

Chapter 7

Torture is a synonym for pleasure, when done with love

He reached the study before I did, and sat on the loveseat, waiting for me. The pedestal was already moved and his dick was already recovering, no doubt from anticipation for what possibilities lay ahead.

He asked me to sit next to him so we could talk before we were to go inside. It probably was a good idea. There was so much left unsaid about what we wanted to do beyond that door.

“I want to ask you about some of the other things that I have rolling around in my head. In your Christmas wish list, you didn’t mention several of the things that I would like to do or use. So I just want to ask about them before we go inside. I want tonight to be the most eye opening and magical time of your life. Your first exposure to these things will be your most intense, ever, and I want you to remember it always as the best time you ever had. No one can ever take that away from you, no matter what the future holds,” he starting wringing his hands together like he became very anxious about something. “Are you comfortable with me using whatever is inside that room that I believe will bring you pleasure and maybe some pain, but never more pain than pleasure,” I smiled and nodded that I was definitely agreeable to that. I am naive but I do realize I cannot possibly understand all of the uses of everything in there and I am not willing to miss out just because I am afraid or uneducated in this world.

He cleared his throat before speaking, “I don’t need you to reply but I want you to know that I am already in love with you. I was in love with you years ago and this has been the greatest experience of my life. More than anything, I want to look back years from now and know this was the weekend we began our life together, the weekend my wallflower blossomed for me and only me.”

He continued after more throat noises, “The weekend that we began to experience everything you ever wanted to know about sex, incredible sex. If we

turn around now and go to my room, it will still be all of that and more as I make love to the woman of my dreams in my bed,” he explained slowly so that I could process it all. No doubt he was hoping I was still paying attention after he said he loves me.

“Do you want to go up to my room? Have the most memorable sex of our lives while I show you how much I love you, want you, cherish you as I slowly prove to you that you are the one for me? Or do we walk through that door and I show you how much I need to feel every inch of your body responding to my control and fuck the hell out of you with more passion than can be contained? I need those questions answered before we can move forward,” he had seriousness to his tone and his look.

Strongly, I announced, “I want you to take me in that room and pleasure me the way that will make you and I remember this weekend for the rest of our lives. This weekend has already been the best time of my life. You have awakened a Goddess. My sexual awakening is because of you, because you made me feel sexy and desired. Now I want to add needed, tortured and obsessed over. I want to feel like you will never look at another woman with the same fire that I see in your eyes when your lust takes over. I want you to look at me knowing that the woman looking back is hopelessly in love with you,” I spoke straight from my heart but my pussy was getting wet as I announced it out loud.

He looked down at his hands that were still wringing. “We have not talked about my parents and that room. My dad told me that she needed to see that same fire that you talk about and he was able to show it to her every time, in and out of that room. Walking in that room changed him, changed her. He said she craved the whip, the pleasure connected with the pain, his demands and the endless hours of being restrained and pleased to exhaustion so that he could begin again. It was a need they both had. He even told me that once a month, she became the dominant one, he said he never let on just how much he enjoyed that side of her,” he smiled at the memory of his dad speaking passionately about her.

“He always warned me that when I find the woman that craves me to any depths, to never let her go. If we do this, I don’t know if I will ever want to let you go, our souls will be bonded. I will not be able to handle going into work and pretend that we are as we were on Friday. I need to know that you will be ok with everyone finding out that we are together. That you can learn to be forceful and tell them you don’t care about their stories,” sadness was coming over him as it appeared he thought he was asking too much by changing the rules.

I know that I shocked him when my answer remained simple, “Fuck them!”

He reached into a small trinket box on the table. He pulled out a ring, “This is a promise ring, and my grandmother gave all of the grandkids one. She said when we find the right woman to bestow it upon her as a link to our family tree that is as strong as an oak tree. It is my promise to you to make you as happy as I possibly can for as long as we are together. My promise that your needs will always be taken care of due to the depths of my love and lust for you. I have never shown it to anyone, it staying in my bedroom drawer since I was eighteen years old. I would be honored if you would wear it as I promise to show you how much you mean to me as we go through that door or up those stairs in a few moments, whichever you decide,” his eyes began darkening and making me too weak to speak. The things this man can do with a look!

I put out my hands, not sure where a promise ring sits on a ladies hand. He placed it on the same ring finger that an engagement ring goes on. “It stays on this hand until the couple becomes engaged then it is moved to her right hand, same finger. For the wedding, the stone is removed and a necklace is made with it. Someday, I hope to see that necklace around your neck as we wed, but I have to prove myself worthy first,” he said as he rose up, pulling both my hands with him.

“Which direction do you want to head out to? I want you to be sure. Both choices are available anytime we ever want them to be. I want this weekend to be all about your Wallflower and Goddess personas meeting and falling in love with each other. I am not trying to change you, I loved who you were last week

and I will love you next week, next century if we are lucky,” he said smiling down at me.

I pointed to my left and said, “I know taking me to your bed is a big deal for you, but I feel beyond close to you right now. You have shown me what kind of man you are. You have shown me what kind of family you come from and the devotion that runs deeply through it. I want to be a part of all of that, but more than anything, I want us to go through this door and free my Goddess to express herself completely and totally without fear of embarrassment or ridicule. The thought of you taking control of me thrills me to my core, but know that you have created a sex monster and I will be taking that control back as soon as I am confident enough!”

He gave me that classic smirk of his and I thought he was going to deny me my chance to be in charge someday soon. Instead he wrapped me in his arms and whispered, “Hurry and find that confidence, I cannot wait to see how you challenge yourself and overcome your submissive side!”

He flipped on the lights to the playroom, opened the door and turned to face me. He kissed the ring on my finger, picked me up and carried me over the first threshold to our new lives. I think I might have cum on his arm a little as the euphoria washed over me and time slowed to a crawl as he laid me on the bed.

“Worship the last dick you will ever taste, there will be no others if I have anything to say about it. Just as I shall memorize your taste as the only juices that will ever cross these lips for eternity if you will have me!” his eyes were almost black as the lust that was boiling inside of him took over.

I reached my hand out to touch him and he gasped before skin even touched skin. To see him with such passion for me, just for me, after all these years of wanting him made me feel like I was being reborn. I leaned over to wrap my lips on his cock, but the angle just was not right as he stood next to the bed. I got up on my hands and knees and stalked my prey as I made it to the side of the bed where he was waiting.

I straightened up and kissed his lips and told him for the first time, "I love you," then I sucked his cock all the way down as my body got closer to the bed. I could feel his thigh muscles tightening as he tried to stand still and let me take the lead for a little while. On one of my whirls around the head, I released his cock completely to look up at his face. He was watching the action from the mirror, taking in the entire view of his woman on her hands and knees doing just as he had asked and worshiping him. When his eyes caught mine in the reflection, I told him it was his turn to lead.

The giving of control to one another is the most incredible highs that you can give another person. The pre-cum that started spewing from his dick was steady as his brain processed that his dreams of controlling me in this room were about to be realized.

I licked and licked as he watched but did not touch me. His groans were getting louder and closer together as he neared losing control of his own body before taking control of mine. "Please," he begged, "please take all of my cum down that beautiful mouth. Knowing that you swallowed my cum as our first love act after acknowledging your love for me is blinding me to everything else!" He started screaming as the violent eruption took over. He was screaming about how perfect I am, how perfect we are together. Then he yelled that the next time he comes it will be while I am suspended from the ceiling, clamped up and being thrust on his dick so hard I will lose my breath. My body couldn't hold out, I came at just hearing his words that were filled with so much lust. I had to stop sucking him so that I could breathe as my body fell apart. I was so focused on the way it traveled around my body that as my mind traced the pattern of shock waves I did not feel him slapping my ass repeatedly. I began to come again as he continued to slap me, knowing he was doing it because I asked him to. I lost all feelings in my extremities; I could only feel my ass and my pussy now. One would flinch and one clench then randomly switch.

He began wiping my cum covered thighs and using the lubricant to rub onto my red ass. It felt surprisingly comforting and seemed to take some of the sting away. I relaxed down to the bed and pushed my knees out from under me to lay

flat on my stomach. He walked around the bed and crawled up next to me so our heads were close to each other. He was whispering in the sound proof room about how much he loves me and how he has so much more to show me tonight.

I lifted my head ready to tell him that we should take a break, but the fire in his eyes was so overpowering that all I could say was, "I am ready to challenge myself," in a dreamy slow voice due to the repetitive orgasms that I just had.

"Follow me!" he said, trying to sound stern but it made me giggle.

He brought me over to what looked like a horse that they use in the Olympics. With a few minor adjustments though.

He pushed a button and it lowered and he showed me where on my hips the edge needed to be. As I leaned over, he walked around the other side and pulled my arms down to some leather bindings on the other side. He fastened my hands far away from my body so they pulled me open. My belly was all that touched the awkward device.

More pushing of buttons made the device start to rise higher so my feet were not touching the ground. He took each foot and it felt like there was a large peg being placed on the wooden legs for my foot to rest on. It was far more comfortable now, which meant I could feel that my body was getting excited.

I let out a moan as he bound my ankles to the pegs and now my crotch was completely open and exposed for him. He hadn't even touched me in a sexual way yet and I was on the verge of cumming just from being restrained. His words came back to me about how much different it is to know you cannot move compared to knowing you don't want to move.

A sudden whiff of pomegranate filled the air as I felt him lotioning my calves. It felt very good as he moved up my legs and kneaded my thighs and then my hips. His hands running up and down my back seemed to release what little bit of stress I was holding onto as I awaited my fate on the contraption.

When he massaged my neck, I felt tears start to form as my mind pictured the scene. Here I was in this dungeon, dripping juices on the floor from being so

turned on by loving hands lotioning me. Feeling more relaxed than ever before and yet I am tied to a leather covered bench, no doubt used for torture. I need him to make me come so badly that the tears began to plop onto the floor beneath me. I was hoping he couldn't see them, but no such luck.

He sat on the floor in front of me and looked up into my face. "Is it too much, do you want me to take you down from here?" I shook my head hastily, no.

"What is it then? Talk to me," the color in his eyes was coming back as he feared I was upset.

I whispered my answer but he could not hear me. "Louder, please," he begged.

"I need to cum, ok, I am so turned on that I need to come and I don't want to take away your time of control and ask for it! There, I said it!" as the tears fell at a faster rate.

"Well, then, cum you shall!" he jumped up and enthusiastically ran to the curio cabinet. He was rummaging thru shelves and drawers. When he returned he showed me the outside of cloth basket and taunted me. "These should do the trick," as he started to lower it so I could look inside. "Oh! Where would the fun in that be; if I let you see what is going to make you beg to stop cumming!" he teased as he put the soft basket on my back.

He put earphones in my ears and the country music soon drowned out his talking and any chance of me hearing what was coming.

I felt the sudden pressure of a thick vibrator inside my pussy, it was on a low hum, but it still made me want to wiggle. The position I was held in was wiggle proof, I couldn't get closer or further away from the penetrating rubber.

My juices were flowing quickly when I felt him touch my clit. I am guessing it was with his fingers and I know I heard myself moan. That was right before I screamed as the clit clip that I asked for was tightened on the swollen nub. The pain only lasted a couple of seconds then it was a pressure like I have never felt. The pressure stretched up through my abdomen and around to my ass, down to

my toes which were curled now. My breathing was more of a panting and it seemed I only made it worse when I tried to hold my breath to slow it down.

I screamed that I needed to cum just as something cold was against my tiny little asshole. There were so many sensations at once that I am not sure if it was his tongue or something from his basket of goodies still balancing on my spine.

The vibrator was yanked out and a larger dildo was in its place only this time he was forcing it up inside of me and pulling it back out so that he could fuck me harder on the next upward thrust. Then I felt him bite the inside of my ass cheeks, very close to my star. He flicked the clip as he fucked me and I screamed out in pleasure, it was a sweet torture that fed my need to be possessed.

The very wet dildo was taken out and he was spanking my ass and my hole with it. I felt my body squirt as he beat my pussy with the dildo randomly in his own sequence between my ass cheeks, its entry point, and my pussy lips. He must have known that kind of pressure on my clit would be too much. The music suddenly stopped and I heard him in my ears say, "Cum on me baby, let me watch that pussy of yours cum for me. Your ass is so red from me spanking it with this giant dildo that keeps fucking you. How is that clit, huh, you like it when I do this? When I flick it and slam the dildo into your pussy, huh? You like that don't you. My tongue is headed for your asshole and I am not going to stop biting and licking it until you cum for me!"

A man of his word he certainly was, he flicked the clip again, rammed the dildo in my pussy, then started to put it in my ass. That sent me over the edge, and he crammed his tongue in my ass while fucked my pussy hard. No doubt he could feel my body squeezing both his tongue and rubber stick as one orgasm rolled over into another.

I felt the dildo drop out of my pussy and him leave the backside of me. I was conscious but I still couldn't feel anything and my eyes were slammed shut as yet another orgasm rocked me.

As reality started to crawl back to me, I felt my breasts tingling. Almost painfully so, I opened my eyes and my mouth dropped open. While I was out of

my mind rolling and rolling with the flow, he had attached the nipple clips along with a lot of smaller clips all around my breasts. There was something hanging off the chain, pulling it down. The more I looked at my breasts the more the feeling of tightness and pleasure took over that he provided to me at my request.

He began touching just the nipples as they were pinched in the clamps. It felt like he was scratching them, trying to remove the outside layer with his fingernail. I was soon panting and feeling warmth that I cannot even describe. He put a tube of lube in front of my face so I could read it; it was a warming lotion that boasted, extreme heat on the label.

He sat back down on the ground in front of me and kissed me as my nipples started a fire that traveled through my whole body. He was watching my face turn red as the heat ran through my system. He scooted forward a little and was rubbing up against my breasts, lightly tossing around the many clips that pinched the fleshy surfaces of my swollen tits.

My eyes started to roll back in my head, the music cut off again and he was speaking once again to me through the ear pieces. "Look in my eyes; I am guessing you can see the fire in my eyes that I have burning because I know what comes next. This is going to be the most powerful orgasm you have ever experienced so far," and with that the music came back and he pulled down on the chain which must have been connected to the clit one like he had shown me earlier.

As I screamed in his face, he fucked my pussy with a gigantic dick made of ice. The hot and cold running through my body; confusing my mind as to whether it was burning hot or freezing cold was beyond words. I came so hard that I could not make a sound. My spit choked me up even though my mouth hung open and I was still almost upside down strapped to the immovable horse.

Everything began to go dark as my body couldn't keep up with the sensations it was feeling. The last thing I felt was my body going limp. I was no longer hot or cold, I was no more.

I awoke some time later; he had me cradled in his arms under the soft comforter on the bed. I felt weak, but incredibly satisfied. Such an odd combination, almost as powerful as the hot and cold I felt earlier.

I must have twitched, because he instantly had his nose pressed to mine checking on how I was feeling. When he smiled back at me, I knew that the grin I gave him was sufficient to let him know I was more than fine.

He held me for a while longer before I said I needed to go to the bathroom. He walked me to the oversized bathroom with the walk in shower that had seats all around the edges. He sat me down on the toilet and went to the shower to start it up. By the time he had adjusted the water I was making my way over to him looking forward to the water running over my tired body.

When I stepped in the shower he helped me sit on a special seat that was directly under the heaviest of the water flow. The seat was clearly designed so that it opened up the entire crotch area. Just the backs of your thighs and the small of your back were supported. I felt more stretched open on the chair than I had felt earlier.

He washed my hair, and then started washing my neck, shoulders and arms. He leaned down in front of me as he washed my breasts, rubbing a finger over every temporary mark that the clips left. I recalled when he left the bite mark on my breast a few short days ago, as I reached out to kiss him.

He put some soap on a sea sponge and began to wash my exposed crotch. He soaped up the front half first after he moved the water away so that I could look down and see the huge bubbly mound he was leaving in place. He reached around and started on my ass, washing the cheeks before getting to the good stuff. It felt very luxurious to have such softness and caring go into cleaning me.

He threw the sponge behind me and got on his knees in front of me. "I want to see you cum like this," he said. My brain couldn't comprehend what he meant, cum like what, I was just sitting here all soaped up.

He put a hand behind my head and started kissing me; the passion quickly rose higher and higher. I heard a click of some sort as he was still kissing me. That is when the special feature of the chair became clear. It was fashioned after a bidet, and the force of the water hitting simultaneously from my clit to my ass was forcing an orgasm right out of me while he sucked on my tongue, watching me fall apart.

He lightly pulled the hair off of my face as it had fallen down in my thrashing. When I looked up, his desire was written all over his face. When I looked down, his desire was looking back at me.

“Is there any way that it would be alright if I take you upstairs to my bed and make love to you? I know we talked about getting you everything on your Christmas list, but I just need to love on you until we fall asleep. I enjoyed controlling your orgasms, but I need to feel you, feel the love up close,” he said in a shy voice.

“Take me to your bed!” I blurted, just as I had done when I wanted him to take me to his dungeon.