well, you’re not sure. But
you do know that watching girls be fucked in increasingly rough manners, being drizzled with wax,
being whipped…it makes you blush. And get squirmy in your seat. And hot in between your legs.

Mistress C. Her name says nothing and everything, and after discovering that she has very interesting
tastes, you’re hooked. Day after day, you return, first because of curiosity, and then, because it turns
you on. The things she writes about, the pictures and gifs she reblogs, they- they capture your
interest. They cater to your tastes.

Where she’s talking about wanting to be the one tying a girl up and using her in every possible way,
you fantasize about being the girl for her use. About having a collar around your neck and her hand
holding the leash connected to it, pulling you to her, making you hers.

The first time you get yourself off to a story she’s written, you feel a little ashamed.

By the tenth time, you don’t care. You’ve grown curious about the person running the blog – she
posts weekly selfies, of herself in various corsets and the like – but you’ve never seen her face. The
images of her breasts and crotch and ass are forever in your mind, even when you’re not at your
computer, and the little details are always on your mind as well. The blonde hair you’ve glimpsed
tickling her neck. The tattoo on her shoulder, a compass. The fact that she seems to like blue the most
of all colors.
You send her a message. Anonymous, of course.

*I really love your blog and what you write about.*

You keep it simple and short. No sign-off, nothing extra. You don’t expect anything more to come of it. So what if it takes you almost half an hour to write it – you just want to make sure it’s not stupid.

Her answer comes sooner than you expect.

**Really? Love? Does my blog turn you on, anon?**

You blush and wait a little while before answering.

**It does turn me on.**

Once again, her answer is there before you even expect it.

**Only address me as mistress. Or am I wrong in assuming you’re someone’s submissive? You don’t sound like a dominant.**

It’s a little off-putting that your dialogue is done in the sight of all who follow her, but you don’t want to give up your anonymity. Not yet, anyway.

**Sorry, mistress. And no…I’m nobody’s submissive.**

**Aw, you poor thing. A pet without an owner.**

There’s some others messaging her too, and so you add a sign-off. Just something very simple. Just a letter.

**How would I find a dominant for myself, mistress? –L**

It’s nothing more than a playful thought, a curiosity – you’re not serious. You’d never be.

**Find a dominant who shares your tastes. Who you trust. Who interests you. And then make an offer.**

It’s late and you should be sleeping, but something about her captures you. You can’t put your laptop away.

**Do you have a pet, mistress? –L**

**Sadly, no.**

After that, she disappears. You wait, refresh her blog for half an hour before giving up and going to bed, feeling a little discontent.

The next day you run into a newbie in the office. A pretty girl, your age, named Clarke. She has blonde hair and blue eyes and her ass looks enticing in the pencil skirt she’s wearing, and the fact that she almost spills her coffee on you certainly makes an impression.
Her smile makes an impression, too. You’re rarely so taken by women, and so, you decide to make your move soon.

By the end of the week, you ask her out. It’s not inappropriate – she’s in a different department than you, and you’re not her superior, hell, she even works on a different floor. She’s also lovely and pretty and smells of vanilla and paint and coffee, and you take her to a coffee shop after work.

It’s so easy. She’s funny and kind, and only has a few friends in the new city she’s just moved to. She wants to see the sights, and so you go with her – you show her everything you know, walking together, talking and laughing, and it’s the best time you’ve had in ages.

Over the following weeks, you move slowly. Dates here and there, shared smiles across meetings, winks and occasional gifts – bringing her coffee, her bringing you tea, a simple, yet kind gesture.

You’ve been seeing each other for about a month when you finally notice that she’s holding something back. You haven’t slept together yet, chiefly because you’ve been so busy, but there’s something she’s not saying. She’ll go to a point, kissing very passionately, and then stop abruptly and look at you in a strange way. Sometimes, you catch her studying you from afar. It confuses you, to say the least.

You’ve continued visiting Mistress C’s website as well. You’ve also spoken to her, but much less, now that you’re involved with Clarke.

Whatever you fantasize about when on your computer, you never even imagine it could be real.

But then, one night, you take her to a restaurant. A fancy one, and you dress accordingly. A fancy dress, deep dark red, strapless and elegant, makes you look absolutely stunning when she comes to meet you. She looks stunning as well, in her blue dress. It’s the night you’ve planned on asking her to be your girlfriend. It feels right.

You open the door to the restaurant for her, and that’s when you see it.

The tattoo on her left shoulder.

You’d recognize it anywhere, and in an instant, you go pale. She doesn’t notice, and you quickly gather your wits as the butler shows you to the table. By the time you’re sat across her, a candle illuminating both your faces, you’ve suppressed your desire to gasp and run at the realization that your date – Clarke Griffin – is Mistress C.

“So…how are you?”

The small talk begins as awkward, and remains so throughout the dinner. You can’t stop thinking about what you’ve learned, pondering about the tattoo, wondering if you’re right or not. You wonder if you should ask.

You wonder, also, about what you’d do if she turned out to be Mistress C.

**Would you submit to me, L?**

*I think I would, Mistress.*

You shudder and focus on your dessert.

“Lexa? Are you okay? You’ve been quieter than usual.”
You sigh. “I’m sorry, I’m just having the worst cramps of my life. It’s weird, I’m not even on my period. The world must hate me.”

It’s a lie, but you can’t exactly tell her that you suspect you’ve been following her online-domme blog for some time. It would be awkward, to say the least.

She looks at you and smiles. “Poor baby. Let’s finish up here and I’ll take you to your place. Ice cream and blankets and we’ll watch a Disney movie, if you’d want.”

She’s too sweet. So cute in her blue dress and with her smile. You honestly can’t say no.

And so she takes you to your place, stopping by at a corner store to get chocolate and ice cream and other snacks, and then, for the first time, she enters your apartment. Your kingdom.

In the beginning, you’d thought bringing her up to your top-floor apartment would inevitably lead to sex. Not that you’d be opposed to that. She’s as enticing as she is adorable, and, well, it’s been a while. But this is different. This time, she takes your hand and leads you to your room, somehow finding it with all the ease in the world.

“Can I borrow some clothes from you?”

You raise an eyebrow, and she laughs. “If we’re having a movie marathon, I can’t really be sitting in my fanciest dress…”

“Ah, right.”

You give her a pair of leggings and your hoodie, and she goes to the bathroom to change. Having a moment to yourself gives you time to think. For a long while, you lean against the wall of your closet, just breathing, trying to once again rid yourself of the thoughts that have tormented you all night.

You pull out your phone, just to check that it is the same tattoo. You half hope it isn’t, that you’ve made a mistake…but then you see an update on her blog.

*On a date with a beautiful girl. Hopefully she never finds my blog.*

You check the pictures. It’s the same tattoo, you’d swear it by your mother’s grave. It’s her.

When you make your way to the living room, you find her sitting cross-legged on your couch, a pint of ice cream and two spoons in her hand.

“Hey.”

“Hey.”

It’s awkward for a while. You sit down, a little bit away from her, and curl up with a blanket. She notices you sighing, however, and being fidgety, so that by the time you’ve gone through half of the first movie, she stops.

“Are you okay?”

“Me?”

“Yeah, you, Lexa. You seem weird.”

“No, it’s nothing.”
You’ve never been insecure with a girl like this before. You’ve never submitted. You’ve never seriously considered it, but now, you are.

You’ve always been on top, and now, being on bottom, being controlled…it seems more than appealing. You want it.

When you pause the movie, she looks at you curiously, but says nothing.

“Clarke, um…I don’t know how to say this, but…”

She raises her eyebrows expectantly. “What is it?”

“Do you have a blog?”

You can see her eyes widen a little, and by now you’re certain you’re right.

“Wh-what kind of blog do you mean?” she stammers. “I have a few. Have you found one?”

“I don’t know, maybe,” you shrug. “I mean, there’s pictures, but there’s no face in them…”

She’s blushing. You feel victorious, enough so that you forget about the butterflies in your stomach.

“What’s the name of the blog?”

You try to say it, but you can’t figure out a way. It feels wrong, dirty, taboo – telling this girl wearing your hoodie and leggings, who’s currently cradling a mug of tea wrapped up in your blankets, it just feels wrong.

“I…it’s a kinky blog…”

“Oh my god,” Clarke gasps. “No…you don’t mean…”

“Yeah.”

“My- my mistress blog?”

“Y-yeah.”

There’s a long and awkward silence after that. She puts the mug down, and takes a few deep breaths, clearly embarrassed and flustered. You are too, but wait patiently for her to speak.

“Did you just find it recently, or-?”

“…not exactly.”

“Then what?”

“I’ve been following your blog for a while. Mistress C, right?”

You have to check. You need confirmation.

“Oh my god, I never thought this would happen, this is- this is so weird.”

She pauses then, eyes wide. “Wait. You said you follow…”

You take a deep breath.
“…so you like the stuff on my blog?”

Now’s your turn to blush. Vigorously.

“Kinda…yeah.”

“Wait, wait- don’t tell me you’re L?”

Your silence says it all. She lets out an awkward laugh, clearly in disbelief, and you don’t know what to say. You don’t know what to do.

In all honesty, you don’t even know what’s going to happen.

“No way, this is too big of a coincidence.”

You still don’t say anything. You can’t. It’s too weird.

There’s a few long minutes of silence, after which Clarke gets up, dusts herself off, and says: “Is it okay if I go for a walk? I’m not mad, or running away, it’s just- I gotta think. And I think you do too.”

“About what?”

“About what we…what we want from this. From us.”

You understand, and nod. “Sure.”

“I’ll be back, we gotta talk,” she says quickly. “Um-

You notice she’s looking at her heels, and point to the shoe rack. “I think we’re the same size. Grab whatever you like. There’s a park down the street to your left.”

It feels so odd to give her directions like it’s nothing, but you really do need some time to think.

You lay on the couch, tossing a pillow up at the ceiling, and think.

She’s cute. She’s pretty. She’s funny.

She appears innocent, but you know from her blog that she isn’t. You know her tastes. You know what she’d want to do to her sub…to you. She’s told you.

What would you do to your sub, if you had one?

I would make her mine. Push her limits. Blur the lines between pain and pleasure till just a simple whipping can make her wet.

But only if she consents.

She’s adamant about consent, too. She makes weekly PSA posts about respectful bdsm, about the duties of the dom, about what subs should know – safe words, limits, what’s okay and what isn’t. Where the line between abuse and safe play is.

The importance of trust, too, is one big subject which she stresses on a regular basis. And you trust her. You half trusted mistress C when she was a faceless figure, and Clarke…you trust her. You know you do.
By the time she’s come back, you’ve made up your mind, and you’re as nervous as a schoolgirl on her first date. Your hands are sweaty, you know your cheeks are pink, and your ears are red. Thankfully, your hair covers your ears, but anything else…you know she’ll notice.

But she looks flustered too. When she comes back, she’s fidgety, and she’s playing with her hair, unsure of where to look.

“This isn’t exactly what I expected,” she begins. “I didn’t think you’d be into that kind of stuff. I might’ve asked you later, or eased you into some light things, but…this isn’t what I planned.”

You shudder when you realize she had thought about introducing you to her dominant side.

“How’d you know, Lexa?”

You bite your tongue for a moment, then sigh. “Your tattoo. I’ve seen it on your pictures.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

“Right.”


You blush and smile. “I’d say the same about you.”

“And I don’t need you to do the kinky stuff, really, I won’t die or anything-“

“I want to.”

It slips out of you, and you’re left staring at her in equal parts of horror and shock as her eyes widen in surprise.

“You want to?”

You nod, and wait.

She clears her throat and settles so that she’s facing you. “I’m going to- ok, I want you to listen first. Because there’s conditions. Ok?”

You nod again.

“Do you trust me?”

You nod.

“I need to hear you say it, Lexa.”

It isn’t so hard for you to say it. “I trust you, Clarke. Really.”

“Have you done this stuff before?”

“No.”

“But you want to do them with me?”
“Yes.”

“Do you know what I’m asking of you?”

“I think so.”

She shakes her head. “I’ll tell you. I don’t want to scare you with anything. I want you to know the facts before you agree or anything, because I don’t want to fuck this up with you.”

You’re honoured, and nod to allow her to continue.

“I wouldn’t want you to be my slave. Or to submit to me all the time – just when we have the specific moments. Playtimes. Other than that, it’d be a normal relationship. It’s tiring being a domme, and tiring being a sub too, and I don’t want to wear you out. You’d be my sub, my pet, my toy… I’d play with you. You’d have rules, of course, and maybe breaking the rules will get you punished. But no matter what’s going on, you can always get out. I’ll help you think of a safe word. I want you to feel safe, always.”

She takes a breath, but you don’t interrupt. You don’t really have much to say, anyway.

“And I’d fuck you. Roughly. You already know my tastes from my blog, and… I want to do that stuff to you. If you’re up for it. Of course I won’t start off with the most hardcore thing- something easy. Handcuffs, or a blindfold. And we’ll discuss boundaries. Things you like, things you don’t like. I want to know what scares you and what you’re willing to try, what you want to try but are afraid of, everything. And I need you to trust me enough to tell me that.”

You know she’s leading up to the one question, one which she’s already technically asked of you. One which you’ve already technically said yes to.

“Do you want to submit to me?”

You take a deep breath, and your hesitation makes her nervous.

“You don’t have to-“

“Yes.”

She looks at you in awe, and you- well, in truth, you’re terrified. You have a general idea of what you’ve gotten yourself into, but it’s still something brand new. Something new and scary and so so arousing that you can barely think.

When she slides her hand around your neck and grips your hair, there’s a sort of firmness that wasn’t there before. When she kisses you, it’s demanding in a way it wasn’t earlier; you’re hers, she’s claiming you, and you’re willingly giving yourself to her.

It’s a deep, rough, and long kiss, one which leaves you breathless and panting. She’s smirking, eyeing you with a sort of pride, and you’re unsure of what to do.

“Are you turned on?”

It’s a sudden question, one which takes you by surprise, and you blush. She waits, however, for a response, and you finally realize you have to answer.

“Yes.”

She grins. “Good. I’ll leave now, but… I’ll see you at my place later? Maybe on Sunday?”
You glance at her, and she shrugs. “I have to be somewhere early tomorrow. You understand, right?”

You do, but the fact remains that you’re turned on beyond belief.

“You can keep my clothes,” you say. “I’ll get them on Sunday.”

“Thanks.”

She gets up and walks to the door, and you follow her. There, however, she surprises you by grabbing your waist, pinning you to the door with her body as her lips crash against yours so quickly your squeal of surprise turns into a moan before it’s even left your lips. Her tongue is in your mouth, her hand on your breast, and you’re pinned so that you can’t even move.

Not that you’d want to. When she grips your wrists and pins them over your head, you let her do it more than willingly, unable to ignore the heat gathering between your legs.

“Clarke, please-“ you gasp.

But she stops, and smirks.

“Are you wet?”

You nod breathlessly.

When her hand slides into your pants, into your underwear – when her fingers dip into your wetness, feeling it, still sliding downwards…you’re gone. You move your hips towards her, you want more, but she just tuts.

“Be patient.”

The slight scolding tone in her voice makes you want to do better. It makes you want to please her in every way possible.

As though reading your mind, she leans in, one hand toying with your entrance while the other keeps your wrists above your head. Her lips graze your ear, and her breath tickles your neck.

“Do you want to be a good girl?”

You can’t answer, chiefly because her fingers have just slipped into you, and you’re far too focused on them to realize she’s spoken. In response, she bites your earlobe, and thrusts her fingers a bit rougher to get you to answer.

“Answer me, Lexa. Do you want to be a good girl?”

“Yes, Mistress,” you answer. You don’t think, it just feels right, and the pleased hum that Clarke lets out tells you that you’ve said the right thing. Her thumb circles your clit, and you let out a gasp.

“Good. Tell me when you’re about to cum.”

She keeps going. She’s pinning you against the door to your apartment, one hand fucking you so gently and steadily while the other keeps your wrists pinned down. She kisses and sucks on your neck, bites down gently once, only to lather the tiny jolt of pain with her tongue.

“Come on, Lexa,” she murmurs, and you wonder if you’ve ever heard anyone’s voice sound so enticing.
The heat builds up, the pressure, too... you know it’s coming.

“I’m about to-“

She stops. Her hand comes out of your pants, fingers glistening wet, and you let out a whine of disappointment. The pressure stays, unalleviated, and you’re frustrated. But she won’t let you move.

“No touching until you see me.”

You nod and wait.

“It’s so simple, somehow innocent compared to the other things you’ve seen on her blog, and yet, allowing her fingers in your mouth feels obscene. It feels dirty.

You enclose your lips around her fingers and suck, tentatively, circling your tongue around them to clean them of your own arousal. It’s not like you haven’t tasted yourself before, but this is different. You’re submitted to her, she has the control, she has the upper hand, and... you like it.

“Good girl,” she smiles once you’re done. “Now, I have a little task for you.”

You nod and wait.

“Don’t be so disappointed, pet,” she says, and pauses to see your reaction. When all she sees is excitedly pink cheeks and a shy smile, she smiles, and continues. “You’ll have more than enough pleasure in two days. Just be patient.”

She pats your cheek, and then, opens the door.

“Bye. I’ll call you.”

She walks out, and you’re left there, standing, unsure of what just happened.

You go to bed, very aware that all you’d really want is to get yourself off. But you don’t.

Two days later you’re standing outside her apartment. You’re nervous.

When you finally work up the courage to knock, she opens the door almost immediately, a wide smile on her face.

You’re more shocked than pleased, chiefly because she’s only wearing a silky robe, short, and from what you can see, she’s wearing a corset underneath.

“We’ll talk first,” she says, giving you a kiss. “Come here.”
She sits you down and eyes you curiously.

"You're tense."

You nod. "Yeah."

"I want you to relax," she says gently, taking your hand. "It's just sex, really. Just with a lot more stuff to do. And a lot more fun."

"I know, but I've never done this, and…"

She smiles. "I know. But it'll be easy for you, first. I'll go slow. Are you ok with that?"

You shudder. "I guess?"

"Have you thought about what I said about the safe word?"

You nod, and tell her what you've chosen.

"Good. And you can use it any time, ok? If you're even the slightest bit uncomfortable, stop me. I don't know your limits yet. I want to learn."

"Ok."

"Tell me if there's anything you don't want to do. Absolutely never."

You've thought about that too, and, quietly, you tell her. "No electricity…or, you know, poop stuff."

"Don't worry, I'm not into golden showers or anything like that. And electricity is terrifying."

"And I've never done anal…"

"So is that a definite never?"

"No…just I've never done it."

Clarke smiles. "Don't worry. I'll be gentle, if we ever get to that."

"And not too much pain."

"Are candles ok?"

"Wax?"

"Yes."

"Yes…that's, um…nice."

Clarke sighs. "Look, Lexa…I'm not going to lie. I want to fuck you and hear you moan and whimper and beg for more. I want to tie you up and use you…and the idea that maybe I'm corrupting you, well…it makes it all that much more enticing."

You bite your lip and look away, but she pulls you to her, forcing you to look at her.

"And I want to fuck you now."

You're already wet. Just the prospect of being touched by Clarke is enough, but the fact that the
silken robe has slipped open and is now showing you the dark blue corset she’s wearing...you have some sort of urge then, to do something that you can’t quite fathom.

She notices your odd expression.

“What is it?”

You shrug. “Nothing, just a weird feeling.”

“What kind?”

She sounds so concerned that it only reinforces your trust for her.

“Nothing bad, just an urge. I feel like I need to do something, but I don’t know what.”

She eyes you carefully before saying the three words which change everything.

“Kneel for me.”

And somehow, of all the things she could’ve said, that clicks. It fits with what you want, and slowly, you obey. You slip away from your chair, and kneel before her, feeling more vulnerable than ever. You look down at your hands, folded in your lap, and wait for her to say something.

“Wait here.”

And you do. You don’t see any other option, and you wait as she walks away for a second. When she comes back, she pushes your chin up with her fingers, forcing you to meet her eyes.

“It’s your choice,” she says. “If you want to submit. You can choose to submit, and you can choose to stop. Any time. You understand?”

You nod, and she place something soft and leathery in your hands. You look down, and see it’s a collar – relatively simple, dark red, with little golden studs and a link in the front, evidently for a leash.

“It’s your choice,” she repeats. “I’m going to go freshen up. If I come back to see you naked and wearing that, knelt on the floor, I’ll go on from there. If you want to stay just vanilla in our relationship, just put it on the table. I really am open for anything with you, Lexa. I wouldn’t be disappointed at all if you chose not to accept. I like you too much to let it get ruined over this.”

You’re looking at the collar, turning it around in your hands, and you don’t notice she’s gone. But then you hear water being run in the bathroom, and you’re raised from your thoughts.

It’s a pretty collar, and soft. You test it around your neck, just for fun, but it fits – and feels right. Without even thinking, really, you fasten it. The tightness of the leather around your neck feels right and dirty and kinky, and heat gathers between your legs again.

You wait for a moment before realizing she told you to strip, too.

Slowly, shyly, you stand up and start taking off your clothes. You pull off your shirt and lay it neatly on the chair, alongside your pants. For a moment, you hesitate with your underwear, but then discard it too. You even take off your socks, suddenly aware that you’re entirely naked in her apartment.

You hear the bathroom door click, and quickly kneel again, laying your eyes down. You can’t face her gaze, not now that you’re so vulnerable.
You hear a pleased hum, soft footsteps near you, and then, a touch. A gentle touch, grazing your open hair, and she tuts.

“Tie your hair up, pet.”

The emphasis on the word pet makes you squirm a little, but you do as told.

“Stand up.”

Her tone is cool, cold, and commanding – you don’t even think twice when you obey. It feels so easy that despite your nerves, you don’t feel like you’re doing something wrong. You’re excited now, not too nervous, and you trust her. Somehow you know she will treat you right.

She looks you up and down, and you feel scrutinized. You feel insecure, now that you’re standing before her, and glance at her – and freeze.

The robe is gone, all she’s wearing are stay-ups and a corset, and she looks so stunning you fear you might have a heart attack.

“You’re beautiful,” Clarke murmurs.

“Thank you,” you answer quietly.

“Don’t forget to address me correctly. And only speak if I tell you to.”

“Sorry, mistress.”

She smiles. “Now, pet…follow me.”

You’re led through to her bedroom, where you find a large bed, laid ready with various toys. Ropes, whips, a flogger, various dildos and vibrators. They all look exciting, and you stand beside her, unsure of what to do.

“I want to use some of these on you today.”

It’s not a question. It’s a statement.

“Pick a toy, pet.”

She stands to the side while you look over the toys, the wide array of them, before settling on a pair of leather hand cuffs.

Clarke comes over, and, with a gentle touch on your shoulder, check that you’re okay.

“Toss the dice, won’t you,” she asks.

You throw the die, once, and it lands on a four. Suddenly you recall a post she made – where the number of the die meant a number of orgasms – and you shudder.

“You remember the post, don’t you?”

You nod.

“Good. Hand behind your back.”

She cuffs your hands, tight and snug, behind your back. Her hands run over your body, not
tentatively, but as though she knows it already – her fingers toy with your clit for a second, pinch your nipple, graze the sensitive spot on your lower back…and then push you forward into the mattress.

“How I’d love to gag you,” she sighs, “But that’s for later. Baby steps. Ass up.”

You hesitate, and so she grabs your hips, promptly pulling your ass a bit up. She moves your legs, too, and so now you’re left entirely spread before her.

“You’re dripping.”

“Yes, mistress.”

A slap on your ass, not too hard, surprises you.

“Only speak when you have permission, pet. Or I’ll have to gag you after all.”

You shudder and remain still, your ass tingling a little from the slap, as you wait for her to get some things.

You hear the buzz of a vibrator, and when it touches your clit, you jump.

“Have you ever been fucked with a strapon, pet?”

You don't answer at first, not sure if you're allowed. It feels so good, the orgasm is approaching you so quickly, and you just want release. You need it.

“Answer me.”

“Yes, mistress.”

"Good."

You start breathing heavier when you're nearing release, and when you're on the edge, she stops. You whimper and whine, but don't say anything, because the next second you feel something hard at your entrance.

“Are you ready?”

You pause when you realize it's a strapon. “Yes, mistress.”

She starts out gentle. Slow, steady thrusts, in and out, letting you get used to the sensation.

"Do you want more?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Say it."

You falter.

"Tell me what you want me to do."

"I want you to fuck me roughly, mistress."

"As you wish."
She grips your hips and thrusts all the way in, causing you to cry out. Another thrust, and your legs go weak - but she keeps going. She fucks you relentlessly, and before long, you're letting out little high-pitched whimpers with each thrust. It feels so good, and the fact that you can't go anywhere, the fact that you're bound by cuffs...it all adds to your pleasure.

The first time you cum, you think you're going to pass out. It’s been twenty minutes of rough strapon fucking when she finally reaches her hand around to rub your clit, allowing you to cum. Having waited two days, it's so intense that you fall down, limp and spent.

She gives you a rest, and goes off to get some other things ready.

“Do you want to keep going, pet?”

Of course you do, and so you nod.

She smiles, and for a moment, you're caught by how beautiful she is.

But then she undoes your handcuffs, just for a second, before reconnecting them in front of you. A chain from the cuffs connects with your collar, and she pulls you up by it, evidently looking pleased.

“Kneel.”

Her hand guides your mouth in between her legs, and she doesn’t even have to tell you what to do.

You know.

“Good,” she sighs, her grip of your hair tightening. “Make me cum, pet, and I'll make your skin look pretty.”

You shiver at that, but focus on making her feel good. You’re good at this, you know you are, but it’s different when you’re cuffed and collared and submitted to someone. It truly feels like you’re serving her, like she owns you...and you love it. The total loss of control is exhilarating, and by the time she grinds against your mouth and moans her release, you're on cloud nine.

“Come here. Lay down.”

It’s so simple when she tells you what to do. You lay down on the bed, on your back, and she cuffs your hands and ankles to the bedposts. You notice her eyeing you, and give her a little reassuring nod, so as to show her that you’re okay.

She lights a candle, a deep dark red, by the bed, and then moves on to find some toys.

“I think my poor little toy needs to be filled…but not yet. First, I want to hear you moan.”

She takes a mini vibe and places it on your clit, tapes it down so that when it’s turned on, there’s no way you can turn it off or get away from it unless she helps you.

When she turns it on, you moan. The vibrations against your swollen clit are a lot, and you move your hips, trying to get away. But you can’t. A few moments later, your cunt has given up, and is growing steadily more tense and warm as the vibrator does it’s work.

“I'll be back.”

You panic a little when she goes off, but she’s back almost instantly.

“Don’t worry,” she murmurs as she runs her fingers along your ribs, “I won’t leave you like this. I
know it’s all new."

Then, a devilish grin settles in. “You’re such a pretty toy, you know that?”

“Um-“

She pinches your nipple. “No speaking."

You bite your tongue when you feel an orgasm approaching.

“Good…you can cum.”

You arch your back and can’t help but moan when you cum, but then, right after – it’s too intense. You move, you try to squirm away, but you can’t. She’s right beside you, soothing you, but she’s watching in amusement, enjoying your pained pleasure.

“Remember, you can always stop it if it gets too much.”

You’d almost forgotten, but it’s not too much yet. You’re grateful that she reminded you, however, and give her a wearied smile.

That’s when she brings out the glass dildo she’d brought.

“This might help.”

You expect it to feel good. To feel full.

What you don’t expect is to feel icy coldness sliding into your cunt. You yelp, and she chuckles, soothingly caressing your hip as she slides the toy in.

“Alleviates the pain, doesn’t it?”

“Mistress-“ you stop yourself before you speak out of turn, and she’s impressed.

“You rolled a four, Lexa. Enjoy the consequences.”

She fucks you with the glass toy, pushing it deeper with each thrust, until you’re on the edge of cumming again.

“Lexa- look at me.”

You have your eyes shut, your teeth sinking into your lip, and you’re tense.

“Lexa.”

You look at her, and see understanding. Kindness.

“Cum for me, Lexa.”

Her tongue carries your name more beautifully than anyone has ever said it, and you cum on her command. A stifled moan leaves your lips, you can’t help it, it’s so much- and then it stops.

She’s turned off the vibrator, and the glass toy slides out of you slowly as you ride out the aftershocks of your orgasm. She’s stroking your thigh, waiting for you to come to your senses, and when you do, she smiles.

“Is this enough?”
You shake your head. “I’m done when…when you say I’m done. Mistress.”

“Good.”

She gets up, and, with a sly smirk, reaches for the candle.

“You want to play?”

You look at the candle, and shiver.

“Will it hurt?”

It’s an innocent enough question, but she smiles gently.

“Probably a little. But you’ll love it. But…I’m willing to wait.”

You ponder for a second, and then nod. “I want to try it, Mistress.”

The wax burns hot on your skin when it drips, but only for a few split seconds. She tests it first on less sensitive skin, on your stomach and thighs. She watches your reactions.

She hears your moans, and is pleased.

The first time hot wax drips onto your breast, you know you’re done for. It hurts, you gasp in pain, but it feels so good – and seeing her, watching you, enjoying seeing you like this…it’s heaven. A twisted heaven, but heaven still.

“Look at you,” she sighs. “So beautiful. Hickeys on your neck…wax on your breasts…the insides of your thighs so messy and wet they shine…”

You shudder as she peels the wax off your stomach and thighs, and reach into her touch when she does the same for your breasts. She licks and sucks, makes you moan, and you forget yourself once again.

“One more time, Lexa,” she murmurs as she shuffles down in between your legs. “Last one.”

You’re tired. It’s been an hour at least, or two- you’ve lost track of time. Your cunt is wetter than it has ever been, and so sensitive that the first touch of her tongue makes you yelp.

But she doesn’t stop there. No, she keeps going, sucking, licking, and working with her fingers, somehow gentler than what she’d been before. It’s soft, and it doesn’t take you long to cum.

When you do, she lets you ride out your orgasm, and then stops. She crawls over you, settles so that she’s straddling your stomach, and leans over you.

“Suck my fingers clean.”

And you do. You want to please her. You want to hear those two words…

“Good girl.”

She pats your cheek, and then, gently, reaches over to undo the cuffs. One by one, you’re freed, and when you’re entirely out of them, she helps you into a sitting position.

“You were so good. Perfect.”
You smile shyly, and look away.

“Take the collar off,” she says. “It’s yours to take off.”

You undo the collar, and go to give it to her – but she stops you.

“No, it’s yours.”

You look at her, and smile. You feel weary like you never have before, and somehow, speaking to her feels wrong. Your head is floating, and you’re still a little confused – the line between mistress and Clarke has been blurred, and your tongue is twisted.

“It’s over,” she says. “I’m Clarke now. Not mistress. You understand?”

You nod.

“And you’re Lexa. Not pet, or toy, or anything like that. Not now.”

You nod again.

“And you’re tired.”

You nod for the third time.

“Sit there for a while. I’m going to draw us a bath.”

You sit and wait, and then lay down. Her bed smells like lavender and coffee, not of vanilla, which is strange – the sheets, too, feel so soft, and you feel as though you could just slip away.

“Lexa?”

You’re roused from the drowsy sleep you’d slipped into by a gentle hand on your shoulder.

“The bath is ready,” Clarke says. “You want to go?”

You nod.

“You don’t need to talk yet. Whenever you’re ready. It can be tiring.”

She’s so gentle when she leads you to the bathroom and helps you into the bath. She’s so careful when she washes your body, rubbing your skin with oils and soaps, massaging your sore muscles. You’re not even sure where you’d gotten them so sore, but they are definitely sore.

“I hope I didn’t go too rough on your cunt,” she murmurs in your ear as she hugs you from behind, the water enveloping you both.

“No, m-“ you pause. “No, Clarke. You didn’t.”

“Did you like it?”

You turn your head and smile. “I loved it.”

She helps you out of the tub, too, and dries you up with the warmest towel.

“I threw it in the dryer for a few seconds. Makes it soft and warm.”

You smile and let her help you get dressed in some comfy pajamas. When she leads you to the living
room, you find another movie marathon set up – the movie on the tv is the exact same that you’d paused while back at your flat, set up exactly where you’d left off.

“We can order pizza, or anything really- whatever you want.”

“Pizza’s good,” you mumble.

She sits down on the couch, and invites you in her lap. You sit down gladly, loving all the attention, feeling so loved – it’s perfect.

“Thank you.”

She sounds surprised when she asks: “What for?”

“For taking me as…as your pet.”

“No, Lexa- I should be thanking you. You’re- you’re perfect. I didn’t even ask for you, you just came, and…”

She falters, and says nothing. You let out a wearied laugh and lay your head back so it rests on her shoulder.

“Next time, though,” you murmur right before falling asleep in her arms. “Use a bigger toy.”

It’s two years from your first meeting, and you live together. She’s your fiancée, the love of your life, the one you want to see first in the morning and last in the evening – and your mistress.

Being her toy is just part of your life, and sometimes, you like to reminisce.

“What are you thinking about?”

She’s practicing knots on you, shibari to be precise, and you’re knelt on the bed. Naked. Back straight, chest out, eyes down. Even when focused on creating elaborate rope patterns, she still notices you’ve zoned out.

“How we first met. Our first time.”

She lets out a laugh. “That was an awkward first meetings, wasn’t it?”

You just smile. “You can tighten the ropes around my boobs, babe.”

She does as told, and you gasp a little when the ropes push your boobs together. She runs a finger over them, knowing very well you’re sensitive, and grins.

“I’m going to have so much fun with you later.”

The fact that your ass and cunt are already filled with a plug and a big vibrator are nothing to her. They’re just there to make you feel comfortable.

“This isn’t play,” she says. “Just a little fun. I’ll need you to turn around now. Arms behind your back.”
She ties your wrists together, and then your elbows, so that your tied breasts are pushed even more out and into the ropes. She puts a bell in your hand, and caresses your ass before turning you around again.

“My toy. So beautiful.”

You smile. “You said something similar the first time we fucked.”

“I know. But it’s the truth. You’re beautiful.”

“So are you.”

“Open your mouth.”

The ball gag fills your mouth and silences you. She just smirks and pats your cheek.

“Now you’re even more beautiful. I’ll be back. Don’t you dare cum before that.”

She presses the remote on the vibrator, making the setting go up a few notches. Drool drips from the corners of your mouth and onto your knees.

“Good girl. I’ll be right back.”

Chapter End Notes

you guys had been requesting a 'how they met' chapter so here it was...awkward, huh?
you're adorable in their kinkiness
don't forget to leave kudos and comments, and you can find me on tumblr @clexy-polarbear
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

guess who's back with more sin than ever

that's right, it's me

bet you thought you'd seen the last of this fic

See the end of the chapter for more notes

- Clarke’s POV –

You don’t lack control in any aspect of your life. At work, you’re the boss – what you say, goes. Among your friends, you’re at least an equal to them, though in some way, they revere you. Some of them regard you as the leader of the group, but not in an entirely serious sense – but you’re also the one they come to resolve their issues, you’re the one who gets the final say on dinner or movies; you’re the one with the power, and the wielder of the responsibility that comes with it.

You’re also used to getting your way, not by way of force, but because usually what you want is the most reasonable outcome anyway. Your ideas are well formed, thought out, and you’re rarely told no in any aspect of your life.

The control you usually have is common. It’s simple and easy, one-dimensional with little pleasure of any kind attached to it. But with her…it’s addictive. It’s a tender sort of control, the one you have over her when she’s wearing the collar, and it has as much of a hold on you as it does of her. To her, it’s the act of giving up control which brings her pleasure.

To you, it’s the opposite. To you, having her knelt before you and submitted to you, having every bit of control, knowing she’d do anything you told her to…it makes your head spin, it makes your mouth dry and your heart pounce up to your throat, forces you to focus on standing and breathing and tasks that should be mundane but which in that moment become so hard to remember…you lose yourself, a little bit, your mind loses it’s grip and you slip into a space where all you have to do is command.

And you do it so well.

You know you’re good when you see the expression in her eyes turn over to the hazy and dreamy look that you know means she’s reached her cloud nine.

You know you’re good when just the slightest touch of your fingers on her skin makes her quiver in anticipation of whatever you may give her.

You’re her Mistress, her goddess, her queen – and she?

She’s your everything.

Though she’s the one submitting to you, serving you, she’s also the source of your control, of your
power – she does it all voluntarily, she chooses to let you do unspeakable things to her, all because she trusts you more than what words can carry.

And she loves you.

And by god, you love her as well.

You love her so much, every aspect of her, and you know what she wants. You know that for her birthday, she’ll want to be pampered, treated like an empress, and you intend on giving her that – gifts, cake, flowers, and chocolates, whatever her heart desires.

But you know she’ll also want to kneel. You know that one of the greatest gifts that you can give her is yourself, in a corset, and your voice commanding her to drop to her knees.

Which is why you’ve gone to such great lengths to ensure that her birthday will be perfect. When she wakes in the morning, she’s met with a soft kiss and a breakfast in bed – pancakes with strawberries and syrup, and a light dusting of caster sugar, you make fun of her for liking her pancakes so sweet but you don’t complain when she kisses with lips dusted with sugar. And you’ve got her flowers, well, you’ve filled the entire apartment with flowers – there’s roses in the bedroom, lilies in the living room, the entire apartment smells intoxicatingly good, and you’ve even gone to the effort of making her a flower crown out of baby’s breath and forget-me-not’s, which you bought from the flower shop downstairs just the night before.

Her birthday’s in June, at the dawn of the hottest days of summer, and you always do the same thing for her birthday. She gets a flower crown, and kisses, and gifts, and then, you get in a car and drive to the country, to a meadow full of flowers, where the creek glimmers in sunlight and the perfect picnic-spot lies underneath a willow-tree, shaded from the hottest rays of the sun and hidden behind a shower of silvery green.

It’s always a perfect day, it’s never rained on any of the four birthdays you’ve spent with her. According to her, it never rains on her birthday, for as long she can remember, her birthdays have always been the perfect summers’ day. There may be light showers, but the sun always shines, and it’s always perfect.

You don’t question it. For a goddess like her, it’s only appropriate that the universe would come together and put out it’s best and most beautiful weather for her special day.

And that day is no exception. Her smile is so bright it competes with the sun, and the flower crown adorning her freely flowing brown curls makes her look divine, so adorable and so beautiful; she makes you a crown, too, from the flowers she finds in the meadow, mostly yellow and white – she makes fun of the fact that the white flowers seem to disappear in your blonde hair, and you just laugh.

You can tell she’s waiting for something. You know she is, she fiddles with the hem of her shirt and looks at you in a coy way, blushes and looks away – but you know what she’s thinking about.

“I have plans for you, later,” you sigh. “Fun plans.”

She shudders, and you smile.

“But first…I have one more present for you.”

“Clarke…” she begins. You know what she’s going to say, she’s already gotten a book and a new jasmine plant and a weekend trip away in October, but you have one more.
“Just one more.”

You hand her a little jewellery box and wait for her to open it.

“Oh, Clarke…”

It’s a simple necklace, really. A short chain, white gold and dainty, from which there’s a diamond amulet, shaped similarly to the diamond on her ring.

You smile and help her put it on – she gasps a little when she realizes just how tight it is – she can fit a finger in between the chain and her neck, but only just so.

“It’s supposed to be tight,” you murmur, kissing her neck and grinning a little. “It’s not too tight, is it?”

Lexa shakes her head. “No, it’s…is this a collar?”

You shrug. “Sort of. Not really, I just bought a short chain because you already have your mother’s necklace, and I figured they’d pair nicely…but it does feel like a collar, doesn’t it?”

She nods. “It’s…I love it.”

You knew she’d love it, and the diamond looks enticing on her neck. The white gold shines against her skin, glimmering in the sunlight, and the shine in her eyes is surprising to you – but she wipes away a tear, and then smiles, and before you know it, she’s on top of you, kissing you, smiling and giggling.

“Why are you crying?”

“I’m not crying,” she frowns. “It’s just really sunny.”

“You cried a little,” you tease, giving her a poke. “I can tell the difference.”

Lexa huffs. “It’s…you’re so amazing, you know that?”

“Just wait till you find out just how amazing,” you say – and you wink.

She groans at the cheesy line, but then she realizes what you mean, and the excited look that passes over her face is more than adorable.

Later on, you deliver on your promise.

You’ve let her nap after the picnic, she slept in the car and then crawled into bed with the book you’ve gotten her, and you lay on the couch, your skin still feeling warm and glowing from the sun – it’s barely three in the afternoon, the sun’s rays have tilted and will soon start to shrink away, but for now, it’s quiet, and sunny, and you have nowhere else you’d rather be.

You have her other gifts in a bag by you – you haven’t gotten her too many new things, you two have plenty of toys, but you’ve gotten some new pretty things to adorn her body.

When she finally comes out of the bedroom, you’re asleep – she wakes you with a kiss, and you open your eyes to find her smiling at you, her eyes watching you excitedly.
She doesn’t ask, but you know what she wants.

“Here,” you say, handing her the silken bag. “Take that. Put them on…all of what’s inside.”

The excited flush of pink on her cheeks is the last thing you notice before she turns on her heel and hurries to the bedroom.

Her excitement is adorable, really, and you can’t help but chuckle as you get up and start preparing yourself. It takes a little bit of concentration, you have to set yourself into the right headspace, into the right mentality, before you can truly take control – you have to be sure of yourself, so overwhelmingly confident in what you are, and it takes you a moment.

It always does.

When she walks out of the bedroom, wearing the wrist and ankle cuffs that you’ve gotten her, that match her collar, you let out a hum of sheer pleasure.

Mine.

She stops in front of you, stands with her head held high, and you smirk when you see how her posture is perfect – breasts out, shoulders back, chin up and hands resting straight by her side.

The cuffs on her wrists have chains, and links, ones which allow you to cuff her hands together behind her back when you circle behind her.

She’s tied her hair up, and her collar rests around her neck, the deep red making her sun-kissed skin look even more enticing, inviting for you to leave bruises and scratches on it.

But you restrain yourself.

For now.

“Spread your legs,” you say. She obeys immediately, and doesn’t jump when your hand touches her ass, sliding between her legs and spreading her cheeks enough for you to see the blue jewel of the new plug you’ve gotten her.

“What do you think of your new plug, baby?”

You’re toying with the jewel, and you pull the plug out a little bit – it’s big, it’s taken a long while for you to train her to this point but you know she can take it, even though it surely feels uncomfortable.

“It’s big, Mistress,” she replies.

“Do you like it?”

“I feel full,” she answers, you push the plug a little deeper and her words are cut off by a stifled moan. “I love it, Mistress.”

“And the clamps?”

They’re shaped like drops, the jewels hanging off of them are real sapphires, and the clamps themselves are tight and surely somewhat painful. You tug on one of them, just to see how easily they’d come off – but they’re tight. They won’t fall off, even when you get rough.

"They're pretty, Mistress."
"Good."

You run your hands over her body, you marvel at just how soft her skin is, and you can tell she’s already getting anxious – she always gets fussy at first, it takes her a moment to fully slip into subspace, and in the mean time, there’s space for her to make mistakes.

“Focus, Lexa,” you murmur, giving her ass a hard slap. “I’d hate to have to punish you on your birthday.”

She bites her lip and stops moving. You keep running your hands along her body, teasing her, taunting her, but she’s good – she doesn’t whimper when you rub her clit, when you slap her cunt to make her even wetter, she doesn’t move away when you pinch her nipples.

You want to let her slip fully into subspace, and you want to treat her.

Which is precisely why you lean in, graze your lips against her ear, and say the two words you know will make her moan.

“Good girl.”

And she does moan.

You then lead her to the bedroom. You’ve spent all day wanting to taste her, wanting to push her into the space where her eyes are glassy and her lips are plump and red; you’ve spent all day just agonizing over what you have planned for her, and now?

Now’s the time to do them.

You make her stand in the middle of the room, her hands held behind her head and her legs spread.

“Don’t move.”

She can see in the reflection in the mirror that you’re holding a whip. You, on the other hand, can see the flash of anticipation, of slight fear, that passes over Lexa’s eyes in the split second before the whip makes contact with her skin.

You see her bite her lip in an attempt to not moan when the whip strikes her again. In a moment, you decide against wanting her to be quiet – you want her completely free, not thinking, you want her to surrender to the sensations fully and to let you take care of her. Tonight isn’t about her obeying, tonight is about her letting you play with her body in a way that makes her feel good, amazing, and satisfied like she’s never been before.

“You can make noises,” you purr, walking over and grabbing her jaw. “In fact, I want you to make noises.”

Her eyes widen, and you kiss her, roughly – you scour her mouth with your tongue, you want her to taste your mouth even after you’ve gone away again, and, when you’re done, she’s done for. You can tell, her eyes are glazed over and she’s just breathing heavily, eyes half-shut, she’s ready for whatever you want to do to her.

You slip your hand between her legs, and only barely contain the moan that leaves your mouth when you feel how wet she is.

Wet for me.
You shudder as you walk back to stand behind her. You’ve got a few whips on the table by you, nothing too harsh, you’ve picked out her favorites – the cat o’ nine tails and the riding crop, the first makes Lexa moan so loudly and the second leaves the prettiest of marks on her skin, and you know she loves them both.

When you whip her, she remains still, not moving from where you’ve told her to stand. You can tell she’s straining her muscles to not arch her back and give in to the pleasure fully, you could’ve tied her up but you have other plans – and, besides, you love the fact that your words are just as much a restraint to her as ropes and cuffs.

You lose yourself a little in the action, in seeing the red and pink stripes appear on her skin, in hearing her moans and cries – but you never lose yourself fully, you’re always aware of what you’re doing, and you’re always slightly on edge, anticipating a ‘no’ even when the chances of you hearing one are basically none.

But you’re still always ready for it. It’s better to be safe than sorry.

When you switch to the riding crop, you change your stance. You tell her to bend over the table, you cuff her wrists to her ankles, and you whip her ass more harshly than you did her back. The crop leaves bright red marks, lines and bites on her skin, and you hear the hisses of pain mixing with her moans.

You know she could take far more, but you have no intention of making her mind cloud over with pain tonight.

No, tonight is all about the pleasure.

“Wider, pet,” you growl. “Put your pretty little cunt on show for me.”

She hesitates just a little, she knows what you want to do – but she doesn’t disobey, she does what you ask, and bites her lip in anticipation of the pain.

But you don’t give it to her, not right away. You’re nothing if not unpredictable.

No, you stroke her wet folds with the tip of the crop, you toy with her, you make her shiver and then, when she least expects it - a hit.

She jumps, and you sigh.

“Stay still, pet.”

She nods and settles back down, and when the crop strikes her cunt again, she doesn’t move.

You don’t hit very hard, just enough that it’s a sting of pain followed by pleasure, and soon enough, she’s only moaning – there’s no pain any more, she’s approaching a climax from just slaps on her needy wet cunt, and you’re mesmerized by the sight.

“Cum for me, pet,” you murmur. “Cum like the toy that you are.”

It takes her a while longer to cum, and when she does, you grin wildly. Her cunt is swollen and red, and oh-so wet – just a little touch of your finger draws a string of wetness to follow when you withdraw your hand, and you put your finger in her mouth without much further thought.

You uncuff her wrists from her ankles and you pull her up, your finger still in her mouth. You withdraw your finger, hold her there for a brief moment, looking into her eyes to see what you
should do next.

You decide she isn’t quite done with the pain.

When you sit down on the edge of the bed, she almost guesses what you want to do.

When you tell her to lay down over your lap, she certainly knows what you want to do, and as she lays her head down, you catch the hint of a smile.

You know she loves spankings.

It’s one of the reasons why you spank her so much, and so often.

The other reason is that you, too, love spanking her. You love the feeling of power in your hand when you smack her ass, the tingling sensation in your palm, and the sight of her ass getting redder with each strike – and the whimpers, the whining whimpers that she lets out, she always starts out enjoying herself, but always ends up begging for you to stop in the end.

You’re not merciful, not even today. You know she loves it, even though it hurts.

And so you spank her ass until it’s bright red, it’s tender and aching, and you can feel she’s gone a little limp in your lap.

You spank her one last time, and then move your hand between her legs – the wetness covers her inner thighs now, she’s so wet you’re certain you could get just about anything inside of her if you wanted, but instead you just push two fingers inside, and start to slowly fuck her.

After a while, you start toying with the plug, too, and her whimpers become moans.

You don’t let her cum, though. You stop when she’s on edge, you spank her ass again, and then, you stop.

You let her go without any touches for half a minute, you count the seconds, and then, you start again.

You work her up, as close to a climax as you dare let her, and then – stop.

And then, twenty spanks.

You repeat it five times, and by the fifth edge, she’s whining loudly – she wants you to let her cum, she’s almost begging you, not quite there but oh so close; but you don’t let her cum.

You spank her again, you can see the beginnings of a bruise already, and pleasure courses through your veins when you feel her pushing into your touch.

Pain or pleasure, she just wants you.

In the end, she’s left trembling in your lap, which is when you order her to get up and onto her knees.

“Wait here.”

You take your time, and you come back ten minutes later to her watching the door intently, and then looking at you with excitement and anticipation in her eyes. Her cheeks are pink, her breaths are unsteady, you can tell that she’s desperately on edge but you have no intention of indulging her – not quite yet.
Soon.

But first, you want to tie her up. You want to make her look beautiful, and you take your time with the rope – you wind it into a harness around her chest, pushing her breasts together, so that in a while they’ll be very sensitive. You shove her onto the bed, and roughly settle her into the position you want her in – ass up, face down, legs spread wide and her arms, tied together, pulled under her legs and tied to the bedpost, so that there’s nowhere she can go.

She’s a pretty package, and you half feel like it’s your birthday, not hers.

“Do you want me to gag you, baby?”

You watch for her reaction, and, after a while, you see her nod.

You know her well. You know that sometimes, she doesn’t like the moans that come out of her mouth, that sometimes hearing them muffled makes her wetter and intensifies her pleasure.

You put a bell in her hand and push your panties in her mouth, she’s surprised by the fact that you gag her with your panties instead of a ballgag, but you can tell the surprise is pleasant – it’s a gift, really, she can taste you, and, though she’s never told you outright, you know that being gagged with panties is one of the things that really makes her weak.

Up until now, she’s worn her plug without complaint. But with the toy that you intend on pushing inside of her, you figure it’d hurt too much – and so you pull it out, gently, and set it aside, only giving her a brief moment of disappointing emptiness before her ass is filled again, this time with a smaller plug.

After the first jewel plug, you’ve grown to love the sight of a jewel adorning her ass. Seeing her ass without one, it feels….wrong. Like something’s missing.

It’s so easy to fuck her when she’s in the position you’ve put her in. You grab her ass and pull her to you, and push inside of her, her wetness almost sucking the toy in until their bodies meet – and then you pull out, thrust in again, and pick up a fast pace.

You want her to cum while you’re fucking her. It’s why you’ve edged her, it’s why you whipped her and spanked her - you wanted her on the very edge of climax, you wanted her mind and body to be focused solely on pleasure, you wanted her to forget everything else except her cunt – and you succeeded.

She cums with a choked and muffled cry while you’re pounding into her cunt, she tries to move but the restraints don’t allow her. You keep going, only slightly shifting your angle, but you don’t stop. You fuck her, watching her whine and whimper into your panties, you know that by the end they’ll be soaked with her spit and drool, and the thought makes you ache – you’re aching to be pleased, too, but your pleasure isn’t the focus here.

Not tonight.

But you don’t realize you’re actually working up to a climax of your own – the toy hits your clit every now and then, but when you change the angle, it hits your clit every time, and you soon become trapped in your own pleasure. You use her in that moment, you fuck her until you cum, and, as you’re reeling from your own climax, you hear another moan from her, and you see her hands clench around the sheets.

You’ve never climaxed at the same time as her, and the realization that it’s just happened shocks you.
“Good girl,” you groan, reaching over and gripping her hair as you thrust into her again. “Such a good girl.”

You slow down your pace, but you don’t stop, not for a good while – you just fuck her for the sake of fucking, for the sake of the moans and whimpers and the pleasure that you know she’s feeling. Your back starts to ache, your legs are tired, but you keep going, until you can feel her trembling; she’s close to a climax but she can’t reach it anymore with just a toy inside of her.

You help her by reaching around her waist and rubbing her clit as you play with the plug in her ass, the toy in her cunt slowly thrusting in and out of her.

She climaxes again, her legs shake and tremble, and you decide she’s almost had enough. Not quite, but almost – when you untie her from the bindings and tell her to lie on her back on the bed, you can see in her eyes that she’s nearing the end of her endurance. It’s been almost two hours, and you know she always gets tired after multiple edges and orgasms – she’s nonverbal by now, limp and resigned to your every whim, only little more than a fucktoy, and you don’t want to push her.

You light a candle and come over to kneel by her, setting the candle on the bedside table to heat up while you cuff her hands together and attach them to the headboard.

“Spread your legs,” you murmur, your lips ghosting over hers. “Let me see how wet you are, baby.”

She’s soaked. Your mind screams for you to go down and eat her out, you’re aching to have your mouth on her cunt – but you’ve decided that’ll be last, that’ll be your last gift to her, one which you’ll give her when all else is finished and done.

But you toy with her, play with her cunt for a long while, and she just lays there – she’s sensitive, but she’s so far into subspace that she doesn’t respond to every touch anymore. If you wanted, you could flip her over and fuck her ass without her objecting in any way.

But you don’t want that. You want to ease her out of it, you’ve given her pain and you’ve given her roughness, and now, you want to be gentle.

Well, not entirely gentle.

You did light a candle, after all.

The wax isn’t very hot. You don’t want to hurt her, you just want to draw her into awareness again, you give her flashes of burning pain and then just pleasure – you drip wax all over her body, the blue color of the wax deepening after it cools, you cover her breasts and stomach with it until she’s whining.

You hear her breathe a quiet ‘Clarke’ and you know she doesn’t want any more, she’s getting tired, and so, you blow out the candle and set it aside.

You push your panties back in her mouth, just to see her gagged again, and pat her cheek gently.

“Almost done, pet.”

As you peel off the wax, you soothe the raw skin underneath with your lips and your tongue. You work your way down from her neck towards her stomach, you spend a good long while focused on her breasts, your tongue dancing on raw red skin and around sensitive nipples – you’ve only now taken off the clamps, and her nipples are sore and sensitive enough that just a light suck draws a moan from Lexa’s lips.
You hum, pleased, and then move on.

By the time you’ve worked your way down to her navel, she’s sighing quietly, her hips rising towards you – she’s quietly begging you to move your mouth farther downwards. She’s already climaxed so many times, you know she’s most likely at the very limit of what her clit can take, but she wants it.

She needs it, you realize that when you put your tongue against her wetness and she moans so deeply that you’re actually surprised. But you keep going, you’re so happy to finally taste her, to feel her wetness against your tongue and your lips – she tastes sweet, she tastes perfect, and her whimpers and moans are the sweetest of sounds to your ears; the rise of her hips towards your mouth makes your heart race, the tremble in her thighs makes your head spin, you’re just so caught up in her pleasure and god, so happy that you’ve made her cum, once again.

You’re so happy that you’ve made her feel good.

Because that’s obvious, you’ve successfully reduced her to a wet mess, she’s whimpering and whining as you eat her out, drawing her towards one last climax, you’re so gentle and yet it’s the cruellest thing you have done to her all night, she’s cum so many times the feeling of your lips sucking on her clit must be electric and painful, but you keep going, you’ve committed to your decision and you’re going to see it through.

You want her to be phasing in and out of consciousness by the time you’re done. You want the panties in her mouth to be soaked, you want her to be limp and sore and exhausted, because you want to be the one to take care of her and to cuddle her and to show her all the love you can muster in the aftermath of what you’ve done to her.

She writhe underneath your mouth when she approaches her last climax. You’ve been slow, taking your time, enjoying the taste and the place you’re in – but all good things come to an end, and she cums quickly, in a way that surprises you entirely.

The second she’s finished riding out her orgasm, you stop. You take the cuffs off of her legs, and toss them aside before moving up to kneel by her head, you uncuff her hands quickly before you pull your panties out of her mouth. You kiss her, softly, and stroke her cheek as gently as you possibly could.

“You were so good, Lexa.”

She smiles, wearily, and you return the smile.

“Happy birthday.”

You leave her to lay on the bed while you go to the bathroom to draw a bath. When you come back, she’s still laying there, and she gestures for you to come closer – she crawls into your arms, rests her head in your neck, and lets out a long, relaxed sigh.

She doesn’t say a word, but you know she’s saying thank you.

The collar is resting on the pillow, neatly, and she puts her two necklaces in your hand – you put them on for her, you know her fingers don’t know how to work the intricate locks yet.

You can’t resist the urge to kiss her neck softly.

She falls asleep twice in the bath. You hold her head above the water and watch her, you note the soft smile on her lips and the overall serenity in her expression – you don’t let her sleep very long,
but you’re in no rush to wake her, either.

You kiss her all over when you dry her with a towel after the bath. You help her dress herself, you put on her penguin socks and her sweatpants, and you grab the brush before you follow her out of the bathroom and to the living room.

“Do you want to watch something?”

She nods, and you turn on the TV.

You let her into your lap and help her settle, she’s facing away from the TV for now, but that doesn’t matter.

You brush her hair and watch what she’s picked, it’s some French indie film, you don’t really understand much of what’s going and she isn’t paying attention – but it doesn’t really matter.

When you’re done brushing her hair, you move a little, and she turns in your lap, so that you’re cradling her head against your chest.

“I love you,” she murmurs, her hand sliding slowly under your shirt and reaching up for your boob. “And I love your boobs.”

You chuckle and push a strand of hair out of her face. “You’re adorable.”

She hums and rolls your nipple between her fingers. It’s just her playing, you know that, but it does feel good. Anything she does with you, really, feels good.

“Has today been good, birthday girl?” you ask her after a while, smiling a little. “There’s still some cake, if you want it.”

She smiles and shakes her head. “No, I’m full. And today’s been amazing.”

Her voice is still quiet, a little shy almost, but she’s coming back to herself. She hums, still playing with your boob, and you watch the smile on her face – but then, suddenly, it drops.

“What’s wrong?”

The question leaves your lips before she can even realize you’ve noticed the change in her expression.

“Did you…did you get to cum at all?”

She looks so worried, her eyes are dark and wide, and for a moment you fear she’ll cry – and so you quickly nod, you put a hand on her cheek and you smile as you tell her you’d climaxed when you were fucking her with the strapon.

“Really?”

You nod, and kiss her, as gently as you can. “All thanks to you.”

She hums, clearly pleased with herself, and settles deeper into your arms. “I’m just that good.”

And then you laugh, your cheeks hurt from smiling so much but you just can’t stop. “Yes, you are.”

“And you are, too.”
“I guess.”

“No, but you are,” Lexa insists, pulling up your hand and kissing your knuckles. “You gave me the best birthday I’ve ever had, in my life.”

You can’t help but smile at that.

“You’re cute.”

“You’re beautiful,” is her response, she doesn’t even miss a beat, and you’re left staring at her, open-mouthed, at the sincerity of the compliment.

“Oh, don’t give me that look,” she giggles, suddenly hiding her face in your neck. “You are beautiful, you know you are.”

“I- yeah?”

“So just shut up.”

“Okay.”

“Is the film still rolling?”

“Yeah.”

“I don’t feel like watching.”

“Okay.”

“I kinda feel like eating cake.”

You try to get up, but she pushes you back down. “No. I don’t want to move.”

“How am I supposed to get you cake if I can’t get up?”

“You don’t,” she replies, her hand returning to your breast. “You stay, right there.”

“Okay. You’re the boss.”

She yawns as she rests her head on your chest. “That’s right,” she sighs. “I’m the boss.”

She’s asleep not two minutes later.

You carry her to the bed, she’s light and limp in your arms, and you settle her in, only intending to go away for the briefest of moments – but she whimpers, she’s woken after all, and you realize she doesn’t want you to go.

“I just have to pee.”

“I’m coming with,” she mutters, sitting up – she’s half asleep, she most likely has no idea what she’s really saying.

“Lexa, just relax. I’m not going anywhere.”

“Hurry back?”

You smile.
“Of course.”

Chapter End Notes

sorry if i ruined anyone's panties

and pls leave comments and kudos, it's the least you can do, i churn out chapters and thousands of words and just a lil kudo or a nice comment is enough to have me smiling all day
It’s exciting, trying new things. Each time you two try something new, you feel a bundle of nerves in your gut – it’s in no way uncomfortable, just excited anticipation, high hopes that all will go well, and that what you’re trying turns out to be as good as you – both - have hoped.

The thought of sucking her strap has always turned you on, and the act of licking it, whether it is to lubricate it beforehand or to clean it of your juices, it all had aroused you to no end. And so, after some stumbled words and fumbling of your hands, you manage to get the words out.

“I…I want to try deepthroating.”

You blush vigorously after that and look away when you see a confused frown spreading across her face.

“Really? As in-“

“Yes, Clarke,” you sigh, your fingers tightening around the hem of your dress. “And it’s okay if you don’t want-“

“No, I do, I just- do you?”

You look at her in surprise. “I just said I did.”

She lets out a sigh and shrugs, setting her hand onto your thigh. “I know, I just- if you think you need to do it to please me, I know I’ve said things about it when we’ve seen it in porn-“

“No, Clarke-“ you let out a nervous laugh. “I mean, yes, it’d be to please you too, but…I want it. For myself. I want to see if I can, and I think it’d…it’d be nice.”

“It’s not exactly comfortable.”

“You know what I mean.”

“Well, I- in that case, I’d be more than open to the idea.”

“Really? You wouldn’t find it weird?”

“I’d find it incredibly hot, beyond belief,” Clarke replies. “But it’s also fine if you try and realize you can’t take it deep-“

“I know.”

Her smile is gentle as she takes your hand away from the loose string on the hem of your skirt and intertwines your fingers with hers. “You’d have to practice first, you know that?”
You nod. “I… I’ve seen posts, and guides, online.”

“You never reblogged any.”

“I saved them as drafts…” you shrug. “I figured I’d talk about it first.”

“Do you want me to, um, give you tips?”

You let out a laugh. “Clarke, I know you’ve dated guys, and you don’t have to pretend like you haven’t given blowjobs before.”

“I know, it’s just…it’s weird.”

“It shouldn’t be.”

“Mm, I guess.”

“But do you? Have tips, I mean,” you smile, moving in closer in her lap. “You could teach me.”

She licks her lips and looks at you for a longer while before moving her fingers up to rest on your jaw.

“You have to figure it out on your own, how to relax your throat,” she says, quietly, her fingers tracing a line to your lips. “And you have to find the gag point.”

You frown, but you say nothing, as the next thing she does is push her finger in your mouth, which you gladly suck in.

“You know what I’m talking about,” she says, eyes fixed on her finger sliding in and out of your mouth, “The point at the back of your tongue, or your mouth, and if you touch it—”

Her finger slides over that very point, and you gag, just a little – she withdraws her finger immediately, and gives you a gentle smile as you blink back tears.

“You just have to train that reflex away,” she smiles, kissing you gently and wiping away a stray tear. “Mine is too strong, I couldn’t ever really get rid of it, so deepthroating was a one-time thing for me really…but yours isn’t too bad. I can imagine with practice, we could make it work.”

She knows that because she’s fucked your mouth with her fingers and with toys before, and knows even the rougher treatment rarely makes you gag too bad. The only thing she is yet to do is slide down deeper, there isn’t a single toy that you’re able to take in fully – at least not yet.

And you do practice. Each night when brushing your teeth, you poke at the point, you practice relaxing and with time, it gets easier. With time, the likelihood of you gagging when she pushes her fingers in deep decreases until it almost never happens. With time, you learn to relax your throat, and, on your own, you manage to get the toys in deeper.

And then comes the day that you text her once you’ve gotten home, while she’s still at work.

Tonight’s the night. I’m ready for you, Mistress.

Of course, you can’t be entirely sure that you’re ready, but you feel that you’re as ready as you can
be. And you know she’ll be gentle and slow, she won’t start with a rough throatfuck first thing; you more or less know what to expect, and yet, the excited anticipation is almost too much for you to bear. You can’t sit still, and you end up pacing around until your phone buzzes with instructions from her.

*Be naked with your ass up in front of the door. Will be home soon.*

She rarely tells you exactly how long it’ll be till she comes home. Some days, it’s five minutes; other days, it’s an hour. Nevertheless, you don’t waste time – you strip naked, put the clothes away, and get in position, your ass facing the door, back arched and legs spread while your arms rest in front of you on the floor, your breasts touching the icy cold tile floor, making you catch your breath as you wait for yourself to adjust. The hard floor doesn’t make your legs ache as much as it used to when you first started, the arch in your back and the straining effort to keep your ass up as high as you can no longer makes your muscles tremble after the first five minutes; it takes forty-five minutes for you to get there, but you remain in position, jumping a little every time you hear footsteps in the hallway.

You get wet, too, waiting like that. You can’t help it, nor do you want to – you like it, feeling the wetness gather, feeling the aching heat grow between your legs until it’s not unbearable but only just barely so. You enjoy it, waiting for your Mistress like that, despite the aches and the slight throb of your clit, you enjoy it because it’s what you’ve been told to do.

And there’s nothing you love more than doing as your Mistress tells you.

When you hear the key turning in the lock, you perk up, perfecting your position on the same second she steps in. The opening and closing of the door is quick, swift, you don’t see it but she more or less slips through a tiny opening to ensure nobody else sees what sight awaits her at home. You only hear the sound of her taking off her coat, and her heels, and the pleased sigh that she lets out when her feet touch flat ground for the first time in hours.

A single finger runs up along your spine, over the curve of your ass, and dips between your legs, for just a moment – long enough to feel the wetness within.

“Good,” she murmurs, and your head spins a little as warmth spreads through your entire body. “All wet for me.”

Her fingers trail back down your spine and to your neck, and you feel a little tug on the loop at the front of your collar – you rise up, first to your knees, and then, as she keeps pulling, up to your feet. You’re unsteady for a moment, after having stayed immobile in such a position for so long, and she waits for that time before telling you to follow her.

There’s a softness to her, to her voice and to her entire presence; she isn’t here to take, not today; today she is here to guide.

You have learned her different moods as well as she has learned yours, and you can just tell that today, tonight, is going to be slow. Perhaps agonizingly so. Some days she’s in the mood to take and be rough, to use you and be harsh in her touches and actions; other days, she’s all for the slow and sensual touches, for slow drips of wax along your skin and agonizingly gentle teasing of your cunt, of edging and fucks so slow you can’t possibly get anywhere near coming until she decides to let you.
“Bend over the bed, spread your legs, don’t move.”

You hide a smile into the soft covers of the bed as you settle into position, putting your wrists together behind your back without even being told to do so. She hums when she comes back, clearly pleased, and cuffs your wrists together.

You generally prefer being restrained, in one way or another, and it seems that today, she’s focused on doing everything you prefer.

Her touch is lingering as she kicks your legs further apart and slides her hand up along your cunt, gathering the now dripping slick wetness, her thumb toying with your asshole.

When you feel her spreading lube into your ass, you automatically tense up a little – but she soothes you, her other hand on your lower back as you feel the cold metal of a plug pressing against your ass.

“It’s not very big,” she murmurs, “I don’t intend on fucking your ass today.”

You can’t tell if you’re relieved or upset by that statement, but it doesn’t matter. You only focus on relaxing so that she can slide the plug in, not the smallest that you have but not the largest, either. Though you’ve never told her, it’s your favorite – large enough to keep you feeling filled but not large enough to make it hurt.

It’s comfortable, - or as comfortable as a plug in your ass can be.

The feeling, however, of having the plug in, is different. It’s an instant change, it makes you feel more submissive, even more hers – and she knows that.

She loves it, too. The needier you are, the more desperate you are to hear her praise you and make you hers, the more she enjoys having your submission. She finds pleasure in your parted lips and ragged breaths and quiet pleas, she finds such pleasure in knowing that she has all the control over you – and in the fact that above all, you love giving it up.

“I’m going to make you come,” she says, her tone of voice determined and strict, her fingers aimlessly touching your cunt. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you pet?”

You can’t help the little whimper that escapes your lips when her finger circles your swollen clit.

“Yes, Mistress,” you breathe, pushing further back into her touch. Her hand, still on your lower back, pushes you back into position, the firmness of the action making your stomach flip. You’re not in control here, you don’t get to seek her touch – you just have to be there, in the position she’s put you in, and take whatever she wants to give you.

“Lay in my lap.”

You move as quick as you can with your hands still cuffed behind your back, laying across her lap, and she moves you further up so that your ass is perfectly accessible to her. You can only spread your legs a little, but it’s enough that she can start toying with you – fingers dipping inside your cunt, first just feeling, not intended to make you feel much, but then, slowly, increasing in their intent to make you squirm.

As her one hand fucks your cunt with two fingers, her other hand plays with the plug; she pulls it out slightly, so that it’s widest part is right at the entrance, and then, gently, slowly, she fucks your ass with it. The feeling of your ass and cunt both being fucked at the same time makes your head spin, and you know you’d come soon if she sped up – but she doesn’t. She’s steady and slow, she’s
fucking your both holes calmly with no intention of making you finish so soon, and you can’t help the desperation rising within you.

“Does that feel good, baby?”

You don’t hear the question at first – you’re too caught up in trying to make the good sensations feel better so you could come.

“Did you hear what I said?”

You shake your head. “Sorry, Mistress.”

She lets out a gentle laugh, never stopping the motion of the plug and her fingers inside of you. “Am I distracting you, pet?”

You swallow and lick the slight dribble of drool off of your lips. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Good.”

Two fingers become three, and you can’t help the fact that the covers beneath your mouth are now becoming soaked in your drool – your mouth hangs open, you’re breathing heavily, completely lost into the pleasure of it all.

You don’t know that she’s lost into it too, that she’s just watching the plug go in and out of your ass, feeling the resistance when she pushes it too deep and tries to pull it back out; she’s gentle, careful even, today’s nowhere near about pain. Her only intention is to relax you, to prepare you for what is to come.

And it’s definitely working. After a good twenty minutes of teasing and edging, you’re a complete mess in her lap, whimpering quietly, wanting to beg but still not forming the words – you don’t want to disturb her, not now, when you can feel she’s working you up to it. You don’t want to risk her deciding against making you come.

She lets out a deep sigh as she pushes the plug fully into you and moves her hands, starting to rub your clit with one while the other moves to your jaw, to your mouth – two fingers enter your open mouth, and you enclose your lips around them, instantly beginning to suck.

“Good, baby,” she hums, her fingers making you feel so good you can’t help but moan around her fingers. “Come for me.”

And you do, with a whimper muffled by her fingers in her mouth, and she keeps working your clit until you’ve come down from your orgasm. You lay there, still across her lap, feeling ecstatic and so ready for whatever may come next, your head swimming and so full of pleasure that you don’t at first notice she’s uncuffed your wrists until you feel a gentle hand on your neck.

“Lay on your back.”

It isn’t an order, it’s a request, and you oblige without question. You settle onto the bed, on your back, with your head hanging off the edge, and you wait.

“Spread your legs, pet,” she murmurs.

You’ve forgotten that, and you do so immediately – she always prefers having you spread out, seeing you all hers for the taking, if the position allows it.
She goes away for a second, and returns with her strapon attached to her hips. She looks beautiful in the low light of the bedroom, with her hair falling freely over her shoulders, her bare breasts making you catch your breath. You can’t recall her taking her clothes off, but that thought slips out of your mind as soon as your eyes fall to the toy on her hips.

It’s light blue, relatively thin, but long enough that it’ll serve it’s purpose perfectly. It’s the same one you’ve practiced with, and she knows this – for now, she wants to play it safe.

Your mouth is already open, you want the toy in your mouth, and deeper; she knows this, and stands there for a moment, just out of your reach, noting the way your eyes are fixed on the toy, and the desperate look of need within them.

“You want to suck my strap, don’t you baby?” she purrs, stepping closer and running her finger down along your jaw.

“Yes, Mistress,” you reply, and you try to reach for it – but she moves just an inch away, tutting a little.

“Ask for it.”

The demand in her voice causes a shiver to run down your back, and you swallow hard before looking up at her and saying,

“Please, Mistress, fuck my mouth.”

You don’t miss the way she throws her head back a little, allows it to fall back as a clear wave of pleasure runs through her body – and it pleases you, knowing you’ve done just what she wants you to.

But then you stop looking at her, because she’s moved closer, and the tip of the toy touches your lips. In that instant, everything else slips away, in the moment where the toy’s just within your reach, about to go in. It doesn’t matter which hole, the anticipation of that brief moment is exactly the same.

She stops for just a second, with the head of the toy positioned just on your lips, and reaches down for your hands. She moves them to her thighs, and you position them so that you’re comfortably holding on to her.

“Squeeze if you want me to stop,” she says, clearly so that she can be sure that you heard, “Okay?”

You look at her, and nod.

“Good. Now suck it.”

First, it’s only the head. She pushes it in slowly, her hand resting on your chest, fingertips only lightly pressing down as she watches the toy go into your mouth. You toy with it, circle your tongue around the head, you do what you’ve done numerous times before.

Once you’ve sucked it so that it’s glistening with your drool, she moves her hand to the base of your throat, and pulls the toy out of your mouth to look at you once more.

“Relax, baby – and open up for your Mistress.”

That’s all you really need to do. You relax yourself fully, you close your eyes, and you open your mouth up – you focus, not too much but just enough, on staying calm and relaxed, as you feel the toy sliding in. Deeper, it goes in, and then, you feel it go further than where she’s ever gotten it; you’re
familiar with the feeling, with the sensation of having a toy that far down your throat, and she’s so gentle that you’re able to focus on other things too.

When it gets down as far as it can go, and you feel her body press against your face, you feel so pleased. You’ve done it, taken it deep for her, and it feels so good; it feels amazing to be able to do it, and when she sighs and tells you what a good girl you are, you’re beyond happy.

As she slowly, so gently, starts to move the toy back and forth, you can hear her sighs and moan-like breaths; she’s pleased, you can’t even see how pleased she is, she’s watching the slight bulge in your throat in a trance of sorts, the sight of your lips wrapped around the base of the toy making her head spin in so many ways she’s only barely keeping herself upright.

And the sounds – you’re not even aware, but the sounds of you sucking the toy, coupled by your little whimpers and sighs, she can’t close her mouth because she has to keep taking deep breaths just to steady herself and not come on the spot.

When she moves a little too fast, and you gag, she pulls out immediately, and looks at you with a slight fear in her eyes - but you just smile.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, just...slower, Mistress."

She steadies her breathing, evidently having panicked a little, and then, slowly, moves the toy back to your lips. You eagerly suck the toy into your mouth, and allow it deeper as she moves it slower.

“That’s right,” she sighs, sliding the toy back into your throat, “Take it."

She’s taken the collar off before you started, and now, she moves her fingertips to your throat, so that she can feel as the toy goes in.

“Fuck, Lexa,” she moans, and the sheer pleasure in her voice makes your clit throb again, “You’re such a good girl...“

Drool’s gathering in your mouth, and dribbling from the corners of your mouth; were you fully aware of what was happening, you’d for sure find it disgusting, but you’re so into the act, so deeply lost into the sliding of the toy in your mouth, that you couldn’t care less.

She stops when she realizes she can’t take it any more – she has to come, right that instant. You whimper when the toy’s pulled out of your mouth, a dripping dribble of drool hanging from the tip of it; she looks down at you briefly, and smiles, before wiping a little bit of the drool away and sighing.

“My pretty toy,” she murmurs, her other hand unclasping the harness. “Make me come.”

You shuffle back on the bed so that your head’s on it too, so that she can kneel over your face and ride it; you can’t believe how wet and swollen her cunt is when it first touches your mouth, but you aren’t given much time to marvel at the sight before she’s grabbing onto your hair and being rougher, demanding you lick her, suck her clit, she’s taking charge because she’s desperate for an orgasm after what she’s just seen.

Usually it’s you who’s desperate and needy, so this is a pleasant change of pattern. Her hands in your hair are almost too tight, but the slight pain only makes you feel better – she grinds against your tongue as you service her to the best of your ability, and she almost collapses when you suck her clit and flick your tongue over it.
She comes fast and hard, gasping out a ‘fuck you’re so good’ before her orgasm; it takes her a long while to come down from it, and you just lay there, slowly still licking, savoring her taste and the feel of her wetness on your tongue and lips, lost entirely in the act of servicing your Mistress.

When she dismounts your face, you’re left laying on the bed, all limp and feeling so good; you’re so relaxed, already exhausted, but you don’t feel done. Your cunt aches for release, and you’re unable to close your mouth, your lips swollen from the facefuck.

She flips you over on your stomach, and settles you into the position she wants while you just lay there; wrists cuffed to your ankles, your collar back on, she pulls you to the edge of the bed so that she’s easily able to fuck you.

“I’m going to fuck you for a long while for being so good,” she growls, thrusting her strap into you – it’s a bigger toy now, thicker and longer, enough to make you moan and bury your face into the mattress. She grabs your hair when you do so, and pulls your head up, so that you’re forced to look at yourself from the floor-length mirror she’s positioned in front of you.

“Watch me fuck you, baby,” she says, pulling the toy fully out of your cunt before thrusting all the way in again. “Watch yourself be my good little toy.”

She’s slow, so agonizingly slow, but you keep your eyes on her, on the sight of her standing behind you and fucking you; in, out, the toy presses right on your g-spot and then moves away again, it feels so amazing that soon you’re unable to contain your moans.

She hasn’t told you to be quiet, so you let them out, and you see from her face that the sounds of your pleasure please her.

You’re desperate for more, you want to come, and she knows that – but she’s being slow for a reason.

You’re not desperate enough, not yet.

When she slides her finger into your ass, still lubed up from the plug, you bite the covers and moan at the sensation – it isn’t much, but it instantly makes it all feel that much dirtier, and you love it.

“Tell me, baby,” she grunts as she thrusts the toy in as far as it goes, “Do you want me to add fingers?”

It takes you a long while to form the words.

“Yes, Mistress, please-“

“Then ask for it.”

It’s a newer thing, her making you ask – but it turns you on so much.

“Please, Mistress,” you whimper as she picks up her pace, “Put another finger in my ass-“

You don’t even have time to finish your sentence when you feel her adding another finger, stretching your ass and making you feel as full as you can, given the toy in your cunt is so thick.

“Do you want to come?”

“Yes, Mistress, make me come-“ you gasp. “Please.”

“Good girl,” she purrs, pushing her fingers deeper into your ass and making you moan. “Letting me
fuck your ass with my fingers while stretching your cunt, such a good little slut—

Your cunt clenches around the toy when she says that, and she can feel it from the fingers in your ass. “You like it, when I call you that,” she notes, curling her fingers and thrusting in at the same time. She’s picked up her pace, all you need now is a touch on your clit, and you’ll come. But she denies you of it, for now.

“Don’t you, baby?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“You like it when I fuck your ass and cunt at the same time?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“And you like that I make you my little toy, my slut, like this?”

To emphasize her words, she thrusts the toy deep into you on the last word, making you gasp.

“Yes, Mistress—“

“Can you come while I’m fucking you like this?”

“No, Mistress.”

“Why not?”

“I— you have to swallow before answering, she’s fucking you roughly now, harder than you thought she would today – but you love it, the roughness of it, the act of her taking you in her way, with you tied up all at her mercy, you love being hers above all else.

“My clit, Mistress—“

Words are slipping away from you. She knows this, you know this.

She’s taunting you, but you can’t do much about it.

“What about your pretty little clit?”

“Mistress, I—“

“Do tell.”

But you moan instead, and she slaps your ass to refocus you. “Answer me.”

“Please touch my clit, Mistress—“

She considers it for a second.

“No,” she finally decides. “I can make you come like this.”

She shifts a little, the angle of the toy changing, and then, starts fucking your ass with more vigor. “Just relax, pet,” she purrs. “Let your Mistress take care of you.”

You groan but her voice, so calm, it relaxes you without you even realizing – and you let yourself slip, you stop thinking, you just relax and let her take care of you.
The only thought in your head while she keeps fucking you and making you feel so good is simply ‘Mistress’. You don’t think, you’re just there, in the moment; in that moment, you’re little more than a toy, and that really is the beauty of it.

You feel her fucking your ass rougher with her fingers, you feel her strap pounding your cunt; you feel each thrust pushing you deeper into the mattress, and, above all else, you just feel her – her presence, her dominance, she’s taking you and she’s the one in control, and that all aids you towards the orgasm.

It builds up differently without your clit being touched, and so, when you do come, it surprises you – the tension releases without warning, and you gasp as you bury your face into the mattress, squirming beneath her relentless thrusts as your cunt and ass clench around her strap and fingers. She pulls her fingers out the first chance she gets, and then takes her time easing the bigger toy out of your clenching cunt – it comes out with a deliciously wet popping sound, and, after uncuffing your wrists and ankles, she comes over, lays you on your back, and says:

“One last thing, baby."

You open your eyes, and the toy is in her hand, glistening with your wetness.

“Clean the toy for me?"

You nod, and open your mouth – she slides it in, slowly, it’s too big for you to take it deep so you suck what you can and lick the rest. Even after you’ve cleaned it, she lets you suck it for a while, until she decides you’re both done.

“You were so good, Lexa,” she murmurs, kissing your forehead as she sits up to go put the toys away.

You mumble something incoherent and reach up to undo the clasp of the collar.

“What was that?”

You smile and turn over to lay on your stomach. “I want pizza.”

Your voice is small, and quiet, and she laughs gently as she comes back over to ask you what clothes you want.

“I’ll order pizza, then,” she tells you as she goes to get the clothes. “But first, I think a quick shower’s in order, don’t you?”

You nod. “Yeah.”

“You were amazing,” Clarke smiles when she helps you up, kissing your cheek gently. “Just… amazing.”

You nod. “I know, right?”

She laughs again, and you smile, resting your head against her shoulder. “I’m cold.”

“Let’s get in the shower, then.”
don't forget to leave kudos and comments, i'm a thirsty bitch in need of validation
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

ha
surprise
i'm back
with more porn
you're welcome

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There are days where you just wake up and know exactly what you want to do. Some days, it’s a craving for a smoothie and a long session at the gym before work; other times, it’s a sudden desire to go to the beach, or to the botanical gardens, or somewhere entirely new.

Sometimes, it’s literally just errands. You’re out of milk or the lamp in the bathroom has gone out, whatever it is, it becomes your agenda for the day. Whether it’s the beach or finding a new lamp for your desk like you’ve been meaning to for ages, that’s what you’ll do. You’re decisive like that.

She says it's adorable. You're not so sure if it really is adorable, but she won't even let you argue about it.

It is what it is, she says, and it's adorable.

Hard to argue with that.

Sometimes, more often than you think, you wake up and all you want is her. On you, in you, standing before you while you’re on your knees – in all ways and every way, you want her, and most importantly, you want her to want you. You want her to want you on your knees, you want her to want you in ropes and in cuffs, in a intricate and precarious position on your shared bed with ropes and toys all around you; you want her to make you hers.

And it becomes your agenda for the day.

Most times, it doesn’t take much work. A few words, a coy look, a sensual touch or two, and she's done for.

*Baby, I'm wet.*

*I need you to take me.*

*Be my Mistress tonight.*

It’s different from just being aroused, or turned on, or anything of the like. It’s a need, a desire so great you can’t ignore it no matter what you do; but you try, because you have things to do, work to get done, reports to file…you put off thinking about the warmth between your legs to get through the day.

When you meet up with her for lunch, she notices your inability to stay still or hold on to a train of thought. She watches you for a while before asking, a coy smile on her face - you don’t notice the
smirk creeping onto her face, not until she opens her mouth.

“Is everything alright?”

You look at her and realize that she knows. For a brief moment, it feels as though her blue eyes can see right through the button up and pencil skirt you’ve worn today, right down to your hardened nipples and the seeping wetness in your panties. You even wonder if she can smell you, though you quickly dismiss that possibility. She can smell you just about as much as she can see through your clothes. She can only see the more subtle signs; your shallower breath, the blush on your cheeks, and your forefinger tapping on the table at irregular intervals, never stopping completely.

She knows.

It’s as though she can see right into your head, to all the dirty thoughts that won’t leave you alone - it feels like it, her expression and the knowing smirk plastered on her lips practically screams that she knows exactly what you’re thinking of.

“I’m fine,” you mutter, reaching for your glass. She reaches for you, for your hand, and when her cool fingertips touch your skin, it’s electric.

“Oh, baby,” she chuckles, her voice lowering when she continues, “Are you wet?”

The terrace is almost entirely empty, the nearest couple is sitting a good thirty feet away, and the only waiter present is currently inside. Despite that, you blush vigorously, involuntarily clenching your thighs together as though to cover yourself, feeling incredibly exposed and fearing that you might be discovered.

She waits a moment before she lets go of your hand and leans back.

“Well?”

You nod.

“Say it.”

You glance at her and notice she’s smiling. She’s having fun.

“Yes, I’m-” you pause, just to check that you’re still alone. “I’m wet.”

“How wet?”

“Very.”

“Is someone feeling needy?”

You sigh. “You’d think you could smell my desperation from there,” you mutter into your glass, eliciting a gentle laugh from Clarke.

“Don’t worry, babe, I can’t,” she smiles, reassuring you. “You don’t look that desperate. I can tell, but nobody else can.”

Thank god.

“When will you be home?” you ask, trying to shift the focus of the conversation anywhere else.

“Not too late, I think,” she sighs. “Around seven. There’s a work dinner that I just can’t get out of.”
It’s Friday. You’ll have the whole weekend for just the two of you, a couple of extra hours of waiting isn’t so bad. Even so, you sigh. You’ll be off at four, a whole three hours before Clarke.

You jump when you feel Clarke’s foot touch your own.

“Spread your legs,” she says, quirking her eyebrow a little. “No touching till I get home.”

You hadn’t realized that you were clenching your thighs together, making the throb of your clit feel even more intense. You do as she tells you, half because that’s all you crave, and half because you do not want to find yourself on the brink of an orgasm in the middle of lunch.

The smile on her lips is a little devilish. She’s got something planned, you can tell – but what exactly, that you can’t tell.

All you know is that she’s clearly in a teasing mood.

And that only spells trouble for you.

Sweet, torturous, pleasurable trouble.

It’s 7:49 p.m. and you’re practically pacing the apartment like a cat in heat. Your inability to sit still has prompted you to clean the bathroom, and then the kitchen, and the living room after that – and that only took you an hour, so you still had a good hour and a half of sitting around feeling anxious and desperate for your Mistress to just come home.

Your collar sits on the kitchen counter, just waiting for her.

Everything is set up in the bedroom how she told you to – the bed made up, toys set out, ropes neatly organized…everything is ready.

Now all you’re missing is her.

And she’s late.

It’s almost eight when you hear keys jangling outside the door. She comes in, and you’re immediately on her; kissing her, your hands on her hips, you’ve been desperate for just anything and for her, and now she’s finally here – you just can’t help yourself. It doesn’t help that she’s wearing a tight black dress and her hair is curled, and that her makeup is gorgeous, red lipstick and all.

She looks even more beautiful than normal, and that only makes your desperation feel even worse.

She pulls away from you after a while, her hand on your neck, and smirks. “Go put your collar on, baby, and wait for me in the bedroom. On your knees.”

You let out a shaky breath and nod. “Yes, Mistress,” you mumble, and she pats your cheek before heading off to put her coat away.

There’s butterflies in your stomach and you feel a little dizzy as you walk to the bedroom, fastening your collar around your neck as fast as you can. You just want her to take you, hard and rough and
deep, until you can’t even move – you want it all, and you want it all at once.

Right this instant.

When she comes in, it takes all of your determination not to follow her with your gaze as she moves around the room. You keep your eyes fixed forward, listening intently as she walks around, seeming to inspect the array of toys you’ve put on the bed.

When you hear the familiar sound of the strap-on harness, you squirm just a little in your place, eliciting a chuckle from her.

“Poor pet, so needy,” she purrs, finally walking over so you can see her. She’s chosen the light blue toy. It’s smooth, not very long, and not very girthy.

You fail to hide your disappointment.

“What, you would’ve wanted something bigger?” she asks, bending over just slightly and sliding her hand under your chin to force you to look up at her. “Something thicker to fill you all deep, to stretch your needy wet little hole…?”

You nod, but can’t get the words out of your mouth. All you can really think about is the toy before you, and her thumb tracing your jaw, moving closer to your lips…across them…pushing it’s way in your mouth.

“Suck,” she orders, though there really isn’t any need. You’d do it without thinking.

“See, baby,” she starts after a while, “I don’t think you’ve shown me how much you want it. How much you need it.”

You can’t help the whimper that leaves your throat.

“Oh, I know, you’re desperate – but you have to prove it to me. You won’t get any attention to your little cunt till I say so, and I don’t think you deserve it yet. You have to earn it. Think you can do that?”

Anything. I’ll do anything.

You nod, and she smiles. “Good girl.”

She withdraws her thumb, and you suddenly realize why she picked the pale blue toy.

“Suck.”

The smooth silicone feels cool against your tongue when you part your lips and work the head of the toy into your mouth. She stays put, doesn’t move her hips or anything at all – you can feel her watching you, her eyes fixed on your lips, but you don’t look up.

You close your eyes and focus on what she’s told you to do.

One inch, two inches, three…the toy slides in, slowly but surely, and you pace yourself, taking a little more of it in your mouth each time you go down. The ache between your legs is unbelievable, you just want the toy anywhere but your mouth, you want it in you as deep as it goes. You wouldn’t even care that it’s long enough that going all the way in would hurt.

“Deeper.”
A hand touches your neck, trails upwards, and settles on the back of your head. She doesn’t push, doesn’t grab your hair, but just her hand resting on your head changes the dynamic altogether – she’s now fully in control, she can decide the pace, she could easily force your head down if she wanted to, and it only makes you wetter.

“Spread your legs baby, I want to see a drip on the floor when you’re done.”

A shiver runs through your spine, and you nod just a little as you do as she says.

You even arch your back, trying your best to look as appealing to her as possible. You’d do anything to tempt her into fucking you.

Her hands presses on your head, guiding you down lower on the toy. Then it touches the back of your throat, and you angle your head a little to let it go even further – she takes over, allowing you to focus only on keeping yourself relaxed and open, and slides the toy in until your nose presses against her abdomen. You can feel it in your throat, it isn’t comfortable but god is it arousing; and then she pulls back, pulls you back by your hair till the toy comes out of your mouth with a wet popping sound, a trail of drool following, hanging from it’s tip.

You raise your hand to wipe the drool away, but she stops you.

“Don’t. I like my slut looking all messy.”

She goes away for a second, only to return with some rope. It’s rough, and she quickly has your arms tied behind your back, a harness of rope tightly fastened around your upper body, rope wrapped around your breasts and making it impossible for you to even wiggle your arms.

You’d struggle getting up from the position you’re in, you know that, and so does she. She loves having you immobilised, whether partially or fully.

She loves watching you struggle.

“Let me fuck your mouth, pet,” she says, looking into your eyes with an expression so full of desire that you can't help but shiver. “Relax.”

Though she hasn’t phrased it like a question, you know it is one – and you nod, parting your lips once again, telling her that it's okay to go ahead.

You’re prepared for anything she might want to do. Anything and everything - you want her to do whatever she likes to your body.

She’s gentle, a little too gentle for your liking; but before you can beg her to be rough, she pushes the toy into your mouth, and the beginnings of your begging turn to just quiet mumbling.

“Shh, baby,” she sighs, stopping so that only the head of the toy is in your mouth. “You wouldn’t want to be telling me what to do, now would you?”

You shake your head. You’d never even dream of it. No matter what happens, she’s in charge.

“Good girl.”

Her hands in your hair tighten, and slowly, she pushes the toy all the way in, all the way down your throat, and then back up again. And then back down, faster this time, her pace increases with each thrust, until she’s fucking your mouth at a rough pace, and all that’s coming out of your mouth is garbled nonsense – her hands are gripping your hair tightly, your eyes are shut, you allow the toy to
move in and out however she wants it to, and for a brief moment, you lose yourself. There is little pleasure to be derived from this, from the toy roughly invading your mouth and throat, from the occasional gagging and the constant increase of drool in your mouth - but it still is, it's pleasurable because it pleases her. You derive your pleasure from the feeling of total submission, the whole act of her fucking your mouth and forcing a toy down your throat has nothing to do with pleasuring you, it is only for her pleasure and entertainment.

The fact that the toy in your throat also makes your brain forget how to function is only an added perk.

All that you can really think of in that moment is her, her hands in your hair, the smell of her so close to you...the feeling of her dominating you, so fully it's enough for you to forget yourself.

You're hers, and that's all that matters.

“What a good little fucktoy,” she murmurs when she pauses, the toy all the way down your throat. “Look at me.”

You open your eyes and look at her, into her eyes, and see the pride and adoration shining from them.

“Tongue all the way out,” she says softly, her hips jutting forward the last inch so your nose is touching her abdomen again. You can smell her wetness, it’s so close and yet so far away. You can almost touch it with your tongue.

You gag, and she keeps you down for a brief second before pulling you back up again. Tears well up in your eyes, and you cough when she takes the toy out of your mouth.

Now, surely, she’ll fuck you.

She looks you up and down, with drool and spit all over your face, your mascara smudged and your hair a mess…and shakes her head.

“Not good enough.”

You sigh.

You knew that would’ve been too easy.

“Stand up.”

You stumble twice before finally getting to your feet, making sure to keep your legs apart. You know that’s what she wants.

The wetness between your legs is dripping, your cunt is aching to be touched more than ever, and you just need to be fucked. The need is so overwhelming it’s nearly driving you crazy.

“Look at you,” she smiles. “You’ve made a wet mess on the floor.”

You don’t need to look to know. You could feel the drip when you stood up.

You’re not sure when you were last this wet.

You’re not even sure if you’ve ever been this wet.

She comes back with something that looks like a chain in her hands, and a blindfold, and before you
can see what the first item was, she’s put the blindfold over your eyes.

Her fingers trace down along your chest to one of your breasts, and toy with a nipple. You know all too well what it means, and so you’re not too surprised when the pinching pain of a clamp squeezes around it. The second clamp hurts more, and you think you’re done – but you’re not.

Her hand is lower now, her finger is inching closer to your clit. Your breaths are irregular, you just want her to touch you, so bad-

“Please-“

When you feel a pinch on your clit, your plea tips over into a surprised yelp.

“Stay still,” she snaps, and that’s when you realize what it is. A clamp on your clit.

She must’ve gotten it today, you know for a fact that you don’t own anything of the like – you wish you could see it, you can feel the interconnecting chains between the three clamps hanging against your skin, and you can only imagine how it looks to her.

The clamps on your nipples are beginning to hurt.

The clamp on your clit is pure torture.

“Mm…beautiful.”

That makes it all worth it. Even though you cannot see it, you can hear the adoration and pride in your voice. Truthfully, you can almost feel her gaze on you.

Her hands run along your skin, groping your ass and your breasts, she doesn’t ask for permission when she doesn’t need to - in this moment, you're fully hers. Body and all, she's got full reign to do anything she wants, and she knows that too.

She slaps your breasts a little, just to see you squirm. You can’t believe how much you want her to continue when she stops.

You're so desperate for her to take you that you find yourself craving even the harshest of her touches. A spanking, slaps to your breasts, a whipping or even the paddle - you'd take anything if it meant she’d fuck you after.

Of course, none of those options are truly bad. You love them all, despite the discomfort they give you.

Discomfort and pain is nothing compared to the pleasure they bring.

“Now…what would you do….” she murmurs, pushing your hair out of the way to whisper in your ear, “To deserve it?”

All you can manage is a whimper. Her hand is firmly resting on your hip, possessive and controlling – all you can think about are all the other things she could be doing with her hand, all the other places it could be…

“Words, pet. Use them.”

“Anything, Mistress,” you breathe, shivering a little when her hot breath brushes against your neck. “I would do any- anything.”
“Anything? Really?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She doesn’t say anything when she goes away, nor does she say anything when she returns.

Not at first.

She leads you a few steps towards the wall, until you feel the edge of her desk touch your waist. Her hand is firm on your neck, pushing you forward, and you know exactly what she'll say before she even says it.

“Bend over.”

---

Chapter End Notes

yes i'll continue, i'm not that evil
but i won't continue right away, so.....enjoy
also, please leave kudos and comments, i live for em

(oh, and don't forget to follow me on tumblr @artsy-polarbear)
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

i figured two ish days was enough so here's the rest, have fun babes

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It feels like an agonizing eternity passes between you bending over and her finally touching you. You didn’t notice she’d gone away till she was back, and for a fleeting second you think she’s going to fuck you.

But you’re wrong, you know you are the second you feel her touch – it’s only a finger, slippery and wet with lube as she calmly prepares your ass without a single word.

Her finger in your ass, slowly sliding in and out, getting you ready for something bigger, is almost intoxicating.

Please don’t stop.

But she does, she’s nowhere near done tormenting you – you know that, as does she, and you resign to your fate.

You hate that it turns you on so.

She takes off your blindfold, whispering a quiet ‘watch’ in your ear as she does so.

You don’t know what she means till you notice the plug in her hand. It’s big and metallic and not one that you favor. When you wear it, it hurts.

She knows that.

The plug is cold when she positions it against your puckered hole, you can’t help but jolt a little when it first touches your skin. It’s big, too, you realize that right as she begins to push it in – your toes curl, your lips part as a small whimper escapes your mouth, and your hands stretch out in a flimsy attempt to stop her.

She pauses for just a second, and before she can even ask, you’ve nodded. “Please, Mistress – continue.”

You’re fine. It hurts, but it’s good – oh so good.

You’re willing to suffer just about anything at this point.

And so she keeps pushing, slowly, until the plug slides into your ass. It isn’t until it’s in that the sheer size of it finally hits you.

It’s big.

Very, very, big.

“Feeling full, pet?”
Wrong hole, you can’t help that you think that. Your cunt practically burns for attention, any attention at all – but she denies you altogether, of any and all touches. She doesn’t even acknowledge how wet you are. Her fingers trail the insides of your thighs and delicately skirt around the wetness, they move upwards to the curve of your ass, up along your spine to your neck and your shoulders – they slump, just a little, in disappointment.

“Well?”

“Y-“

A slap to your ass distracts you, you forget everything that you were going to say in only a split second.

“Yes, Mistress,” you mumble, raising your ass up higher and arching your back. “It’s very big.”

“No too big?”

“No, Mistress.”

“How long do you think you can take this one?”

“Not over an hour, Mistress.”

There’s a pause before she replies.

“An hour it is, then.”

You can’t imagine waiting an hour to receive attention. You just can’t.

“Please-“

She cuts you off with another hard slap to your ass, hard enough that it burns.

You’re pretty sure it’ll leave a mark, too.

“Really,” she taunts, “I don’t remember giving you permission to beg.”

“Sorry, Mistress.”

Her hand is now sliding along your back, her fingers passing over the ropes and the knots that keep your arms tightly bound.

“I’ll find ways to distract you, baby, don’t worry,” she murmurs. “Make you forget all about that dripping cunt of yours.”

You bite your lip as hard as you dare to keep yourself from whimpering. She’s never sounded so sexy, her voice is low and husky and oh-so determined; it drips with confidence, every syllable and word further pushes you into submission and makes your head spin in a way nothing else can.

It’s getting hard to keep your eyes open now. You’re not tired, anything but – but you’re so relaxed, so willing to give yourself to her, you just want her to take you and fuck you like you were meant to be fucked.

But she won’t.

For now, the only thing filling any of you is the plug stretching your ass, causing occasional pulses
of pain to course through your veins when the throbs of desperate arousal from your cunt cause your ass to contract around it.

She’s gone away again, and when she comes back, she tugs on your collar.

“Get up.”

You stand up, and she looks you up and down, grinning a little at the sight of you.

You don’t even know how aroused and desperate you look. But she does. She can see all of it, your parted lips and heavy breaths, your flushed cheeks and the slight dewy sweat that’s collected on your skin, not to mention the slick wetness that now covers the insides of your thighs.

She loves it most when you’re like this. Quiet and ready for anything, fully committed to being fully hers; in this instant, you’re her fucktoy, her little slut, and you trust her with everything.

It’s pressure, but the pressures of responsibility are outweighed by the intoxicating pleasure that she derives from the knowledge that she has brought you to this point. She’s the reason you’re so weak, and it’s your weakness and submission that makes her so strong.

When she begins to undo the ropes binding you, you can’t help but frown. You don’t know what she’s planning, most times she only adds restraints. Removing them isn’t her style.

“Come, pet,” she says when she’s done. She walks out of the bedroom, and you follow suit, wondering what she has in store – she only rarely takes your play out of the bedroom. Most of the reason for that is the fact that your apartment has floor-to-ceiling windows; though public teasing and play is fun to some extent, she isn’t interested in sharing you at your most vulnerable in any way, let alone to complete strangers in the buildings across the street.

This time, however, the blinds are drawn.

“Come here.”

She’s sat down, and she pulls you into her lap – sitting down forces the plug to reposition in you, and you gasp.

She just pulls you further down by your hips and tells you to spread your legs and lean back into her.

“Hands.”

The way she ties your wrists together only makes you wetter. She doesn’t want you interfering – she wants you at her mercy.

When she turns the TV on, you gasp.

On the screen, in full HD, is you. Filmed from behind, you’re naked and exposed, all tied up on the bed, with an array of toys waiting by you and a glistening wetness gathering along your spread cunt.

It’s the video she took some weeks back; you’d forgotten all about it, and now, staring at yourself, you can’t help but blush and look down.

Her hand is firm when she pushes your face back upwards.

“No looking away, baby.”

Her breath in your ear forces a whimper out of your mouth.
As you watch yourself on the screen, you realize what torment the coming hour will be. This was a session where she was particularly rough, so rough that it took you two whole days to get back to walking normally.

The thought of watching yourself be filled to the very extent of your limits makes you squirm.

The sounds, the view – it’s odd and yet it turns you on more than anything you’ve ever seen. When you watch her thick strap sink into your cunt, you can’t help the fact that your breathing gets heavier; it doesn’t help that the volume is up high, and you can hear all the wonderful sloppy wet noises of yourself getting fucked. You see your ass and her hips slamming into it, you see the toy moving in and out at a speed that has the video-you moaning; you wish you were her, you wish you were bent over and being fucked like that, but no - you have to wait.

Her hands are dancing along your skin, fingers tracing along your shoulders and arms and breasts. A tentative tug on the chain of your nipple clamps draws a gasp from your lips, and all of a sudden her touches go from gentle to rough – fingertips turn to dragging nails, digging in just enough to taunt you, but not enough to cause any pain.

Her teeth nip at the skin of your neck, first gently, then slowly digging in till she’s sucking and doing all she can to leave a mark as dark as possible.

“Are you wet?”

You don’t hear her the first time because you’re too focused on the video; you’re watching yourself get fucked in the ass while another toy fills your cunt, and it’s almost hypnotic. Seeing it all from her perspective is just so different, so dirty, so perfectly arousing and taunting - it's as impossible for you to look away as it is for you to keep watching, you want to look away but you just can’t...

It doesn’t help that you can almost feel how it would be if it were happening to you right in that moment. The stretch of a toy in your ass, the hot wetness in your cunt, the dripping, the exhausting pleasure and complete focus on that single feeling; only focusing on that, on the toys moving in and out, forgetting who you are...

“Baby?”

Her chin is resting on your shoulder.

She’s so close but in all the wrong ways. You don’t want to cuddle, you want her to fuck you and take you – you don’t want her hands to rest on your hips, you want them to hold on tight, to pull your hips back into her strap-

“Is someone having trouble thinking?”

She’s paused the video, and is now looking at you with a smirk on her lips.

“Yes-“ you have to swallow before continuing. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Mm. Good.”

A finger touches your slit, just barely, grazing along the top of the wetness. It only lasts a second, but is enough to draw your attention away from everything else – you move your hips, just slightly, forward, hoping to invite her to touch you more.

“Almost there.”
You’re not sure what she means, but your confusion is forgotten when she suddenly removes the clamp on your clit – blood rushes to it, and for a brief moment, it’s all you feel. It’s so sensitive and throbbing that you make a garbled noise of desperation, you can’t help it, you just need to be touched…but she won’t budge.

After removing the clamps, she points to the floor.

“Kneel.”

You know what she wants without her having to tell you.

You kneel before her, before your Mistress, and allow her to guide your head between her thighs.

Her hands in your hair are tight, her hips grinding her cunt into your mouth and face are controlling as ever; she more or less uses you as her toy, to get herself off, and you’re more than happy to be that for her.

You’re at her disposal, whatever she wants.

She’s your goddess, and right now, your whole body, your mouth especially, is devoted to worshipping her.

“Good, just like that.”

“Don’t stop.”

"Good girl."

Her orgasm takes a long while to come, but you don’t mind – when you’re between her thighs, time is of no consequence.

All that matters to you is pleasing your Mistress.

But when she is done, her hands get gentler, and she pulls you back up, back into her lap.

“Do you think you deserve to be touched now?”

“Please, Mistress,” you breathe, trying your best not to sound too much like you’re begging. “I need you to touch me.”

You have no idea how long it’s been, how long you’ve waited. It could be an hour, could be two; to you, it feels as though time has ceased to exist.

Her hand slides down along your stomach, drawing your skin to rise with goosebumps where it goes – her finger, just skirting along the length of your dripping cunt, does nothing more than tease you with the promise of something more.

“Good.”

Her voice is surprisingly gentle when she speaks, her breath tickling your ear.

“I want to try something.”

You don’t say anything. You’re not sure if you’re allowed to.

“Something you’ve said yes to before.”
“Mmm-?”

You’re half annoyed – she’s making you talk, making you think, and it’s drawing you from the comforts of your subspace. You want to stay in that mindset, where you don’t actually have to think about anything, but she’s not letting you just be.

“I want to fist you.”

Your eyes widen, and though you try your best, all you can manage in response is a nod and a moan.

Now it all makes sense, why she made you wait, why she’s done all she can to get you as wet as possible – it’s to prepare you.

You’d talked about it only a few days earlier, and you’d been all for it – you still are, very much so. It’s not like she has very large hands.

And then, the next thing you know, you’re on the bed. On your back, legs spread, your head still half swimming in submissive ecstasy - there are no restraints, no cuffs, nothing at all; the plug is out, too. You feel empty without it, without anything in you - but all that is about to change.

You feel more than ready.

You just want her to touch you so badly the air feels electric with anticipation.

The mattress dips a little in her direction when she climbs onto the bed. The whole situation is tense – she’s quiet, you’re quiet, it’s new and exciting and neither of you really know what to do.

Well, that’s not entirely true; she knows exactly what to do, and you know to do what you do best.

You lay there and you take it, because you’re her good girl.

She doesn’t start from where you want her to. She lays down, on her side, by you, and pulls your knees further apart. And then, slowly, her hand slides down.

When she touches you, it’s explosive. You have trouble staying still, her fingers touch you like you’ve wanted them all night long, they dip inside you and test your wetness, circle your clit and glide along your folds in a way that feels just too good to be true.

“Will you be a good girl for me, baby?” she asks, her eyes searching yours for any signs of hesitation. “Will you be good and take it all for me?”

Your eyes flicker to her fingers, just gently toying with your swollen clit.

You can take it, you’re sure of it.

You want it more than anything.

“Yes, Mistress.”

You’re hers, all at her disposal, and she’s going to take you.
You’ve waited all day for this, you realize that now. You just want to be beneath her, squirming and moaning and with her fucking you.

Nothing more, nothing less.

She starts off slow. One finger at first, just testing the waters. Two fingers go in with ease, as do three – she has a long moment where she just massages your g-spot, slowly, agonizingly slow, relaxing you even further to prepare you for what comes next.

She isn’t careful, nor is she particularly gentle. She is determined and that only turns you on more; though you know she’d stop whenever you wanted her to, the fact that it feels like she’s going to force it in does add to the already spinning sensation in your head.

You feel her take her fingers away, just for a second, and for a moment you think she’s stopped. But she hasn’t, no – when you look at her, you see she’s spreading lube along her whole hand, and you sigh.

You would’ve forgotten all about that.

Thankfully, she didn’t.

She smiles and tells you to relax again, and you lay back. You’re ready.

And then…you feel it. She’s cupped her hand, differently, and she slides it in; first the tips of her fingers, the stretch slowly increasing till her knuckles are at your entrance.

“Relax, baby,” she murmurs, her other hand resting on top of your abdomen. She’s between your legs now, eyes fixed on her hand, on your cunt, on the wetness and the slow but gradual progress her hand is making.

It’s as though she’s hypnotized.

You, on the other hand, feel the pressure. And the stretch. It doesn’t hurt, anything but – she’s going so slow that all of your muscles have time to adjust, time to stretch, but still, the widest part of her hand won’t go in.

She’s not asking questions, not asking you to verbally tell her that you’re alright; she knows you need to focus on staying relaxed. Talking would make that tougher, and so, she’s even more focused on watching your every move and expression. You can feel her gaze on you every so often, between small nudges of her hand and the whimpers that escape your lips.

“Please, Mistress,” you whimper after a while, “Push it in.”

She looks at you, and you look at her – and she nods.

All it takes it that little bit of extra force, and the widest part of her hand fits inside of you. You gasp, the stretch is intense and the feeling even more so, and she pauses for just a second before going on.

It hurts for just a breath before your body settles into the new feeling. Inch by inch, her hand slides into you, until the widest part is done with.

The rest more or less plops in.

She’s stunned, you’re stunned. Neither one of you can say anything. She’s unable to speak because her hand is inside of you, your cunt is wrapped around her wrist – and, well, you’re unable to speak
because of the fact that her hand is inside of you and slowly curling into a fist.

It feels intense. So different from anything you’ve felt.

You feel so wonderfully full, your head is spinning, and you’re so deep into the sensation that you only barely hear her praise you.

“My good girl.”

She’s gathered herself, she’s now looking at you with a smile on her face, pride shining from her whole expression.

“My little fucktoy, taking my fist like a good girl…”

You can’t help but moan a little at that.

“Do you want to cum, pet?”

“Mmh-“ you’re cut off when she moves her fist, pushing it just a little bit deeper into you. “Fuck-“

“Be as loud as you want, baby,” she tells you. “Let me make you feel good.”

And so, you give in.

You close your eyes and lay your head back, and let her fuck you with her fist. You let your mind relax, you let everything else slip away – all that matters to you right now is her.

Her fist inside of you, filling you, fucking you slowly…almost too slow.

At first.

Gradually, she picks up her pace, and with it, the volume of your pleasure increases. Moans and whimpers and begging, you don’t keep anything back – she wants to hear every bit of your pleasure.

And you do not want to deny her of hearing how good she’s making you feel.

You feel so dirty, too, like such a good fucktoy for taking her whole fist in your cunt; the thought of that makes your cunt throb, so hard she can feel it.

When she finally gives some attention to your clit, you almost come on the spot. It’s so sensitive, so swollen, so deprived of any attention that even the few moments of touching that she’s given you are almost enough to give you an orgasm.

“Ask me first, pet,” she murmurs.

You would’ve definitely forgotten to, had she not reminded you.

The pleasure of her fucking you with her fist soon tips over into an increasing need – you want more, you want all of it, you beg her to go rougher but she won’t go as rough as you want. She’s trying different things, too – rolling her fist, moving her hand, switching the positions in a way that has you moaning at every little movement.

“You can cum from this, pet, I know you can.”

She’s right, though in that moment you’re just desperate for more.
You always want more.

“Come on, baby, cum for me.”

You’re gripping the sheets, your toes are curled, you’re very tense when it finally starts to happen; the gradual growth of warmth in your cunt, in your lower stomach, all around and everywhere, it grows slowly until all of a sudden it’s everywhere and everything feels amazing—

“Mistress, please, may I-“

You can’t finish your sentence.

She doesn’t mind.

“Yes, baby. Come for me.”

And then it hits. An orgasm, so intense you cry out, you squirm on the bed and can’t seem to come down from it – everything is intense and it feels like you’ve never come this hard in your life.

Slowly, you settle down. You’re breathing heavy, you’re sweaty, you’re so exhausted you can’t even lift a finger; your cunt is still pulsing around her hand, she’s uncurled her fist and is just watching you, eyes wide with awe and pride.

You feel like you’re going to pass out, but she quickly snaps you out of it.

“Lex…Lexa.”

You moan something incoherent in response, and she chuckles a little.

“Are you okay?”

“Mmmhmmmm…”

“Do you think I can take it out?”

You wave your hand, limply. In all honesty, you can’t really think much further than what just happened. Everything feels amazing and you just want to bask in the pleasure forever.

You never want this moment to end.

“Are you okay if I work my hand out, Lexa?”

“Yeah…”

On the first try, nothing really happens. She lets out an exasperated laugh, which you only barely notice. On the second try, she uses her other hand to help break the almost suction-like seal that has formed around her hand, and then, slowly, she begins to pull out.

It hurts only a little on the way out. Your muscles are tighter now, or they pulse around her hand every now and then; she goes slow, as slow as she can, and after a while, she’s out.

You can’t help but gasp when you suddenly feel empty again. It’s a little sad, you half wish she would’ve kept her hand in you; the feeling of the emptiness in you, your muscles trying to settle for not being wonderfully stretched any more…you’re not sure you like it.

But it’s only a fleeting moment, and you soon ignore it to focus on the still overwhelming pleasure
that fills every cell of your being.

You notice she's staring at her hand, all soaking wet from being inside of you.

Seeing that makes you feel a little proud, and you smile to yourself as you roll over, feeling like you're moments away from passing out.

“Baby…”

“Hmmh?”

“Your collar.”

“‘M too tired…”

“Can I?”

You nod, moving a little and pulling a pillow under your head, feeling so deliciously sleepy and thoroughly f*cked that you're sure nothing else could ever feel so good.

Her fingers are gentle when they undo the clasp of your collar. She even puts your hair up in a bun, out of the way, so it doesn’t get in your way when you sleep.

“You’re so good. So amazing....just....holy shit. Thank you, baby.”

Her lips are hot when she kisses your shoulder after pulling a blanket over you.

You’re too delirious to answer her.

“You want to just nap for a while?”

You nod.

“Do you want me to leave you for a bit?”

You move to the side and shake your head. “Not this time...spoon me.”

She laughs, but does as she’s told.

You fall asleep to her lips on your neck and her voice in your ear, thanking you over and over again.

Chapter End Notes

    y'all are welcome
    don't forget to comment and leave kudos and maybe suggestions of stuff you might want to see cause i may be running out of original stuff and ideas
You want to cum. You want it so bad it aches, you want to roll your hips forward and take that pleasure; your skin is glistening from sweat, your mouth is hanging open, drool dripping from your swollen red lips onto the bed below.

Your eyes are glassy as you watch the screen in front of you, the figures in the film doing the things you wish you were feeling. You and her, you knelt on all fours, your ass up, her hands on your hips, pulling you onto her cock, the pink toy sliding into your wet sloppy pussy with noises so delicious your mind is spinning. Your ass red from a crop, from a whip, from her hands…

You’re a toy, you think to yourself. I’m a toy. Her toy.

She isn’t even there. She’s at work, she won’t be home for another hour – but she told you what to do, and you’re a good girl. You obey without question.

Edge.

That had been the first message. It had come about an hour ago, and you hadn’t even hesitated – you’d slipped off your panties and done what was told.

Twenty minutes from that, you got another message.

Again.

Once again, you did as you were told.

Show me how wet you are.

The fact that she could get you so hot and bothered with only three texts is beyond you. But you love it, you love that she has that control; you love giving up that one part of your life for her to decide most of.

And then, an hour passes, and you’re still there, but now you’re laying in your bed, on your belly, a pillow propped up under you, one hand between your legs, edging yourself over and over….she’s told you to keep yourself wet, and that is precisely what you’re doing.

Completely naked, save for your collar, the bedroom door is wide open so that when she comes home you will be the first thing she sees.

You’re so frustrated your mind is spinning. If you were to try to stand up you would feel dizzy, you know it, and so you don’t – you just look at the videos she’s sent you and edge. Your fingers are soaked, no, your whole hand is, and still you keep going, stopping every time you come even close to coming.
By the time she comes home, you’re so turned on and frustrated that you half want to jump her on the spot. But you don’t, instead you stay in bed, you keep doing the things she told you to do, even when you hear her moving around the room, taking off her work clothes here and putting down her bag there…it’s agonizing, but you keep at it.

“You make a very pretty decoration for our room,” she muses, her hand slapping your ass unexpectedly. “I’ve half the mind to leave you there for the rest of the afternoon. I’ll bet you’d be making some sweet noises by the end…”

An involuntary noise of complaint leaves your throat, and she hums in amusement. “But I have other plans.”

Usually when she has you tease yourself, she’s in for a slow night – slow teasing, slow fucking, everything drawn out till you’re so tired you can’t even think. So when she grabs you roughly and more or less throws you onto your back on the bed, you’re surprised beyond belief; you didn’t expect roughness, or her climbing onto you, or her pinning you down by your throat while her two fingers invade your cunt roughly and without warning.

“You’re mine,” she growls as she captures your lips for a rough kiss, “And tonight I’m just going to fuck you. Okay?”

As if you’d say anything but yes to that. She’s still fully clothed, you’re entirely naked and completely at her mercy; she never needs to restrain you, it’s only to emphasise the feeling of you being hers. All she really needs to restrain you is a few words, and you’ll do anything she wants.

Her fingers are moving in you, deep in you, the wet noises being the only sound in the room for a long while; what first began as only a tentative touch soon turns into her finger-fucking you, she’s working you up, she wants to make you cum –

But she doesn’t.

She stops before you cum. Her fingers stay in you for a while, and you have to fight every cell of your body not to come; she knows very well that keeping her fingers in you makes it worse, but today she’s clearly in a devilish mood.

“I love it when I can see my pretty girl struggling,” she murmurs, her teeth grazing your nipple before she encloses her lips around it and sucks on it, her tongue swirling around it and making you see stars.

A light nip, and she withdraws her fingers, leaving you spent, legs spread in front of her, your skin glistening with sweat.

“Look at that pretty pussy…” she says quietly, her finger tracing the inside of your thigh. “I’m going to fill it so good.”

Shivers run down your spine, when she says that, pleased shivers – you’d give anything for her to fill you up with a big cock, for her to fuck you up against the wall so rough that you can’t help but cry out with each thrust…

She takes a photo of you before telling you to get up on your knees.

“Arms back. Look pretty, baby.”

Her hand pushes your chin up, and you look at her, into her eyes, with only devotion in your own.
I love you.

“Stay still.”

You don’t need to be told twice. You stay perfectly still as she binds you, quite quickly, so that your arms are behind your back and your knees are tied apart; now, you wouldn’t be able to close your legs, even if you wanted to. In fact, you can’t move at all, not without her help.

“One last thing. Open.”

You knew it was coming. Whenever she has you on your knees, she can’t resist the temptation to put a ball gag in your mouth. She really adores the sight of her messy pet drooling all over herself, just as much as she adores the knowledge that it makes you feel dirty and even more like a fucktoy, drooling and not being able to stop it from covering your skin. The ball stretches your jaw open and you can immediately feel your lips drying out a little, and when she slaps your breast, you let out a little whimper – but it is so quiet, muffled behind the ball, that she doesn’t even notice it.

“Relax.”

The plug is cold when it touches your asshole, as is the lube that she’s spread on it; but it slips in without any trouble, only a little brief moment of pain before it’s sucked in to your ass, filling it effectively.

“Is my pretty girl adequately filled?”

You nod, looking into her eyes for a hint of what she’s planning. But all you can see is a taunting look, a playful one; tonight, you are her plaything, she’s going to use your body however she likes and she isn’t going to be kind about it.

Her hand is on your thigh, sliding up; it skirts around your wet cunt and moves up along your stomach, her fingers tracing along your abs…and then back down again, her hand slides along your cunt and she shoves a fingers into you, curling them up and forcing a moan out of you when they hit your g-spot.

“Do you want to cum?”

It’s a trick question, it always is – if you say yes, she might deny you, or then force orgasms out of you till you’re begging for her to stop; or then, were you to say no, she might say ‘alright, then, no orgasms for you tonight’.

Carefully, you nod.

A droplet of drool falls down onto your chest.

“Good. Not like your choice would have mattered,” she grins, pulling out a vibrator wand from behind her back. “How many times did you edge again?”

She can’t possibly make you go for 14 orgasms.

Can she?

“Let’s see how many I can get out of you,” she smirks, her arm wrapping around your waist as she pulls you closer and places the vibrator against your clit.

The first orgasm comes to you before the minute is up. It hits you so hard your moan surprises even
her – she pauses for a second, looks at you, only to find excitement and flushed cheeks.

“Little slut,” she chuckles, placing the vibrator back against your cunt. “Come again.”

The second orgasm is already more torturous than the first. And it only gets worse from there; with each passing minute, you become more sensitive, and your clit only gets more swollen; there’s now a wet puddle on the bed underneath your cunt, and the insides of your thighs are wet as well. Your drool is mixing with your wetness, your mind is slipping away and she’s still going…

“That’s five,” she says, her voice ringing clearly through the aroused haze of your mind. The vibrator withdraws, and for a moment, you think she’s done.

You know you’re wrong when her hand slips between your legs. Her fingers move on to work you, the touch so different from the vibrator and feeling so incredibly harsh that it almost hurts.

When you cum again, for the sixth time, it definitely hurts. You whimper amidst your moans, and she notices, her other hand grabbing your head and turning it so that you’re facing her. Her fingers wrap along your jaw, and her thumb runs along the trail of drool from your lip down your chin.

“Don’t look so pained, baby, I know you love it.”

And you do.

Her tongue is running along your neck when you cum for the seventh time. You whimper and moan, and thrash against her, trying to get away from the stimulation, but you can’t – it hurts, and it feels so good, your mind is spinning and you think you’re going to pass out…for a moment, you do, you zone out entirely and she has to bring you back with a light smack on your cheek.

“How do you need a break?”

Her voice isn’t quite so devilish any more, she sounds genuinely concerned – but you don’t need a break, not fully. You definitely don’t want her to stop it all here.

You shake your head.

“Maybe a break from touching,” she continues, withdrawing her hand from your pussy. “I have a work call that I have to take care of,” she then adds, smirking at you when you realize what she’s going to do.

You try to mumble something in response, but she just lightly smacks your cheek again and smiles. “You can wait, baby. I know you can. And it’ll be good for your pretty pussy to get a bit of a break.”

With one sure, swift movement, she lifts you up and puts you onto the carpet by the bed, still on your knees.

Your clit aches, your body aches, and you don’t know what you want – you want your pussy filled, you want her to fuck your ass, you want her to roughly grab your breasts and to take you as harshly as possible; you want her to control your body in every way she can, touch you all over and not ignore you…but that’s not her plan.

You know she loves making you wait. She loves turning you into a whimpering decorative toy, letting you wait in total silence and obedience while she watches in amusements.

She’s your Mistress, she’s in control. If she wants, she can do that. And your job is to obey and be her good girl.
“Will you be quiet?”

You nod.

She grins, now with a teasing look in her eye, and you almost guess what she’s about to do. When she goes over to the toy drawer, you definitely know.

The dildo she takes out is thick and ribbed. The biggest you have.

“Think it’ll go in without lube?”

You hesitate, but nod.

She ignores you and takes the ball gag out of your mouth. “Get it wet.”

You can only work the head of the toy into your mouth, and so you lick along it’s shaft, doing your very best to do as you’re told. An excited rosy hue rises onto her cheeks, and you know that she’s at the point of arousal where she needs to get off – you wish she’d take the toy away and let you satisfy her with your mouth, but you know she won’t do that.

She slides the dildo into you, slowly, torturously slow; it stretches you so much it hurts, initially, but then the arousal washes over you and your mind slips further into that comfortable headspace where all that matters is her and what she wants.

You don’t notice when the phone rings. You just stay there, on your knees, bound at her mercy, filled precisely how she wants. Your lips are slightly parted, you’re breathing through your mouth and your eyes are staring at her pacing the room, talking into the phone.

The words escape you, they are of no matter to your mind, and so you don’t even notice them; you just notice her, the shape of her waist and the curve of her ass, the lone strand of hair she’s twirling between her beautiful slender fingers…she almost always wears nail polish, you don’t know why but it’s such a beautiful detail and you adore it.

You especially adore the visual of her beautiful hands on your body.

You’re suddenly drawn out of your thoughts into the realization that she’s sitting on the bed, still on the phone, but very close to you; your face is just inches away from her knee, and if you shuffled forwards, you could really make her struggle to talk normally – but you don’t move, both because she hasn’t given you permission and also because you really cannot.

Her hand reaches over and touches a strand of hair that’s come loose from your braid, tucking it mindlessly behind your ear as she continues to drone on in conversation; and then it continues, the hand, her finger trails down along your jaw and then reaches your chin.

Your lips are already open when her finger touches them. You’d been hoping she’d let you suck her finger, but didn’t think she would – so when she does slide her fingers in your mouth, you can’t help but let out a tiny moan of absolute pleasure and excitement, one which makes her chuckle.

Her fingers taste like you, and you suck them, allowing them in as deep as they go, reaching into your throat, making your eyes water – and then back out again, drool dripping from their tip, a pearly string of spit hanging between your lips and her fingers.

She smears the spit onto your cheek before pushing her fingers back in your mouth again.

The fact that she’s not even fully paying attention to you is so wildly arousing you can’t help but
whine at the ache between your legs. She’s fucking your mouth with her fingers, she has you completely devoted to her and yet she’s thinking about other things, talking about work things and using you to entertain herself in the meanwhile.

Your cunt aches, half because the dildo in you is so big and half because you wish it were moving, you wish it were attached to your Mistress and she was using it to fuck you…you wish you were on your knees, face pressed into the mattress, legs spread wide and your pussy all at her disposal; her hands on your hips, pulling you back onto her cock, your cries of pleasure mixed with pain disappearing into the softness of the mattress…

You don’t even realize you’ve closed your eyes till you come to the realization that it’s quiet in the room. Or almost quiet, the only sound is the sound of your sucking, a wet, slick sound of absolute desire and obedience; you open your eyes, and find her staring at you, eyes dark with lust and a pleased grin on her beautiful lips.

“Such a thirsty slut.”

She pulls her fingers out, and, upon noticing a slight pleased grin on your lips, she laughs.

“You won’t be grinning like that in a minute, I promise you that.”

The tone in her voice leaves no room for doubt.

The fact that she picks you up and more or less throws you onto the bed, on your stomach, also leaves no room for doubt.

You’re going to get fucked, hard and rough, just as you deserve.

She’s gone for a while before she comes back. The dildo in you has fallen out, thanks to gravity and your ever-growing wetness – your pussy is painfully empty, and you wiggle your ass when she comes back to emphasize that fact.

She surprises you by pulling the plug out of your ass, and for a moment you think she’s going to fuck you there – but then you feel the tip of her strap sliding up along your wetness, and reaching the entrance to your hole…and then, with one harsh thrust, she pushes it all in, filling you in such a way that you groan.

She begins a rough fuck at first, so rough you’re sure you’re going to cum just from penetration; but then she slows down, to a steady pace, one where she thrusts in as deep as she can every now and then just to make you jolt and moan and whimper. Her hand is gripping tightly on your hair, pulling your head up and forcing you to arch your back.

Her other hand is on your ass, just resting, though you’re almost certain she won’t let your ass remain unmarked for long.

“Put your fingers in your ass.”

You’re surprised by the order, so much so that you don’t obey – she slaps your ass, hard, and leans over while her cock is deep in you, forcing your head up as she repeats her order:

“Fuck your ass, pet. Entertain me.”

She’s bound your arms together, so that your two thumbs are together as well; you whimper as she begins to fuck you again, and reach further back to get your thumbs in your own ass – there’s still plenty of lube from the plug, and after a while, they slide in, your asshole tightening around them.
You feel a little degraded, but mostly just aroused; your fingers in your ass do feel good, but what feels even better is the fact that you’re doing it solely for her pleasure.

For a moment, she just stands still, not fucking you, staring at her pretty fucktoy; naked and on your knees, tied up with your fingers in your ass because she told you to. Dripping along your thighs because she’s fucking you like you deserve…

“Fuck yourself on my cock, baby,” she murmurs, her hand sliding along the curve of your ass. “Make yourself cum on my cock.”

It’s hard at first, but you slowly get into a rhythm, pushing yourself as far back on her cock as you can – within minutes, you’re frantically fucking yourself on the strap, slamming yourself against your hips, whimpering and moaning and drooling into the sheets, but still unable to get the right angle to get yourself to cum.

Ten minutes pass, and you’re starting to get tired.

She doesn’t say anything, she only pulls your fingers out of your ass, and replaces them with her own.

“If you can’t cum soon, I’ll have to help,” she says, her tone slightly threatening. “And I won’t settle for one. You’ll come seven more times if I have to do it.”

Seven is too much.

Seven is enough to make you pass out.

You get even more frantic, and she laughs as she watches you try your hardest to cum for her. You really do try, but in the end, it is of no matter; she knew from the very start that it wouldn’t happen, not in that position, with no clit stimulation.

“Time’s up.”

You fall onto the mattress, exhausted, and frustrated; you couldn’t cum, you were so close but couldn’t, and now she’s going to fuck you instead.

Secretly, you’re pleased.

“Now relax baby…you’ll be here for a while.”

She’s not gentle as she fucks you through into your first orgasm. She doesn’t even stop, she keeps going, only slapping your ass to rile herself up even more; you’re groaning and whimpering into the sheets in a steady string of noises now, you can’t control yourself, it’s all so much…too much, almost too much.

“Are you my pretty slut?”

You moan out a yes, but it’s not good enough.

“Yes, mistress,” you breathe, earning a pleased hum from her.

“And will you let me do whatever I want to you?”

“Anything,” you whimper, “Anything, mistress.”

“Good. Come.”
You’re so over-stimulated that just the aroused peak of her telling you to come actually sets of an orgasm; you shake and tremble beneath her, and this time, she slows down her pace.

“Pink or purple?”

You try to think of what she means, but your mind isn’t working – when her cock is in, your mind is out.

“Pink,” you mumble, a bead of sweat running down along your forehead. “Please.”

You don’t know what you’ve picked till you feel the head of a dildo pressing against your ass. It’s ribbed and glass, thick and long – and it stretches you almost to your limit.

She’s not fucking your pussy now, just standing still with her strap in you, and fucking your ass with a dildo, your both holes so full it’s as if your brain has turned off entirely. You’re just a set of holes for her to play with, that’s what she’s reduced you to…and you wouldn’t want it any other way.

It hurts a little when she fucks your ass, but that pain only transforms to degraded pleasure, and she doesn’t even need to touch your clit to make you come. You do anyway, it’s almost encoded in you now to come when there’s two toys in both your holes; she knows this, and is clearly intent on taking advantage of it.

When you’ve come down from your third orgasm, she pulls away from you completely.

“I’m going to take a break. Do you need anything?”

You can’t think, but she sees your dry lips, and brings over a bottle of water. A drink is very much needed, and you give her a light smile before relaxing again, thinking she’ll get back to fucking.

“You stay there.”

No, you think, don’t-

But she just smirks. “You can’t exactly stop me…”

You know why she’s giving you breaks, you know it’s to ensure you don’t get too tired and also to keep you fully awake and still able to feel things – she likes it when she can really push you to your limits.

Your face feels hot, your body is spent, you’re sweaty and your hair is definitely no longer in a braid; you look thoroughly fucked, and though you don’t notice, she takes another picture – she really enjoys remembering these times, seeing you as what she’s reduced you to. It fuels her dominant feelings, gives her pleasure so immense it’s unbelievable; even now, while you lay in wait with your ass up and your cunt dripping, she can’t take her eyes off of you, she’s physically unable to turn her head from the most beautiful sight she knows.

She waits exactly fifteen minutes before she comes back again. You’ve lost track of time, to you the fifteen minutes felt like an hour, and you jump when she comes back to touch you again.

“Which hole, pet?”

You’re so tired you can only mumble. “My ass.”

Your pussy is sore, which is why you opt for your ass; she nods, and picks a smaller strap-on, one which is relatively smooth and made of silicone.
You of course don’t know what she’s chosen till it starts pushing it’s way into you, and when you do, you realize she’s still intent on drawing it out – it’ll take ages for her to even work you up with this toy.

Secretly, you’re pleased.

You never want it to end.

An undetermined amount of time passes with her just thrusting into you, in and out, slow and deep, her hands on your hips; it’s as if she’s in a trance, just admiring the visual of her cock sinking into your ass…

Every now and then, she takes the toy all out of your ass, watches your hole gape for a moment, and then pushes back in.

“I’m not going to make you come till you beg me for it,” she finally says.

You’re almost ready to beg then, but not quite.

A good while passes, and she’s still going at the same pace, same speed, same depth.

“Please,” you finally breathe. “Please make me come.”

You hate that she makes you beg, but you love it also; you love that she can force you into begging for things you don’t entirely want, like an orgasm when you’re far too sore for it to be just pleasurable.

She reaches around to your clit, and picks up her pace a little, just enough to get you moaning again; once again, it only takes a moment for you to get to the edge.

This time, however, you try holding it off, not wanting it to hurt; she notices, and slaps your ass, hard.

“Come for me, don’t stop,” she commands.

And you come, once again.

“Three more.”

You let out an exhausted whimper. You’re not sure you can take any more.

“Didn’t you want me to fuck you?”

You did, but that was too many orgasms ago; you’re tired, your pussy is tired, you no longer know what you want.

She reaches for a vibrator and puts it against your clit, making your body jolt and your eyes roll back in your head.

“I’m going to make you come whether you can or not,” she murmurs. “You’re mine.”

She knows exactly what to say and do to make you come. At this point, you have no idea how many times you’ve come, you have no idea how long it’s been, only that you’re hers and she’s your Mistress and that your holes belonged not to you but to her.

“I’m yours,” you moan as you come, once again.
"Come on, baby," she says, in a softer tone, withdrawing the vibrator. "Two more. Be my good girl."

That’s all you need.

You nod, and she smiles, her hand curling into a fist in your hair again and her hips picking up the pace of the toy in your ass.

“Look at your pretty ass,” she murmurs, “Taking my cock in so deep. Does it feel good?”

“Yes, Mistress,” you mumble. “So good….mmm…”

“Poor baby,” she chuckles. “I’ve fucked your brains out.”

You just hum. “Yes, Mistress…fuck my brains out…”

“You don’t have a single thought in your pretty little head, huh?”

“Yes, Mistress…”

That makes her laugh. You don’t fully understand why, but it doesn’t matter to you – all that matters to you is what you feel. All you feel is the toy in your ass and the wetness of your pussy and the overwhelming exhaustion in your body. Were it not for the ropes, you would be flat on the bed, unable to move a muscle.

She pulls out to switch out the strap-on, to something a little bigger.

“Your ass is more relaxed now,” she explains, though in your state there is really no need for explanations. “Can’t have my pet too comfortable.”

The second toy is thicker than the first, and, after a while, you realize it’s a vibrator – that is, she turns the vibrate on, and you jump having not expected it.

“Thought you’d need help,” she tells you. “Now come.”

It takes you longer to come this time. She fucks you for ages, or for what feels like it, slowly picking up her pace as she realizes that you’re not going to come; by the end, she’s pounding your ass into the mattress, and you’re biting the sheets, crying out with each thrust, so close and yet so far-

And then you come, your cry cut in half in your throat, your body tensing up and your eyes squeezing shut as you tremble beneath her.

“Good girl,” she coos, her hand stroking your back. “Such a good girl.”

She withdraws the toy from your ass, and puts it aside; you can hear her taking the strap off, and then you feel her beginning to untie you.

You think she’s maybe done.

But she isn’t. She lays you on your back, naked and unbound and completely limp, and climbs over you.

“One more,” she whispers as she leans down to capture your lips. “One more, baby. For me.”

It’s gentler when it’s just her hand. Her fingers are gentler than what any toy could be, and when they enter you, they don’t hurt; her thumb is circling your clit, her fingers are curling in you, she’s
fucking you in the best way she can, and it’s intoxicating in other ways. It’s more intimate, having her right there, her mouth on yours, her tongue in your mouth, her lips whispering dirty things to you as she fucks you.

“You’re mine,” she whispers, “My fucktoy, my slut, my everything – this pussy is mine, your ass is mine, and you let me fuck them however you want…”

You mumble some nothings in response, but she doesn’t expect any from you. Not now.

“Come for me,” she demands, her teeth biting into your lip. “Come for me, one more time-“

“I can’t,” you whimper, exhausted.

“You can.”

“I-“

“Do it for me, for your Mistress,” she continues. “Be my good girl. Come.”

The heat builds up, and suddenly, you come again – for the last time. It’s softer than you expect, and yet intense, her being so close and holding you so near, your naked bodies together; she moans from reciprocal pleasure, watching you come in her arms, and when you’re done, she lays there, watching you with such immense pleasure and pride in her eyes.

You’re breathing heavy, staring at the canopy of your shared bed, trying to catch a single thought in your muddled mind – but you can’t.

You really can’t.

Her hand, still wet from your juices, rests on your stomach. She cradles your head in the crook of her arm, and kisses your forehead, gently reaching back to push your hair out of the way.

“We’re done,” she murmurs. “You did so good.”

You nuzzle into her, exhausted beyond belief – your body feels so hot, burning hot, your cheeks are definitely red and the tips of your ears feel like they’re scalding; your skin feels sticky, everything is sweaty as though you’d have just worked out – which, technically, you have.

“Can you take it off,” you say, quietly. She doesn’t need to be told what you mean; she knows.

Her fingers are extremely careful when she undoes the clasp and pulls the collar away, tossing it aside, further away; it has no place in your safe bubble.

“Do you want me to go?”

You shake your head and pull her closer. “No.”

“Do you need water?”

“Yes.”

You know your voice is barely audible because your mouth is so dry. You know she knows, she knows you always get exhausted and thirsty after a scene. She reaches behind her and gets the bottle, and helps you drink from it, her hand stroking your hair as she does.

“I really messed up your hair,” she says quietly, her fingers running through the tangles.
“I want a shower.”

“Not a bath?”

“No, later,” you mutter. “First a shower. I stink.”

She laughs and tells you that you don’t stink, but you know she’s lying – or then she’s lost her ability to smell. The room smells overwhelmingly like sex but even more than sex, it smells like sweat – and you hate it.

She helps you to the shower anyway, and washes you up; you’re so tired you drop the shower gel, but she says nothing, just kisses you lightly before bending over to get it, giving you a view of her ass that makes your head spin so much that you actually think you’re going to fall. You grab the wall, and she turns around quickly, a worried look on her face as she reaches out to stabilize you.

“You okay?”

You nod. “Yeah, yeah, I’m fine-“

“You sure?”


She laughs. “Such a fine sight you nearly fell over for it?”

“Something like that.”

“You wanna wash your hair?”

You shake your head. “Later, in the bath.”

She nods, understanding. “Too tangled to wash now, huh?”

Once you’re comfortably dressed in leggings and a hoodie and fuzzy socks, you head to the living room and collapse onto the couch.

“Do you want to watch something?”

You shake your head. “I want food.”

“What do you want?”

“I don’t care.”

“Yes you do.”

“Pizza. And garlic bread.”

“Pepperoni?”

“With olives, please.”

She makes a face, but you just smirk. You know she hates olives, but she’ll do anything to please you – and that includes ordering a pizza that she won’t entirely like.

Once the pizza’s ordered, she comes over and sits onto the couch, next to you.
“What do you want-“

You shush her by placing a finger to her lips. She smiles and settles back, allowing you to rest your head on her shoulder and cradle her arm.

You just lay there, in complete silence, just breathing in her scent and feeling comfortable, for a good while – long enough for the pizza to arrive.

She’s only gone for a second, but when she comes back with the food, you practically jump her.

“God, you don’t need to attack me for the food,” she laughs, setting down the plates and the pizza. “I’ll get something to drink.”

“Cranberry juice, please,” you ask. “With ice.”

She smiles and shakes her head, but comes back with exactly what you ordered.

“You’re pretty bossy.”

“I deserve it,” you smirk, snatching a slice of pizza and grinning wide. “Now hush.”

After the pizza, you find yourself on the floor, sitting between Clarke’s legs as she works her fingers through the tangles in your hair. There’s some music playing in the background, quietly to fill the silence; there’s no need for talking, it’s soft and comfortable to just sit there, resting your head on her thigh…

“You didn’t come, did you?”

“No,” she hums. “But that’s fine.”

Your finger’s trailing up along her calf, and then along her thigh; you wrap your hand around her thigh and pull it closer, reaching over to press a light kiss onto the bare skin; she’s only wearing silky shorts and a hoodie.

You’re almost certain she’s not wearing anything under the shorts.

You kiss her thigh again, drawing an annoyed sound from her as you turn your head, pulling her hands along because of the tangles. But then you kiss her again, this time moving a little closer to her hips, and before you know it, you’ve turned around to face her.

She’s watching you, carefully, clearly afraid to speak, or to touch you – she doesn’t want to impose.

“Let me make you feel good,” you murmur, your hand running up along her other leg to the waistband of her shorts. “Pretty please?”

She smiles. “Well, when you ask so nicely….how could I say no?”

You pull her hips towards the edge of the couch and slip off her shorts, sighing a little at the sight; she’s soaking wet, the insides of her thighs are glistening, and her clit…it looks as though it’s throbbing.

“You lied about it being fine,” you chuckle. “Surprised you didn’t start grinding on me in the shower.”

“I didn’t want to make you feel like you needed to do anything,” was her answer.
You didn’t talk after that. You leant down and touched your mouth to her pussy, tasted her wetness, and let your tongue do the talking.

Whether it was five minutes or thirty, you did not know – all you knew was that in that moment, you were in charge, you were in control of her pleasure, and you brought her to an orgasm so good that she couldn’t help herself at the end; by the time she was on the edge, her hoodie had been hiked up, and she was touching her breasts, running her hands over them and grabbing them, squirming as she quietly moaned and begged you to keep going.

When she came, she whispered a quiet thank you.

That was when you climbed back up, with her still half naked and pushed her back on the couch so that you could crawl into her arms. You threw a blanket over the two of you, and snuggled up closer, your hand replacing hers on her breast as you laid your head down.

“Tired?”

You nod.

“Me too.”

Chapter End Notes

i'm fully aware 14 orgasms seems like a lot, but hey, this is fiction....and it's hot

please don't forget to leave kudos and comments i thrive off of them
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

sunday sunday is back for another sporadic instalment
it's porn
at this point you know what's up
enjoy! it's dirty!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sometimes, she comes up with new ideas.
Interesting ideas, hot ideas, creative ideas – with her, there doesn’t seem to be an end to what plans she can come up with. It’s one thing that you love about your Mistress; you never truly know what to expect.

“Miss Woods, your wife is here to see you.”

You don’t even look up from your screen, you just wave your hand. “See her in, Laura. Thank you.”

She walks in and you glance at her, smile, and gesture for her to sit down. You’re in the middle of a conference call, you have work to do – she understands.

When you wrap up ten minutes later, she puts her sketchbook down with a smile. “Sorry I came in a little early.”

“No worries,” you smile, walking over and giving her a kiss. “You brought lunch?”

“Greek. Your favorite.”

She heads over to your desk to set up the food.

You notice she’s locked the door, and smile again. “You have plans, huh?”

“Maybe.”

The taunt in her voice makes your knees go a little weak.

It isn’t till you’re almost done with lunch when she finally speaks up about her ‘plan’.

“I want to try something new.”

“Oh?”

“I think you’ll like it.”

“Do tell…”
She gets up, walks around your desk, and stands behind your chair. “Well,” she begins as she slides her hands down to your shoulders. “I want to take you out. To a movie.”

“Sounds nice.”

“But I want to play too.”

“Hmm?”

“How would you feel about a pretty plug in your ass while we were out?”


“And maybe ben wa balls…”

Her hands slide down along your body, to your thighs, and you wish you could spread your legs. But your skirt is too tight – it won’t allow for that.

“Get up, bend over the desk.”

You obey quickly and without question.

She is as quick at unzipping your skirt and pulling it down. Her hand touches your ass, grabs it, possessively – and you let out a pleased sigh. Warmth is gathering between your legs, wetness, and you’re just a few words from actually moaning.

“I want to fill you up,” she murmurs, leaning over to kiss your shoulder as her hand slides between your legs. “Your ass with a plug, your pretty pussy with ben wa balls, and your pretty nipples…can’t leave those without attention, can I?”

Her hand reaches under you and pinches your nipple, hard enough for you to gasp.

“You’re wet.”

“Mm…yeah,” you breathe out. “Your fault.”

“Nobody would know or see,” she continues. “I’d dress you comfortably. I just want to take my pretty girl out for a little walk.”

Her voice is low and husky and it makes you ache.

“You want that?”

“Yes, please-“

“Tell me what you want.”

“Fill me up with a plug and ben wa balls,” you breathe out, smiling a little. “Clamp my pretty nipples so they hurt a little when I walk. Dress me up all pretty for you…Mistress.”

“That’s what I like to hear.”

Her fingers are toying with your clit.

Your panties are soaked.

She plays with you for a while, and stops when you’re about to cum. You let out a whining noise,
and she just smirks before pulling your panties back in place and pulling your skirt back up. When she zips it up, you know you won’t be getting to cum just yet.

“Stay wet and pretty for me like always, baby,” she smiles. “You okay with that?”

You roll your eyes and grab her to kiss her. “Of course I am.”

She leaves shortly after.

For the rest of the day, you’re a little bit of a mess. Not visibly, not mentally – you’re perfectly capable of compartmentalizing. But you’re wet throughout the day, that you can’t help – each time you think of her, you think of what’s to come, and it makes you feel good. It makes your pussy ache and clit throb, your nipples harden and your mind to spin just a little. Maybe your cheeks are pinker that day than normal. Maybe. But no one would know the cause, save for you, and her.

Your Mistress.

You get home some time before she does, and take the time to prepare. A long shower, douching, the works; you want to be ready for whatever her plan is. And you want to be smelling nice, too, if she’s taking you on a date.

“You took a shower,” is her first comment when she walks into the apartment and gives you a hug. “You smell so good.”

“Glad you like it.”

“I love it.”

She goes her way to the bedroom, has a quick shower herself, and then, after a while, calls for you.

“You ready?”

You nod. “Yes.”

“And you know you can call it quits any second you want, right? Doesn’t matter where we are. Okay?”

You smile, and nod. “Okay.”

“And don’t slip too far into your head, baby,” she grins, reaching for your neck to bring you closer for a kiss. “I don’t want you too subby. I want you comfortable.”

The caring nature of her somehow manages to make you feel loved and aroused at the same time. Perhaps it’s because she’s showing herself, like always, to be trustworthy – you know you could lay your life in her hands and she’d take care of it.

“Yes, Mistress-“

“No, no,” she stops you, gently as can be. “Just Clarke for now. No Mistress, not outside the house. Okay?”
You smile so soft and gentle that she can’t help but kiss you. “You’re so cute.”

Then, before you have time to respond, her countenance jumps from cutesy to dominant.

“Take off your clothes.”

They’re gone very quickly. You may or may not be very eager to get started.

“Get on the bed, bend over, and spread your ass cheeks.”

Your face is laid down into a pillow when you feel her come back and start spreading lube around your hole.

A very, very generous amount of lube.

You expect a metal plug and so are surprised when you feel the head of a jelly plug pushing against your ass instead. But you know why – it’s more bendy. More comfortable.

But not too comfortable. As it starts sliding in, you gasp a little; it’s sizeable. And relatively long, too. She fucks your ass with it, gently, sliding it in and out, loosening your hole and relaxing you – and then, suddenly, she lets it slide all the way in. Pats the end of it, makes sure it’s securely in place, and then hums.

“Such a pretty little ass. How’s it feel?”

“So good,” you mumble, face still in the pillow. “Thank you.”

“Oh, your fun isn’t over yet, baby.”

You’re practically dripping when she starts pushing the ben wa balls in. They’re sizeable, but slip in so easy – three balls, big enough for you to feel very full, once the last one is in your head feels very light and you feel very, very good.

“Stand up, baby.”

She’s smiling so proud at you it makes your heart feel warm.

“Chin up.”

You close your eyes in anticipation of the clamps. She rubs one nipple, squeezes it, gets it hard, and then…pain. Sharp, piercing pain, you gasp a little as she lets go of the clamp and leaves it on you to move onto the other nipple. You know it’ll stop hurting soon but the initial pain, you never get used to that.

“Relax your shoulders.”

“It hurts,” you whine out.

“Good hurt? They’re so pretty on you.”

You sigh. “Yes, it’s…it’s good.”

You do like being pretty, and seeing yourself in the mirror…you do agree. They do look pretty on your nipples, the pain of the connecting chain hanging down tugging a little when she walks you to the closet is only adding to your arousal.
“Here you go.”

She dresses you in cute comfortable panties, your favorites – with blue and lilac flowers on white lace – and leggings, and an oversized hoodie. When you look at yourself in the mirror, you look normal – there’s no hint of the chain or the clamps, or of the plug and balls in you. None at all.

“Only you and I will know what a little slut you are for me,” she purrs, kissing your neck. “You ready to go?”

You smile. “Not yet.”

You walk off to the table where you keep your jewellery, and come back wearing a lacy choker, black with a little golden heart hanging from it.

Her eyes shine a little when she gently traces her finger along the lace. “Can’t not wear a collar, huh?”

You just smile. “I’m yours. I like showing that off, even if you’re the only one who knows.”

She looks like she’s about to moan when she hears that. “Fuck, you’re so perfect.”

You smirk. “I know.”

She rolls her eyes and smiles even wider. “You’re too cute.”

It turns out that walking outside in public while filled makes you feel shy and horny. You feel dirty but in a good way, you feel excited, and most of all, you feel clingy – you don’t want her out of your sight. Not that she’d go anywhere; she’s right by your side, arm around your waist, holding you close as if protecting you. Though you don’t know it, she’s staying close to make sure you keep feeling good.

She’d touched you between your legs in the car before getting out.

You’d almost moaned at just that light graze of a touch.

“My pretty girl,” she’d whispered, before getting up and coming around to the other side of the car. “Come on, let’s go.”

Walking makes your head spin. The plug moves, the balls move, your pussy and ass feel so good and your panties are already soaked, and you can barely think.

“How’s it feel?”

She’s looking forward, looking as casual as can be. You’re in a group of people, walking towards the movie theatre. It feels so obscene despite looking completely innocent – you like it though, you are thoroughly enjoying your dirty little secret.

“So good,” you say quietly.

She kisses your cheek. “Good.”
She whispers the other half, ‘girl’, into your ear. She knows not to use those words actually in public so that other people could hear.

You still almost moan. Everything feels amazing, your senses feel heightened and you just feel… dirty. In the best of ways.

Walking makes the chain connecting your nipple clamps sway, just a little, and that slight movements tugs on the clamps, making them ache. She knows this, and so rushes you up the stairs, just to see you struggle.

You don’t even know what movie you’ve come out to see. It’s not like you really care.

“Let’s go to the bathroom.”

She says it in a way that you know exactly what she means. And so, just minutes from that, you find yourself pinned to the wall of a bathroom stall, her hand on your neck while the other is reaching down into your panties.

“Oh, baby, you’re so wet.”

You nod, trying to remain steady as she toys with your clit. “You wanna cum, hmm?”

“No yet,” you breathe out. “I…I like being desperate for you.”

And you do, you really do. You like the fact that she’s enjoying this so much, you adore her proud little smiles and how close she holds you; your body may be aching to come, but your mind resists. You don’t want the fun to end, not so soon – you’re not so sure if you ever want it to end. You’d much rather stay her wet pretty girl all the time.

You like being her source of pleasure and entertainment. You practically live for those moments where you’re the receiving end of all of her attention.

When she moves to tug on the plug, you gasp.

“How’s this feel? Not too uncomfortable?”

It isn’t, not yet.

“No, Mi- Clarke. It’s fine.”

She smiles and kisses you. “Good.”

And then she’s pulling the plug in and out, almost entirely out, to the widest part so it almost slips out, only to push it back in. The stretch and the slight fucking movement makes your knees almost go out, and you wrap your arm around her neck to remain steady.

“I’m going to edge you,” she murmurs, steadily fucking your ass with the plug. “I want to keep my pretty girl wet.”

You just whimper into her neck and hope nobody hears you.

There’s no one else in the bathroom, you know there isn’t, but still… the slight risk of getting caught is still there. It makes everything feel infinitely dirtier, but also keeps you on edge, slightly tense – it isn’t hard for you to keep from coming when she pushes you to the edge. You grip her shoulder and let out a little gasp, feeling your ass and pussy pulse with a desire for an orgasm, knowing full well you won’t get one quite just yet, feeling frustrated but so overwhelmingly good at the same time.
“Movie’s starting soon. We should go.”

She’s picked the seats in the very back row. The theatre is half empty, and everyone else is seated near the front and center – there’s four whole empty rows in front of you.

“Good. Some privacy.”

You shiver when you hear her say that.

Five minutes into the movie, she wraps her arm around your shoulders.

Ten minutes into the movie, her hand moves to rest on your thigh.

Twenty minutes into the movie, her hand moves under your shirt. Sliding up your smooth skin, fingertips finding their way to the chain, tugging on it a little.

“Keep quiet, babygirl,” she murmurs, reaching over to kiss your cheek as she pulls on the chain harder. “Let me play a little.”

You nod and focus on not making any noises as her fingers move to your nipple. Hand cupping your breast, she moves even closer, kissing your neck now, and sucking – you let out a little gasp when you feel her sucking harder. She’s going to mark you with a hickey.

The thought of walking out of the theatre, with anyone able to see the hickey, makes you blush.

You feel a painful tug on the chain right after the gasp, and then remember you were supposed to stay quiet.

“I know you can keep quiet,” she murmurs when she comes up to kiss you on the lips. “My beautiful girl.”

She’s really trying you. You know she is, too.

And you love it.

You sit there, trying to focus on the movie, and fail miserably. It’s impossible, your nipples are starting to hurt, your ass is aching, and you’re absolutely drenched. You’re genuinely worried you’ll soak through your leggings.

As if she can read your mind, she reaches over again, hand back under your shirt. She’s watching the movie, not even looking at you, and oh-so casually takes the clamps off. You have to bite your tongue then to keep silent, the blood rushing to your nipples hurts and aches even more – it’s almost as if it’s worse without the clamps.

She hides the clamps in her pocket and glances at you, smirking a little. “You managed an hour. Not bad.”

For the clamps she’d chosen, it definitely isn’t bad at all.

She soothes your aching hard nipples with her gentle hand, fingers rolling them and her hand massaging your breasts. It feels insane that no one can tell what’s happening; but it’s dark, you’re at the very back, and everyone else is very engrossed in the movie. It could just as well have been just the two of you in there.

“Clarke…” you whisper, quietly, when her hand goes to rest between your legs.
“What, baby?”

You shake your head. “Nothing.”

“No, what?”

“I’m so horny,” you whisper into her ear, desperately. You want to be fucked, you want her hands in your hair or on your waist, you want a big toy in you, any or both holes, you don’t care…

She gives your pussy a little slap, causing you to jump. “I know you are.”

Her hand slips into your panties, and she lets out a little moan at the wetness she’s met with. “You’re soaking through your leggings, Lexa.”

You whimper. “I know.”

“Only half an hour more. You can do this, can’t you? For me?”

You nod.

“Good girl.”

Her hand doesn’t leave your panties, though. She turns to watch the movie, moves the popcorn in your lap, and keeps toying with your pussy with her fingers for the remainder of the movie. And you only get wetter, and more desperate, so much so that she’s surprised when the movie ends and the lights are turned back on.

“Oh, Lexa,” she grins, kissing you again. “You’re so pretty right now.”

“What?” you ask, confused.

“Your cheeks are all pink,” she tells you. “And your lips are so swollen.”

You frown. “You know why. Your fault.”

“I love you,” she tells you as she hurries you up and out of the theatre. “Come on, let’s go.”

Suddenly, she’s in a hurry. You’ve had to wait all this time, but now she’s gotten impatient. And when she’s impatient…well, then you hurry. You love her when she’s impatient, she’s so hot and so needy and oh-so loving to you; it’s amazing, and you love the knowledge that it’s all your doing. It’s like your own little form of control.

You love having an effect on her.

The hurried walk to the car is torturous for you, however. The ben wa balls move and make your head spin, the plug in your ass is genuinely uncomfortable now; in short, walking feels like being slowly fucked.

Sitting in the car for the fifteen minutes it takes home is full of anticipation and anxiety. You’re just so anxious for her to just take you. You want her to fuck you, not to just be filled by some toys – you feel like you’ve waited long enough.

The second you’re in the house, she slams you into the wall, but not too rough; just rough enough. Hands on your hips, kissing you in a way that makes you quiver, the taste of her mouth filling yours; and then her hands travelling lower, cupping your ass, lifting you up. Your legs wrap around her waist when she picks you up, you let out a little squeal, you always do – you love it when she carries
you, but you never know when to expect it.

She loves surprising you.

And then she’s carrying you towards the bedroom and you could swear she can feel your wetness through your leggings against her stomach – the hem of her shirt has ridden up when she picked you up, and you know you’re wet enough.

She half lays, half throws you down on the bed, and you let out a little laugh of excitement; a laugh that soon dies down when she’s on top of you, grabbing at you as determined as can be, pinning you down for a kiss that leaves you feeling like she’s just fucked your mouth. She’s almost aggressive with her touches, so desperate and in such a rush to get you naked; within moments, you’re laying there, nude, waiting for her to decide what she wants to do with you.

To you.

“Which one should I take out,” she asks, not waiting for a response from you. “I think your ass has suffered enough, hasn’t it?”

You roll over onto your belly when you hear that, knowing what to do.

You don’t have to look back to see her grinning when she sees you get up on all fours without her even having to ask.

“So eager, huh?”

You nod. It really does ache.

She stands behind you, her hand first lightly touching your soaked pussy before moving up to toy with the plug.

“I’m not done with your ass yet, though,” she murmurs as she pulls the plug out, slowly, drawing a groan out of you as your hole is left empty. It takes a few seconds for her words to register with you, and when they do…you shiver from anticipation. Even though you’re aching, you’d let her do anything – you know she’ll make you feel good.

The cuffs she puts on your wrists and ankles are soft and pink. She clips them together, your left wrist to your right ankle, your right wrist to your left ankle, so you’re left with your ass up in the air and your arms crossed under you, almost completely unable to move. She’s left the balls in you, too; you’re almost certain it’s on purpose.

You can only imagine what they’ll feel like when they start swaying with the rhythm of her fucking your ass.

She stops for a moment, standing a few feet from you, and just sighs. Stares for awhile, lets you wait, and you stay still.

Sometimes, she just likes to admire you.

“Beautiful,” she sighs, shaking her head as she walks over.

You can’t see, but you know she’s wearing a strap-on. You could recognize the noise of the clasps anywhere.

You’re confused, however, when she flips you over on your back, and pulls your head to the edge of
the bed.

“Get it wet.”

You can’t even stop the moan that escapes you. All you see is the toy just inches from your mouth, all you hear is her command – and all you want to do is obey.

It’s not a big toy, you realize that when your lips are wrapped around it’s base, the length of it entirely in your mouth and throat. It’s long, smooth, but not too thick. Just the perfect size.

You suck and you lick, get it as wet as you can, but she’s not entirely satisfied.

A few harder thrusts, and the dick is all the way in your throat – she holds you down for just a second or two, long enough for you to gag, and then pulls out, the toy now covered in your drool.

“That should be enough lube, don’t you think?” She smirks as she wipes a smear of drool from your chin. “My messy girl.”

She bends down for a brief moment, and comes back to you with your panties in her hand.

“Open up.”

She gags you with your own wet panties, balls them up and shoves them in your mouth, and pats your cheek with a satisfied smile on her lips.

“Now you can make as much noise as you like.”

You can taste your own wetness and it only makes you more aroused.

Suddenly, she flips you on your knees again. Ass up, face down, you wait in excited anticipation for the head of her strap to press against your hole.

But it’s her fingers that slide into you instead, two fingers, gliding in with ease; there's still a lot of lube left from the plug. Plenty, almost too much - though really, there isn't ever too much of it.

"I think that's plenty of lube, isn't it?"

You just nod. You can't really reply anyway.

When her strap does start pushing into you, you groan quietly into the mattress. It aches, it stretches, it feels uncomfortable; but she pushes on, and you lay there, taking it, knowing full well it’ll start feeling way too good in just a few moments.

“Good girl,” she moans out when the strap is fully buried in your ass.

You’d take just about anything just to hear her say that.

“Thank you, Mistress,” you mumble into your gag, when her strap is steadily gliding in and out of you, filling your belly with a warm feeling that makes your head spin. “Thank you.”

To her, it just sounds like muffled mumbles, but she knows what you're saying anyway. She hums in satisfaction, grabs your hips, and picks up her pace. Soon enough, you’re moaning without any care for how loud you are – the panties keep you from being too loud, anyway. So you moan and groan and whimper, wince when she slams the toy all the way and slaps your ass; it feels oh-so good but
it’s not enough to get you off, not even with the ben wa balls moving inside of you, heightening the pleasure of your ass being fucked to cloud nine.

The panties in your mouth are soon wet from your drool.

You’re not even sure how to think, really. You’re just…there. In the moment, relaxed beyond comprehension, hers in every sense of the word; everything feels good, so so good, and you’re certain there’s no place you’d rather be.

She pauses when you’ve reached the edge, drawing a whine from you – but then her hand reaches over to pull your panties out of your mouth.

“Do you want to cum yet, baby?”

You’re not sure if you do, and so you hesitate.

“Or would you rather serve me first?”

“Yes please, Mistress,” you reply immediately, so eager to please her. “Let me service you.”

Even though you chose it, you’re still sad when she pulls out of your ass. But your sadness is quickly forgotten when you’re flipped over on your back, and she comes over to kneel over your face. She’s absolutely soaked, and you can’t help the happy noises that leave your mouth when she lowers herself onto you, grinding against your mouth and tongue as she takes charge of your pace, telling you what to do.

Her hand gripping your hair is hard and pushes your face deep into her pussy.

You’re almost passing out from sheer delirious joy, drunk on her taste and on the feeling of her pulsing against you, her moaning from the movements of your tongue and lips at her most sensitive places; you love her so much, your Mistress, and pleasing her is all you really want to do.

She comes in record time with a low groan, grinding down onto your face hard, her hand gripping your hair so rough it almost hurts.

“Good,” she pants afterwards, half-sitting on your chest, thumb stroking your wet cheek. “Good girl. God, you’re so good.”

You’re smiling.

You’re not so sure if you can ever stop.

She takes a long moment to gather herself, chest heaving as she breathes deeply, trying to calm down from the orgasm she’d just had. You love her seeing like this, you love the fact that you were able to make her feel so good; anything you can do, really, to make her feel good, is worth it.

You’re snapped out of your blissful daze when you feel her get up off of you.

“Now…your turn.”

You lay there, legs resting against your chest, and watch as she puts the harness on again. Only this time, the toy she attaches to it is your absolute favorite.

“You’ve been such a good girl,” she explains as she walks over, the purple dick swaying with the movements of her hips. “And good girls get fucked good.”
You’re so excited for the toy you can’t help but move your hips a little to get closer to her. She just
laughs and positions you how she wants, still on your back, legs up and together; it presses your
pussy together, makes the pleasure better, and also the angle…it’s the perfect position, really. She has
the perfect view, and you’re entirely comfortable.

Only downside is that you can’t see what she’s doing, not really. You feel her hand grab the string
from the ben wa balls, and your head spins when she pulls them out, slowly, one by one.

You don’t even get a second of being empty before the head of her strap is pushing into you. It’s big,
it’s your favorite, and it slides in with ease; you’re *that* wet. She leans against the mattress and slides
into you, works the full thick length of the dick into your pussy with little thrusts, and, when her hips
meet yours, you relax.

It just feels *that* good.

She starts slow. She always does with this toy, she adores watching your reactions to it – for some
reason, this toy makes your head spin like no other. Maybe it’s the larger head in proportion to the
already thick shaft; maybe it’s the slightly wavy shape, maybe it’s the slight curve, you’re not entirely
sure – but it feels amazing. Each time she thrusts, you feel it in your belly as a little explosion of
pleasure; the feeling isn’t just restricted to your pussy, no, it’s an experience for your whole body,
and you’re soon completely surrendered to the pleasure with no regard for anything else. Her pace
quickens, she presses your legs down and fucks you harder, her hips touching your clit in a way that
soon has you on edge – almost there, but not quite.

All you can hear are your own breathed moans, her grunts, and the wet slapping noise of her hips
thrusting the perfect dick into you in the most perfect of ways. It feels like she’s fucking your brains
out, you’re entirely limp and just *taking* it; she knows how to treat you right, and she especially
knows when and how to fuck you *just right*.

“You can come, baby,” she groans as she thrusts back into you, “Come for me.”

She’s closer to you now, doing little movements with the toy all the way in you, so that her body
grinds against your clit; in no time at all, you’re on the brink. It feels so intense you’re almost afraid
to come – for some reason, it frightens you. Your whole body is shaking for release, you’re
trembling and so ready, but also…a little afraid.

You’re afraid you’ll pass out.

She can tell you’re resisting, and hums.

“Come on, Lexa. Come for me.”

Her tone of voice is gentle.

You know she’ll catch you no matter what happens.

And so, with a groan, you let go. You come with a loud moaned ‘oh my god’, and for a brief
second, you see white; it feels so good, too good, it shouldn’t feel this good- but it does. The pleasure
continues as she slowly fucks you with the toy, helps you ride out your orgasm, till you go entirely
limp and she knows to pull out of you.

You feel so good.

You also can’t get words out. You giggle a little, panting and trying to remember how to breathe
normally, but words seem to be beyond you.
And then, before you know it, your eyelids are drooping. You feel drowsy beyond reason, you’ve never felt this, it’s almost frightening how quickly you fade away to sleep – you only have time for a split second of concern before sleep overtakes you and everything goes black.

She’s left there, standing, slightly confused. But she’s seen this happen before, however, so she isn’t taken aback or worried; she knows you’re fine.

It happens sometimes.

You’re smiling in your sleep. That reassures her, tells her that you’re alright.

You don’t wake when she takes the cuffs off, or when she wipes the wetness and lube from your ass and pussy and inner thighs with a towel. You don’t wake when she unclasps the choker and sets it aside, you don’t wake to the numerous kisses she presses to your cheeks and forehead and neck and shoulders; you sleep, blissfully, and she gently wraps you up in a blanket and lays down behind you to hold you till you wake up.

You do wake up relatively soon. Maybe half an hour has passed, no more than an hour; you wake up to find yourself feeling like you’re in heaven. Her body enveloping yours, you’re perfectly warm, not too hot, not too cold; when you turn your head, you find her looking at you, smiling when she sees you’re awake.

“Did I pass out?”

She nods. “Yeah.”

She looks way too satisfied with herself.

“I feel so good,” you yawn, stretching wide. “God, so good.”

“You wanna do something?”

You sigh. “I don’t know. I’m a little hungry.”

“Hungry for what?”

“Pancakes?”

“Chocolate chip?”

You laugh. “When do I ever not want chocolate chip pancakes?”

She doesn’t complain when you steal her hoodie. Or when you take her comfy socks.

“Mine are in the wash,” you shrug. “First come, first serve?”

She just laughs. Her feet don’t get as cold as yours, anyway.

You sit on the counter and watch her as she makes you pancakes. Swinging your legs, happy as can be, a little sore but not caring about it at all – you’re comfortable. And very excited for the pancakes.

She’s even bought whipped cream. And fresh fruit.

You’re not sure when she had the time to buy them. Maybe she got them earlier today, and you just didn’t notice – either way, you know she got them with you in mind.
“How do you feel?”

She asks you that later on, when you’re cuddling on the couch, your face resting against her shoulder, her arms around you keeping you all comfortable and safe.

“How good,” you sigh, eyes shut. You feel sleepy again.

“Good?”

“So good,” you assure her. You even emphasize it by kissing her neck. “Really good.”

“Didn’t feel weird? Or bad?”

“Nope. You were perfect.”

“I was?”

“Mm-hmm.”

“Huh. Good,” she sighs, relaxing a little. You didn’t even realize she was tense. “So you’d maybe like to do that again?”

“Absolutely.”

Chapter End Notes

i have no specific timetable or plan for updating this so asking about it isn't going to do much....it'll come when it comes. enjoy this one for now, babes :)
Chapter 15

“What are you going to wear for Halloween, baby?”

You gesture at your outfit laid out on the bed by her side. “That.”

She lets out an appreciative hum when she looks at it. A short white dress adorned with some feather decorations, a plunging neckline, and a white garter set to go with your white pumps. The wings are hanging from the doorknob.

“This one? Really? That short?”

You turn around and give her a little smirk. “I feel slutty.”

The noise that leaves her throat is almost like a purr. “Mm. I like hearing that.”

You turn back to the mirror to focus on applying your makeup. You want it to be perfect, the highlight needs to be just right; you want to look pretty.

It is Halloween, after all.

She’s dressing as the devil. Same as last year, and would be the same one the next; it’s just an outfit that does things to you, and she knows that very well. Just the thought of her getting into that tight short dress, it makes you drool; her breasts practically popping out, her delicious thighs looking amazingly sensual, her curves just perfectly accentuated by the cinching at the waist…she may dress as the devil, but the sight, to you, is just plain heavenly.

“You’re ready for tonight, right?”

It’s such a casual question, sounds entirely innocent – but you know it’s anything but.

You’d discussed what you wanted to do during the session the day before.

“Yes, baby, of course I am,” you laugh, leaning forward to try and perfect your eyeliner.

It’s in that moment of total focus that she comes out of the closet, wearing nothing but a strap-on, causing your hand to falter and your mouth to fall open.

“What?”

You’d said you wanted her to tease you beforehand.

You just hadn’t known she meant, well, this.

She stands there, smirking at you, hands on her hips. “I just want to remind you that you’re mine before we go.”

“You ruined my eyeliner,” is the first thing you manage to get out of your mouth.

She just laughs as she comes over to kiss you. “It’ll be more ruined in a minute, if you’ll give me the chance.”

There’s no way you could ever say no.
It’s fortunate you’re practically half-naked already. The second she sees you nod enthusiastically, she picks you up – you squeal, surprised as ever, but have no time to react before you’re already being laid on the bed, her hands sliding down along your body to tug at your panties.

They’re gone before you even know it, and the next thing you know her fingers are touching you.

“You’re wet.”

You nod, spreading your legs with a coy smile. “You know it doesn’t take much.”

You’d started getting wet when you’d seen her in the strap. A minute or two later, you were practically soaked. She was just that good.

She grins and pulls you closer by your hips.

“Beautiful.”

You don’t dare move; you know she’s in a teasing mood, you can half predict what she’s going to do before she does it – but that doesn’t take the frustration away.

She slides her strap up and down along your pussy, and you let out a little sigh – you want it in you, not close – but she pays no attention to your reactions. She touches you, teases you, fingertips sliding along your skin in a way that makes goosebumps rise where they’ve been.

When she finally gets up and tells you to get on all fours, you obey without question - and when you feel her positioning her strap against your entrance, you can feel shivers running up and down your spine.

“Mine.”

And then her hands on your hips pull you back as she brings her hips forward, and you’re suddenly filled and you almost see white for a split second – it feels good, and the good feeling paired with the immense satisfaction of hearing her call you hers forces a little moan from your lips.

She’s not gentle, she’s not loving; she’s rough and relentless and fucks you exactly how you need to be fucked in that moment, and you very quickly forget about everything else – heat is building up within you, a tension that’s oh-so delicious that you’d give anything to keep it forever; a desire grows within you with no clear intention of ever being fully satisfied.

When your forearms give way and your shoulders fall to hit the mattress, she reaches forward to grab your arms and pulls you up. Arms locked behind your back, you’re suddenly in her grip with no easy way out, and it makes your head spin in all the best ways. Her pace slows down, and she leans forward to kiss your neck; first a kiss, then a little nip, and then, her voice in your ear.

“Fuck yourself against me, baby.”

She stays still, holding you up, and lets you do the work. There’s not much room for you to move on the shaft, but you do what you can, rolling your hips and focusing on your pleasure – she whispers words of filth and pleasure in your ear, and all the while, your eyes are closed. It’s like a dream of the best sort to you.

You breathe out responses that you’re not even certain are coherent. You’re so close to coming that you can barely contain it – though she hasn’t told you that you’re not allowed to cum, you feel like you want her permission.
“May I?”

“May you what, baby?”

She’s too taunting. It’s far too amazing.

“May I cum?” you breathe, letting out a little whimpering noise when she moves her hips and makes your body fill with pleasure.

She considers it for a moment, then another…and then, lays you back down on the bed.

“Not yet.”

Her strap withdraws from you, accompanied by a whine from your throat; you’re so aroused you can’t even think, and the knowledge that you’re going to have to wait…it’s intoxicating, and yet, frustrating as well.

She goes away to put the strap away, and returns with a warm smile on her face to find you laying on the bed, still completely exhausted.

“You should get ready.”

You frown. “Can’t we stay home?”

She lets out a laugh and shakes her head. “But I want to take you out.”

She gets on the bed and leans over to cup your face, smiling in a way that makes your heart flutter – her eyes, however, study you for a brief moment, with a slight hint of concern in them.

“You’re okay, right?”

You nod. “I am.”

“Didn’t get too subby, right?”

You shake your head. “Not yet.”

Her eyebrows raise. “Oh, I like that.”

And then, she grabs your hands and is pulling you up. “Come on, I’ll do your makeup for you. It’ll be fun.”

You can’t deny that – you know that it will be fun. But you also really, really, want to skip to the part of the night where you come back home and she finishes what she started.

She does your makeup in record time, and your eyeliner ends up looking better than you could’ve done it – she does, after all, have the steadier hand out of the two of you. And an eye for symmetry. And colors, too; you don’t know what she’s done with the highlighter, but somehow you’ve come out looking more like an angel than you even thought possible.

“You’re gorgeous.”

She needs help getting her dress cinched, and you’re more than glad to do it; watching her get into the dress, the fabric tight in all the right places – or everywhere, really – you can’t help that your mind strays to all sorts of dirty places before she snaps you out of it.
“You okay?”

You blink, look at her, and smile. “Yeah. Totally.”

“Horny?”

Your cheeks are pink, after all. Of course she can tell.

“Stay there.”

She gets the garter belt and the stayups from the bed, and, after putting the belt on you, kneels before you. Slowly, she pulls the stayups on your legs, one first, then the other, moving with care as if teasing again; she attaches them to the garter belt carefully, making sure they will indeed stay up before pressing a quick unexpected kiss to your inner thigh and then standing up as if nothing had happened.

You, of course, stand there with your eyes wide and mouth open.

It’s a rare occasion that she would kneel before you, after all, and so it is a rare treat.

From her, it is an act of devotion rather than submission.

“You ready to go?”

“My wings—“

“Oh, right.”

She helps you get the wings on, and fluffs up the feathers for a minute before turning you around so you could look at yourself in the mirror.

“Absolutely gorgeous,” she sighs, resting her chin on your shoulder. “Sinfully beautiful.”

She’s one to talk, considering how she looks; the devil horns and the bright red lipstick, it all makes her look very, well, devilish – teasing and taunting, like someone you’d kneel for in a heartbeat. A mistress.

Your Mistress.

“Can I do something?”

You frown. “What?”

“Mark you.”

“Huh?”

“You look so pure,” she smiles, her fingertips touching your neck. “Makes me want to ruin it a little.”

You’re not sure what she means, but you nod.

She turns you around and presses a long kiss to your neck, near your collarbone; when she turns you back around, you see a mark on you, her lips painted in her bright red lipstick – on your pale skin, surrounded by all the white you’re wearing, it stands out.
Mine.

It’s so inexplicably attractive, the way she’s possessive but never in a suffocating way; protective would be a better word for it, she’s protective of you and your heart in ways you could never imagine anyone else being.

In a sense, each time she says ‘mine’, you feel like she’s also saying she’s yours.

And that, of all things, is something you’ll never get tired of hearing.

“Perfect,” she decides. “You wanna go?”

The party is loud. It’s at Octavia’s workplace, a club downtown called 431; the bass is thumping, there’s people around in the craziest costumes, and there’s plenty of liquor to go around.

You’ve only had one cocktail, and aren’t even tipsy. She hasn’t had anything. In a club full of drunk people, with a pretty girl like you on her arm, she prefers to stay sober.

It’s mostly a visit just for social purposes – it’s the first time Octavia’s been in charge of organizing the party, and you’re there to support her.

You’d run into Raven by the door, taking shots with Anya.

Bellamy was somewhere near the DJ’s table, you’d heard, but there were too many people around to even hope of getting anywhere near, let alone of finding him.

Clarke’s hand in yours is tight.

“I don’t want to lose you,” she’d said. “My angel.”

When you finally get to the VIP room, you let out a breath; there’s less people around, and suddenly, more room. It’s not as hot, and you’re not squished between people worrying about your wings getting caught or your halo falling off anymore.

Clarke’s laughing, and you join in as well; it’s a relief to be out of the mess, and now, you can giggle about the fact that, despite not being even remotely drunk, you’re having a good time.

You meet with Octavia, chat for a bit, compliment the party – and then she’s called off to go take care of something, and you two are left alone.

Well, not entirely alone. There are still people in the room.

Clarke goes off to get you two something to drink, and in the few minutes she’s gone, some guy decides to shoot his shot.

You glare at him when he’s approaching, but he’s drunk and doesn’t care. He comes in way too close, so you step to the side, telling him to leave – to which he, of course, objects.

“You looked so upset and alone, I figured I should come cheer you up.”

“I’m fine, thanks,” you say, the tone of your voice cold. “I’m not interested.”
“Come on, such a pretty girl like you? Won’t even give me a chance?”

“Yeah, really,” you retort. “Go away.”

“That’s very rude.”

“You’re bothering me. I’d say that’s rude.”

“But you’re a pretty girl, here without a date.”

You glare daggers at him before brushing past him, deciding to not give him any more attention. “I have a date. Fuck off.”

“Didn’t see no guy come in with you.”

“Yeah, you didn’t,” comes Clarke’s voice from behind you. “I came in with her.”

“Go away, I’m trying to have a conversation here.”

“No,” Clarke seethes, pushing him away. “You leave. She’s mine.”

Her hand slides around your waist and pulls you close, and you grin victoriously at the guy.

“Fuckin- girls, always gotta move in packs–”

“She’s mine,” Clarke repeats. “And she told you to leave, too. Or do you want me to get security?”

He spits out a few incoherent insults before stumbling away.

She withdraws her arm from your waist, but now you have different ideas. You grab her hand and start walking, determined to find some quiet corner – a staff bathroom catches your eye, and you lead her to it. Surprisingly, she asks no questions, not till you’re locked in a bathroom stall and your lips are on hers.

“You okay?”

You nod, kissing her again. “You’re hot.”

She’s lost in the kiss for a moment before she pushes you away, pinning you to the wall with a grin now adorning her lips.

“Wait,” she starts, “That turned you on?”

You frown a little. “Maybe.”

“You like me jealous, huh?”

The devilish grin on her lips forces a groan out of you. “Please–“

She knows what your plea is for. And, to your surprise, she satisfies you as well.

Her hand slides up your thigh, under your skirt, and finds your wet panties – or, really, absolutely soaked panties. They’ve been so since you left the house, and now, it’s only getting worse. She’s making it worse with everything she does, and she absolutely, without a doubt, knows it.

Two fingers slide into you at the same exact moment her hand comes up to cover your mouth.
“Quiet, baby.”

Your knees feel like they’d buckle at any given moment, and her fingers in you feel like heaven – you’re so thankful for her hand over your mouth, silencing the noises you simply cannot keep silent.

Being so starved of an orgasm and what you truly need, even a few thrusts of her curling fingers inside of you is enough to have you seeing stars and feeling a familiar heat gathering in your lower belly. It feels good, then better, then you’re clinging to her shoulders and your eyes have fluttered shut and you’re close, oh so close-

And then, you’re empty again. She withdraws her fingers, puts your panties back in place, pulls your skirt down and makes sure it’s in the right place. You’re panting, her other hand is still over your mouth…and your eyes, they’re still not open. It’s almost as if you hope that, if you just keep them shut, she might take mercy on you and get you off after all…

But no.

She has that devilish grin on her lips again when she takes her hand off your mouth, fingertips gently passing over your lips before she cups your face, gently as ever.

“I’m sorry, pretty girl, but it’s not time yet.”

You just let out a little sigh, pout, and make her laugh from how cute you are. You’re completely resigned to her will – as long as you get to come eventually, you ultimately have no complaints.

Not to mention you truly feel even more hers now than what you did before.

---

Her hand stays on your thigh the whole way home.

And the second the door to your apartment clicks shut?

You’re hers.

Pinned against the door, her hand is already in your panties, her lips on yours, smearing them with her lipstick – she’s aggressive, demanding, and has you halfway into submission within seconds. Your knees go weak, and you’re glad she’s pinning you against the door and holding you up; the urge to kneel is so intense that you’d surely fall if she weren’t there.

“Are you mine?”

You nod, but she pauses, looking straight into your eyes – she wants to hear it.

“I’m yours,” you mumble, smiling happily. “All yours.”

Before she has time to ask, you kneel, looking up at her with a content smile on your face. “And I want to submit to you.”

Sometimes, you like to tell her rather than have her ask. You know it makes her feel immensely good.

She smiles, a warm and loving yet satisfied smile lights up her face – the devil is happy, and you
It’s dark in your room. Just candles, lit everywhere, dozens of them; warm light, cozy light, but you know it’s not just that.

You’re tied up spread eagle on the bed. Bright red ropes criss-cross across your skin, binding you tightly and securely in place. She’s put a rose in between your teeth; almost a gag, but it barely muffles anything, it chiefly just prevents you from speaking.

And it looks beautiful.

Left in your purely white underwear, the half-corset and garter and all, and her lipstick mark – or marks, really, your whole body is covered with marks wherever she’s left them while undressing you.

You’re a fallen angel, tied up in the bed of the devil, spread and soaking ready for the taking.

She’s taking her time photographing you. Working the angles, making you wait in agony, your pussy dripping and aching for attention – after those brief touches at the front door, you haven’t gotten anything. Teasing at most.

Knowing that she’s going to show you these pictures later, that you’re being documented at your most vulnerable so she can use it for pleasure for both you and her…it turns you on, makes you feel appreciated, wanted, needed almost – you feel like you’re the only one she wants, and that’s precisely her intent.

“Beautiful,” she whispers, and in her voice is carried not only pride and love, but devotion – it seems that tonight, her mood is simultaneously rough and sweet, loving yet demanding…and it’s beyond exciting.

You squirm a little when you see her set the camera aside. That’s done, now’s the time for play.

There’s one candle, lit on the bedside table, that’s different from the rest.

Red and meant for a specific purpose, seeing it makes your skin tingle with some excitement and a little bit of fear. When she touches you, you let out a little sigh – her fingertips are cool, teasing, taunting even, as they move under you and undo the clasps of your corset, one by one.

When your torso is freed and undressed, she kneels by you and reaches for something on the bedside table.

“Raise your head up a little.”

She blindfolds you, red silk covering your eyes and making your world fall dark. Your other senses heighten in an instant; you’re suddenly more aware of the scents of the candles in the room, of her perfume, of the smell of the rose…

Her palm lays on your breast, and it’s a softer touch than you expect, causing you to jump unnecessarily. She laughs and tells you to relax, knowing full well you can’t – the anticipation has you all tense. And so, her hands start to travel; gentle and soft, they move all along your body, touching you in ways that force you to relax, make your mind ease off the inevitable pain you know is to come. When she’s done with you, you’re no longer afraid – you’re turned on, comfortable, and trust her without hesitation.
Your body is her vessel of entertainment, and you gladly give it to her fully. No fear, only trust.

You can’t help but jump and let out a little whimper when the first droplets of burning heat fall on your skin. Right between your breasts, they dribble down towards your navel before cooling, causing all your senses of touch and feel to rise to attention; another few drops fall, here and there in places you can’t predict, and within just moments, you’re no longer thinking. It is an incredibly sensual thing to be drawn out of your head only to focus on one single sense; you forget you’re tied up, you half forget where you are, the blindfold only exaggerates the sense of powerlessness that washes over you and makes your clit throb with need – the control is so far from you in that moment, and it is intoxicating.

She keeps going till your breasts are covered and there are pools of cooling wax here and there on your body – in the dip of your collarbone, near your navel…the burning and the pain has made your mind spin and you half don’t know to expect softness till it hits you.

Fingertips on your skin, dancing between the wax where it can.

Soft lips pressing onto your shoulder, your neck, up along your jaw…the rose is taken out of your mouth, and her lips kiss yours as gentle as ever.

“Beautiful.”

She picks the wax off, slowly and without rush, only using her fingers – tonight, as it’s becoming very clear to you, is a softer night than you’d initially thought. There are no whips, no harsh spans or slaps to rip the wax off of you; it’s tentative, teasing, and the slight sting on your skin is soothed by her lips kissing where the pooled wax has left more sore spots.

When she’s done, she disappears for a moment before returning and untying you. She makes no move to remove the blindfold, and so, neither do you – even though you could rip it off within seconds, you know you’re not allowed to. Even unrestrained, you’re restrained by her commands and lack thereof.

Her hands guide you up, then turn you around. Gentle fingers reach for your panties and slide them off.

You hear them fall on the floor somewhere far away.

“Come here.”

She’s lower than you’d expect, sitting against the headboard – she keeps pulling you closer, raises you by the hips, and when your legs touch hers you get somewhat an idea of where she is; you know what she wants, know to expect a toy when you lower yourself down, and only jump slightly when you feel it’s head pressing against your entrance. As you work your way down, lowering yourself slowly, you realize it’s big – but, for some reason, you don’t recognize it.

“You like my new toy, baby?”

Her hands push you down on the last few inches, and you let out a choked moan when the full extent of the thick, ribbed toy fills you; your hands find their place on her shoulders, and for a moment, you just stay there, your pussy filled up so full you’re almost coming right there on the spot.

If only she touched you, right now-

“I think it’s time,” she purrs, her hands sliding up your sensitive skin up to your waist and pulling your body closer to hers. “You’ve waited long enough.”
Your mouth falls open a little at that, and she lets out a laugh and captures your lips for a deep kiss that leaves you breathless.

“Come on baby,” she continues, lifting you up a little and guiding you into riding her strap, “I know you want to come.”

You do.

You’re aching to.

And your pussy, soaked beyond reason and already a little raw from earlier, it feels oh-so good when you start riding her dick. Slowly at first, getting used to the sensation, and then, picking up your pace; focusing as much on your own pleasure as hers, making sure your head isn’t in the way so she can see, arching your back and pushing your ass into her hands when they find their way there as if to help you. At first, you treat it as a performance – you always do, regardless of how much you want to come your desire to satisfy her is always going to come out on top. You ride her strap the way you know she wants you to, and the pleasure you gain from her little sighs and moans of pleasure raise your own arousal and pleasure to brand new heights; it’s different when you’re blindfolded, a little harder because you can’t read her, but at the same time, it’s a challenge that you’re more than happy to rise to.

When you start getting close, you lose focus. She doesn’t help you, doesn’t aid you in riding steadily when your body wants to let go and focus on the pleasure; she leans back and watches, and you know she’s smiling even though you can’t see her.

“Be a good girl for me and come.”

That’s all she needs to say, and all of a sudden you’ve regained your control. Your focus shifts from your pleasure to satisfying her, and her satisfaction right now is dependant on you having an orgasm. You fixate on it, focus only on her, on the idea of her smile in your head and the feel of her hands resting on your thighs, on her name-

Clarke.

Her name repeats in your head with each thrust, with each passing second that takes you closer and closer – your mouth is open, there’s a string of drool hanging from your bottom lip, you’re messy and beyond beautiful in her eyes as she watches you let go; and her name, in your head, repeats like a mantra, or a prayer.

The orgasm happens so suddenly you don’t initially even notice it beginning. But then it hits you so hard you let out a choked moan, half a moan and half her name, and you fall against her, arms wrapping around her neck as the pleasure envelops you completely.

“Thank you.”

You don’t mean to say it, but you do anyway. And she lets out a laugh, hugs you closer, and for a moment, all is still.

After a while has passed, she pushes you away so she can look at your face. The blindfold is taken off, and you blink even though it’s still quite dark in your room.

She sees pink cheeks and eyes a little drowsy, lips kissed messy with her lipstick.

“You look tired.”
You feel a little tired, too. Drowsiness has suddenly come over you, like a warm blanket you’re more than happy to have around you.

“It’s late,” she decides, her hand cupping your face as she leans in closer. “Thank you, Lexa, you were perfect.”

That means you’re done for the night. The perfect ending for the perfect night.

The toy is still in you. In fact, you’re still pulsing around it every now and then.

“You wanna get off?”

You make a move to get up, but find it feels very tight – your muscles aren’t relaxed enough yet, and so, you sit back down and shake your head.

She lets out another laugh and nods. “Okay. Tell me when.”

You reach behind your head and fumble with the clasp of your collar for a while before getting it off. It falls onto the bed with a soft thump, but you don’t care – you rest your head on her shoulder, and close your eyes for a brief minute.

It feels almost painful to get off the strap. Seeing it come out of you, you’re shocked it even fit; however big it may have felt, it’s nothing compared to how it looks.

Clarke notices you staring at it, but knows you’re not in the mood to talk about it just yet. She sets it aside and instead focuses all on you.

“Shower? Bath?”

You choose a shower.

There’s plenty of kissing in the shower. She scrubs your whole body, getting rid of every last bit of wax, then covers your body in a luxurious shower oil that smells divine and will leave your skin extremely soft - only the best for her girl. She also washes your hair, combs it out with her fingers, rubs your scalp, does all the things she knows will relax you completely – and you, you’re more than happy to be putty in her arms.

You insist on dressing up in the matching Halloween hoodies you got ages ago. Hers is a black one with a jack-o-lantern’s face on it in orange, and yours an orange one with a black face on it. She makes a slightly complaining noise when you snatch the last pair of comfy leggings from your shared pile of leggings – she has to settle for shorts and comfy socks, but really, has no complaints. “Okay, what now?”

You have a plan in mind.

“Scary movies and Halloween snacks, duh.”

You’d prepared them beforehand, a whole array of ‘spooky treats’ – she’d watched you make marshmallow ghosts and pumpkin pie cupcakes and a whole slew of other things, and had told you that you were ridiculous. In a loving way, of course.

She’d done her part by decorating the sugar cookies and carving a few pumpkins to put in the living room.

Your socks have bats on them. Hers have black cats.
She pulls you close and kisses your forehead and tells you you’re perfect again when you sit down in her lap.

You try to pick a scary movie that’s a bit too scary in her opinion. You insist, and she budges – but, after barely ten minutes, you reach for the remote.

“Too scary?”

You give her a little smack. “Shush.”

“How about Hocus Pocus?”

“What’s that?”

There’s a brief pause before she speaks. “You know what that is, right?”

You shake your head and glance back at her. “No, why? Is it good?”

“It’s a classic is what it is,” she scoffs, grabbing the remote from you. “We’re watching it.”

“Hey, I thought it was my turn to be bossy-“ you complain, half joking – but she pales, and the remote is in your hands mere seconds later.

“I’m sorry.”

“No, I was kidding,” you insist. “Clarke, I was kidding. I don’t mind watching Hocus Pocus.”

“You sure?”

“I want to,” you smile, mussing up her hair and giving her a quick kiss on the cheek. “You’re cute.”

In the end, barely half of the snacks you’d made end up eaten. No matter what you two try, you’ve simply made too much – but it’s not really much of an issue. You eat one too many pumpkin pie cupcakes and end up feeling a little nauseous for a bit, which she fixes by getting you ginger ale and insisting you drink it.

At some point, you fall asleep.

She watches the movie, the second movie in fact, to the very end, stroking your hair gently and only half paying attention to the TV – you’re her main focus, and even in your sleep, you can feel her eyes watching over you. You feel safe in her arms, safe and happy and beyond satisfied; nothing, really, could be better.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

surprise bitches bet y'all didn't expect this

yes it's porn, yes it's lovey-dovey, yes it's specifically for valentine's day ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You haven’t had much success with Valentine’s days. The first one you both wound up sick, the second she was away on a sudden work trip and you weren’t even together; the third, you ‘d both been on your periods and had elected for a cute cozy night in and cancelled your proper plans.

This time, you want to go all out. You’re engaged, it feels like about time you do Valentine’s properly – the roses, the cheesy teddy bears and cards, dinner in a fine restaurant, the works.

Pretty lingerie, new.

Red, of course.

And, you hope, some fun as well.

You’ve even planned some. You’ve bought the lingerie, you have a reservation at a restaurant; you’ve picked out your outfit and taken your dress to the dry cleaners, you’ve even ordered flowers in advance.

You know she’s planned some, too. There’s been one or two hushed phone calls and packages that have arrived that she’s rushed to sign for, and which she then hid at the back of her cupboard.

It’s because of all the planning that it feels especially crushing when she comes home on Monday, the expression on her face sour, and tells you that she’ll be at work till late on Thursday.

“On Valentine’s?” you sigh, feeling defeated.

Not again.

“Yeah,” she sighs, rubbing at her temples. “But, look…we’ll make it great. I promise.”

You feel a little defeated, but she gives you a reassuring smile.

“I might not be home till late,” she shrugs, reaching for your hand to pull you close. “So maybe we won’t be able to do the whole dinner date, and walk along the river…”

She pauses, fingertips tracing along the sensitive skin of your wrist.

“But…”

When she looks into your eyes, you can’t help but go a little weak at the knees.

“We’ll have the whole night,” she smirks, her other hand coming up to cup your face. “And I’ll expect you to be well rested when I do come home, baby. Take Friday off, too. In case we take a
You can barely choke out your response. “Yes—yes, that’s... god, Clarke. Yes.”

She doesn’t have to say it explicitly for you to know exactly what she means. Her touch, the look in her eyes— you know just as well as she does that what she’s saying only has one true meaning behind the words.

_You’ll be mine, baby. As you always are._

Regardless of the fact that the day is busy and she can’t come home till way later, you can’t help yourself. It’s just flowers, a bouquet of 12 red roses— you have them sent to her during her lunch hour, knowing full well that she won’t see them until later when she comes back from her meeting.

She calls you, just for a minute, to thank you. She’s rushing from one meeting to the next and eating while walking and talking to you, but still, she wanted to talk— and that, to you, is beyond touching.

You can tell from her voice that she’s smiling, too. And widely at that.

The fact that you made her happy keeps you giddy for the rest of the afternoon, all through your work hours, and the way home, and through into the evening. Perhaps you still feel a little down that you couldn’t go out for a proper date with dinner and all, but at least you’ll have something.

You feel great, and, as you get ready, you’re fully confident that you look great as well.

All for her, really.

Pretty lingerie, for her eyes only. Deep red, the same color as your lipstick, lace that covers nothing at all and yet makes you look like art.

A dark green satin dress that accentuates the color of your eyes and is so tight it’s just almost uncomfortable— but you look incredible in it. She says it’s the dress that makes her most want to sin, to just tear it off and just take you, have you, and worship you, all in one.

A necklace, one she’s bought you; a golden pendant in the shape of a tear-drop, with a matching bracelet around your wrist. It was the first Valentine’s gift she got you. Simple, nowhere near the most luxurious thing she’s got you, but it’s among your favorites.

You don’t mean to fall asleep, really. She’d said she’d be home by eight, and by seven you’re seated on the couch in the living room, absent-mindedly toying with your engagement ring while some show plays on the TV.

A few minutes from that, and you had dozed off. You didn’t know that, of course, not until almost an hour later when you’re woken by her soft lips on yours and her hand gentle on your shoulder.

“I hope you’re not too tired,” she grins, kissing you again. “You look beautiful, babe.”

You smile and sit up, shaking your head. “I promise, I’m all rested. Don’t you—” you pause to yawn, and shoot her a glare when she laughs. “Don’t you worry,” you finish. “I’m all good.”

“My good girl,” she hums, fingertips tracing your chin briefly before she stands up and heads to the
bedroom. “Fifteen minutes, and then we’re going out for a drink.”

When she emerges exactly fifteen minutes later, you’re so taken by how she looks that you don’t even notice the little gift bag in her hands.

Tight perfectly fitted slacks, a white blouse that exposes her cleavage in all it’s beauty; bright red heels, perfectly matched with the shimmering red on her lips, the same color as her nails – she’d been painting them the night before, but you hadn’t put two and two together…not till now.

You know exactly what she’s wearing underneath, and the realization sparks arousal within your mind; you hadn’t quite realized that tonight you’d be having fun, a scene, not till that moment.

She laughs when she sees your stunned expression. “You’re practically drooling, Lexa.”

It’s been a busy week, and you’ve been waiting for days.

Truly, you can’t really be blamed for being so on edge that just the sight of her makes your head spin.

“Don’t you want to know what I have here?”

That’s when you finally notice the bag in her hands. “Oh, you got me a gift?”

“Of course I did,” she scoffs, sitting down next to you on the couch. “How could I not?”

The gift is nearly wrapped in silk-paper, and you unwrap it with care…and let out a gentle sigh when you see what it is.

“I know I said I thought these were silly,” she says quietly as you admire the gold-dipped rose in it’s box, “But I was lying. I’d already ordered that for you when you came in to show me.”

It’s beautiful, really.

Simple, but beautiful.

And exactly the sort of thing you appreciate.

“A forever rose,” she smiles, leaning over to kiss you. “For my forever girl.”

You let out a little giggle that her lips silence.

“I know it’s cheesy,” she murmurs, kissing you again. “So don’t mention it.”

So, you don’t.

But you do smile, and she rolls her eyes as she gets up and heads to the door.

“Come on,” she tells you, walking over with your coat. “Let’s go. I want to show my girl off.”

She helps you put your coat on. It’s not that you’d need the help, it’s just an intimate gesture that you absolutely adore; she likes treating you well, with the little gestures, and you never fail to notice or show your appreciation.

You don’t notice she’s wearing a new necklace till you’re in a cab headed to some new rooftop bar downtown. It simple, just a silvery metallic bar hanging low on her chest, minimalistic and perfectly matched to her style.
“Is that new?” you ask, though you already know the answer.

“It is,” she says lightly, gazing out of the window at the bright lights of the city. “I thought it’d go with my outfit. Don’t you?”

“It’s perfectly you,” you nod.

She smiles to herself in a way that you don’t quite understand, but you quickly forget about it the second you arrive and get out of the car. It’s starting to rain and she puts her hand on your waist as she quickly guides you to the door, fingers curling just slightly in a way that makes your heart skip a beat or two.

“Not the best weather,” she laughs, “Good thing the rooftop has glass walls and a roof.”

You order a glass of expensive red wine, while she indulges in a Valentine’s special – some cocktail with rosé and elderflower cordial and gin, and flower petals to top it all off.

She teases you that she got the prettier drink, but you’re perfectly content with your wine. It’s indulgent and definitely one of your favorites, but also a wine that you’d have a hard time justifying buying a whole bottle of – it’s that expensive. But she insisted you get what you really want, and so you did.

You talk and watch the rain fall over the city, obscuring the lights and making everything seem a dream-like haze. The wine makes you feel warm and her smile makes your head spin, everything is wonderful and you feel so incredibly happy it’s impossible for you to hide it.

When you’ve finished your drinks, she tells you she needs to go to the bathroom.

You don’t realize she wants you to come with till she gently touches your arm and starts leading you along with her. Whatever she needs to do in the bathroom is not what you thought, that much becomes more and more clear the closer you get to it – and then, moments later, you find yourself in a fancy bathroom, your dress hiked up over your hips, her hands on your thighs lifting you onto the marble counter while her lips seek out yours.

“So beautiful,” she sighs, pecking you on the lips before looking up into your eyes. “I love you.”

You breathe out your reply so quietly it’s a miracle she hears you – but she does, and grins widely, eyes practically shining with joy.

“How’s my girl feeling?” she then asks, her hand on your thigh sliding a little up towards your hips.

She really wouldn’t have to ask, but you know she likes to hear it from you.

Fingertips just an inch from your underwear, she looks at you expectantly, waiting for an answer.

“Soaked,” you sigh. “And it’s all your doing.”

“My doing, huh?”

Her fingers touch you over the thin fabric of your silken underwear, and it’s not you who moans first – no, it’s her. All because you truly are soaked, through the fabric, and it satisfies you to no end that you can draw such a reaction from her by just being aroused.

She pulls your underwear off with surprising speed, the look in her eyes more intense than you could’ve expected; you glance at the door, wondering if there’s anyone waiting to get in, hoping they
won’t hear you if she decides to get rough.

Her touch, however is gentle.

Teasing, even.

Fingers exploring you at best, taunting you, she has no intentions of fucking you – not yet, at least.

“You know,” she begins, while you’re focused on her fingers circling your clit, “The new necklace isn’t just a necklace.”

You’re not focused enough to get what she says, not at first – but when she detaches the chain and brings the little metal bar between your legs, you realize what she means.

She twists a golden nub at the base of the pendant, where the chain connects, and suddenly you feel vibrations against your clit – and moan. You can’t help it, it’s a low, pulsing vibration, it pleases you but in no way is it enough; it’s only enough to make you want more.

Never in a million years could you have believed that something so innocent-looking, hidden in plain sight, would be reducing you to a begging mess with one of her hands clamped over your mouth to keep you quiet.

One edge, and you’re gripping her shoulders for dear life.

"Quiet, baby," she whispers, nipping at your neck. "And don't you dare come yet."

You stifle the whines that try to leave your lips when she keeps taking the vibrator away at the moments you need it the most.

Another edge, and your legs are trembling.

She stops after that, kisses you sweetly, and has you suck the vibrator clean before replacing it on its chain.

"Useful, isn't it?"

You can't believe it's in plain view, that everyone is going to be able to see it and yet not know what it truly is. "It's....yeah."

“Lipstick smudged a little,” she then laughs as she reaches over to wipe the corner of your mouth with a napkin. “Good thing our shades are similar.”

You don’t reply.

“And I’ll keep these,” she smirks, putting your panties into her purse. “Let’s hope you don’t drip too much.”

You still don’t reply.

You couldn’t’ if you wanted to. All you’re thinking of is how long you’re going to have to wait till you’re back home and she can have you however she’s planned. Your mind is blank save for all of her; her image, her scent, her touch, all of her fills your mind and you truly cannot properly function. But that’s okay; she has her hand on your waist again when you leave the bar, and she doesn’t let go till you’re at the door of your apartment again.

The door clicks shut, and you move to take your coat off – but her hands stop you, gently, and lower
your hands back to your sides.

“Let me?”

You glance back at her, and smile. “Always.”

She kisses your shoulder tenderly as she slips your coat off, setting it aside on a side table – there’s no time to hang it up properly, not now when her focus is on you and your naked skin, and revealing more of it as fast as she possibly can. Pressing kisses all along your shoulders and neck and back, she unzips your dress and slips it off of you, instructing you to step out of it and kick your shoes off. Within moments, she has you fully naked, standing at the front door of your apartment; the only thing left on your body is the necklace from her.

You don’t realize her lipstick has left marks all over your skin until you glance yourself in a side mirror – and shivers of pleasure run down your spine. Faint marks of her lips on your skin are something so beautiful you can’t even properly describe them.

She’s fully clothed still.

She likes that dynamic, you naked, her clothed. Makes her feel even more powerful and in control.

“My pretty girl.”

She pushes on your hips, makes you take a few steps backwards till you’re pinned against the door and her lips ghost over yours – she doesn’t kiss you, only teases you before pulling back a little, her hands still pinning your body tightly in place.

“Are you mine?”

You blink. Surely, she knows.

“You know I am,” you smile, but she shakes her head.

“I want you to say it, baby.”

“Yours,” you sigh, your whole body relaxing when the word leaves your lips. “I’m all yours, Clarke. Tonight, and always.”

She lets out a little hum – or a moan – before kissing you. No longer tender, her kiss is nearly bruising in intensity; she pours all her desire into that one kiss, so skilfully that when she’s done, you truly are all hers.

Dysfunctional and aroused, it’s good that she’s the one in charge when you’re like this.

All hers.

“Come.”

When you get to the bedroom, she tells you to get on the bed, but you hesitate. She’s forgotten to tell you what position to get in.

“You alright?”

You glance at her, and nod. “I just don’t know what position you want, Mis-“ you pause. It feels off. You’re not fully submitted, you’re not wearing your collar, and she is yet to bring it up.
“No Mistress tonight,” she sighs. “I just want to love you and have fun.”

You could have guessed. She’s had a long week, after all. In no way are you disappointed; all you want is her, in whatever capacity she’s ready for.

Hell, you would’ve been just as happy with a kiss goodnight and nothing more.

But you are getting something more, and so you get on the bed, on your back, and spread your legs – you don’t think of it, you’re just so aroused and you’ve waited so long that you just need her to take you and fuck you good…you want it, you want her, and you want it bad.

She brings a few toys with her and leaves them on the bedside. She’s taken off her shirt and pants and is now standing before you in her deep red corset set; gorgeous and enticing, you feel as if you’re looking at art.

Moving art, whose smile makes your spine tingle with excitement.

“What do you want tonight, baby?”

You look at the toys she’s brought over. There’s a wide selection, and you honestly just want them all – choosing just one is impossible. Or nearly, anyway…but your favorite just so happens to be right there, among the rest.

“You know what my favorite is,” you smirk, glancing at the pale pink strap-on. She looks at it too, and laughs.

“Wouldn’t you want to save that for last?”

“I don’t want to wait any longer-“

“So impatient,” she teases, climbing over you and leaning down to kiss you. “But if you want it, you’ll get it…”

The slight pause in her words makes you expect a ‘but’.

Sure enough, she delivers.

“But it’ll be my way.”

Her fingers slide into you as if to emphasize her point, and you let out a low moan.

“God, yes.”

“Hm, I do like hearing that…”

She doesn’t wait too long before she indulges your whines and adds a third finger. They fill you enough to pleasure you but not enough to fully satisfy you, not when thoughts of her strap are on your mind; but she goes on, fucks you slow and deep, curling her fingers and kissing you with demand, she renders you hers with only her tongue and her fingers so successfully that by the end all you can really do is hold onto her and focus on your breathing.

“Clarke, please-“

“You can come, baby, if you want,” she teases, knowing full well you neither want to, not just yet, nor can you – it’s not quite enough. “I’m not stopping you…”
But she is, she knows that just as well as you do. So you just groan and lay your head back and let her do what she does best – make you feel good.

Even in frustration and whining pleas, you still feel incredibly good.

When she suddenly stops, you go to complain – but she gives you a look, and you swallow your complaints, laying back down compliantly to wait for her next move.

“Good girl,” she smiles. “Now get up, please.”

Her demands never fail to make your head spin and your stomach flip, in the best of ways of course.

“On your knees, baby.”

She’s put a pillow on the floor for you to kneel on. You have no idea when, but it’s definitely there – and you definitely appreciate it as you sink to your knees without hesitation.

She hands you the harness and you know what she means without her having to tell you. She likes having you put it on her, during scenes and not; it’s intimate, and a caring sort of gesture, not to mention you know it satisfies her to watch you ‘prepare’ her for fucking you.

It may satisfy you, too. At least a little bit.

“How do you want it, baby?”

You look at her as you stand up, and give her a coy little smile.

“I want to be close to you,” you say, wrapping your arms around her neck. “As close as possible.”

She considers her options for a moment, and then makes a decision. Your hand in hers, she leads you to the arm chair by the window, and sits down first before telling you to get in her lap.

Her hands are on your hips, gently guiding you down, as you settle – lowering yourself down, you can’t help but let out a little sigh of just overwhelming pleasure as you’re finally filled exactly how you’ve wanted to be all evening, and when you finally reach the base, you more or less collapse against her.

“How’s it feel?”

“So good…” you sigh, rolling your hips a little as you raise your head up from her shoulder and sit up. “I love it.”

“I love you,” she smiles, pulling you closer and bucking her hips up a little. “My pretty girl.”

You sigh as you rise up a little on the toy, hands placed on her shoulders for support. “All yours,” you whisper, leaning in for a kiss. “Just yours.”

It’s thick and just perfect, the strap; ribbed in all the right places, it’s flexible enough to bend when you grind on it, building up your pace till you find a steady rhythm. Her hands on your hips don’t guide you at first, she just watches you in awe and lets you have your fun…not to start with, anyway. When you start getting further into it and slipping into your pleasure and your focus starts tripping, that’s when she steps in – her hands get demanding, her lips find your neck, she nips at your skin and draws a low moan from you…and you give in.

It’s a natural transition of pace from you controlling it to her being in charge, easy and organic in nature; there’s no thinking involved, you just do it.
She catches the drift perfectly and makes you move in ways you could’ve never made yourself do. She pushes you to wait, pushes you to go harder, she demands things from you with nothing more than a few encouraging words and her hands guiding you – but she knows you, she knows your body, and she knows exactly how to play you to make you feel the best you can possibly feel.

She renders you a drooling mess in her lap, and enjoys every second of it. Your hands on her arms, gripping tightly, your lips parted, red and swollen, a drip of drool hanging from your bottom lip… eyes shut, breaths shallow, whimpers and moans escaping your throat…beautiful, really.

You’re not thinking much about anything, but she certainly is. And all she sees is you.

She’s told you you’re beautiful so many times you barely register it anymore at this point of the night.

Not that you register anything other than her strap inside you and your clit rubbing against her body, really.

“Clarke-“ you choke out, the heat and the pleasure of it all reaching their absolute height in one shining moment; you stay there for just a second or two, though to you it feels like an eternity – and then, with a soft, sighing moan, you give in to the climax and collapse against her. You hear her hum, pleased, in your ear; her arms wrap around your waist, and you slowly grind your hips on the toy deep inside you as you work through the waves of your orgasm, lips lazily pressed against her neck. It takes you a long while to recover; the wait of it all, it’s been days since you’d last had an orgasm, and now, it feels like you’ve been so thoroughly fucked your brain has taken leave of you.

You’d worry that this condition you’re in is permanent if you had the mental capacity to worry. But you don’t, not right now, all you can manage are breathy little laughs against her skin as you trace your fingertips up along her arm to her shoulder, breathing in her scent and drinking in the feel of her arms tight around your waist, pulling you as close to her body as possible.

The quiet moment extends itself into minutes, but neither one of you are in any rush to go anywhere.

It’s not like there’s anywhere else you’d rather be, really.

A while passes over before you shiver a little and realize you’re getting cold.

“You want to get up?”

You look up at her, and notice her cheeks are pink; her eyes, dark, look at you with a little plea you can’t help but be enamoured by.”

“I’ll get up,” you smile, “But you stay right there.”

She frowns, but as the next second you’re getting up and taking the harness off of her, she realizes what you mean – and relaxes, visibly so.

“Did you really think I’d neglect you?” you tease her, gently, as you settle down on your knees and lift one of her legs over your shoulder. “Especially today?”

She shrugs, smiling down at you. “I thought maybe you’d be too tired.”

“I’m never too tired for this,” you assure her, pressing a kiss to her thigh. “Never too tired for my favorite thing.”

She lets out a laugh. “I know you have things you like more than this…”
“One of my favorite things, then,” you chuckle. “Do you want me to eat you out or would you rather we chat for some more?”

Her hand in your hair nudges you closer to where she wants you, and that’s your answer.

“Eat me out, Lexa,” she says – a slightly demanding tone, imbued with love and desire.

Need, too. A lot of it.

Hell, she almost says please.

And you deliver, as you always do; knelt before her with her gorgeous thighs over your shoulders, your mouth is at her service and devoted to one task only – to getting her off. To pleasing her, to making her back arch and her legs tremble, to draw whimpers and moans from her beautiful red lips…to make her yours, as she makes you hers so often, all the time, always. But it’s not a dominating act, she’s still in control; you’re fully devoted to her, and that’s what works best.

You practically worship her with all you can give, really.

She reaches for your hands at some point, laces her fingers with yours – an intimate gesture, something so simple and yet so loving it makes your heart feel as if it were a fluttering butterfly. The closer she gets to her climax, the tighter she holds on, and that feeling, the way you just know by the slight twitch of her fingers when she feels extra good, that heightens your pleasure, too.

Her taste is heaven and the feeling of her raising her hips to get more of herself into your mouth is beyond intoxicating.

And in the end, when she groans out your name?

Why, there’s not a sound that you know that could be more beautiful.

When your eyes meet again, you see the love you feel reflected back to you in the blue of her eyes. And in her smile. And the pink on her cheeks. And the way her fingertips caress your cheek, your wet lips…

“My pretty girl,” she sighs, her thumb stroking your bottom lip. “Love of my life.”

You smile and rest your head against her thigh. “I love you, Clarke.”

“I love you,” she hums, her hand falling to rest on her hip.

She can’t think, really.

You’re beyond satisfied you were able to scramble her thoughts, too, though you know she’s still far more composed than you are.

She sees you yawn, and lets out a little laugh. “I’m guessing a bath is out of the question, huh?”

You shake your head. “I’m going to be asleep in fifteen minutes. Max.”

She chuckles. “Well, it is late…”

It’s 1 a.m., it’s been a long day. All you want is to curl up in bed and have her near.

She fetches you some pjs – shorts and a tank top for herself, and a loose t-shirt of hers for you – and together you practically rush through your nighttime routines so you can get into bed as fast as
possible. You’re so drowsy she jokingly wraps her arm around your waist to hold you up while you brush your teeth – you laugh, but secretly you’re very happy for her support; you do really feel sleepy enough to pass out.

Maybe it’s the wait and the intensity of the orgasm, or maybe it’s just that you feel so happy it relaxes you to no end; regardless, you’re drowsy, and cute, and she can’t stop kissing you.

It isn’t until you’re curled up in her arms that you remember you’ve forgotten about a gift.

“Clarke?” you whisper, receiving a yawned ‘hmm’ from behind you. “You awake?”

“I am, for a minute or two at least,” Clarke mumbles. “What?”

“I just…I got us a weekend away,” you tell her. “Down the coast.”

“Oh?”

“In a month,” you nod. “When we have that long weekend.”

You know she’s smiling when she pulls you closer and kisses the back of your neck. “It sounds amazing, baby,” she murmurs. “Thank you.”

“I love you,” you sigh, once again. “Thank you for today, too.”

“It was a nice one, wasn’t it?”

“Not quite what I imagined,” you begin, glancing over your shoulder. “But I couldn’t have asked for anything better.”

She kisses you, yawns against your lips, and tells you to go to sleep.

She’s asleep before you, but it doesn’t take long for you to follow suit.

Chapter End Notes

Happy Valentine’s day my loves!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!