

Provocative and sinfully delicious - Dark Angel Review

Jude Mason

Come, explore with me...if you dare!



~Caught~

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"Jimmy, I'm home," came the expected but dreaded call. Jimmy laid waiting, as he had been for most of the afternoon, the knots tightened far past what his numbed fingers could untangle.

"Hey, where are you? Get out here and help me with these damn groceries will you." Heather's voice shattered the silence. Next came the footsteps he'd been fretting about for the past three hours.

Through the dining room heading down the hall towards him, the click, click of her heels tormented him. His bladder had been painfully full for quite some time and now threatened to let loose. Clamping his butt tightly, he fought for control; his situation was bad enough without adding to it. Closer and closer, his heart raced and sweat trickled from under his arms.

"Jimmy. Jim what! Oh my God, what are you are you all right? What happened? Who did this to you?" She stood, gaping at him.

He was almost naked, bound and gagged across their bed, unable

to answer or move. Fully exposed and totally embarrassed he lay before his wife of only eight months. The pink slip and nylon stockings she could see were just the outer trappings. The hum of a vibrator seemed very loud in the silence that ensued.

She took several halting steps forward, almost against her will, hands outstretched and trembling. Tearing her eyes away from his, she slowly moved them down his body. Her mouth sagged even wider as she realized what she was seeing. Jimmy was dressed in her lingerie. The gag kept him quiet, except for the sobs of frustration and embarrassment that racked him. Blinking, she shuddered then resumed her inspection.

He was made up as a woman. His longish brown hair swept up and pinned, then make-up quite skillfully applied. Though he was almost six feet tall, Jimmy was slender and not overly muscular. He could easily pass for a woman, not a beauty by any means, but an attractive one. Very little facial or body hair added to the illusion. His red painted lips stretched wide around a largish tightly buckled ball gag. Above his head, his useless, bloated hands had been tied with one of her scarves, and then secured to the headboard. Heather's gaze lowered to Jimmy's hairless chest partially covered by her pink silk, his nipples forming tiny bumps in the slip. Further down she saw his erection twitching. Obviously he was turned on, and by the size of the wet spot, had been for quite some time. His knees were tied and the silken scarves had been fastened to the legs of the bed stretching his legs wide, ensuring his captivity. The tops of his stockings and the lacy garters showed, as did his soft inner thigh and bulging pink panties beneath.

Another step forward and she touched him, just below the knee. His nylon clad leg felt odd beneath her fingers and he tried vainly to pull away. Sliding her fingers higher, then drawing away, only to once more reach for him. Curiosity and surprise were almost overwhelming as she stepped forward to remove his gag. The unfamiliar buckles fought her fumbling fingers, but finally she managed to pluck the ball free.

"Jimmy, are you all right? Should I phone the police? What happened to you? Did someone break in? Did they hurt you? Did they steal anything? Are you okay?" Her questions came like machine gun fire, too quick to answer and he wasn't sure he could give her all the answers she deserved anyway. Her hands fluttered over him, touching him, reassuring herself that he wasn't hurt. In the process she also discovered how excited she was becoming. Seeing him trussed up, and as far as she could tell, forced to wear her slinky lingerie was having a profound effect on her.

"Please Heather, don't. Leave me alone just untie my hands. Heather stop, don't. For God sakes, leave me alone." He croaked, while

struggling futilely against the silk. She continued as if she hadn't heard him. Thrusting up the slip she saw his erection, tightly bound and ready to explode. Her tiny panties were much too small to hold him.

"Jimmy, who did this?" She looked up into his face, seeing his embarrassment for the first time. "Who? Tell me." She reached forward and with a surprisingly steady hand gripped his erection and squeezed.

"No one!" He finally whimpered hoarsely. His eyes closed as his head dropped back on the bed. "No one did it. I did it. Please, Heather untie me, let me loose. I'll explain everything, but please just let me loose." Undeniable and total defeat was etched on his face. Heather stopped, but only for a moment, then resumed her exploration.

"Tell me. Tell me the whole story, now." Her demand gave him the opening he'd secretly always wanted. Without opening his eyes he began to speak.

"Ever since I can remember, I've always loved the feel of women's underwear. I remember taking my mother's underclothes and wearing them when no one was home. I was always terrified that someone would catch me, but I'd get so excited thinking about it. Then I found books, lots of them, with pictures of women tied up and later some with men. I looked at those for months, read them every night and masturbated till Heather please let me loose. I really have to get loose. I've been here for hours and I have to pee so bad. If you don't let me go, I don't think I can hold on much longer. Please Heather, I'll tell you everything." Desperately, he begged.

"Yes Jim, you will. I had no idea about this and I want to hear it all." She stepped to the head of the bed and struggled with the knots he'd managed to pull so tight that she couldn't get them loose.

"Damn Heather, cut them. I need to go. Please, if you don't we're going to have a very wet bed. Oh fuck Heather, just cut the fuckin' thing please." Desperation made his voice shrill and he thrashed around trying to get free.

From the top of her dresser, Heather grabbed her sewing scissors and while Jimmy wriggled and sobbed, she cut the scarves holding his hands. As the silk parted, he was up and tugging at the others, frantically trying to get free. She pushed his useless hands away. Calmly, she unfastened the scarves holding him to the bed, and then laughed when he bolted for the bathroom. He hauled up the slip and she saw the ropes wound around his thighs and ass. His hands were busy at his crotch, fumbling at knots that she couldn't see.

Heather didn't understand any of it, but was very conscious of how aroused she was becoming. Jimmy had always been a bit on the submissive side. That was one of the things that had attracted her to him, but she'd never dreamed he was into this kind of kink. Now, well she'd see what he had to say then go from there. She allowed him a few minutes of privacy, but only enough to relieve himself.

"Jimmy, come here. You have some explaining to do." Very firmly, she called him back. Silence followed, but moments later he sheepishly entered their room. Still clad in her lingerie, he shuffled in and stood shamefaced just inside the door.

"I'm sorry Heather, I didn't mean for you ever to see this, or know about me like this." He stood with his hands in front of his crotch, eyes downcast, unable to look into her face. She crossed her arms and took stock of him, enjoying the new sense of power she felt.

"Drop your hands Jimmy, let me see what kind of freak you are," she snapped. Immediately, his hands dropped to his sides and he stood trembling while she walked around him. He was taller than she was but not by much, so her lingerie fit him pretty well. Pink was a good color on him she thought, and reaching out, placed her hand on his hip. He jumped at the contact, but otherwise remained as she'd said. Sliding her hand down over the silky material, she found she liked it. Liked the feel of his body under it and decided right then to learn all she could from him.

Taking the hem, she lifted it to reveal the tiny panties that were struggling to hold his bulging manhood. Red welts crisscrossed his thighs and she wasn't surprised to see the lines disappearing beneath the flimsy thong he'd chosen.

"Hold it up and let me look at you for a minute. I never had a clue you liked my undies." She paid no attention to his embarrassment as she circled him once more. "Ok Jimmy, you better start talking. How long have you been sneaking my stuff?"

"Oh God Heather, can I sit down please, I'm shaking." His voice trembled with fear as well as shame.

"No, just start talking. I think you owe me and I intend on finding out everything right now, so give."

So, while he stood with her slip held high, exposing himself as the sissy he'd always been, he talked. He told her about the times she'd gone out with her girlfriends and he'd used her clothing to masturbate into. How he pranced and swished his way around the house. The time she'd gone to a conference for a weekend, he spent in her clothes the entire time.

Then he told her of how he'd always liked to be tied. How it was such a turn on to be almost caught. How many times he'd been so close to having someone find him, only to get loose and hide. He'd learned to time his escapes and to do the bindings in such a way that he could get loose if he had to. That was until today. The silk had tightened more than he'd anticipated and his hands had gone numb. Then she came home and he'd been so close to peeing the bed.

He stood trembling while she listened to his confession and watched him squirm. Jimmy was scared. Scared she'd leave him, or worse, tell someone why she was leaving. His entire world was turned upside down and it was up to her to decide what was going to happen.

"Well Jimmy, what do you think I should do about this?" Heather was in control and found that she definitely liked it.

"I'm sorry Heather I'll do whatever you say. Please don't tell anyone. I'll do whatever you want, just don't leave me." His voice broke and he sobbed, begging her to stay. Heather had no intention of going anywhere. She liked his newly confessed quirk and plans were already taking shape inside her head.

"Sorry, sorry you said. Look at you just look at the Man I married. Look more like some queer to me." She watched as his face crumbled. Tears formed in his eyes, the humiliation way beyond anything he'd ever imagined. Just then Heather wrapped one hand around his prick.

"Don't you dare cry, you shit. Now spread your feet apart and stay put. Don't move a muscle till I tell you or I'll make sure everyone knows about this." Groaning, he spread his feet apart. Hooking her fingers into the front of the thong, she pulled it down, exposing the base and part of his swollen shaft. Tugging and manhandling him into the open, she tucked his panties under his testicles. Then walking behind him, she lifted the back of the slip and caressed his fuzzy bottom, a wicked image filling her mind.

"You seem to like being dressed like a woman, I think you need to get rid of some of this hair." Her comments had an interesting affect on him. Shuddering, he moaned, and then replied, "Yes Ma'am" very clearly. She left him standing and took a quick trip into the bathroom to see what he'd done with the ropes and vibrator. A quick look around, nothing. She couldn't see where he'd put any of it. Rather than taking the time to find his toys, she returned to him and with her arms folded across her chest began.

"Okay sweetie, you've hidden your toys and I want them. All of them. I'm assuming you have more than just the one vibrator and a bit of

rope, so get it all. Then, while I think about what I'm going to do, you're going to have a shower and shave off all of your body hair. All I want left is the hair on your head. Got it?" She watched as his prick bounced in front of him. He'd regained a full erection as she took control of the situation.

"Well, answer me, don't just stand there"

"All right Heather, it'll take me a few minutes, I kinda have stuff all over the place," Jimmy muttered sheepishly.

"Well you better get going then, hadn't you?" Then quickly added, "Oh wait, the first thing I want is that vibe I heard when I first found you. Get it and bring it here. Move!"

He thought he knew her well, but was learning more with each passing moment. He slowly made his way towards the bathroom holding his slip above his waist. As he passed her, she gave his bottom a sharp slap and said, "no more secrets Jimmy. I won't stand for it you hear?"

"Yes, I hear you and I understand." His step quickened and soon she heard him rummaging around under the vanity. A minute later he stood in front of her again, this time with a small silver vibrator in his outstretched hand. Taking it, she switched it on and as it hummed she saw him blush.

"Turn around, Jimmy. Turn around and bend over."

"Please no, Heather... Please don't do this." Her hand shot out and in a blur sharply struck his face.

"Just do as you're told, or so help me, everyone will know what you've been up to when I'm not around to keep an eye on you." Her voice held an edge he'd never heard before and he stood gaping at her. One hand touched the burning red handprint, while the other crept downward then gripped the shaft of his erection.

"It looks to me like you're getting off on this Jimmy, no matter how much you try to deny it. Look at yourself; you're as hard as I've ever seen you. You're bloody dripping, ready to come and I haven't even touched you yet." Nodding towards his raging hard on, she laughed when he looked at it, bewildered.

"Please, Heather. We have to talk about this..." He began, but stopped when she once more raised her hand, as if to strike.

"There's nothing to talk about. Just do as you're told. Turn around and bend over. I know you like it or I wouldn't have found you with it up

your ass. Now do it." He dropped his hand and turned around. Bending forward, he placed his hands on his knees, presenting her with his slender butt.

"Spread your legs baby, you know what I want." Her grin widened as he spread his legs, the muscles of his upper thigh quivering. The slender strip of silk nestled between his cheeks was quickly snagged, then pulled aside. Holding tightly to the silk she pressed the tip of the vibrator against his anus, then with excruciating slowness, pulled him onto the slender silver phallus. He'd already loosened himself and obviously liked what she was doing, as the outer ring of muscle fluttered then gripped, trying to suck the vibrator deeper inside. She toyed with him then, enjoying his squirming and moaning. In and out she played, then sank the cool plastic slowly but firmly, deeper into his ass.

"Heather, you're gonna make me cum. Oh God that feels good!" Jimmy held as still as he could, while she teased him. When she'd pushed almost the entire thing into him, she pulled the thong over the end and letting it go with a snap, watched his bottom clench.

"Okay Jim, time for you to get your toys for me. I want to see what you've been up to behind my back." Giving his bottom a sharp slap, she stepped back as he stood up, then turned to face her.

"Now? You want me to get it all now?" He moaned piteously. He no longer held the front of his slip up, there was no need his erection did that for him.

"Yes now. You heard me get moving. And don't touch that hard on you have waving around, that's mine now. You only touch that when I say so." Her instructions were of course, followed to the letter. He turned and was off, going from one room after another collecting his toys.

While he mounded his assortment of toys on the bed, Heather unpacked the groceries and put them away. When she was done, he was still dragging more from cupboards and closets. Stripping off her jeans and blouse she sat in the easy chair and watched him. He had rope and scarves, several dildos and vibrators, as well as two butt plugs, anal beads and a small assortment of very feminine underwear that she'd never seen before. His hands shook as he added the last items. He stood beside the bed, looking shamefacedly at the pile of toys and clothes he'd been hiding.

"That's it, Heather. That's all of it. I'm sorry for keeping this a secret and I know you must be mad. I'll do anything you want now, just tell me and it's yours. Just don't leave me baby." Even the half hour of rummaging

hadn't diminished his erection; it still thrust lewdly out from beneath the silk slip. He dared not try to hide it, but he was extremely embarrassed.

"I'm not going anywhere, unless you don't do just what I say. Now, while I go through all this stuff, I want you to go and shave. Leave the vibrator in your ass, don't lose it and shave everything. Just like I said, then get back here." Heather had formed her plan of action and Jimmy had no choice but to comply. He'd been turned on all day and was aching to climax, but couldn't even ask. Not under the circumstances, and he was afraid she'd say no anyway. He turned and headed for the shower, erection leading the way.

"I'll be in, in a few minutes and I'll bring you what I expect you to wear Jimmy. We might have to go shopping soon too. I'll have to think about that." Just before entering the bathroom he turned towards her, on the verge of saying something. One look at her face was enough to change his mind and soon Heather heard the shower running.

Sifting through the mound of goodies that he'd piled on the bed, she was amazed at the assortment and his ability to hide it all. The lingerie was mostly tattered and had seen much better days, but then she found what she was looking for. Very lacy and feminine, the camisole and panties looked almost brand new. Peach satin with lacy white trim, he had good taste she thought, and couldn't wait to see him in it. The suspender belts he had were all very tattered; so for now he'd have to use one of hers or wear stay-ups. Yes, that was it, perfect, and she bounced off the bed. Digging around in the top drawer of her dresser, she came up with the white lace stay-ups she'd worn to a girlfriend's wedding. From her sewing box, she retrieved a piece of white lace ribbon.

The rest of his toys, she piled into a box that she found at the back of her closet and left it on the floor. Shoes were going to be the only problem for the time being. They'd shop for those as well as a few other items she had in mind. Checking the clock, she noticed that he'd been in the shower for almost fifteen minutes. Five more and she'd go see if he was having a problem, or was hiding.

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Just then, she remembered the fluffy white mule slippers she'd planned on returning. Digging under the bed she found the box and dragged it out and after gauging the size, thought they just might do. Along with them and the rest of her selection she headed for the bathroom.

Jimmy was still in the shower when she quietly opened the door and stepped through. Although the curtain had steamed up, she could see him perched on the edge of the tub, the vibrator wedged in place. Setting the lingerie on the vanity, she put the lid down on the toilet and sat. Her fingers strayed to the silky crotch of her panties as she saw him pull his erection up and out of the way while he shaved.

Sighing with pleasure, she leaned back and spread her knees. His torment had become her aphrodisiac. Fingers barely brushing the lips of her pussy, she dragged them up and down over the silk. Her inner thigh muscles quivered as she pinched the bud of her clit. Each movement he made excited her more and her eyes were glued to him. Slipping her fingers beneath the silk, she plunged them deep inside her steaming wet slit. Luxuriating in her rising excitement, Heather touched all the right spots, but not enough to get off, not yet. She tugged at the swollen lips, then pressed the flat of her hand over her mound and rubbed back and forth. Flushed and smelling of sex, she watched and waited for him to finish.

Within minutes he was done and climbed to his feet. Holding the vibrator in his ass with one hand, he twisted then turned, rinsing the shave cream and hair off of himself. Looking down at his newly hairless state, he grimaced then opened the curtain.

Her, sitting almost naked, was the first thing Jimmy saw. Then, the smell of her excitement hit him. His prick twitched and his eyes dropped to the crotch of her panties. They'd become see-through and he gaped at her tantalizingly spread pussy, the fingers of one hand still gently rubbed her clit. He stood dripping, unable to do much more than breath.

"Please Heather, let me" his voice trailed off as she pulled the crotch aside baring her sweet pussy.

"Dry off, Jimmy. God, you look sexy all naked like that. I brought you the outfit I want you to wear for the rest of the day. Even found you some sexy slippers to go with it," she purred. Without another word, he reached for a large white bath towel and began to rub it over his freshly shaven skin. His prick danced as he dried himself, and from time to time he pressed the vibrator back into his ass, keeping it in place. Finished, he dropped the towel into the hamper, then ran his fingers over his stomach and the newly shaven skin.

"Don't touch. Don't you dare touch my cock," she snapped when he neared the base of his shaft. He jerked his hand away as if burned, then looked beseechingly at her.

"Put on your outfit Jimmy, I want to see how you look in it."

Glancing down, he saw the tinypile of lingerie and blushed, but said nothing. Picking up the camisole, he slipped it over his head, shivering as it slid down his arms and back. It fit snugly around his ribs and chest, accentuating his slender, almost girlish build. The crotchless panties were then tugged up his legs, framing the shaven swell of his scrotum and shaft. He moaned when the back of the panties slid between the cheeks of his bottom, pushing the vibrator deep inside again. A quick glance at her, then one by one, he smoothed the stockings up his long, shapely legs. She watched his fingers tremble, and realized how much he was enjoying what was happening. When he was satisfied that he'd done the best that he could, he tucked his feet into the slippers she'd supplied and stood facing her.

"Very pretty, Jimmy. No, not Jimmy, that won't do. What will I call you?" She rose to her feet and walked around him. Touching him here and there, she slid her fingers over his sleek bottom. "I know Jaymie, that'll work, or Joan. Which do you prefer baby? After all, it's going to be your name for a while, I suppose you should have some say in it," she teased. She held the lace ribbon in her hand and rubbed it over his straining shaft.

"Jaymie, that's the way I think of myself." He whispered almost inaudibly. Taking his hand in hers, Heather pressed the ribbon into it, and replied, "Yes Jaymie, I like that. Now then prettyJaymie, wrap my cock like you had it when I came in. Use the ribbon and show me how you tie it." Reluctance gone, he took the ribbon and shook it loose. She watched wide-eyed, as he wrapped the ribbon around the base of his shaft and behind his testicles. Pulled tight enough to look painful, then he carefully separating each round globe, he bound them in white lace. When he'd finished, there was still about eighteen inches of lace left dangling on each side. He looked sheepishly at her, not sure what he should do.

"Come here, come on get closer." She scolded. Taking a strand in each hand, she wound them up his shaft. Crisscrossed and nicely patterned, she soon had it all the way to the crown. With a quick flip and tuck, a bow appeared tied tightly behind the head. Rising to her feet, Heather gave him a very quick caress then let him loose, just as he began to thrust his hips.

"Time for your make-up and hair. Sit down and be quiet." She instructed and he quickly obeyed. Gingerly, he sat on the chair facing the vanity mirror and watched as she pulled his hair back, then skillfully applied make up. Light foundation, followed by blush eyeliner, shadow and lastly, a pale peach lip-gloss. He marveled at the transformation, blushing when he saw her grinning at him.

"I really should pluck your eyebrows, but I think that'll have to wait. They're pretty shaggy for a girl though, so I expect it done by tomorrow

night. No argument, just make sure it's done." She primped and fussed over him, then dug out a pair of scissors, a comb and her blow dryer. While he sat quietly, she styled his hair. Taking a bit off here and there, then blowing it dry, he watched as his very feminine counterpart emerged.

"Okay Jaymie, you're done. Not bad for a tall skinny slut. Now, I'm dying for a drink and I think you should learn your new position in life. From now on you're the maid, the dishwasher, housekeeper, servant and whatever else I decide you are. For now just make me a drink and wait for me in the living room, on your knees, in front of my chair. Whatever you do, don't touch your cock. Remember, that's mine now. Stand up and turn around for a second." She waited while he quickly stood up and spun around. Her hand on his shoulder pressed him forward. With practiced ease, she tugged the strip of cloth between his cheeks aside and switched the vibrator to a higher speed. His bottom clenched and he groaned, as his prostate was stimulated, almost to the point of climax. A sharp slap to each cheek refocused his attention and he managed to hang on, but for how long, he wasn't sure. "Okay, time to get busy. Off you go now and get my drink." Heather gave his testicles a last gentle tug, before letting his panties slip back into place.

Minutes later she entered the living room, just in time to see him release his erection. He hadn't seen or heard her, so wasn't aware of the trouble he'd just got himself into. Heather quietly crossed the room and stood behind him.

"I thought you weren't supposed to touch. You know you'll have to be punished now, don't you?" Although her voice had been soft, Jaymie whirled around in surprise.

"Heather," he cried, the drink tipping perilously close to being spilled.

"Yes, I'm here and I saw you. Got an excuse you'd like to share, or should I just proceed with your punishment?" His mouth dropped and he knelt speechless, while she took the drink from his hand. Setting it on the table beside her chair, she looked down at her kneeling man. He's beautiful she thought, loving the sight of him so turned on. His erection was gently throbbing and leaked a clear long ribbon of pre cum, almost to the floor.

"Spread your legs. Show me how turned on my little slut is." He swiftly spread his knees, allowing his cock to hang between his thighs. The ribbon squeezed him mercilessly and he ached to stroke himself, if only for a minute more. Whatever kind of punishment she had in mind, would only add to his torture he was sure.

"I want you to put your hands behind your back Jaymie. Perfect, now hold still, don't move a muscle or it'll hurt," she said. At first he was confused, but as she unfastened the bow from the tip of his cock then pulled it back, he gasped fully understanding what she had in mind. The ribbon was long enough, but only just, to tie to his joined thumbs. His glans were pulled downward and rubbed against the carpet whenever he moved. No matter how he struggled, he couldn't get free.

"Oh yes, I like this," she said, as she sat in her chair facing him. She was flushed as well, from the newfound excitement of dominating him. Leaning back, she spread her legs, offering him the sight of her swollen pink labia.

"Wouldn't you like to kiss my pussy, Jaymie? I'm really wet and would love to feel your mouth on me. Unfortunately, you've been very bad, so I don't think you'll get to taste me just yet. But, just because you can't behave, there's no reason why I should suffer." She placed her feet together and lifted her bottom, then squirming, slipped her panties off.

"Lean forward Jaymie, I want you to watch me really close" her voice had dropped to little more than a husky whisper. He lowered his eyes and seemed hypnotized as he slowly bent forward. His jaw dropped when he realized that he was pushing his weeping glans across the carpet. Sweat beaded on his upper lip and the closer he got, the more her scent captivated him. When he was mere inches away, she spread her lips and he watched, spellbound, as the dewy nectar slithered towards her anus.

"Heather please" his voice trailed off when she produced her own long plastic vibrator.

"Lick it, get it wet for me," she snapped, and held it while he lathed it with his tongue. She pressed it against his lips and he opened, then, sucked wetly on the heavily veined toy. Satisfied, she pulled it free then reversing it, held the base against his mouth.

"Hold it in your teeth and fuck me. Don't drop it and you better make me come or you'll be in even more trouble." Wide eyed, Jimmy took the proffered base between his teeth and held it tight. Lying back, she pulled her legs even wider apart and draped each over an arm of her chair.

Tentatively, carefully, he leaned forward brushing her lips with the tip of the toy. She sighed as he began his task. By nodding his head, he spread her wide, then, with surprising ease, he pushed the vibrator into her sopping wet sex. Heather was almost beside herself with pleasure; the sight of Jimmy striving so hard was driving her wild. She arched her body

and was soon on her way to an earth-shattering climax. The closer she got, the further inside he pressed her toy, until his nose finally connected with her clit. Smothering, almost desperate for his own release, Jimmy sawed the vibe in and out. The sloppy, sucking sound that came from her, made it harder for him to hold off his own release. He twisted and turned the vibe as best as he could. Anything he could think of to bring her pleasure, to stop from rubbing on the carpet. He watched as her body gave the telltale signs of her impending climax and intensified his movements, as much as he could. He rubbed his nose hard against her clit at each inward thrust of the vibe. Her inner thighs tensed, then she grabbed his head and pulled him hard against her, mashing his nose against her clit. Trapped, unable to breathe, in a last all out effort he shook his head back and forth. Her climax hit then, shaking her body and her guttural cry filled the room. Grinding her pussy against his face, he could do nothing but watch her spasm again and again. He held still as long as he could, but his body was crying out for air. Finally, he began to struggle and she loosened her grip, just enough to let him back off and take a much needed breath. Wanting to prolong her orgasm, he moved the vibe slowly in and out. She collapsed before him totally spent, allowing him the freedom to do so. When she'd had enough, she pushed him away, ignoring him for a few moments.

Sitting back on his heels, he breathed deeply around the base of the vibrator still clenched in his teeth. Aching to relieve the pressure in balls, his hips quivered as he tried to wait patiently for whatever Heather decided to do. He looked down at his erection, the purple head leaking a continual ribbon of pre cum.

"Messy girl." He jumped at her voice, and then blushed as she looked down at his lace bound prick. Reaching forward, she took the vibrator out of his mouth and let him take several deep breaths before continuing.

"Seems you have a problem there, Jaymie. You've been very naughty and touched my cock when you were told not to. So, I've decided on your punishment. I'll allow you to come, but you have to do it without touching." She seemed very pleased with herself. He knelt staring at her, uncomprehending.

"W-what how Heather, how can I do that?" His hopes of coming seemed to be dashed.

"You can get to your feet and come here, to start with. I'll unwrap you, well some parts of you, but I think your thumbs had better be kept tied."

Struggling to his feet, he stepped closer to her then, watched

eagerly as she unwound the lace from around his genitals. Down the shaft, then she released his swollen testicles. Heather looked up at him then with a smile, left the lace tied tightly around the base.

"I think you should be able to manage now Jaymie. I'll give you a little help. Spread your legs." Without a word Jimmy complied, desperate for anything, just as long as he could come. Heather slipped her hand between his legs and began to toy with the vibrator still buried deep inside his ass. He groaned as she twisted the base, increasing the speed of the vibration once more. His erection twitched and she slid the slender vibe in and out of him, while he tried desperately to keep still.

"Tell me how you feel right now, Jaymie. I want to know everything about what turns you on when you're dressed like a woman, but for right now I want to hear you beg for it."

"Right now, I feel like my knees are going to let go. I'm so close to coming, Heather I can't ever remember feeling like this and you're driving me crazy. Please, I need to come so bad." His entire body was trembling, but she refused to speed up her gentle thrusting.

"I know you're turned on, but I want to hear you beg. Tell me, what do you want." Each time she thrust in, the tip of the vibe touched his prostate. He thought he would go mad, he could barely breathe, let alone make sense of what she was asking him to do. She slowed then stopped, and he began to whimper. He was so close.

"Heather God, fuck me! I need oh God I need to come. I'll tell you anything, anything you want, just fuck me now." His hips moved against her hand and she allowed it for only a moment, before she grasped his testicles with her free hand. The shaft of his cock throbbed against her forearm, as she squeezed.

"Hold still then. Don't move or I'll stop and you won't get to come at all. So you want to get fucked do you? You're sure dressed for it." The vibrator began its slow tormenting movement, sawing in and out of his ass. He tensed himself, feeling the blissful churning in his balls.

"All right, Jaymie. I want you to come now. Then we're going to see about some changes around here." Heather gripped the shaft of his cock and rubbed her thumb just behind the head. Groaning loudly, he gritted his teeth and soared towards sweet release. His knees almost gave out as the first stream shot from the tip and landed on Heather's breast. He shuddered and then shot another stream of thick cream, his cock wildly jerking in her hand. Twice more he erupted spewing his come across her chest each time. She continued to stoke him until his prick began to lose its stiffness, then, let him sag to his knees. She switched off the vibrator,

as he lost his feet and smiled at the dazed look on his face.

"What a kinky slut you are Jaymie. Now you've made a mess that you'll have to clean up. Look at all this come on me." She thrust her breast towards his face. Gazing at her breasts, he leaned forward and began to lick them clean. She stroked his hair as he slid his wet tongue over her lapping up the thick strands of come.

"Good boy, you're such a good slut. I think we've discovered something we're both going to enjoy." She couldn't see the smile on his face.

The End

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Jude Mason – Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare

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