

Love Slave

A Valentine's Day story by

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*E*rika closed her eyes and rocked back against Ryan as he slowly thrust forward, driving his cock deep and hard into her pussy. She had to fight the urge to beg him to let her come as he slowly slid back out. Gripping the back of the chair so tightly her knuckles turned white, she managed to hold her tongue even as her legs trembled.

Ryan chuckled softly in her ear, his voice deep and perfect as he whispered, "You feel so good, baby, so damn tight and hot. Clench for me. Tighten those slick muscles around me."

His hands grasped her hips firmly, holding her steady against him as he slowed the pace to a tortuously slow grind. Her body screamed for an orgasm, but he hadn't given her permission, and she wasn't about to disappoint him. Biting her bottom lip, she clenched her core tight around his hardness, attempting to hold him tight within her body.

Ryan rewarded her with a hard thrust, his balls slapping against her ass, then he withdrew and thrust again. Her breasts jerked with the force, nipples brushing against the soft material covering the chair.

"That's good, baby. You want to come, don't you?"

Erika nodded, unable to speak. Her nerves were so raw from his drawn out seduction that each glide of his body against hers was almost painful it felt so good. Even the thin layer of the gauzy gown he had her wear for him was agonizing. The material was bunched at her waist, leaving her entire lower body bare, and open to Ryan's touch. The laces at the front had been undone, her breasts hanging free.

She could feel the heat of his chest through the material, the weight of his body against hers a welcome

feeling. She loved the feel of his body, his masterful touch as he claimed her body, proving to her she was his—body and heart.

Ryan groaned behind her as he quickened the pace of his thrusts, a silent signal that he was close to his own orgasm. Whimpering softly, Erika prayed that he would allow her to come. All day he had played with her body, teasing her nipples, burying his fingers in her pussy, tonguing her clit, and even whipping her butt with his favorite flogger, each time pushing her just to the edge of orgasm but not letting her crest.

She had been his slave all week, wearing only the thin gowns he had provided, her body open to his touch at any moment. Her breasts were still tender from yesterday's gift, a set of nipple clamps with varying attachable weights.

Rather than celebrate Valentine's Day as one event, Ryan had spent a week leading up to it, and now that day was here, Erika didn't know if she was going to survive it. Already, she was pushed beyond what she had previously seen as her limits, and she didn't know if the end was in sight, but she was loving every minute of it. Every slow glide of his cock in her pussy, or ass, every pinch of nipple clamps, every whip and paddle against her ass or pussy, every thrust of his cock in her mouth, every sensual torture Ryan dished out, reminded her how much she loved his attention.

Ryan's hand slipped down between her body and the chair. His nimble fingers reached her clit and rolled the tiny ball of nerves between his thumb and forefinger before giving it a hard pinch. Erika gasped softly, her head dropping back to rest on Ryan's shoulder as he drove harder against her. Gripping the chair tight, she pushed the orgasm back, even as it threatened to overwhelm her.

"That's good, baby, I can feel your pussy quivering around me, your body trembling as you wait for me to allow your orgasm. I'm so proud of you, baby."

Erika whimpered, her breath coming in fast pants as she fought to deserve his praise. It was so hard, her juices were a steady stream down her thighs as he pounded against her.

"You can come now," he whispered, so softly Erika wasn't sure she had heard correctly. Rolling her head back and forth on his shoulder, she struggled to quiet the dull roar in her ears as he spoke again. "That's right, Erika. Your body's mine, your orgasm's mine. Come for me."

Her heart racing, Erika released the tight control she had on her body and let the waves of her orgasm crest. They swept over her, she fast and deep, she felt like she was drowning. Ryan's hands on her hips held her steady, though, and she let the sensations claim her, knowing he would keep her safe.

Almost from a distance, she heard Ryan groan, then felt the warm flood of his come within her as he climaxed.

Legs trembling, she slumped forward over the chair, her body limp and unable to take any more. Feeling completely wrung out, she only managed a faint whimper of protest as Ryan's cock slipped from her body and he moved from around behind her.

Gently, he brushed her sweaty hair back from her forehead, and trailed his fingertips down her face and neck.

"You did good baby, so very good."

Erika smiled softly, knowing he could see her adoration in her eyes.

"It's time for your last gift."

A surge of anticipation pushed her weariness away as he picked up a small package from the seat of the chair. Rather than hand it to her, he opened the lid and showed her what was inside—a suede collar, her name engraved in a sweeping font, the letters curling gracefully.

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As Ryan pulled out the collar and tossed the box aside, she found herself holding her breath. The feel of the leather against her sweat soaked skin made the moment more real. It wasn't a soft glide of a necklace chain, rather it was a sturdy reminder of Ryan's possession, of his claim to her and her place in his life.

As the buckle snapped into place, she raised trembling fingers to trace her name. Ryan's fingers brushed against hers, and with tears of joy in her eyes she tipped her head up for his kiss.

Ryan whispered one word against her lips before claiming her mouth. "Mine."

About the Author

Born to ride on the back of dragons, to journey among the stars in a ship traveling faster than light, or to dance the night away in the arms of a mysterious vampire, Michelle Houston willingly shares the worlds in her mind in an effort to bring them to life.

Writing everything from short and sweet stories, to hot and spicy tales of kink, from contemporary tales of romance to erotic romances featuring Greek gods, vampires and were-creatures, she has crossed sexualities and has gone wherever her mental muse has guided her, a journey she has never regretted.

Beyond that, she has a love of the natural world around us (except for insects, spiders, snakes, scorpions, and she reserves the right to add more at any time) and hopes to share the enjoyment of the earth with her students once she finally earns her degree in secondary Biology/Earth Science Education.

In other words, she is an ordinary woman with an imagination that is only held in bounds by how fast she can type.