

Sex Story: My Birthday Gift to Myself - Part Two

"You are dripping pre-cum onto the floor worm, that means you want more lashes," I told him quietly.

"No Mistress, I don't. Please, I don't know why I'm hard when I'm so scared! I will obey your every command Mistress. I will be your best sub, please, no more punishment!" he said, getting louder with every word.

"Are you yelling at me worm?" I asked calmly, rubbing the head of the attached strap-on.

"No Mistress! Oh god! I should just shut up!" he said, defeated.

"That's the smartest thing you've said so far." I replied.

In one movement, I was behind him with my lubricated finger in his [ass](#). He cried out and I almost came in my leather cat suit. His asshole was tight and hot around my middle finger. Once again I thought about how I wish I had an attached cock, one I could just get rid of when I was done fucking my subs.

"Did your beer taste good worm? Is it finished? Crawl over there and open another beer, chug it, finish your beer." I commanded.

As he began to crawl, I stayed behind him, my finger still buried deep in his [ass](#). He grabbed his beer, opened it and began to chug. As he was drinking it, I started moving my finger in and out very slowly. He moaned as he drank his beer, choked on it when I moved my finger faster and harder.

When he finished the beer I took the bottle away from him. I started rubbing the bottle up and down the crack of his [ass](#).

"You really like Corona beer don't you worm? You are really going to like it now," with that, I pushed the lubed opening of the bottle into his [ass](#). I fucked him, listened to him moan and watched his cock get bigger and bigger. I pushed hard on that bottle once I felt him loosen up. He was taking more and more of that bottle, moaning louder and louder. I was totally immersed in what I was doing to him.

"May I come Mistress? Please?" he began to beg.

"Do you deserve to [cum](#) worm? I don't think so. You have been very bad, disobeying the rules as you did. Hold this here," I instructed. I went up the stairs and out into his attached garage. I looked on the shelf for his duct tape. When I got back in the house, I took off the strap-on and unzipped my cat suit.

My full D's were hard and my nipples were erect. I put my hand in between my legs and when I pulled my hand away, it was wet. Treating him this way made me so horny.

When I got back down to the basement I laughed. He was still on all fours, breathing hard, holding the beer bottle in his [ass](#). He moaned when he heard me laugh and I saw his hard 8 inches drip some more pre-cum onto the floor.

"Look at me worm." I commanded.

When he looked at me standing there, [naked](#), holding the strap-on and duct tape, he yelled "Oh God!" and came all over the floor. I gave him an evil smile and said, "You are such a bad boy! You didn't have my permission to [cum](#)."

I put the strap-on back on and walked slowly toward him. I pulled the beer bottle out of his [ass](#) and shoved it in his mouth. His face screwed up in disgust but he kept it in. I told him to stand up and I walked him to the couch. I pushed him so his face was in the cushions, his [ass](#) open to me.

Without a word, I put the head of that dildo at the opening of his [ass](#). He whimpered and moaned as I started to push it in. When it finally penetrated, I could feel my own orgasm building. I fucked him with long, deep strokes. He was moaning and whimpering and when I looked around to see his hard cock underneath him, I started slamming into his [ass](#). As he cried out, I felt myself start cumming. I screamed as I came hard, my strap on buried deep in his [ass](#).