

Encounter -- Collar and Bell: Begging Zenobia Renquist

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Collar and Bell: Begging

The sweat dotting Simone's naked body made her skin glisten in the low lights of their bedroom. Eric couldn't help his smug smile. Simone sat on her knees with her thighs spread and her hands behind her head so her full breasts jutted, taut nipples inviting him to suck.

Instead he teased them. He snapped the tip of the whip just above one nipple so it flicked her flesh and drew an excited yip from Simone's luscious lips. Rivulets of moisture from her pussy slid down the insides of her legs.

Another flick on the opposite nipple and another sound of pleasure from Simone. She pouted at him, her bottom lip protruding.

Eric said as he snapped the whip at her lip, "Stick it out if you want me to hit it."

She arched her body, straining her breasts and pussy forward in a position she wouldn't be able to hold long. Her long, black tail swished side to side and revealed her impatience. She wanted him. He didn't need to see her hungry gaze devouring every inch of his erection to know how much. But this came first.

Light snaps and high-pitched keens of delight filled the quiet room as Eric played the whip off Simone's nipples and her mons. He had a go underhand to kiss the whip against her lower lips. All of it made her wetter.

Almost.

When Eric gave her his dick, he wanted her pussy to be liquid silk around his shaft. Soft, supple, and sucking him deep with her need. For that, he needed to play her more. Get her so close to the edge so she came from the feel of him entering her. Make her beg.

He switched to the angel-hair flogger and almost laughed at the anticipation sparkling in Simone's eyes. With rapid swinging motions, he swept the thin tassels over her belly, across her breasts, and between her thighs. Though he varied his movements and their location, he kept the focus on her pussy. The tassels teased her clit and had Simone wiggling.

"Are you ready?"

Simone's eyes pleaded with him but she said, "No, master. Not yet."

"You're sure?"

She nodded quickly as she pursed her lips.

"What does that mean? Use words, Simone."

"So-sorry, master. I'm sure. I'm not ready yet."

Of course she wasn't ready yet. He hadn't given her permission to be ready. He determined her readiness, not her. But he was ready. The precum beading from the tip of his dick needed attention.

He stopped flogging Simone and made the *pssp-pssp* sound of calling a cat. His cat. He gripped his shaft and wagged it at her. "Here, kitty kitty. Come get your milk."

Simone scrambled across the bed on all fours, eager to please him so he would please her. She licked his shaft in long, slow strokes the way he'd taught her. Her tongue had a roughness to it most humans didn't have. But she wasn't human. She was a shifter. A cat shifter. Her tongue wasn't as rough as her animal counterparts, to which Eric was glad because her tongue drove him wild each time he let her lick him.

It wasn't a treat he gave her often. She'd been a good girl this last week and deserved a reward. He released his dick into her care and reached for her tail. This very expressive and sensitive appendage was Simone's weakness. Sure clit tickling and pussy licking got her hot the same as any other woman, but her tail had the same effect. The closer to the base he stroked, the more she got off.

He gripped the point right above her ass and squeezed hard. It wouldn't hurt her. Just the opposite. Simone purred loud and rubbed her face over his dick, her nose buried against his sac.

"Please, master. Please."

"Are you begging, Simone?"

"Yes, master. I'm sorry, master. Please. Please." She licked his length.
"Please."

"You want this, right?" He stroked her tail the same way he would jerk his dick. She pushed her ass in the air and wiggled her hips. If it had been facing him, he would see her pussy winking at him.

"No, master. Please. Please."

"What do you want? Saying please over and over doesn't tell me what you want me to do."

"I want you, master."

"You've got me."

"Inside me, master."

"Ah. Like this, then?" He released her tail and slid his hand over her asshole to her drenched pussy. She clenched around the fingers he pressed into her channel. Her purring vibrated her inner muscles—a sensation he loved feeling around his dick. Soon. But not yet.

"No, master, please. I want your dick inside me."

"Then open your mouth." He thrust his hips forward so his tip pressed against her lips.

"In my pussy, master."

“Yes, my fingers are in your pussy and it feels almost ready for me.”

Simone made a frustrated noise that had Eric grinning wider. He loved teasing her like this. Pleasure made her thoughts jumbled so she couldn't speak in coherent sentences. He preyed on that to prolong teasing her. All because she sounded so pretty when she begged.

He hooked his fingers inside her and pulled upwards. “Beg for it. Make me believe you want it.”

“I do, master. I want your dick so much. So hard. So long. So thick.” She licked and nuzzled his shaft as she spoke. “Please, master. Please. I want to come.”

He pulled his fingers free so he could smack her ass. “That's a different matter. You'll come when I tell you to and not before.” He gave her ass another loud whack.

Simone's tail waved wildly and her purring increased.

“Beg properly or I won't give you anything.” He resumed stuffing his fingers into her pussy and found it wetter than it had been a second ago. Oh she was so close. He would have to fuck her soon or else she would come without permission. In which case, he would have to punish her for getting off on her own and before him.

“What do you want?”

After licking his sac a few times, she said, “I want your hard dick inside my pussy, master.” She trailed her tongue up his shaft. “Please.” A little tip sucking. “Please.”

Oh yes, he very much enjoyed the way she begged. Soon she would have his whole dick in her mouth to the base, trying to convince him to put it in her pussy and give her release.

“Beg.”

Her purring grew louder and Simone drew her lips up his chest. He frowned a little but didn't stop her. Switching it up once in a while didn't hurt. Maybe she wanted to work up to sucking him off.

She placed light kisses up to his nipples. Her emerald green eyes stared at him as she dug her fingernails into his chest. It was tantalizing at first and then it started to hurt.

"Ow. Simone, stop." He tried to back up but found some invisible force blocking his retreat. The pain of her claws grew until Eric jerked awake, blinking his eyes open in confusion.

A dream?

He was in his bed. Simone, in her housecat form, sat on his chest, kneading her paws and digging her claws into his skin. She appeared amused and questioning. "Simone?"

Heat waves rippled off her body as she shifted to human form, her cat ears still atop her head and her tail waving behind her. She straddled his waist, placing the heat between her legs right above his morning wood.

He gripped her ass as he smiled up at her. "Good morning," he said in a sleepy voice. Even if the sun wasn't up yet, waking up to Simone straddling him was always a good thing.

"Beg for what?"

"Huh?"

"You said beg."

"I-I did?" Oh shit. He'd been talking in his sleep and Simone had heard him. How much had he said?

"It sounded like a command. Now who would you be ordering to beg in that naughty mind of yours?" She tapped his lip with one finger and made a questioning noise.

"I... nobody. I don't even remember now."

“That’s a shame. You seemed to be enjoying the dream so much. Calling my name and telling me to beg.”

Oh shit!

“Simone, I didn’t... It was just a dream. I wouldn’t --”

“Shhhh...” She covered his lips with one finger and *tsked* at him. “Dreams are your hidden desires manifesting themselves. But you have to know that desire is never going to happen.”

He nodded and then shook his head.

“However, if you want to hear begging so badly, I can accommodate you.” She lifted her hips and moved off him. “On your knees.”

Eric bit back a groan that was part misery and part desire. It was going to be a long morning.

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