

A Rape Fantasy come True

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This is a short story about rape fantasy that comes true. The submissive woman knows that her dominant has a key to her home and some night will come in unannounced and have his evil, twisted way with her. She just has no idea when.



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I still wasn't sure if tonight would be the night. My mind mentally calculated the possibilities, looking for a sign, some kind of clue, that this would be evening that one of my longest standing and strongest fantasies would come true. An intruder would break into my home and I would be assaulted and raped .

It was a Friday night. No work tomorrow. No need to get up early. These were all indicators that pointed to the possibility. Still, I had thought that it was going to happen many times before and had woken to the morning light unscathed. His texts were sexual and provocative in nature but then again, they often were. The only real difference tonight was this overwhelming sense of eminent danger. Something sinister was in the air. I could just feel it. I reread our text exchange for the umpteenth time. Searching for a clue.

11:35am (him) â Just thinking of youâ ! Added duct tape to my bagâ !

11:52am (me) â That instantly aroused me into that anxiety/sexual tension state I have been experiencing! And it freaks me out you mention duct tape because after reading last night, I have been thinking more and more about being bound and restrained. Itâ s like you are perfectly in tune with my desiresâ !even more so than usualâ ! Very spiritual and strangeâ !

11:54am (him) - ;) Whatcha doin today?

12:26pm (me) - Just working and then watching my friend's daughter for a bit tonight but I will be sleeping at my apartment. I can't even begin to describe the feelings of longing mixed with anxiety and fear of the unknown I've been experiencing every night. Itâ s surrealâ ! I am also enjoying thinking of you summoning me to service a random whimâ !How about you? Anything fun planned?

12:28pm (him) â Joshie is up this weekendâ !So that will be fun. Haven't seen him in a bit. Aside from that, nothing much. I enjoy your anxietyâ !And it will be stressful for you. Do you remember your safe word?

12:45 (me) â Flower. I don't want to use it. I want to take anything and everything you desire me to but I will remember it.

6:32pm (him) â Please take the time to read another couple of chapters tonightâ !Be nice and clean and in Jammiesâ sâ !

6:38pm (me) â I will read and be ready for you (actually I will always be prepared for you in case you decide itâ s time) You wouldn't believe my state of arousal!!!!

6:50pm (me) â Sometime I'd like to get button down jammies that you rip off. Thatâ s very hot!

6:52pm (him) â Yes.. I encourage you in all of your fantasiesâ !Do text me something about what you read tonight which intrigues youâ !;

7:01pm (me) â There is quite a bit that intrigues me but I will pick something that especially has touched me

7:03pm (him) â Yes, please doâ !

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10:47pm (me) â Where can I start? The whole "Story of O" fascinates me terribly. I like how her body must always be open, legs apart to receive any kind of sex at whim. I liked all the restraints, how her hands are bound behind her back and the collar and bracelets which conveniently attached to various places in the house. Iâ m very fascinated by the thought of her being branded with her lovers insignia (this really peeks my interestâ !) But the thing that intrigued me most was not necessarily a particular act of submission but how committed she was to his will. Psychologically she just wants to submit. No matter what happened, what they threw at her, she did not waiver. Even when she could leave, she did not. It didnâ t even cross her mind not to completely give all of herself. That fascinates me to no end. I find myself feeling like that with you. If you ask something of me, I just do it. Even if I could get away with not doing it, I wouldnâ t. It doesnâ t even cross by mind not to obey. Iâ m fascinated that you have that power over me. No one else ever had it. It has become so important to please you and overcome any challenge give me. I frequently daydream about all kinds of depraved acts you may do to meâ ! Sometimes it scares me when I think about some of the things I fantasize about you doing to me. They are not for the feign of heart! Harsh, demanding thingsâ !and I canâ t stop imagining what it would be like..

12:28am (me) â I plan to be in bed and out by 1amâ !Good night

After that last text at 7pm, I heard nothing. No return text. No more clues to ponder. I lied in bed trying not to think too much about it but the anxiety and fear of the unknown was now a constant in my body. I continued to sense something. I read another chapter of the â Story of Oâ , the erotic bdsm novel he instructed me to purchase but I was distracted. Finally, frustrated after reading the same sentence 3 times, I abruptly closed the book.

Sexually aroused and restless as a caged animal, I searched for a solution, desperate for anything that would bring me some peace. I wanted to numb my desires, my longing, my hunger, my lust but I knew there was only one way that would happen. I knew that the burning need to connect with that secret, dark place inside myself would only be quenched by giving myself wholly to him. It was a compulsion that had first been allowed, then encouraged to develop and was now too powerful to be stopped.

Aching and restless, I ran a hot bath, purposefully giving permission to all the deviant demons that lived in my body and mind to run free. My body devoured the pleasure offered by my very vivid imagination and rewarded me with a cleansing orgasm.

I got out of the bath and put on a silky, purple, lingerie nighty with no panties. I turned on the tv attempting to find a mindless TV show with no sexual overtones to occupy myself with. After a few minutes, I began to feel the first stirring of drowsiness and went to lay my bed. I soon drifted off to sleep.

I had no idea what time it was when I awoke but it was still very dark outside. I canâ t remember hearing any specific noises but something made me open my eyes. He was standing in the door of my bedroom. I wasnâ t startled or scared at that moment and even felt my usual elation at seeing him but that was soon to change. Without hesitation, he walked over to me and grabbed my neck, first with one, then both of my hands.

â Donâ t you dare make a fucking sound bitch or I will cut your neck with this knife. Mmmm. Very nice.â His voice trailing off as he felt the straps on my purple silk nightie. The harshness returned abruptly.

â Not a fucking word! Do you understand me?â

I nodded several times, promising not to make a sound. He took a blindfold and placed in over my eyes, again instructing me not to even think about touching it. He sat me up then, changing his mind, pushed me roughly back down and began running his hands up and down my body. He lingered softly when he got to my nipple, gently fingering the rim. My brain was just beginning to register pleasure, when his fingers clamped down on

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my nipple with surprising force. I gasped out in pain. Just as I was recovering from the unexpected jolt, his mouth covered my other fully exposed nipple where he bit down with just as much force. I cried out again. Catching my breath, I frantically tried to compose myself, my brain searching for a way to process the pain as his hands wandered down to my pussy and my legs instinctively opened. He could feel my wetness and suddenly pulled away. I felt him sit up.

“What a little whore you are! A man comes in to rape you and you are wet and horny!” He slapped the right side of my face and I jerked back with a gasp.

Without a word, he roughly turned me over on to my stomach. He once again put his hands around my neck, pushing my face into the mattress once again, forcing me to struggle desperately to catch a breath. My natural urge to resist this seemed to anger him, making his resolve to own me even stronger as he straightened my head out roughly and plunged it even deeper into the mattress. His hands tightened around my throat and I could feel the air being cut off. Panic set off alarms throughout my body and just when I thought I was going to suffocate, the pressure lessened and I gulped for every breath of air like it was more precious than gold. He pressed his knee squarely in the middle of my back as he grabbed my hands, forcing them behind my body. Angrily, he attached a restraint around each wrist then pulled me up with a jerk.

“Get up! Get up you little whore bitch!” he hissed. He shoved me over towards the wall, one hand gripping my upper arm, the other still firmly around my neck. Spinning me around, I felt my back and head hit the wall with a force that startled me.

“You really are a little whore. Aren’t you? Don’t move a muscle. If you move, even an inch, you will feel pain like you never have before.”

I stood there silently. Not daring to move or make a sound. My mind was desperately trying to process what was happening as I heard the water running in the kitchen. He came back and grabbed the hair on the back of my head.

“Open your mouth bitch!” I obliged, tasting cool water in my mouth. He poured it faster than I could swallow it and most of it ran down the sides of my face onto my body. He continued to pour it down my throat and I gasped from the shock of the coldness as it ran down my neck.

“Now stand still. I’m going to take pictures of you to show all my friends what a whore you are. Maybe I’ll invite them over to use you. Fuck you like the whore you are. Just look at you standing there, bound and blindfolded like dirty slut.” I heard the flash of a camera, then another.

“Get on your knees!” he said, pushing me down by the shoulder. I heard the rustling of material as he removed his clothing.

“Suck my cock now, you bitch!” He gripped my hair forcefully and proceeded to shove his erect penis in my mouth.

“I said suck my cock bitch! I want that whole thing down your throat! Open your mouth wider! No teeth! If I feel your teeth, I will beat you like you’ve never been beat before.” He pushed himself deeper into my mouth. I struggled to open my throat wider, not wanting to stoke his anger. I began gagging and retching which only seemed to enrage him.

“If you throw up on my cock, I’ll beat you the crap out of you! Now start sucking! I want it all the way down your throat!”. Fear was coursing through my body, every nerve standing on edge. Suddenly, he pulled himself away. I kneeled there not daring to move, saliva from gagging, cool on the side of my mouth.

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â Now get in the other room!â I hesitated, just a second, still trying to process.

â What the fuck are you waiting for bitch? You really better get walking. NOW!â

My other senses were ultra heightened from my sight being restricted by the blindfold. My hands followed the cold, smooth walls. When I felt the wood of the bedroom door, I let go and walked to where I thought was to the middle of the room. My hands desperately searching for something to reveal my location. Finally I felt, the mirror in the far corner of the living room, which was surprising because it is not at all where I thought I had walked to. As I turned to make my way over to the sofa in the middle of the room his commanding voice stopped me dead in my tracks.

â No! Stop! I want you down on your knees and crawling like the whore you are. You should always be on your knees in my presence. Now get down on the floor and crawl bitch!â I now knew better than to hesitate when he gave an order and immediately dropped on to all fours, using one arm to crawl and the other to feel the way. After I crawled for a while, he jerked me to my knees, pulling both arms behind my back and putting the leather cuffs back on my wrists.

"Now, lie there and pleasure yourself." I lied down on my back and quickly stuck my ring finger into my pussy, scratching myself in my haste. I could feel an extra wetness in my pussy, yet my fear of him distracted my mind from feeling much pleasure from this act. I continued to masturbate myself when his sharp voice interrupted my thoughts.

â Now get up on your knees. I told you that a whore like you should always be on her knees. Suck my cock and I want it all the way down your throat this time!". He freed my hands and I immediately reached up to grab his cock. Another sharp slap landed on my right cheek.

â You may not touch me! Do you understand?â I nodded and brought my hands down to my side. My mouth navigated the darkness, wildly searching for him. Finally, I felt his cock hit my cheek and a wave of relief washed over me. I was terrified to do anything that may provoke him. He was fully erect and I worked hard to get him down my throat, using great caution not to touch him with my teeth. He pushed the back of my head, ramming himself into me. I gagged and instinctively pulled back which just served to enrage him. He roughly grabbed my hair and jammed himself down my throat again.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? I want you to swallow the whole thing bitch! You can't take it? A whore like you can't swallow a whole cock?"

He pulled back in disgust and lied down on the carpet. I felt fear. Fear that I angered him and terrified of the consequences. I also felt a deep sense of disappointment in myself because I failed to please him. Just as this anxiety began to take on a life of its own, he clenched my arm tightly, positioning me on top on him. He then guided his huge cock inside me, which instinctively sent enormous waves of pleasure throughout my body.

â Now fuck me. Fuck me like the little slut you are!â I began moving up and down along the shaft of his cock. I felt the sexual tension and pleasure beginning to build. My hands went down and touched his chest. As soon as I felt his skin, I realized my mistake and jerked my hand back but it was too late. I felt another sharp sting to my cheek, this one literally taking my breath away.

â You are not to touch me! Do you understand? Now fuck me harder!" I nodded and grasped my hands together to prevent it from accidentally happening again. I resumed sliding up and down his very erect cock with long, purposeful strokes, rising and falling from the very tip to the base of his shaft. I continued on rhythmically, almost hypnotically, my mind still grappling to process what was happening. His voice interrupted my state of trance.

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“Do you fuck your boyfriends like this? What about the guys at the office? Do you fuck them?” I shook my head no. “What about your husband? Is this how you would fuck him? I shook my head violently. That thought was especially repulsive to me and made me recoil inside.

“Do you think you own me?”

“No. I know I don’t own you.” I answered.

“Good. Because you don’t and you better never forget that! Now I want you to cum. I’ve decided I am going to give you 30 seconds. If you don’t cum, you are going to feel pain like you never felt before! 30, 29, 28, 27 and don’t you dare think you can fake it!” I closed my eyes and desperately tried to focus. Panic coursed through my veins like fire.

18, 17, 16 “you better cum!” his voice trailed off into the distance.

“Please give me time! I pleaded. I’m trying! I’m trying as hard as I can!” Fear welled up inside of me as the visions of potential punishments ran through my head.

3, 2 “Just as my emotions were about to overcome me, he sensed my desperation. Either that or he wanted to prolong my torture. I’m still not exactly sure which one.

“It’s your lucky night. I’m feeling generous and have pity for you, whore. I will give you 30 more seconds to cum. However, be warned that I have a paddle in the other room and I will not hesitate to use it if you don’t do what you are told. Now are you going to be a good little slut and cum all over my hard cock?”

“Yes! Oh thank you, thank you, thank you for giving me another chance. I will cum now. I promise. I will!!” But deep inside, I wasn’t so sure. Thoughts of this paddle he spoke of flashed in my head. What did it look like? How would it feel? Stop! I silently screamed to myself. You have to focus. You can cum. Your body is programmed to cum for him. It has always cum for him as reliably as the sun rises and sets each day. Now focus! A loud slap to my cheek and then twice on my ass ripped me from my thoughts

“Did I not say that you are not to touch me?” I had become so distracted that my hand had fallen to his chest. I apologized profusely for my mistake but he just ignored me and continued to count down. The panic I felt was relentless and I desperately searched for the means to make myself cum. I tried to tune out the way he was slowly counting down, stopping only to remind me of the pain that would follow if I failed. I was shaken to my very core and visibly upset as he got to 5.

“I am starting to lose my patience. I’m going to give you ONE last chance. But that will be it! Do you understand what I’m telling you? You get one more fucking chance to cum! If you don’t, I am going take my paddle and spank you like you never have been spanked before. It is going to hurt and you will cry and scream in pain! Now do it bitch! Cum!”

“I can do it! I promise! Thank you for giving me another chance! I will not disappoint you!”

“You better not or I will beat your ass until it is black and blue and you can’t sit for a week!”

I knew I had to find a way to get hold of myself and this necessity gave me the determination to regain control of my body and mind. Renewed in my resolve to achieve his goal, I forced myself to relax. I concentrated on the wonderful sensations that I previously allowed my fear to mask and began pumping myself up and down his huge erect cock, feeling light as air. He began to count. I took his words in then released them out into the universe. I focused solely on how satisfied he would be when I achieved an orgasm along with the physical

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pleasure which had now completely engulfed my pussy.

Oh yes! I knew now I had figured it out! It was magical as I moved my hips up and down with a slight swirling motion. I felt it rising as he hit 17. Oh yes, here it was! I knew this sensation. Somewhere around 20 or 21, my pussy muscles began to repetitively contract and tighten, fiercely gripping his cock. What followed were intense spasms that pulsated with a force more violent than I had ever experienced. Pleasure radiated like sunlight from my pussy, infusing every last nerve ending in my body. Lights exploded then faded slowly back into the darkness of my blindfold as my muscles finally relaxed. I could feel the energy seep out of every pore in my body. A feeling of peace and satisfaction came over me.

I did it! I had pleased him! He praised me and I soaked in the feeling that I had satisfied him. He indulged my need to relax for a few seconds then abruptly pushed me off of him. He took my arm, pulling me up and guided me to the bed. He ordered me to lie face down to which I complied immediately. He roughly spread my legs as the fear began to rise up in me once again. I felt my emotions reigned in forcefully to exactly where he decided they should be reminding me what I always had known. That he was in control. He was in complete and total control.

"I have decided that I will not to fuck your ass tonight." He said nonchalantly.

He grabbed a fistful of hair on the back of my head and like earlier, pushed my head deep into the pillow, his hand then straightening out but still pushing me with just as much force. Again, I frantically turned it sideways to catch my breath as he shoved his hard cock deep inside my still wet, freshly pleased pussy. Pleasure once again, exploded throughout my body. I felt the entire weight of his body squarely on top of me, in a symbolic act displaying his complete domination over me, as he once again took hold of my hair. He pumped into to me ferociously and it was then I knew he was possessed by the same demons as I. Then with one final pounding, thrust, he released those demons deep inside me. I felt the weight of his body soften as he lay motionless on top of me.

Just when I began to bask in the warmth and texture of his body blanketing mine, he sat up with a quickness that startled me. I turned slowly turned over onto my back, desperate for a clue to what his next actions may be. I didn't remove my blindfold or even dare to ask permission for fear it would anger him. He picked up my hand and gave me a glass of water. I thanked him. He said nothing, just took the glass back and put it on the nightstand.

I heard the rustling of clothes followed by footsteps and the door opening and shutting. He was gone.

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