

Charli Mac

Pleasing Sir

Thwack!

I braced as the flogger wrapped around my ass, its tendrils stinging across my skin. I hissed out a breath, picking up one foot and then placing it straight back down as a voice above my head said, "Don't you move!"

I held my position, listened as Sir paced to the left. A warm hand reached out and stroked across my ass, soothing my burning skin. Then he stepped back.

Thwack!

I squealed, going up on my tiptoes as the flogger slapped hard against my cunt, the very tops of my thighs. I barely had time to draw breath before he hit me with two more in quick succession. The fourth hit had me dropping down, my knees digging into the carpet, legs pressed together to protect my most intimate place.

"Uh uh." I heard the censor in his voice a moment before a foot shoved between my knees and forced them wider. I fisted the comforter of the bed I was braced over, scrunching it up in my fists, holding on tight.

It wasn't the flogger that touched me this time, though. It was Sir's hand. Delving deep, forcing two fingers inside me. I gasped, then instinctively tilted my pelvis so that he could access my cunt. He grunted in approval then rewarded me for my thoughtfulness by slamming two – three? – fingers inside me, thrusting in rapid succession. My eyes rolled back in my head, choking cries coming out of my mouth as he stroked over my g-spot again and again. It was too hard, too deep, too fast.

"Can't," I squeaked.

The fingers stopped immediately.

"Can't?" he asked.

I pouted, regretting my words immediately. I wanted more, even though it was far too much. Optimistic, I lifted my hips a tiny bit more, hoping Sir would take the hint.

He did.

He also ignored the hint.

"If you can't take it *here*," He thrust in once more, hard. "Then where can you take it?"

I paused, uncertain.

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“Sir?”

I made to move, to lift up and turn to look at me, and a firm hand in my back kept me right where I was.

“If you can’t take it here, can you take it...” His hand moved, travelling up an inch or so to circle my asshole. “Here?”

Yes? No? Maybe?

“Uhm.....”

“That sounds like a yes.”

“Uh, no, I don’t think it-,” My words tailed off as Sir moved, going to his knees behind me. He grabbed my hips and pulled me backwards until I came off the bed, then he pushed me down until my face was pressed into the carpet.

“Stay here.”

I did as I was told, panting quietly, while I waited for whatever came next.

“Give me your hands.”

I tried not to hesitate, lifting my hands up and gripping them together behind my back, assuming Sir wanted to handcuff me. He didn’t. He took my hands, pulled them apart, then placed a hand on each of my ass cheeks. I stayed where I was put, holding onto my ass, guessing where this was going but hoping I might somehow be wrong.

“Spread your ass for me.”

Fuck. I was not wrong. I squeezed my eyes closed, mortified, then did as I was told. Instantly, I felt the stretch on that tight ring of muscle. The cool air on exposed flesh.

“Good girl.” I loved those words, lived for them. Right now, it wasn’t quite enough to dull the anxious, excited feeling of impending doom.

Sir’s finger went back to my asshole, circled then pressed. His touch was there and then gone, and then I felt a cool drop of something running down my ass crack. Spit. It dribbled down until it reached my ass. Sir collected it, rubbing it in and then using its lubrication to delve inside. I held very still, worried and aroused all at once. I wanted to take my hands away and cover my face, but I wasn’t stupid enough to shift from the position I’d been placed in. I settled for squeezing my eyes shut and pressing my face harder into the carpet.

This was happening. And I loved and hated it in equal measure.

“Lube?” I mumbled.

“I have lube,” Sir said, proving his point by slipping his finger in deeper. It went without resistance. “You need more?”

“Yes!” I said.

“You got it.”

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I was expecting to hear the snap of the lube bottle cap opening. Instead, Sir spat again, adding a second drop of spit to my asshole.

"There," he said. "Perfect."

Riiiiight.

"You know," Sir said. "Seeing you there, open and waiting for me. your asshole on display... it's so fucking hot, Kitten." Sir moved closer, until his hips were flush against my ass. "Can you feel how hot it makes me?"

I didn't answer, waiting for what was inevitably going to happen next.

Sir was unimpressed.

"Kitten, words. Can you feel how hot it makes me?"

Yes, I fucking could. I could feel his erect cock pushing against me, the head placed against my asshole.

"Yes, Sir," I gasped.

"Good girl. Do you know what's going to happen next?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Tell me."

"You're going to fuck my ass, Sir?"

"I'm going to fuck your ass," he agreed. "Just relax, Kitten. You're going to enjoy this."

I was. I knew I was. But it was my ass and still new and I was nervous of pain and uncertainty and just the fact that it was *my ass*.

I didn't have a lot of time to contemplate. Sir began pushing forward with gentle but insistent pressure. My asshole resisted, then he slipped inside. It felt... okay, it felt good. My clit throbbed and I wished I had my bullet vibe to press against it, knew I'd cum easily if I did. I moaned, holding my position, letting Sir build up a slow rhythm, trying not to tense up, to be open and allow the delicious friction to continue.

"Good girl," Sir groaned. "Fuck, that feels good. Good girl."

The praise warmed me, kept me right there, where Sir wanted, as he began to thrust harder and deeper, the extra width and speed turning the pleasure into a hint of pain. Was this it? Was this all of him? Inexperienced as I was in this hole, it felt like he was entering me with a tree rather than his cock.

In fairness, he had a sizable cock.

"Fuck," I mumbled, then, unable to hold it in, "Ow."

"Ow?" Sir paused, withdrew.

"Lube?" I asked. "Maybe lube?"

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“You think we need more lubrication?”

“Yes!”

Sir backed up a step and then growled, “Turn around.”

I did so, staying on my hands and knees, looking up at him through the tousled strands of my hair. His cock was right in front of my face, his eyes staring down at me, hot as coals.

“If you want more lube, then lube it up.”

He grabbed his cock and offered it to me, the tip just inches from my lips. I looked at it, then up at him. Comprehension dawned slowly through the haze of sub space. He wanted me to lube it with my mouth. His cock, which had just been in my ass.

“Sir-,”

“You know what to do,” he told me. “Lube it up, or turn back around and spread.”

I could handle it. I could take the cock in my ass with just a couple of dribbles of spit. I knew I could. I also... wondered. Would it just taste like him? Would I taste my ass on him? It was a disgusting thing to contemplate, putting it in my mouth given where it had just been. Dirty. Nasty. And fuck me, that made my clit twitch.

Sometimes I hated my body. She could be a filthy, perverted fucking whore.

I opened my mouth and stuck my tongue out.

Sir didn't move.

“No, Kitten. You want it, you take it.”

He kept it there, right in front of it, right hand fisting it tightly at the base, the head purplish and glistening with spit and precum. I couldn't see anything else, I couldn't see any of *that*. I hesitated. The moment drew out in long, torturous beats of my heart.

Then I shifted forwards, slowly, slowly, and touched the tip of my tongue to the tip of Sir's cock.

It tasted like him. Nothing more. Feeling a tiny bit braver, I wrapped my lips around the head, sucked lightly. There. Something, some taste, but nothing like what I'd expected. Nothing strong, revolting. I shifted forwards and slid the whole of his cock into my mouth.

Sir took that as permission. He grabbed my hair, fisted it, then began fucking my mouth in shallow thrusts. I wasn't practiced at it, and I gagged quickly, choking on his cock. Sir held me in place, refused to let me draw back. I waited, vowing not to vomit, then he let up and moved back, gave me a moment's respite before surging forward again. Saliva pooled in my mouth, slicking his cock in a sheen of lubrication. I spat, coating the head of his cock in my spit, then sucked on him again, lost in the enjoyment of worshipping Sir's cock, forgetting, momentarily, where it had been, what we were learning in this exercise.

When Sir's cock was dripping with my spit – and that saliva was smeared all over my chin and cheeks – he grabbed my face and lifted me away.

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“Turn around and spread,” he commanded me. “I want to cum in your ass.”

Drowning in the obedient calm of subspace, I did as I was told, pressing my face back into the carpet, closing my eyes and spreading my cheeks. When Sir penetrated my ass in one hard thrust, cock well slicked my by eager mouth, I did nothing but moan in pleasure.