Nasty Tease

by English Lady©

"Hiya, love." I chirp from the kitchen as I hear the front door closing.

"Hey gorgeous," he walks in and hangs his jacket on the back of a dining chair

before striding confidently over and sweeping me up into his arms, "had a good

day?"

"Not bad." I reply, my cheeks flushing slightly, "you?"

"Same old, same old." He replies, then sniffs, a confused look crossing his

face. He takes my hand in his and lifts the fingers to his lips, he kisses them

then growls,

"You've been playing with your cunt, haven't you?"

I look down to the ground and shake my head, unable to speak.

"You have, I can smell it and taste it on you fingers, now what have I told you

about that?" He lifts my chin with his fingers and I'm forced to look him

straight in the eye.

"I'm not allowed to wank while you're at work." I reply,

"No you are not, yet you have, why?"

"I got horny."

"You got horny." He pulls his fingers from beneath my chin and grabs the back of

a chair, turning it round and sitting on it. "Well, what about self control? I

have told you so many times, young lady and you know what I'm going to have to

do now, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir." I reply, my nose still pointing to the ground.

"Over my knee." He commands and I walk towards him, my heart thudding and my

pussy throbbing with need. He pushes me down over his knee and I rest with my

hands on the floor and my pelvis pressed tightly to his thigh. He flips my skirt

up and pulls it out of the way then runs his fingers down over my cotton

knickers and tuts.

"You're fucking wet, you naughty girl." He presses a finger between my lips

through the material of my panties, forcing his cloth covered finger slightly

into my hole. I moan and he rips the knickers down and leaves them stretched

across my thighs.

I hold my breath as I wait for the first contact, images of me sat on the sofa,

fingers plunging in and out of my wet cunt as I fantasise about my punishment

leap to mind and I yelp when his hand finally falls and loudly cracks across my

buttocks. Again he spanks me, not gently but with great force and I squeal, the

pain blossoming in my arse.

"Oh shush, I've not even gotten started yet." He lets go with another powerful

slap and I whimper, the flesh stinging and hot, my cunt dripping wet, soaking

his trouser leg.

"Now you're getting my suit all dirty." He tuts, his hand hitting me with a

"thwack."

"You're such a dirty, slutty cunt." He spanks again, "aren't you?"

"Yes, Sir." I gasp, my pussy clenching, my clit crying out for more pressure.

"What are you?" His hand stings my butt flesh once more.

"I'm a dirty, slutty cunt, Sir."

"Yes you are." He agrees and dips his fingers between my round buttocks,

slipping his finger down over my tiny arsehole and lower to pierce my juicy

pussy.

"Stand up."

I climb unsteadily to my feet, my knickers still stretched around my thighs.

"Strip."

I take a deep steadying breath then grasp my t-shirt and raise it over my head

before dashing it to the floor. Next, I slip the skirt over my hips and push it

down, taking my knickers with it. I pop open my bra and stand before him naked,

slipping out of my shoes till I am completely bare.

He runs his eyes all over my body as I flush redder and redder.

"You're beautiful." He whispers, then stands up. "To the bedroom." He commands

in a loud voice that makes me jump.

"Yes, Sir." I reply and quickly mount the stairs and stride into our bedroom.

"On your back, on the bed."

I comply quickly, my stinging rump rubbing against the soft duvet below me,

making me wince.

"Now, naughty girl, I need to teach you a lesson." He opens our toy box and I

bite my lip in eager anticipation. "You need to remember who is in charge here."

He walks towards me, a red silk tie in his hand. He wraps it firmly around my

ankle then ties it to the bedpost. "I am in charge here." He repeats the same

action with my other ankle till I am spread wide open before him.

He straps each wrist to the metal of the headboard, continuing his lecture. My

arms and legs are stretched uncomfortably and I'm very aware of my gaping cunt.

I cannot cover it and my face blazes with immodesty.

He stands back and admires his handiwork. "Gorgeous." He grins and picks up the

digital camera. "I'm going to save this moment for posterity." The clicking of

the camera turns me on, though when he lies between my thighs and takes

close-ups of my dripping pussy I cringe and flush even redder than before.

"Enough of that." He stands up and slaps the camera down on the dressing table.

I watch as he pulls off his tie, then his work shirt. His gorgeous chest is

dappled with dark hairs and his hard, red nipples demand to be nibbled. . I lick

my lips in anticipation as he roughly tugs off his work pants and his boxers.

His cock is magnificent, dark and hard and pointing straight up with desire. I

can almost taste it as I gaze on it, willing it to fill my aching cunt, wanting

it to fulfil me.

He kneels between my spread thighs.

"Now to teach you that lesson."

He grabs his cock in his hand and strokes it. I moan as I watch him wank, I want

that cock.

"This is my cock," He says, his hand still pumping, "and this cock is your master."

He slaps my cunt with his hardness and I yelp with the blossoming pleasure from

the initial shocking pain. "This cock owns this cunt." He saps me with his hard

staff again, caching my clit and sending spirals of want coursing through my

stretched body.

"Who owns this cunt?" He asks,

"Your cock, Sir." I reply instantly.

"That's right, good girl." He praises, pressing his cock to my spread cunt once

more. "Now, I'm going to release your ankles, just your ankles, but if you are a

naughty girl I'll tie them back down and I'll leave you here to stew in your own

juices, understand?"

"Yes, Sir." I reply, expecting him to fuck me now, anticipating wrapping my legs

around his hips and pulling him in tightly as he fills me.

He lifts off the bed and unties my lower limbs, I feel the tingle of blood flow

in my ankles and calves but I keep my thighs spread for him, waiting for his

next instruction. He climbs between my thighs once more and pulls my legs

together. He pulls them up into the air and pushes them down to my chest. I can

hear his ragged breathing as he looks down on my spread cunt.

"Hold your legs, there." He commands and I wrap my arms under my knees, holding

my arse up and displaying my pussy for him. He grabs a pillow and wedges it

beneath me, taking some of the strain from my back.

"Stay just like that, until I tell you otherwise."

"Yes, Sir." I reply eagerly, feeling his cock nudging at my wet hole. I hold my

breath waiting for the stretch as he eases himself into me but I am taken by

surprise as he rubs his cock up and down my spread cunt instead of pressing into

it.

He slides forward and back, stroking my lips and clit with each slide, I moan

and gasp with the intensity of feeling, his cock is hard and hot and its weight

on my sensitive slit is driving me crazy. He is wanking on my cunt, not fucking

me but wanking on me. It is deliciously humiliating.

"This is my cunt." He hisses, "My cunt to use as I want, understand?"

"Yes, Sir." I groan as he slaps my clit with the tip of his cock. I can feel his

hand sliding up and down his shaft as he eases the swollen head up and over my

clit time and time again.

"And I will tell you when you can come. You will only come when I tell you to,

right?"

"Yes, Sir." I gasp, "Can I come Sir?" the rhythm of his wanking and the pressure

of his cock tip on my sensitive nub has brought me quickly to the edge.

"Yes, come for me."

I explode, I feel juices flowing from my cunt as it spasms, my clit grows and

expands as the orgasm rolls through me, my whole body and mind consumed in its

pleasure. He moves my hands away and presses my legs back with his body. I feel

a new rush of pleasure as he shoves his cock into me, hard and without thought

for my comfort. He slides in easily; the juices from my orgasm easing his way. I

feel ecstatic tremors with each thrust and I eagerly anticipate his cock

exploding within me.

He pulls out with a ragged gasp and presses my thighs wide open. "Now, I want

you to play with your cunt." He jumps off the bed and unties my wrists.

"But, I'm so sensitive." I plead, my cunt on fire from the cock induced orgasm

of before.

"I don't care, I want to see you wank and I want to see it now, so do it. Do it

now or I will have to punish you again."

I reach down to my cunt and I feel the slick lips, I run my fingers up and down

my slit, gritting my teeth when I knock my clit. I can't touch it yet. I

concentrate on my wet hole, I slip a finger inside easily and then press another

one in to join it. I glance down my body and watch him as he strokes his cock,

standing over the end of the bed, watching me.

I slip in another finger and slam them into my cunt. I moan as the palm of my

hand hits my tingling clit but it feels good. I continue to bang myself with my

fingers, my sensitive clit responding to the press of my palm, making my thighs

shake.

I pull my sodden fingers from my cunt and lick them, pressing them into my mouth

I suck them and groan. I slip down between my slick lips again and rub gently at

my clit, I'm now hungry for another orgasm and my body is shaking with desire.

He is furiously wanking his cock and I can see his juices leaking out and over

his expanded head. I frig my clit furiously as passion mounts.

"Please may I come, Sir?" I ask so close to exploding. He kneels on the bed and

aims the tip of his cock from my clit.

"Yes." He groans, spitting out a rope of hot come that lands on my exposed clit.

I scream as the orgasm rips through my body, I run my finger down to rub the

come into my clit and my orgasm just keeps on rolling, my body shakes and sweats

and my cunt gushes with fuck-juice.

"Thank you, Sir." I gasp and shudder.

"My pleasure," he replies, collapsing to the bed beside me. "I do hope you'll be

naughty again soon."

"For you, Sir, anything." I reply then press a kiss to his smirking lips.