

Hardison Parker



JADE

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TRIGGER WARNING – This story contains the consensual use of restraints and Dom/Sub play.

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SPY V. SPY

JADE'S STORY

Almost imperceptibly, I jimmy the hotel door with a gadget of my design. The tumbler rolls back with just the slightest whir. I pray my nemesis did not wake. The door opens clean, and I enter, optimistic that I have the element of surprise on my side.

I barely get through the door when I find my face pressed against the wall, my hands pinned over my head.

“Did you think you could get the drop on me tonight, pet?” Rick whispered, his breath hot against her neck. “I smelled the Diphenhydramine HCl in my whiskey long before I headed upstairs. I heard the click of the stairway door and saw you on the hotel camera feed I hacked into the moment we arrived. Sometimes I think you forget I taught you everything you know, but not everything I know.”

I cursed silently, not wanting to give Rick the satisfaction of admitting I lost. It was a game we had played ever since I met Rick three years ago at a “security convention”. We spent all night talking about our experiences. He was the first man to be more interested in what I had to say, then got into my panties. The sex that night was mind-blowing.

As both of us worked for different agencies traveling undercover, it was difficult to make time, but we agreed to coordinate monthly trips to the same city using coded messages. He indeed gave me some pointers which improved my skills tremendously, but I had a few tricks up my sleeve. I thought the sleeping pill ice cubes were a nice touch. Had to blow the bartender to convince him to slip them into Rick's drink.

I gasped, Rick held my arms in place with one hand, his body pressed against mine keeping me from escaping his trap. That left one hand free which was now slowly sliding through my folds.

“Someone is wet and ready. Is it me that excites you Jade, or the thought that your plan almost worked.”

I couldn't answer. He knew how to touch me; to elicit surges of pleasure in my clit and core. My concentration was wavering. It always amazed me how Rick kept his wits about him. His multitasking was on point tonight as he continued driving my pussy wild with his fingers while he managed to force my hands behind my back long enough to lock the cuffs in place. I was in no state to resist.

Without removing his fingers from my core, Rick lifted me into the air took three steps, and lightly tossed me onto the bed. With my hands behind my back, I had no leverage, not that it mattered. He had me so worked up, my only regret was his fingers leaving my dripping cunt for a moment as I landed face down. He steadied me by grabbing my hips, returning his fingers to my cunt.

“Fuck Rick!” I managed as he found my special spot. “That’s ...Not... Fair” The word fair was accompanied by a high pitch yelp when Rick’s thumb struck my clit. It frustrated me to no end that he could conquer me so quickly.

“Patience, Jade, I don’t think you want it badly enough yet.”

My mind slipped into panic mode. *Oh god, I thought. He’s going to edge me. Why can’t he just let me climax like a normal guy?* We both knew this was my punishment for failure.

I groaned as Rick once again removed his fingers. He walked to the head of the bed, his hands pressing down on my back to keep me from moving. My aroma alerted me to Rick’s fingers approaching my mouth. Eagerly, I sucked my nectar off his digits, more for his benefit than mine, though I did find it arousing.

CLICK. *Damn it Jade, you are letting your pussy distract you.* While I was sucking his fingers, Rick snapped a collar around my neck. A long metal chain connected the leather restraint to the headboard, tethering me in place. I twisted my body, but Rick had already returned his attention to my rear. Gripping my wrists, he released the cuffs long enough to place my hands just above my knees. Once the cuffs returned, I was locked in a downward dog stance, my dripping pussy begging Rick for release.

“Now, Jade, what am I going to do with you?” Rick’s voice had that dangerous lilt that meant he already knew the answer.

Sure enough, I heard the buzzing just before something hard and round pressed against my clit. My hips jumped involuntarily. A surge of arousal rippled throughout my torso. I closed my eyes, letting the feelings roll through me. My ragged breathing conveyed my need. Just as I neared the point of no return, Rick removed the vibrator, letting me ride on the edge of orgasm. My legs trembled. The tight black dress I wore had become Rick’s accomplice as the material teased my rock-hard nipples. But I wasn’t going to beg.

“What’s the matter, Jade?” Rick asked, trying to goad me into a plea.

I bit my lip. When his tongue pierced my folds, my lip began to bleed but I kept quiet. I would not give him the satisfaction of knowing he owned me. But I’ll be damned if his tongue wasn’t better trained than his fingers. My greedy cunt was pulsing with each lick. If I wasn’t chained like an animal, I would put his head in a scissor lock and flip him on his back so I could ride his cock, but he had me at his mercy.

The buzzing returned, eliciting a muffled scream of pleasure from my mouth.

“That’s a good girl, let it all out!” His smug words were like oil on my burning desire. I needed him inside me but was helpless to do anything to encourage him. Except beg. I wouldn’t beg.

Rick toyed with my resolve. “You know how to end this torture, Jade,” he said in between sharp flicks of his tongue against my clit. “All you have to do is say please.”

I moaned. He was so good with his tongue. The thought of my nectar coating his lips and tongue nearly broke my will, but I held fast.

All contact broke. My disappointed moan seemed to echo through the room, lingering in the air until Reed stuck a well-lubricated finger into my anus. I shuddered and groaned. I wanted him in my cunt. I enjoyed anal. It was a fuller and larger pleasure than a cock in my pussy. The sensations are different. The orgasms can be spectacular, however, I usually had to play with my clit to get over the top. In my current state that would be impossible.

Already Rick's fingers were spreading my hole wide. The sensations made my head spin. I no longer had thought independent from his finger wriggling and spinning in my hole. When his cock pressed against my opening, replacing his fingers, I shamelessly pushed my ass towards Rick, urging him inside. I winced at his sadistic chuckle.

"Oh, Jade. I do believe you want me to rail my thick cock into your ass. Is that what you want?"

The tip of his cock was already easing inside me, but I broke.

"Yes!" I hissed, unable to include anything further as a searing burst of pain and pleasure ripped through me. His cock pushed past any resistance. Suddenly, his full length slid inside. I screamed into the comforter.

Slap he struck my right ass cheek with his right hand. The sting quickly switched to pleasure. He gripped my hips and began his measured thrusts. Rick filled me completely. The pleasure radiated through my entire body. I was teetering on the edge. If only Rick could touch my clit, I could come. My grunts grew louder with each plunge. He sure was taking his time, determined not only to keep me on the edge but to keep himself from shooting his load too early.

Finally, I gave in.

"Fuck me hard Rick. I need you to let me come. Please!"

"Good girl, Jade. Now once more, like you mean it!"

He knew I was his. Now he was rubbing it in. Thoughts of how I would get away with murder when he released me flashed through my head, but that needed to wait. Right now, I needed one thing, and one thing only.

"Oh god Rick, I beg of you, let me climax. Fuck my ass, fuck my pussy, fuck my mouth, just stop edging me!"

Rick laughed. "That's my good girl. You just need to wait another minute or two, but I am not that cruel to leave you completely uncared for."

I found out what he meant a minute later. He pulled his cock out, leaving me feeling empty. The hole was filled by a cold metal, a butt plug. Having surrendered, I let my moans fill the room. Once the plug was inserted, the vibrating sphere pressed against my clit with a very slow buzz. Rick must have propped it on a pillow because it stayed in place, pressed loosely against my clit.

"Now, be a dear and hold back your orgasm until I clean myself off."

One thing I loved about Rick, even in the throes of passion, he was a considerate lover. He would clean his cock off after anal before sticking it in my cunt. Sometimes that meant waiting, but he never let my need dissipate, always finding ways to entertain me during the short time he was away.

I vaguely remember the sound of the bathroom sink as he rinsed himself. My mind was too focused on the sensations between my thighs. I could have let myself orgasm, but that would only end with Rick extending my punishment.

Although the few seconds Rick was gone seemed like hours, he returned with a clean cock. To prove it, he tugged my hair, lifting my head off the bed. His cock danced invitingly near my lips, veins bulging and purple, the tip leaking his cum.

“Go ahead, taste me!”

As his cock eased past my lips, the buzzing on my clit sped up. I purred around his cock while bobbing my head. It was difficult to get a rhythm with only my mouth for support but I managed a serviceable blow-job. I knew I was doing well because Rick no longer spoke, only grunting. I easily took his entire shaft into my throat before his tugging forced me to release him from my lips. I wasn't disappointed. I knew he was about to shoot all of his cum into my needy cunt.

As he returned to the end of the bed, I pushed my ass higher, urging him to take me quickly. It took all of my willpower not to orgasm. Whimpers escaped my lips as Rick rubbed his cock through my folds. It felt like 1000 tiny hands were caressing my body. I wanted to touch my nipples, tug them tight then let them snap back. Being restrained only heightened that urge.

Finally, Rick showed me some mercy and pushed past my opening into my core. The plug and his cock seemed to merge as one, stimulating both my holes at once.

Once his full length was inside me, Rick stopped moving. He grabbed my collar and leaned forward.

“I can feel your cunt quivering. If you want to climax, you know what to do.

Oh fuck, he was going to make me say it again. Panting, my stubborn brain fought against it, only to be dominated by my throbbing pussy.

“Rick, please will you let your naughty slut come?” Far too many times Rick made me say those words. In the depths of my consciousness, I swore revenge, but the only other word I uttered was, “Please?”

Rick released my head. I didn't need to see his face to know he wore a triumphant grin. He grabbed my hips, beginning to thrust, this time with an urgency to bring us both to orgasm. The round vibrator hummed back to life, each push from Rick pressing my throbbing clit against the whirring toy.

“Yes, slut, you've taken your punishment well. You may have your release when you are ready.”

One would think those words would unleash the torrent of a climax that had built inside me. Instead, I realized with horror that my body was so accustomed to riding the edge, that I couldn't quite get there. My body shook. My hands strained at their bonds. My cunt squeezed his cock tightly. I sensed my orgasm stirring, trying to break through. Rick must have sensed it too because he wrapped me in his strong arms, his hands crushing my breasts. His fingers pinched my nipples hard and tugged.

Everything turned dark then the room exploded into colors as the most powerful orgasm I had felt burst through me like a tornado. I felt it in my cunt, my ass, my tits, my lips, my fingers, and my toes. Liquid poured out of me, covering Rick's shaft, our thighs, and the bed. I couldn't discern whether I was squirting or simply pushing out Rick's cum, but there was so much of it. Rick allowed himself to vocalize, screaming profanity as his orgasm erupted.

Even after he pulled out, removed the toys, and unchained me, my body shook with aftershocks. He lay next to me, massaging my limbs until my circulation was fully restored.

It was more than 20 minutes before I could do anything more than purr contently, but finally, my brain regained control of my vocal cords.

"Damn, I hate you for having such control over me, Rick, but I do love your punishments."

I pulled his arm over my chest as I heard him yawn.

It was my turn to smile as Rick struggled to keep his eyes open.

I rolled over to face him, my hand stroking his cheek.

"What's the matter, boy? Feeling sleepy? Did your slut wear you out?"

His eyes flickered with recognition followed by alarm.

"Oh, that's right. Your little slut may have coated her pussy with a sleeping drug. And you lapped it up with your tongue, then stuck your cock inside to bathe in it. It should be at full strength in a few seconds. Now where did you put those cuffs?"

To Be Continued.