

Voice in my Ear
A short story by Charli Mac

I was relaxing on the sofa, debating whether to go and run a bath, when a message pinged through on my phone.

Kitten, it's time to play.

Everything in me clenched tight, a low pulse starting to throb in my clit. I waited, breathless, my eyes glued to the phone screen, and a second message quickly followed.

Go upstairs and get changed. The denim skirt, the short one. No underwear, Kitten. That means bra, too. Message me when you're ready.

I went upstairs and did as I was told, swapping my comfortable jeans for the denim miniskirt and sliding off my panties. I wriggled out of my bra last, feeling the heavy weight of my breasts as they swayed more readily without support, the slight chaffing of the cotton t-shirt against my hardening nipples. I dropped the bra on top of my bed and picked up my phone.

I'm ready.

His response came through almost immediately.

Grab your bullet, Kitten. And put on your noise cancelling headphones. I want you to go for a walk. I know it's late, but I'll call you. I'll be in your ear the whole time, okay?

Okay, I replied.

I grabbed my headphones and my bullet vibe, tucking the vibe into the small pocket in the skirt, and made my way downstairs, pulling on my shoes before heading out. As soon as I was outside, I slipped on the headphones and activated the blu tooth, connecting them to my phone. It was a balmy night and I was perfectly comfortable in my t-shirt and bare legs – except for the fact that I wasn't wearing any underwear. I'd made it only a little way down the street before a trilling in my ear told me there was a call coming through. I swiped my thumb across my phone screen to answer it.

“Hello?”

“Kitten.” His voice was warm and smooth, filling my ears. These headphones had been expensive, but they were worth every penny.

“Hello, Sir.”

“Where are you?”

“I’m on my street. I just left.”

I lived in a nice neighborhood, but there weren’t as many streetlights as I’d like, the estate having been built during a push for lower light pollution, and the deserted streets were full of shadows.

“I want you to go to the trail, okay? Head for the north end.”

I took a left at the mini-roundabout and made my way to the large park area that led to a winding series of trails. I knew them well – it was where I walked my dog every day – but I’d never been in the dark before.

“Are you okay, Kitten? Talk to me please.”

“I’m here,” I said. “I’m just at the north gate.”

“Good girl. I want you to walk along the trail and sit at the first bench you come to, all right?”

“Yes, Sir.”

I made my way through the gate, carefully latching it behind me out of sheer force of habit, and started down the trail. The lights were even more sporadic here, but it wasn’t far to the first bench, tucked in around the first corner and mercifully positioned beneath a lamp post. I sat down, feeling the slight chill of the metal slats beneath my bare thighs, and looked about nervously. There was no one in sight, no sign of Sir.

“I’m here,” I told him. “I’m sitting on the bench, Sir.”

“Good Kitten,” he murmured. “And have you got your bullet?”

I dug it out of my pocket and held it tightly in a white-knuckled grip. I was nervous... but turned on beyond belief.

"Yes, Sir," I replied. "I've got it."

"Good girl. Switch it on, please." He waited until the low buzz of the vibrator filled the silent air around me. "Now, spread your legs as wide as you can, Kitten."

I obeyed, swallowing hard, aware I was fully on display. The trail was deserted right now, but that could change any second.

"Wider, Kitten."

I hissed out a breath but spread my legs as wide as the skirt allowed. Cool evening air tickled the inside of my thighs and other, wetter places.

"Now close your eyes."

"What?" my voice was a squeak.

"Put the phone down on the bench beside you, Kitten, and close your eyes."

"But..."

But it was dark. And I was alone. On a deserted trail.

"You trust me, Kitten?"

It took a moment for me to get the words out. "Yes, Sir."

"Then do what I say. You're safe, I promise you. Close your eyes."

He was here somewhere, he had to be. That thought relaxed me, even though I couldn't see any sign of him as I glanced around. I did as he asked and closed my eyes.

"Good girl, Kitten."

That settled it. He had to be watching me. And closely.

"Now, no matter what happens, you are to keep your eyes closed. Do you understand?"

I licked my lips nervously. "Yes."

"What was that, Kitten?"

“Yes, Sir.”

“Better. I want you to play with yourself. No cumming, not yet. But play with that pretty pussy, okay?”

“Yes, Sir.”

It was desperately hard not to peek and check no one was coming along the trail as I slid my hand between my legs and started running the little bullet vibe over my pussy. I tried to start slow, put on a bit of a show, imagining Sir was out there, maybe even touching himself as he watched me, but it wasn't long before I'd honed in on my clit, was buzzing in tight circles that would bring me quickly to the edge... even though I knew I wasn't allowed to cum yet.

Something caught my attention, cutting through the sound-deadening abilities of the headphones. Was that... footsteps in the gravel.

Shit!

“Sir... Sir, I think there's someone coming.”

“Don't open your eyes, Kitten. And don't stop playing.”

It was definitely footsteps.

“Sir!” I hissed.

“Don't open them, Kitten. No matter what.”

Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.

I waited, my hand frozen between my legs but the vibe still buzzing torturously against my clit, as the footsteps got louder. They stopped right in front of me. I waited, but nothing happened. My heart was hammering heard in my chest, my breaths loud in my ears. I knew if I shifted the vibe just a fraction, I'd detonate. Hard.

“I didn't tell you to stop playing, Kitten.” The words came through my headphones. They could have been spoken from right in front of me, or a hundred metres away through the trees. I had no idea.

Trying to breathe through the steel band that had wrapped itself around my ribs, I forced my hand to move. I shifted away from my clit - knowing I was a hairsbreadth away from orgasm and also that if I asked, I wasn't going to get permission, not yet – and started sliding the bullet in and out of my cunt. I was wet and slippery, and the bullet rolled smoothly over my g spot. Damn, that felt good.

I tried to focus on playing, ignore the urge to open my eyes, which was pulsing at me like the need to breathe when you're still deep underwater and swimming for the surface. When two warm hands landed lightly on my knees, it was like an electric shock. I gasped, went still as stone, but when nothing else happened I went back to sliding the little vibe slowly in and out of me. I was so wound up, I thought I might cum just from this small amount of penetration, something which had never happened to me before, but then the hands started moving, fingertips rubbing lightly around the inside of my knees, and all my focus shifted there. It was an agonizing tickle, a slow torture that felt exquisitely good but also made me want to twitch away.

"Good girl, Kitten. I'm proud of you. Just remember what I said and keep those eyes closed."

His voice was soothing, comforting. I let it wash over me, reassure me, but I still couldn't tell where it was originating from. I was desperate to have just the tiniest of peeks, but I made myself scrunch my eyes more tightly closed. Maybe it was Sir, maybe it wasn't. The not knowing was driving me crazy, in the best of ways.

The hands started moving again then. Touch becoming firmer, they slid all the way along my thighs before skirting over where my hand was busy working and grasping the bottom of my t-shirt. I froze as they lifted up, up and up until my breasts were exposed to the night. It was a tight enough shirt that, when the hands let go and moved to cup my breasts, the material stayed put, allowing fingers and thumbs to go to my nipples, to twist and pinch. I whimpered, uncertainty beginning to push through my arousal, and immediately Sir's voice was in my ear.

"It's all right, Kitten. You're doing very well. Keep playing, I want to see you cum. You don't have to ask, just this once."

Cum. Okay, I could do that. I wanted to do that, my clit twitching angrily at me for ignoring it for so long. I slipped the vibe out of my body and repositioned it right at the perfect spot, just to the side of my clit. The spot that set me on fire.

I nearly came there and then when the pinching fingers altered their grip attached what had to be clamps to my nipples. I felt a soft chill against my breast and abdomen, the links of a chain dangling down. That lasted only a moment before a hand skimmed the insides of my breasts and grabbed the chain, pulling it taut. I twitched in my seat, but they didn't pull further.

"All right, Kitten." Sir's voice came to me again, and I leaned on it like he was sat on the bench beside me. "I think you need a little motivation. You have thirty seconds to cum. If you don't, you're going to find yourself ass in the air getting a spanking that'll make sure you can't sit comfortably on this bench again for the next week."

This was the first time I'd ever sat on one of these benches, but that didn't make the threat any less effective. I felt my entire body come to life as he started counting in my ear.

"Thirty, twenty-nine, twenty-eight, twenty-seven, twenty-six..."

Every five seconds, I felt a hard tug on the chain attached to my nipples, distracting me, pulling me away from the orgasm I was chasing with increasing panic, making me more agitated until I was panting and writhing on the bench, desperate to cum, freaking out that the seconds were tick, tick, ticking down.

"Twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four..."

Oh God. Oh fuck. Oh shit. I needed to cum, *now*. Panic and pain and adrenaline and arousal coalesced inside me, exploding out in a heady rush that had me losing control, my head tipping back and a sharp cry falling out of my mouth. It went on and on, the world white behind my closed eyes, my toes curling in my shoes and the fingers of my free hand curling white-knuckled around one of the metal bench slats.

When I came back to myself, I was gasping in little sobs, the sound almost eclipsing Sir's soothing murmurs in my ear.

“Good girl, Kitten. Well done. That was beautiful. Don’t open your eyes, not yet.” A moment’s pause. “I want you on your knees. Now.”

It took my mind a moment to process the order. When I didn’t move straight away, the hand holding the clamps yanked on them hard. I mewled and slid off the bench, going to my knees, tiny pebbles and bits of gravel digging into my bare skin.

“That’s it, Kitten. Now, I want you to take what you’re given. Understand.”

“Yes, Sir.” I didn’t know if I was saying it to Sir or the person in front of me, or whether they were one and the same.

“Good. Open.”

I’d no sooner done as I was told than a cock was there, hot and heavy in my mouth. It surged in, going deeper than I was comfortable with, and I tried to jerk back, but a hand in my hair held me still. My eyes fluttered open for a moment then, I couldn’t help it, but all I saw was skin, the edge of a jeans zipper. Nothing to confirm that it was Sir holding onto me, Sir feeding me his cock. I slid them closed again and concentrated on breathing, on sucking and licking as best I could, when I could, and holding on for the ride when the hand in my hair tightened and the cock surged harder, deeper, fucking my face.

“That’s it, Kitten. That’s my good little slut. You love it, don’t you? Having that cock in your mouth? You’re going to swallow what you’re given, aren’t you, Kitten? You’re not going to waste a fucking drop.”

I couldn’t speak, so I responded with a series of small urgent sounds, working harder for my reward.

“Ready, Kitten? Because I mean it. Not a fucking drop.”

I hummed a yes and the hand in my hair wrenched me back, holding the tip of his cock against my tongue so that gouts of cum landed on my lips, coated my mouth and slipped down my chin.

“Lick it up, Kitten. All of it.”

I swallowed the load in my mouth then licked my lips to catch what was there. I wiped my chin with my fingers and then sucked them clean. All the while the hand in my hair stroked

me gently, Sir in my ear telling me how well I was doing but that I couldn't open my eyes, not yet.

"Up, Kitten. Back onto the bench."

I was slow and clumsy until two hands grabbed mine and helped me up, straightening my skirt when I sat down. A quick pinch released the clamps and those warm hands massaged my breasts before the rush of pain could overwhelm me. I still yelped – I hated that bit. My t-shirt was smoothed down and then a finger stroked softly down my cheek.

A moment later, footsteps started crunching on gravel and I felt the emptiness of the air in front of me.

"Sir?" I called hesitantly.

"Open your eyes, Kitten."

I did, the trail and woods beyond coming back into existence. I glanced about, expecting to see Sir or... or *someone*, but I was alone.

"Sir?" I asked again, my voice wobbling.

"Up you get, Kitten. Time to go home."