

The Wife, the Limes, and the Whip

(FM, bd, anal, ws)

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Jason was cold.

Lying on kitchen floor, his hands bound above his head, his ankles bound on either side of three-foot-long bar, he squirmed on top of all that frigid tile. No matter how long he was left lying there, his body could not heat up the surface it covered. He shivered. He was sure most of him was blue by now. The worst part was, he was blindfolded, thus left with an excruciatingly high sense of touch. The best part was, he was blindfolded, bound naked on the hard floor, uncomfortable, powerless, miserably in suspense....

Michelle sat for a long time on the cold tiles herself, all the way across the cavernous kitchen, leaned back against the carved pine cabinets, fingering herself. The site of her husband so helpless and so willing.... Her fingers couldn't move fast enough. Still, she strove for a quiet pleasuring, wishing him to believe she had left for the day. She had gone to their bedroom down the hall, made a point of opening dresser drawers, clattering makeup paraphernalia at the vanity, picking up her keys, walking to the garage in her heels and robe. She'd even gotten into her car, started it, and backed out of the driveway, closing the garage door. She wanted Jason to think he was alone. She wanted to see what he would do.

Soundlessly, she had crept back into the house, discarded her heels and her robe, and sat nude just twenty-five feet away from her lover, watching him squirm. For an hour they remained frozen in that peculiar tableaux, with only his intermittent moans and grunts breaking the silence, with only her occasional shudder and fluttery stroking to stir the air.

Once the answering machine, up on the kitchen counter, burst into life. The ringers were turned off. "Jason, it's Karen," the machine blared. Karen was Jason's colleague at the school where he taught. "Ummm, I need to ask about that Steinbeck unit you used to teach.... Call me." That would be Karen attempting to instigate the arrangement of another "secret" rendezvous with Michelle's husband. What Karen

didn't know was that she was but a pawn in a very exciting game that the married couple was now playing.

As Michelle watched Jason stir and strain and mumble and moan, she couldn't help but admire his cock. It lolled onto his left thigh, semi-hard, nearly six inches, ready to spring to life and fullness at the slightest breeze of air conditioning or the slightest sounds of an owl outside, a car-full of teenagers rolling by, a dog barking. Pre-cum oozed onto his thigh, slipped, slid down in a delicious little stream back along his inner thigh toward his groin. Michelle frigged herself and imagined licking up that sweet-saltiness, feeling his hairy leg under her tongue, smelling his musk.

It was very, very difficult for her to stay so still and quiet for so long.

Nevertheless, she wanted to see how he handled being left alone like that. She'd left him like that for real--left the house, gone grocery shopping, gone to the mall, etc.--but now she wanted to see for herself if he was still as aroused by that game as much as she was. Judging by his nearly delirious and constant smirk, clearly, she still had a happy submissive on her hands.

It would be a few more weeks before Jason had Karen ready to play all the way, so Michelle was deeply enjoying this intervening time of anticipation. Their lovemaking, their ritual, was so much more charged with meaning now. They knew their world was to soon expand by one, and it was as if they were practicing, perfecting their skills. Their art.

At the end of that solitary hour, when Jason's skin was beginning to turn a pasty pale blue and Michelle's left buttocks was completely asleep, she struggled silently to her feet and padded toward him. He suddenly went rigid. His mouth tightened. His head turned slightly toward her. His cock grew, as if unfolding itself, until it thickly stared with its own blind eye.

"Mis--Mistress?" Jason stammered, his voice dry and raspy. He coughed, and his cock clumsily bounced against his abdomen.

Michelle stood over his head, her feet on either side of his face. She slid her feet in until the insides of her ankles pressed against his ears, then she widened her stance. She did not speak. His chest heaved spasmodically as he felt her ankles briefly touch him, and she could see his heart hopping up and down, an eager rabbit ready to run for hours at her bidding. His cock was purple almost to the root. She could smell his dusky, animal, man-smell. As she inhaled and spread her feet, his hips began to pump lightly, involuntarily, against the electric air above him.

"I'm glad you're back, Mistress," Jason whispered, his voice more controlled. Michelle knew he wasn't quite sure that it was his wife who now stood over him; they'd never had a third play their games with them, but Jason was forever anticipating that day. However, his wife knew he would be perfectly content with Michelle and only Michelle until the end of their days, if that was her wish. Since she was now directing him to draw another person into their game, Jason felt more

free to fantasize about the possibilities. Michelle liked that. His imagination kept him aroused and inspired, and it would serve him very well in his role.

"Mistress?" Jason whispered, still pumping his hips against the cool kitchen air. His arms, stretched up above him along the floor, were tied at the wrists and secured to a hook drilled inside one of the bottom cabinets. He flexed his biceps and rolled his shoulders, then suddenly he thrust his head sideways to try to make contact with Michelle's ankle once again. Mercilessly, she lifted the foot out of his range. Pointing her toes, she kicked him sharply in the temple. "Ah!" he cried, surprised and pleased and in pain. "Thank you, Mistress."

"Shut up and open your mouth," Michelle growled, squatting a little. Jason obediently pointed his nose straight up toward the ceiling and opened his mouth wide. His cock throbbed stiff against his abdomen, so wet at the tip. He knew what was coming.

"You will get two seconds to swallow, got it?" she asked, squatting more. Jason merely trembled his head in a motion that vaguely resembled "yes", while he remained open-mouthed and ready.

With a great sloppy burst, Michelle's piss erupted. In a split-second it drenched Jason's entire head, neck, shoulders, and chest. Almost immediately, using a hand to separate her cunt's folds, she got it under control. A nice heavy gush of piss roared like a fire hose from her crotch to his face, into his overflowing mouth. Grunting, she stopped and counted, "One-thousand one, one-thousand two," while he closed his mouth and gulped her urine down. Then she gushed piss into his mouth again. Again she stopped and counted the two seconds while he swallowed. His cock, fully purple now, beat in time with his heart and leaked more pre-cum, which oozed down toward his belly-button and the pool of piss which was collecting there. Michelle couldn't wait to see Karen licking it up some day.

Michelle, her bladder extremely full, pissed several more times. She made it a habit to drink at least two gallons of water prior to their games, filling herself to the point of deep pain, to make sure she'd have enough to satisfy their passions. Water made her piss less acrid as well, and she liked that because it was easier to clean the smell out of the rooms they played in. Of course, being on the kitchen tile made that a relative non-issue; but actually, they played their game wherever she wished, according to what she wished him suffer/enjoy. On this night she wanted to make a big mess.

After several more minutes of piss-drinking, Michelle stopped and stepped away from her husband. His entire upper body was glistening in her golden juice, and a large puddle spread out on the floor around him. She knew he loved the warmth running under his skin, breaking the frigid bond of the tiles. She knew also that the piss was already chilling him, making him even more uncomfortably cold than before. His cock, of course, was enormously happy about it all.

Walking around to stand just beyond the bar that separated his feet,

Michelle lifted it until it fit over Jason's head, resting behind his neck. His knees were bent back until they touched the floor, his ass pointing almost straight up in the air. Having done this many times, Jason was much more flexible than most men, but he still groaned and shifted gently to relieve the discomfort of the unnatural position as much as he could. When he'd finally settled in, she roughly and without warning shoved two fingers deep inside his asshole.

"Mmmmmmpphhhh!" he grunted, clenching his teeth. He had long ago told her the pleasure of being stabbed by her fingers was worth every ounce of the pain, and his grunts and moans only increased as she worked her fingers against his prostate. Her third finger entered, then her fourth. His cock began to dribble pre-cum down his inverted torso, eventually drizzling over the sides of his neck, sliding over the clinging sheets of piss.

"Ai, ai, ai, ai," he breathed, his hamstrings flexing, bending his legs involuntarily and crushing the bar up hard against the back of his straining neck. He was so obviously in the thrall of a pleasure that hurt him so deeply. Michelle, hard and cold Mistress on the outside, nonetheless utterly melted on the inside as she watched the smile on his tortured face.

Her free hand rubbed her clit to orgasm again and again as she quickly worked him over. She finally stopped and pulled out her fingers only when she was no longer able to safely stand over him. The entire ass-raping had taken less than a minute, and luckily she had managed to stop before he came. She wanted his prostate primed and ready for greater adventures, but first she would clip and beat him.

Stepping to case laid open on the kitchen counter, she surveyed the various alligator clips, mousetraps, and clothespins scattered among her whips and straps. Picking up five clothespins, she turned to Jason's inverted crotch and roughly yanked on his scrotum. Pulling the sack out hard from his body, twisting it, she clamped the clothespins down on his puckered red skin. From below, she could hear a faint gurgling sound. Then he farted.

"Oh, my God! Mistress, I am so sorry." Jason's voice held a note of honest shame and fear. Never mind that he managed to break one at her nearly every time she folded him up like that. He still played the game no matter what. He still played the game especially for the "no matter what" thrill, of course. As Michelle finished the last clothespin on his ballsack and stepped back, he was already shuddering in mortified anticipation.

"For THAT, you stinking shit-maker, you will pay." Michelle immediately stabbed both cheeks of his ass with her thumbs, just an inch to either side of his loose hole. She dug her thumbnails into his flesh with vicious glee as she ripped at his cheeks as hard as she could, spreading his ass open with all her might. "Fart now, stupid, and just see what happens," she sneered. "If you let one while I'm doing this, while my nails and my hands are punishing you, then you can expect the worst. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," moaned Jason, blood trickling in tiny droplets out from under his wife's cruel thumbnails. She could see his struggle to hold back his gas, despite her attempts to keep his spread and open. Finally, after blood had trickled down his back all the way to the floor, she stopped. The areas of skin on his scrotum around the clothespins were a deep scarlet. Sweat beaded up on the back of his thighs and on his face. The piss on the floor stunk.

"Now," said Michelle, stepping back, "Count the strokes. Tonight we will go to twenty." She grasped her stiffest whip, a handle nearly a foot long with leather strips hanging from it for another three feet, rasping dryly against each other as she shook them out. "If you don't hesitate when counting, then you will be allowed to come when we are through. Understand?"

"Yessss, Mistress," whispered Jason, already in a semi-ecstatic state, ready for his punishment to continue.

Michelle raised her arm and flexed the handle of the whip inside the grip of her long fingers. She felt very much like she was about to serve a tennis ball up into the air, ready to yank the racquet down from on high in a thunderous smash. Her years playing that game had helped to equip her well for this better game, and she suddenly brought the whip down against his defenseless ass with a resounding snap!

"One!" gulped Jason immediately, as his entire pretzled body somehow bounced six inches off the sloppy floor. Michelle, generous as she almost always was, allowed her husband to catch his breath between the first several strokes. This enabled him to get into his own rhythm of pain, synching with her rhythm of punishment more and more with each passing stroke. It allowed him to keep the count promptly and accurately, too, but Michelle didn't always want him succeeding in that.

"Sixteen!" Jason ground out between clenched teeth, and immediately--before the "-teen" had even left his lips--she whaled him with the next one. He gasped, completely unprepared, unable to catch his breath or his voice. Finally, after a moment, he weakly muttered, "Seventeen."

"The count?" Michelle snarled. She could not see Jason's face from her position, only his puckered asshole, his rolled-over haunches, and his piss-and-blood-mottled back. His ass rose and fell as he struggled to breathe. In that position it was nearly suffocating. Adding unexpected pain to that circumstance, Michelle knew she'd made her husband nearly black out. He was surely loving every second.

"I--I'm sorry, Mistress," he gasped. Snap! "Eighteen..." Snap! "Nineteen...." Snap! "Twenty...." Still blindfolded, unsmiling now, he appeared in passing to be in miserable pain. His cock, however, was still throbbing, and his hips were still reflex-fucking.

Michelle walked to the refrigerator and removed a gallon pitcher of ice water. The plastic rattled dully as the ice which filled it sloshed back and forth. Wordlessly, she dumped half the ice and water on his ass. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried, certainly noises that could be heard outside in

the night, if anyone was up prowling outside their walls. An ice cube caught in the forest of clothespins that still rose from his painfully contracting scrotum.

"Ahhhh... mmmmmm... mmmm... ohhhhhh...." Jason moaned, and his hips began to pump in rapid crunches, his fat cock digging into his belly and he suffered, hunched over himself.

"Here's some more," Michelle warned. She quickly pulled a small kitchen funnel from a nearby cabinet shelf and shoved the narrowed conical end deep inside his goosebumped ass. "Ow!" he jerked violently, once, then remained still.

"Shut up now, or else," Michelle snapped, tipping the pitcher slowly, filling the wide bowl of the funnel with ice water and watching it slowly drain down into her husband's rectum. She knew she could only get a very small amount of it inside him without resorting to an enema tube, but it would be enough. He would tighten right up, and then she'd really hurt him.

"Your little fart is going to cost you now, dickweed," she gloated, removing the funnel and tossing it expertly across the kitchen to clatter into the sink. "You're going to get your precious cum the hard way."

"Yes. Yes, Mistress," intoned Jason, torn between dread and bliss.

Walking back to the refrigerator, Michelle replaced the pitcher and pulled out a bowl of limes. There were five in the bowl, all nearly the diameter of a billiard ball, of course shaped more like a football. The citric acid in the dark green peels would rub off on Jason, Michelle knew, and he would burn from it for days afterward. Unable to forget what had happened to him, feeling the effects of it for hours on end long after it was done. Michelle shuddered to think of it. Jason, hearing the fruit roll about in the bowl as she set it on a nearby counter, shuddered even more.

"Do not make a sound, or I go get the oranges," she commanded. Without pausing for him to relax, she pushed the conical tip of the first lime against his anus. The chilled water had tightened his sphincter up into a grim little pucker. Screwing the lime into him with ever-increasing pressure, Michelle slowly proceeded to open up his pink shit hole. Jason could already feel the sting of the acid in every crack and crease and pore of the flesh that it touched. It burned, and he desperately suppressed moan after moan. The pain just of being forced open in that savage manner was bad enough. Now the chemical torture that came along with it nearly made him suck in enough breath to beg for mercy. But he stopped himself, thinking of the orgasm that was on its way.

By the time the fifth lime was screwed down into his clamping asshole, Jason's entire bowels were on fire. He was sweating and bouncing around in his inverted state, agonizingly impatient to have that burning stop immediately. Yet he wished it would last forever, too. The maddening paradox of sensation and need was like a drug. Michelle

could see that it was working in Jason, as usual. He had told her so many times how great that moment felt. He was ready to come.

At least one lime was up against his prostate. It weighed heavily, lustily, against his most precious gland. Every beat of his heart bounced it ever so slightly up and down, pumping, pumping. Jason sucked in his breath in ragged gasps and enjoyed the mounting pressure. The acidic pain, chased by the throbbing joy of his deepest manhood, was making him absolutely drunk with the lust to spew his hot seed. He wanted to feel his cock jerk against the air and fire jism down upon his face. He wanted to feel his prostate strain and pulse against the weight pressing it, lighting every nerve in his body with a million bursts of nameless pleasure.

Picking her whip back up, Michelle reversed it. Slowly, she pushed the butt-end of the handle down into this anus. When his sphincter finally relaxed and accepted the full width of the end, she steadily drove half the length of the handle down into his guts.

"You may make noise as you wish," she muttered, absorbed in watching Jason's entire body enter into involuntary spasms. The limes were driven deep and hard into his folded rectum, and the whip handle mashed his prostate against them with breath-taking pulses of ecstasy. Jason groaned so long and low, Michelle nearly chuckled to think that he sounded like a cow ready to drop her calf. Looking down, she saw his cock ready to explode.

"Open your mouth," Michelle said, and she very lightly grasped his heaving organ between her thumb and forefinger and aimed it roughly at his gaping, desperate mouth. At the instant of her touch on his cock, every muscle in Jason's body strained against his bonds. His moan became a growl, and his hips flexed against her slow thrusts of the whip handle in his ass. "Come now," she snapped, and he did.

Rope after rope of thick white semen pumped out of his cock and splattered all over Jason's face and neck. A good amount went squarely in his mouth, and he kept it open, wildly, hoarsely growling like a beast the whole time, as his gland continued to churn out burst after shattering burst of hot jism.

With a final shudder, he was done. His mouth remained open.

"You may eat it," Michelle said, and he did, with soft moans. Slowly, gently, she pulled the whip handle back out of his ass. The limes would come out later, perhaps not all of them until late the next afternoon, but Jason would drink enough coffee to make sure they would. They hadn't had to go to the emergency room yet, after all. His asshole was slightly gaping, blood-red, and certainly sore. Michelle smiled to see her thumbnail marks so deeply scarring on the inside edges of his ass cheeks. Already the blood from those wounds had run away and blended in with their other mess until it was simply a part of the wet, nondescript shiny slipperiness of the floor.

Jason's cock, now softening even past semi-hard, was ready for its last task. Crouching down beside him, Michelle slipped off his blindfold. For

a few moments, Jason's eyes remained tightly squinted, but he was looked directly at his cock and not at her. That was as expected. When his eyes had finally become accustomed again to the florescent glare of the kitchen, Michelle unhooked and untied his wrists and stood up.

"Drink as much as you want, fucker," she sneered, "but you've got just five minutes, or else I'm in the tub. You better hurry." Michelle turned her back and padded off toward their bedroom. Her cunt was dripping all the way down the insides of her thighs to the floor, and it had been that way for a long time now. She relished the delightfully squishy sound of her arousal, and she hoped Jason would be fast in coming to her.

Already, before she even left the kitchen, she could hear him grunting, bringing up his sore arms to put his hands on his cock, pointing it at his mouth. As her feet led her into the bedroom she heard the first splash of his piss spraying out over his face and the tile. As she lay back on the bed and spread her legs, already languidly rubbing herself, she heard him gulping and gasping.

In a moment he would appear at their bedroom door, limping, grinning through his pain, dripping obscenely with fluids. His cock would be massive and ready, once again. He would throw himself on her and fuck her savagely. Flipping her over, like the 105-pound rag-doll that she is, he would proceed to rape her asshole without pause. His cum as it raged up her rectum would leave a warmth that spread deeper and lasted longer than any cannon-shot of semen naturally could. It was how she knew they were made for each other.

Not much later, as she dozed in her bath, Michelle would think again of Karen and of how it seemed that Karen, too, loved the game exactly the way they played it. Inside that silky warm water, Michelle's toes would curl, and the night's last orgasm would sweep through her pulsing flesh. There were so many things she wanted to do to a woman.

In the kitchen, as Jason cleaned up their mess, his ass would burn, and he would simply smile.

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