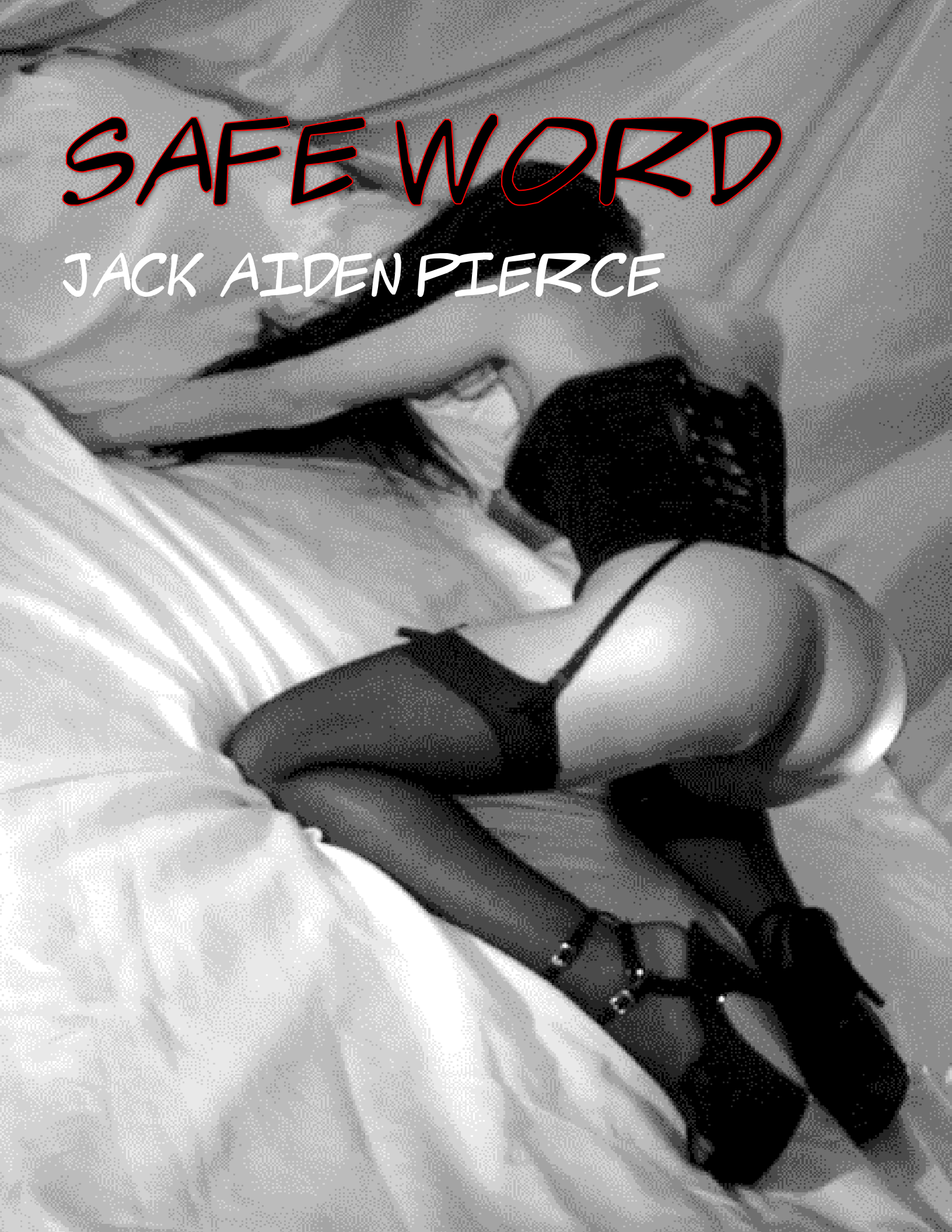


# SAFE WORD

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*Safe Word*  
by Jack Aiden Pierce

**Prologue:** Before our morning session, I texted her the following:

*Here are your exact commands. Deviate from them and you will be severely punished. Enter the room. Do not say anything or make a sound. Do not, under any circumstances, look at me. Your eyes are to remain looking at the floor. Put on a black pair of heels. I will be sitting on the couch. You will remove your clothing.*

*Still not uttering a word. You will then get on your knees on the carpet pad, and you will say the following: "Sir, I am here to pleasure you. May I begin by sucking your big, hard cock, Sir?" You do not otherwise have permission to speak or look at me until you have earned it and I allow it. Remember, your safe word is "Red." I'd hate for you to forget it when you need it.*

To which she replied; "I understand, Sir."

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I sat naked on the couch, reading email. My big cock was semi-erect like the picture below, and it was ready to be devoured. I heard the hotel room door open, then close in quick succession. She put on her heels as commanded. She stood in front of me naked, hot tits erect, and on display. She dutifully knelt.



But then she fucked up. She couldn't quite remember exactly how she was to supposed to ask me to suck my cock. Her inattentiveness and possible defiance were met with a quick, heavy slap to the face. It jolted her. It twisted her neck around and her auburn locks brushed against my rigid cock. Raw power coursed through my veins. She felt it. She was turned on by it.

The first slap didn't break her. She remained sassy, if not outright defiant. I told her to "slide my big cock into her mouth and gag on it." She enthusiastically complied. But then she shifted the gaze of her blue violet eyes and looked into mine, in direct contravention of my

specific direction.



My response was swift and effective—a quick, forceful smack to the face like in the picture above. I hit her hard, which is really what she wanted, or she wouldn't have defied my order. She wanted to be physically dominated and to know that the man fucking her was man enough to keep her in line. She had craved that her entire life.

I struck her with the heel of my palm. It interlocked with the flesh under her cheekbone, and my fingers rapped around her head, covering her ear. Her entire head snapped to the side. The sound was a loud, fleshly, flat "SMACK!" I knocked her hard enough that it ripped my cock from her open mouth. She was dazed and off balance. I just smacked the defiance out of her. She was totally under my control from here on out.

"I said don't fucking look at me, Bitch. Who the fuck do you think you are? . . . Put my fucking cock in your throat." She regained her poise. She opened her mouth, and pursed her lips, and readied herself to take my big cock into the recesses of her throat. I smacked her again—for emphasis, and because I liked doing it.

She took my massive cock and tried to deep throat it, coming an inch or so from being able to press her lips against my pubic bone. I ordered her to tease my asshole with her finger and to then take a lick

something like the girls are doing below. Like a puppet with her puppet-master, she executed my command with much precision and without the slightest hesitation.



I handed her two Velcro cuff restraints. Each had a metal D-ring. I told her to put them on. When I heard the Velcro of the second cuff attach, I barked at her to turn around and kneel on the carpet pad I placed at the base of an oversized, oval mirror. I stood behind her. I told her to look down.



I grabbed my erect cock and relaxed my abdominal muscles. A steady, forceful stream of urine began splashing against her back, as illustrated below, cascading down to the crack of her hot, tight ass. She gasped. Her entire body clenched. I watched in utter delight. I had peed on many women before. This, however, was her first experience.



I held my cock with my firmly closed hand, and clenched my abdominal muscles to increase the pressure of the warm, slightly clear urine spraying against her shoulders. This is ownership and control. I marked her like an animal marks its spot. It also made clear that I could do whatever I wanted.

After I finished, I told her to "get up and step to the table." I pushed her shoulders forward. She folded in half. Her face and hot tits were mashed into a pillow I had positioned earlier on the cold, hard marble table. I forcefully grabbed her hair, yanked her head upright, and told her to "fucking look at me in the mirror while I fuck you like a naughty little slut. Is that what you are? Only naughty little sluts like to be fucked like this . . ."



In a worried inflection that trailed off at the end, she uttered, "Yeah. I mean, yes sir, I am."

I told her to spread her legs. She didn't spread them far enough, so with great force I spanked her ass repeatedly—over and over, the sting intensifying with every smack. Her pale ass was soon blotchy, bright red. Without skipping a smack, I said, "spread your fucking legs open, you filthy little slut." I felt her ass radiating heat from my discipline.

I reached through her legs and cupped her pussy with the palm of my hand. I slid two fingers through her outer lips, parting them ever so slightly. She liked it so much she stood on her toes, opening herself up further. I ran my slick finger all the way down her slit and into her asshole. After a few gentle strokes, I used her dripping wetness to lubricate her tightly clenched asshole. Feeling every contour and ridge, I gently circled my index finger around her rim. And then I slid my finger into her tight asshole. I'd say maybe one knuckle deep as shown below.



She gasped. She was new to asshole play, and was still a little shy, if not squeamish about it. I didn't care, however. I did whatever I wanted. And I wanted to fuck her asshole with my finger. So, I did.

After I was satisfied with this the novelty, I pried her legs open further with my powerful thighs. I grabbed my insatiably hard cock and pounded it deep into her gushing pussy, while simultaneously pulling her into me by her hair, like in the picture below. The thrust was so deep, so powerful, and so unforgiving that I bent the tip of my cock against her cervix.



She couldn't speak now. All she could muster were loud guttural whines, moans, and squeals. And when the tip of my cock punched her cervix, she loudly cried out in a pain-infused pleasure that gripped her entire body. She had no control. She could only pray that I would exercise some sort of restraint. That wish, however, was unlikely to be realized as the testosterone and adrenaline raged through my body, giving me an indescribable sense of power and desire to fuck her with fury and vengeance.

I continued to spank her ass hard in a rhythm corresponding to my brutally hard pelvic thrusts. I wasn't measuring my force in advance



anymore. I simply reached back and wailed on her with all the force I could muster.

I commanded her to "tease your asshole for me." She followed my direction, and I gleefully watched her fingers tease and caress her tight, pink asshole—all the while I was fucking her tight, wet little pussy. I then told her to "give me a taste." I leaned over and placed her asshole scented fingers into mouth. I devoured them.

I reached for my black leather dress belt. And without interrupting the deep pounding I was inflicting upon her, I wrapped it around her neck, much like a leash and collar. I immediately yanked it, jerking her neck upright. I forced her to look into the mirror and watch me fuck her into desperate submission.

I hammered her like she was a nail. And with each powerful thrust of my massive cock, I pulled her into me by turning my wrist to tighten the belt around her neck. The fury of my fuck was so strong that I repeatedly lifted her off her feet, and pounded her head against the mirror.

"Is this how you like to be fucked, bitch?"

Her face now dark red, she could only make a slurred, dull murmur with a high pitched guttural squeal, "Yeah."

I paused briefly at the apex of my thrusts so she would feel almost impaled by my massive cock as it tapped her interior wall. By now, I was fucking her harder than I have ever fucked a woman. My grip on the belt was tight, and she was now deprived of a ready supply of oxygen.

I derisively remarked, "When you're sitting around with your girlfriends, you don't tell them this is how you like to be fucked, do

you, naughty slut?"

"But, this is how you crave it, right? You want to be pounded with a massive cock. You want to be fucked into submission don't you, naughty girl?"

She started to whine, making high pitched yelps. Her breathing quickened. It sounded like she was about to cry. This is exactly how she sounds when she is about to cum. I immediately increased the pace of my relentless pounding, and I glared at her in the mirror. "You better not fucking cum, bitch. You better not even be close to cumming," I virtually yelled at her. "Until you ask for and receive my permission, you can't cum."

My fury and relentless pounding put her in sensory overload. She could barely breath. And the stinging of her ass had to be insufferable. And so it was no surprise when she uttered, three times in rapid succession: "Red, red, red." With each utterance she became more panicked that I would not stop. And so she said it louder each time until I stopped the almost brutal fucking I had unleashed upon her.

Upon hearing the safe word, I immediately halted my sexual mugging. I withdrew my throbbing hard cock from her ravaged pussy. I wrapped my arms around her. I led her to the bed and turned the lights off. She assumed an almost fetal position, and I wrapped her up from behind. She needed calm. Her body needed restoration. It is extremely exhausting to be in an adrenalized, heightened state of excitement for that long. She lay there, completely spent. Her first words to me were, "I didn't really want you to stop."

Fade to black. . .



