

Extreme Tease

Here I am, hanging up spread eagle in her cellar dungeon. Nothing fancy really, just a big overhead beam with a couple posts out to the sides and a nice easy chair with a table on the side. I have locking cuffs on my ankles that are chained out to the sides so my feet, which have 5-inch stiletto heels tied on them, are held about two feet apart so that she has free access to my crotch.

My hands are in leather bondage mittens with locking wrist cuffs and are attached to eyehooks screwed securely into the beam overhead. A one-pound chrome ball stretcher pulls at me below, and a black rawhide lace is tied around the base of my cock, keeping it hard. A ball gag is strapped in my mouth and my head is held erect by a tight posture collar secured at the back with a padlock.

The cellar is nice and warm, Mistress likes to be comfortable as she tortures me. I hear her coming down the stairs behind me, and the click of her stiletto heels on the concrete floor as she comes around in front of me. I have already been in bondage for about half an hour. She hung me up, tied up my cock, stroked me to hardness, and then stopped. I moaned through the gag as she just smiled and went upstairs, saying to me, we are just getting started slave, we have hours tonight, think about that.

Now she was back, with her little bag. She puts it down on the table and takes out things with her back to me. As she turns around, she pulls the chair and table over, so they are right in front of me. Standing in front of me she gives my cock a few slow strokes getting a moan out of me. Then she takes off her blouse and skirt. Now she stands there in just her bra, panties, garter belt, stockings, and heels. I look at her inches in front of me and try to lean my body towards her.

She just takes a step back and smiles. "So eager slut, but we have so long to go yet, seems it is going to be a very long night for you." She goes back to the table and puts on a pair of rubber gloves and pours a little oil into her hand. Turning around she sits in the chair and grabs my cock.

She slides her hand slowly down to the base and then back up again. I am moaning, stretched tight in my bondage, helpless to do anything but moan into the gag knowing the frustration that is to come. She just sits there watching me as

her hand continues its slow stroking on my now well-oiled cock.

I remember other nights when I have been hanging here for 2 or 3 hours. When she has made me tell her how much I loved her hand, how I worshiped it because it gave me so much pleasure. How other pathetic men thought sex only lasted for 5 or 10 minutes, but how I was so lucky, that she had proved to me that it could last for hours, just with her hand. How her hand had taught me that. By stroking me until I was ready to cum, then stopping and making me wait until I calmed down, only to start the agonizing torture of the slow stroking over and over again for hours, until she had to gag me to stop the screams.

Now she gagged me at the beginning, she said it was because she liked me completely helpless, unable to even beg for release. So that I knew she was totally in control. That was why she also used padlocks and chains to restrain me, so I knew there was no possible chance of escape.

She calls herself a sexual sadist. She doesn't use a whip to give men pain, to make men beg, she uses pleasure and denial, until that pleasure became an agonizing need. You can see it in her eyes when she has had me on the edge repeatedly, when the pre cum is just leaking from my cock as I hang in my bondage moaning behind the gag. She is starting to get that look now as I have been hanging here for almost an hour now, with my cock rock hard and purple from the tight lace at the base of it.

She pulls the chair closer and spreads her legs open and I can smell her sex, which drives me even crazier with lust. I am twisting in my chains starting to scream behind the gag as she slowly looks up at me and licks her lips.

"Poor slut it has only been an hour and you are already starting to scream for release for me." "It does make me hot hearing you scream, knowing you would do anything to cum right now." "But do you know what makes me even hotter my bitch?" "It's knowing I am going to keep you here for hours more, and there is not a fucking thing you can do about it."

I thrash about as much as I can in my restraints going crazy with lust at her words. Looking down I see her reach into her bag and take out a vibrator. She takes a moment to remove her panties. She holds the crotch in front of my face for a

moment so I can get a smell of the already wet crotch, the smell of her pussy driving me to even higher levels of desperation. Sitting back down she looks up at me as she slides the vibrator into her pussy. Her hand continues the slow stroking of my cock. Keeping me right on the edge but not allowing me to get off. Her scent grows stronger as I watch her slide the vibrator in and out of her pussy. She starts moving the vibrator faster in and out of her now soaking wet crotch. Her head tilts back and her breathing becomes ragged as she nears orgasm. She starts moving her hand faster on my cock and every muscle in my body tightens as I can feel myself getting close to cumming. I rise up on the toes of the spike heels she has put on me as I feel myself getting very close. She is panting, and I can feel her breath on my cock as she jams the vibrator in and out of her pussy. Then she looks me right in the eye and,,,, STOPS!

I let out a huge scream behind the gag and lunge forward in my restraints trying to regain contact with her hand, I was seconds away from cumming! My screams are what she wanted, the sounds of them triggering her orgasm. I can only hang there in my chains twisting and yelling behind the gag as she leans back in the chair with her legs hooked over the arms giving me a complete view of her beautiful pussy as she is wracked by an intense orgasm.

She sits there shaking as she cums, her eyes are open just a bit so she can watch me standing there shaking with the need to have an orgasm, cum dripping from the end of my cock.

Placing the vibrator back on the table she sits up and looks up at me. "Well slut that was so nice for me, but as you know my needs are the only ones that count." "So let's get back to torturing my bitch shall we?"

I let out a high-pitched squeal behind the gag as she grabs my cock and starts stroking it again. I am shuddering in my bondage, shaking in my restraints as she starts in on me again. The need to cum is all that occupies my mind, I am totally lost in my lust as she stokes me closer and closer to orgasm. She continues bringing me to the edge and stopping. Tormenting me by asking me if I want to cum, knowing I can't speak around the gag filling my mouth. Finally, she looks up at me as we reach the third hour. "Well slut I have asked you repeatedly if you would like to cum and you refuse to answer me." Pitiful squeals are all that come from behind my gag as I try to beg her to let me cum.

"Well if you aren't going to answer me, I guess I will take a little break." She strokes me fast for a few seconds bringing me right to the edge then stopping as I scream into the ball gag and try fruitlessly to tear myself loose from my bonds.

Laughing as she strips off the gloves she says. "Oh, poor slut, don't make such a fuss, I asked you if you wanted to cum but you didn't answer me." "Now you just stay there while I take a little break and maybe when I come back down I will take off that gag so you can beg me properly to punish you for not answering me." "I want you to think about how much longer a bad little slut like you should have to wait to cum to make up for not answering his Mistress when she asks you a question." "And I had better like the answer."

I have no idea how long she left me hanging here as I finally hear her heels clicking down the stairs. Time has lost all meaning for me; my mind is mush. I look down at my purple cock, the veins sticking out, cum leaking from the end. I am in hell caught between pleasure and release, and I have no control over my condition.

She walks up in front of me, and her hands go behind my head. She unstraps the gag and sticks her fingers in her wet pussy. Bringing her hand back up she sticks her fingers in my mouth and I suck them with abandon.

"Well bitch how much longer should you have to wait to cum for refusing to answer my questions?"

"An hour Ma'am" I whisper. She walks around behind me and I hear her pick up something. I hear a swish in the air and I feel my ass erupt with fire.

"I don't like that answer slut, try again."

I quickly answer, "two hours Mistress!"

"That's better slut."

I hear her set what I now know is her cane back down and watch her walk back in front of me. She picks up the gag and puts it back in my mouth, tightening the strap so I can't push it out.

She puts on another pair of rubber gloves and oils up her hands. Sitting back down in the chair she resumes my stroking torture once again. Her hand sliding slowly over my cock is driving me insane. My feet are sore from the five-inch heels they are jammed into, my leg muscles are aching from the heels forcing me to stay on my toes.

She loves having me like this, it makes her so hot having a man totally helpless and using his own pleasure to torture him. I can smell her scent and see her other hand stroking her clit as she watches me. I am lost in her torture, a constant moan comes from behind my gag, and I am totally hers.

She gets up and walks behind me to a bench with all her toys on it. She comes up behind me and buckles a belt around my waist, other straps from it hang down to the floor. She goes back to the bench and then I feel her rubbing some lube on my ass. Then she starts pushing her fingers into me loosening me up. Once she has my ass muscles stretched enough, I feel her start to push a dildo into me. It feels a bit large, but she finally has the whole thing inside me. She grabs the loose straps and pulls them between my legs and buckles them to the back of the belt forcing the cock deeper inside me and holding it there.

I feel so full and terribly horny as I watch this demon Mistress walk back around in front of me. I am rocking a bit in my restraints working the dildo inside me, fucking myself with it.

Mistress likes when I do this and has a wicked smile on her face as she sits back down in her chair. One hand goes to my cock to resume my stroking torture while the other goes back to stroking her very wet pussy.

"Oh, my slut so you know how wet and horny this makes Mistress?" "Watching my bitch all hard and horny but unable to get off." "Rocking back and forth fucking yourself with that nice big cock I just slid up your ass." "God this makes me hot!"

I watch moaning in pleasurable agony as she strokes my cock while bringing herself closer to orgasm. The smell of her sex is agonizing as I try and fuck myself deeper with the dildo in my ass. Her breathing gets quicker and her nipples are hard as a rock as she lets go of my cock and leans back in the chair. Her back arches as her hand is a blur between her legs as she lets loose a scream as another orgasm takes her.

I am screaming behind the gag but for another reason, with the dildo pumping in my ass and my cock dripping cum I am right on the edge but can't get myself off. I am shaking and trembling in the chains that hold me there in front of her. All I can do is watch as she shudders through her orgasm and slowly comes back to earth.

"Oh, my slut that was so good, you are such a good little bitch, enduring hours of torture so Mistress can have all these nice orgasms." "Well you still have about thirty minutes left but you have been such a good bitch, and I have cum so hard, I am a bit tired." "So, I think I will let you down now."

Reaching out she grabs my cock, which has now been in bondage and tortured for about four and a half hours and starts to stroke it again. I am lost in a lust filled daze as I feel her hand start to speed up. I feel my orgasm start to build and start rocking my hips a bit, which pumps the cock in and out of my ass. I feel myself going up on the toes of my spike-heeled pumps as every muscle in my body starts to tighten. My body arches as much as my bondage allows as and just before my orgasm finally hits me, she covers my shaft with an ice pack! I am screaming behind the ball gag as I am once again not allowed to cum.

Somewhere in my lust drenched haze I feel her relocking me into the chastity belt that she insists I wear at all times. Then she unhooks the chains from my ankle cuffs, spreads a blanket on the floor and unhooks the wrist cuffs. I just slump to the floor and lay there trying to recover from the hours of teasing still coursing through my body. She unbuckles the gag and pulls it gently from my mouth.

When I finally recover a bit from this incredible experience, I open my eyes and I am staring at her sexy black patent pumps.

"Mistress is still horny from watching her bitch being teased. So, I am giving you two minutes to recover then I had better find you upstairs with that tongue of

yours buried in my pussy."

I watch her feet as she gets up and heads up the stairs, I start to lever myself off the floor to follow her. I know if I am late, she will gladly hang me back up and use her cane to correct me for not obeying her quickly enough.