**Vibrations**

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I love the way you smile. That dirty smile. That smug, amused smile when I'm desperate for you and you know it, feeding my desire by pretending to be indifferent. We both know your cock is rock hard. Like now.  
  
"Please," I breathe, snuggling closer to you. I was naked in bed when you got back in and now you are lying fully dressed beside me. This morning when you woke, you pushed my head under the covers and fucked my face. You teased my cunt, gently stroking with your fingers as you brutally forced your cock deeper and faster down my throat. You deliberately pulled out as you came so that as well as the taste of you on my tongue I could smell your cum warm on my face. It nearly drove me over the edge but you pulled away and got ready for work, leaving my cunt throbbing. I have wanted you all day. I just want you to use me. I want a really long session. I want to touch you everywhere, give you all the pleasure I physically can. I want to crawl for you. I want to show you that there is nothing I wouldn't do if you demanded it. I want to be the dirtiest girl you've had. That's the effect you have on me. You knew by denying me my orgasm, again, I would be thinking about it, thinking about you all day. You know I'd be all over you when you got in.  
  
It's been a week since you let me cum. I'm not allowed to touch myself without permission and every day my frustration and desire becomes more intense. Every day you have teased me, pleasuring me without granting release while you cum again and again, all over and inside me.  
  
I press my tits up against you on the bed, dancing my hands over your chest. I want to undress you and kiss every inch of your skin. I start unbuttoning your shirt to expose your chest. You grab my hand and push me back.  
  
"What are you doing?" you say, looking at me at last. "Did I say you could touch me?"  
  
I close my eyes for a second. I don't want to fight today. "Please, I want to pleasure you. I want to make you feel good." I try to kiss you but you pull my head back by my hair.  
  
"No," you say calmly, running your other hand up my leg to my cunt. "You want to make you feel good. You think that if you are nice to me, I'll grant you the orgasm that you want so very badly, don't you?" You punctuate your words by sliding a finger into me, teasing me as you did this morning, making me squirm.  
  
"No," I deny.  
  
"Oh, so you don't want to cum?" you say, as though surprised, withdrawing your hand.  
  
"No, please, I do want to cum. I need to cum. My cunt is aching Sir, I can't take much more Sir. Please."  
  
"Well that is pathetic," I look away ashamed of my outburst but your fingers find my cunt again and I moan in pleasure. "It's only been a few days," you continue sweetly, "I should really make you wait another week so you learn that this isn't so bad."  
  
"No please, I can't go another week. My cunt throbs all the time, I need to cum, it's all I can think about."  
  
"So you care more about your cunt than you do about serving my needs." You hold out the hand which was just teasing my cunt. "Here, clean your slutty mess up. I've been at work all day and you can't even give me five minutes to relax when I get in without mauling me for an orgasm."  
  
I finish licking your hands clean and look down, ashamed. You stand up to unbutton your trousers and take out your cock so that I can see your strong erection.  
  
"I was thinking, at work, about how I would feed you this cock now. I was going to let you get it nice and wet in your mouth, a little treat before fucking your lovely, tight cunt. I was even going to let you cum while I fuck you." You slowly rub your cock up and down to tease me. "But now I see you aren't interested in my pleasure. You just want your precious orgasm." You pause a moment. "Would you have liked to have my cock inside you right now?"  
  
I nod, not trusting myself to speak. I can feel the lump in my throat. I hate disappointing you. I hate that I got carried away.   
  
Suddenly you turn business like. "Well fine," you say, "spread your legs." Confused I do as you say and you lock my ankles and wrists into the cold, metal cuffs already attached to the head and foot of the bed. You dig into the play drawer and bring out a ball gag. I try to prevent you putting it in, turning my head away and gritting my teeth but forcing my mouth open you push it in and tie it tight so I can't spit it out. I'm starting to panic a little now. This is the position you put me in for punishment beatings. I start pulling at the restraints which is foolish because they hurt and you slap my thighs.  
  
"Stay still," you lean in so your face is really close to mine. I can see the dark flecks in your eyes and myself reflected, the gag distorting my face. "I am going to fuck you." I see my own eyes widen in disbelief. Your tone is flat however, almost bored. "However, as you obviously have a far greater need than me, I'm going to make sure you cum first." You go back to the drawer and return with our largest, most powerful vibrator. You carefully position it so it is lying vertically across my clit and then tape it into position with shiny, black tape. You sit beside me on the bed, your finger casually on the control buttons.  
  
"I want you to count," you say. "I want you to cum over and over and I want you to count how many times you orgasm." You lean over to speak into my ear. "You have one hour, don't you dare disappoint me. Don't you dare hold back."   
  
You press a button. Even though I'd braced myself for it, the sudden vibration makes me jump and my hands pull against the restraints. You've positioned the toy directly on my clit which is something I never do as it is too sensitive and the sudden, constant stimulation shoots through me. Almost immediately I feel myself close to cumming. After a week of teasing and denial, the build up of pleasure is so intense I find myself screaming into the gag as my cunt explodes. I feel you stand up and I open my eyes. You're looking at me coldly as your hand reaches down for the control again.  
  
"I hope you enjoyed that one my dear because I doubt the rest will be so pleasant." You ramp up the controls to the highest setting and I scream again. I never turn the vibrations up so high because it hurts my sensitive clit. I twist my hips as far as I can against the restraints, struggling to close my legs and get away from the damn buzzing but I can't. I whimper trying to plead with you with my eyes. You just pat my leg kindly and then sit down at your computer desk putting in ear plugs and loading a DVD. "Don't forget to count," you remind me before swinging round in your chair so that your back is to me.  
  
At first I don't think I will manage to cum again since the vibrator is so violent. My clit is gradually feeling hotter and hotter when suddenly my cunt spasms and I cum again. By the time your program finishes and you turn around again I have cum a further twelve times and I have started to cry. My clit feels like it is burning up, the last few times I came sent a searing, white hot pain through my cunt. I can feel the next orgasm building and I pull against my chains as you remove the ball gag from my mouth.  
  
"Please, please," I gasp "Please stop it Sir, please turn it off." My cunt twitches in preparation to cum and fresh tears stream down my face. "Please turn it off Sir. It hurts so bad, please."  
  
You smile, gently squeezing one of my tits, rolling a nipple between two fingers. "Hurts my pet?" you say in a concerned voice "but I thought you wanted to cum my sweet? Are you not grateful that I am letting you?"  
  
"Yes, yes I am. Thank you. But please, I've cum enough. Please."  
  
"Well I don't know," you say smiling "You thanked me so nicely I think you can cum once more for being such a good girl." Suddenly you pinch my nipple hard, pulling it. It sets my cunt off and I scream out a final orgasm. I'm shaking as you slowly trail your fingers from my neck to my cunt and press the button, blessedly turning it off. You rip off the tape and remove the toy and I start crying again in relief. I can still feel my cunt tingling, an echo of the vibration and it hurts as you gently press a finger to my clit.  
  
"Oh no, please don't" I beg which makes you dig in harder.  
  
"No?" you say incredulously, shaking your head. "I'll do what the fuck I like to you. I would have thought you'd have learnt that." You remove your hand and look at my clit. "You're very red," you comment and then start slapping my cunt with your hand. I'm struggling to get away but my legs are held wide apart and I can't. "How many times did you cum?" you ask suddenly stopping the slaps.  
  
"Fifteen," I breathe.  
  
"Very good. In that case you aren't to cum for fifteen days. And if at any point you complain or ask me for an orgasm before then I shall double it. Is that clear?"  
  
"Yes Sir," I nod.   
  
"Good," you slap my cunt again making me yelp in pain. "How does your pussy feel?"  
  
I groan. "Please Sir. I feel really tender. It hurts Sir."  
  
"Hmmmmm," you slap me again and then continue to talk through the slaps. "I told you I am going to fuck you and I am. But it is going to hurt do you understand? This is about my pleasure, not yours."  
  
Roughly you unfasten my ankles and wrists and strip off the remainder of your clothes. I want to touch you, make you gentle but you pin my hands down above my head as you drive yourself into me. You groan in relief, feeling my wet cunt squeeze your cock when your body bangs against my clit. Your cock feels wonderful inside me but my clit screams with every stroke. You start fucking harder and harder and all I can feel is the pain. I try to ignore it. You're watching my face really carefully for my reaction and eventually I can't stand the pain any longer. I try to push you off but you were waiting for this and I barely move you.  
  
"Stupid whore," you spit at me "You deserve this. I told you this would hurt."   
  
I try to push you off again. Realising that I can't, I feel the tears prick my eyes again and start to fall down my cheeks. Seeing them you smile and pause a moment to kiss them before continuing to fuck into me.  
  
"Tell me you love me," you taunt. "Go on, tell me how fucking wonderful you think I am."  
  
I grit my teeth. You're laughing at me. You know I adore you, even now, especially now. You just want a rise out of me, you want to rub it in how badly you can treat me. "Fuck you," I manage to get out. "I'll tell you when you deserve it."  
  
You laugh, pounding into me. I can tell you are close and all of a sudden you groan, closing your eyes and I can feel your cock jerking inside me as you cum. I breathe out in relief as you exit me and lie next to me on the bed. You put your arm around me and I snuggle into you.  
  
"Don't forget," you remind me softly "fifteen days."