

4 hours under his orders

Preceded by "How did my boyfriend get this?"

How did it all start?

The bet.

We were both at the restaurant on a Friday night.

I challenged my companion: get the phone number of the waitress who had been taking care of us since the beginning of the meal when I was sure she was gay, given the way she looked at me undressing.

If he succeeded, he would have me as a sex slave for 4 hours, distributed as he pleased over the weekend. Otherwise, it would be total ejaculation deprivation for the week.

He accepted, with a big smile.

Attempt.

At the end of the meal, he still hadn't tried anything. I thought he had accepted the bet just to lose it and enjoy a week of deprivation, because he knows very well that in these cases, I am extremely horny and he loves it.

After asking for the bill, he said to me, taking out his pen: "So, ready to lose?"

When the waitress arrives, he gives her his credit card and while she prepares the payment, he writes a note on the receipt with what I recognized as his telephone number. The waitress hands him the device for him to enter his code and has a big smile when she sees the word on the ticket. She picks up the terminal, returns the card and leaves with the ticket, wishing us a good evening.

Victory.

Walking home, I say to my companion: "Classic the little note on the ticket. But apparently it just made him smile."

At that moment, his phone rings. He looks, smiles then shows me the screen saying to me: "Be a slave, I already have some ideas to take advantage of these 4 hours."

On the screen, a selfie of the waitress, the lustful gaze and the tongue between her fingers. Obviously accompanied by the sender's number, bet won.

"Why do I have the impression that this photo is more intended for me than for you?" I asked him while knowing I was defeated.

"Because the note said you were bi and since she obviously didn't dare approach you, I wouldn't mind if she went through me to tell you that she found you attractive." he replied before adding: "Did you think I hadn't noticed that she had spent the whole shift staring at you?"

I was amazed, I didn't know he was able to notice this kind of thing.

So I had to spend the evening and the night waiting for orders that could be given to me at any time.

Serious things.

First half hour.

In the middle of the night, I woke up all wet and thirsty, so I got up to get a glass of water. When I returned to the room, my companion was standing on the bed, cock in hand.

"Are you thirsty again?" He asked me with a lustful look. Then he added, "Never mind, let's use some of that time you're carrying out all my desires."

He asked me to lick his glans until he was about to ejaculate, then to take it into my mouth and hold it there without cracking it for a quarter of an hour.

He knew very well that I am an expert at this kind of game. But usually, I choose when to crack my prey. Not having that freedom was new to me and quite confusing, I have to admit.

Once the quarter of an hour has passed, he tells me that he loved seeing the desire to make him ejaculate grow in my eyes and that he intends to enjoy it for a while longer. I now have to massage my clitoris to push myself to the brink of orgasm too. then keep the two of us together for another quarter of an hour.

It's been barely two minutes since I refrained from cumming and I can't take it anymore. I have only one desire, it's to feel my body go through the spasms of an orgasm while I swallow my companion's sperm until the last drop. But I must resist, I promised.

Another quarter of an hour later, I tell myself that it's good, I finish us in style and we sleep again. But no !

He tells me to stop everything and takes out two pairs of handcuffs. Then he tied my wrists to each end of the headboard.

3H30 of lustful torture.

Then he launched a compilation of short films from the X-Confessions series telling me that he would bring me to the edge of orgasm every time a character was going to cum but never go all the way.

Those were the longest hours of my life. I spilled so much love juice on the bed that we had to go buy a new mattress the next day.

Last moment of servitude?

The end of 4 hours rang, I was free. Yes, but how much? I didn't have to follow his orders anymore, but I wanted him so badly, his tongue, his fingers and his cock, I wanted so badly to feel him shaking and ejaculating inside me.

I was in fact still enslaved, no longer by him, but by my appetite.

He had turned me on so much that he knew at least the next hour would be explosively lustful.

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