

A Different Kind of CBT

It was date night, and Lance couldn't be more excited. More accurately it was his and Sarah's 6th anniversary together as a couple and he had quite the night planned for the two of them. First it was dinner at the most affordable fancy restaurant in town, then an a walk over the bridge where they went for their first date where he planned to propose to her, and then a brisk walk back home to celebrate their engagement with what's hopefully going to be the best sex ever. He had everything he needed he was dressed in his best suit, his family's ancestral ring was in his right coat pocket, and scattered romantically around the house were all the different toy and oils they had purchased just in case they couldn't make it to the bedroom with all the excitement. Knowing Sarah they'd probably barely make it to the kitchen before she would rip all of his clothes off.

Lance smiled warmly at the thought. What an amazing woman. He closed his eyes picturing her reaction. The look of shock and sheer joy as he proposed followed by the way her tits slapped against her abdomen when they fucked.

He opened his eyes and looked at the nearest clock. It read 5:30pm which meant Lance had about 30 minutes until he had to leave to pick up Sarah from work which should be just enough time to jerk on out real quick. Plus he remembered reading somewhere that looking at porn before a date made it more likely for him to get laid. It had something to do with hormones making women want to fuck you which is exactly what he wanted so he meandered his way to their office/gaming room, unbuckled his belt, and pulled up Bing. After a few minutes of searching he found exactly what he was hoping for, a BDSM video of a man restrained in leather having his cock tortured by a vibrator. Lance watched the man quivering as an incredibly busty woman made a vibrating wand touch his dick and pull it away before he could cum. The man moaned, groaned, and pleaded for release and Lance did much of the same as he imagined Sarah torturing him much the same way.

"Please.... Please," panted the man on the screen. "No more... No.. AH!"

"Please..." repeated Lance quietly between breaths as his hand moved faster. "Just a little more..."

"You just couldn't wait could you," came a beautiful voice from behind him.

Lance jumped at the unexpected voice and quickly closed the browser on his computer. "Sarah! Wha-what are you doing home?" He shoved his still hard dick back into his pants. "I thought I was supposed to pick you up."

His chair spun beneath him turning him around to face Sarah with the zipper to his pants still wide open. Sarah stood looming over him in a gorgeous emerald green dress that left Lance speechless. Sarah was a shorter woman who barely stood over 5 feet tall, Just tall enough for her head to come to Lance's chest when he stood but short enough for his head to come to her chest when he sat, and she had a lot of chest. Where Sarah lacked in height she was more than compensated with her Double D breasts and heart shaped ass. Her hair was a fiery red that contrasted her green dress, her skin was as pale and smooth as porcelain, her eyes sparkled mischievously, and her massive breasts sat inches away from his face.

"I decided to come home early to surprise you," she said with a smile and a wag of her chest that let him know she wasn't wearing a bra. "Good thing I did or I would have missed all the fun."

She looked down at the tent formed with his underwear which just made his dick that much harder. "Sorry..." He replied playfully. "I wasn't planning to see you until tonight so I figured... You know."

"That's totally fine, love." She leaned down and the two shared a quick kiss. "I'm glad I caught you actually, because I have a gift."

"A gift? But you said no gifts!"

"I know, I know. But I saw this and knew I had to have it for today."

"You had to have it? So is it a gift for you or a gift for me?"

The mischievous glint in her eyes spread across her face into a mischievous smile. "Yes," she replied then as if by magic a hair tie appeared in her fingers and she started to pull her hair back. "But I think you need some TLC to make it work properly."

She knelt down to sit on her knees and swiftly pulled Lance's underwear down to reveal his hard dick that twitched slightly as his heart began to pound in his chest. Without hesitation Sarah wrapped her hand around the base of his dick, brushed a strand of hair from her face that she missed and wrapped her mouth around his member causing him to gasp. Her head began to bob up and down red lips puckering as she sucked his cock, then her tongue started to do that circle thing he licked and he knew he wasn't going to last much longer. Without realizing it his hands found Sarah's head where they tangled in her hair and his head fell back as a moan slipped from between his lips. Just another few seconds and he'd...

Sarah pulled away suddenly with a smack of her lips introducing his wet twitching dick to the cold and he gasped feeling the shock this sent through him that he felt at the bottom of his balls. "There. Now you're ready."

"For what," groaned Lance between breathes. "Blue balls?"

"This." Sarah then reached into her dress between her breasts and pulled out a long thin blue rubber looking thing that Lance had never seen before. It was vaguely shaped like push pin with ribbing along the length of the pin section and a ball on its top that had some strange symbol on it.

"And what is that?"

"It's called the Incu-plug." She put the plug into her mouth and pulled it back out coating it in her saliva. "I bought it from a strange sex shop that Becky recommended and it's meant for people like you who like to be tortured." She looked up at Lance with the same smile as earlier. "Wanna try it?"

"Yes," replied Lance excitedly without a second's hesitation. This was like a dream come true!

"Wonderful! Get ready, I'm told this part hurts a little bit."

Sarah grabbed Lance's dick again only this time she lined up the thinner ribbed portion of the plug to Lance's urethra and pushed the plug slowly up to the rubber ball into his dick. Sarah was right, it did hurt. Feeling the rubber as it slid into him forcing his dick wider actually hurt quite a bit, but the pain seemed to pass within seconds and Lance was left with the hardest heaviest boner he had ever experienced. Both he and his dick were excited to know what was next.

"This is where the fun begins." She winked then wrapped her mouth around his dick again. Lance jumped expecting it to hurt again, but no pain came, instead all he felt was the warm wetness of Sarah's mouth and tongue as it tried to suck the life out of his balls. He moaned audibly which only seemed to make Sarah move faster, and before he knew it was happening he busted the largest load of his life, or at least he started to until his cum hit the plug and was stuck with nowhere to go. His cock and balls pulsed like usual except he didn't get the usual calming euphoria associated with it. Instead he felt a tightness in his cock he couldn't explain and a new found unexpected sensitivity. He tried to process this, but he was having a hard time because Sarah was still going. Her head continued to bob up and down along his member and the feeling associated with a building orgasm started over again on top of the feeling of needing to orgasm once already and his body didn't know how to handle that.

"S-Sarah..." He gasped. "What's happening?"

Sarah didn't answer. She kept working away at his member and when Lance managed to look down at her she stared right back locking eyes with him, wordlessly telling him she was in control and she wanted him to cum. So he did, and suddenly his largest orgasm ever just a few moments ago was no longer his largest orgasm ever. This second time he felt like his mind went blank for a moment and he moaned loudly enough that he worried someone would hear him, but once again there was no full release and the tightness and sensitivity he felt in his cock grew more intense with every contraction of his balls. He gasped for breath and gripped the arms of his chair tightly as the orgasm washed over him, but Sarah apparently wasn't satisfied. Her head continued to bob up and down his dick voraciously, her tongue danced around him, and before he could take another breath he came a mind numbing third time.

When his mind finally cleared enough for him to function through the pleasure of Sarah still going down on him, he grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her away so her mouth would release his dick and give him a moment to breathe. "S-Sarah," he gasped.

"Yes," she replied innocently before she licked the tip of his dick like a lollipop and sent lightning through his bones.

"Please just... give me a second..." He melted into his chair trying to catch his breathe. Never in his life had he experienced anything like this before. How could he possible just cum three times in a row? He looked down at Sarah was still holding his dick and she smiled, and he couldn't help feel his love for her burn within him, but the sight of his dick caught him off guard. Was it... bigger? "Sarah...?"

"Yes babe?"

"Am I? Is my dick getting bigger?"

"I don't know," She replied innocently. "Is it?" She hand began to stroke his dick and immediately he felt his back arch in pleasure. He felt so sensitive. And so pent up! His dick was screaming to release its contents all over Sarah's gorgeous face, but it just couldn't and then his body was wracked with another mind numbing orgasm that made his entire body shudder. This time however, Sarah pulled away and then pushed his head back down so he could see his dick grow right before his eyes. It wasn't much, but with every throbbing twitch his dick clearly grew. When his orgasm had passed his dick was obviously longer, thicker, and had a slight red tint to it.

"What is happening?" he asked breathlessly.

"Happy Anniversary," replied Sarah. Then she positioned herself to straddle him as he sat, wrapped her arms around his neck, and kissed him hungrily. They sat there entwined swapping kisses before she pulled back and whispered in his ear. "Ready to take this to the bedroom?"

He couldn't get any harder. She stood and turned to show off her backless dress with a sway to her hips that revealed she wasn't wearing any panties. Lance stood then took a moment to steady himself feeling both light headed and heavy headed. His brain head was light, but his dick head was heavy. The rubber plug and the growth caused by four orgasms left him almost feeling bloated, but Lance's lance stood straight and true so he didn't bother worrying about anything other than his amazing soon-to-be wife.

He followed her through the hallway, the light of the bedroom silhouetting her curves until she walked around the door and out of sight. Excitedly Lance picked up the pace and as he walked through the bedroom door Sarah grabbed him by the shoulders and using all of her weight threw him at the bed. It was clumsy yet adorable and he landed on the bed with her standing above him. He began to sit up but she pushed him back down before climbing over him on all fours her, tits swinging with each movement and then straddled him.

"Are you going to be a good boy for me," she asked.

"The best boy," replied Lance.

"Then prove it." She reached down grabbing her dress from the bottom and pulled it over her head releasing her tits from their prison with a hefty bounce. Her porcelain skin was almost ghostly under her dress and her breasts were topped with a perfect pink button of a nipple and areolas so pale they almost didn't exist. With a wiggle of her hips Lance was surprised to feel just how wet she was. "Be a good boy, and don't orgasm."

She sat down slowly, sliding her tight wet vagina at a glacial pace down to the base of his dick eliciting a moan from her mouth that made all of his hair stand up on end. He almost came again right there and then, but somehow through force of will, he managed to hold on until she started to move upwards and he came instantly. Sarah gasped feeling his dick throb within her then she looked down at him accusingly.

"S-sorry," He stuttered.

She shook her head and tisked, "Naughty boy. You just broke the rules." She leaned down to grab his left wrist and pulled it over his head. Her tits dangled in front of his face and impulsively he latched his mouth around her nipple as she reached over to the bedframe and pulled up one of the pairs of handcuffs he made sure was ready for when they got home. She stifled a groan and pulled away after quickly cuffing him to the headboard. "Did I say you could do that?"

"You didn't say I couldn't," he replied cheekily.

"Very Naughty." Suddenly there was a loud vibrating sound and a jolt of electricity shot through his entire body. Sarah had somehow managed to grab one of her bullet vibrators and had pressed it for only a moment against his balls.

"Gaaah~" He yelped from beneath her.

"Break my rules again, and see what happens," she threatened.

Lance gulped. He wasn't sure how much more of this he could handle. "I'll be a good boy," He replied.

She pressed the vibrator to his balls again jolting him with waves of pleasure. "You'll be a good boy, Mistress," she corrected him.

He moaned loudly and nodded his head vigorously. "Yes, Mistress. I'll be a good boy, Mistress." She pulled the vibrator away and he gasped for breath.

"Good boy. Remember don't orgasm."

Once again she began to move, sliding herself up and down his member slowly. His head fell back and he bit his lip trying not to surrender to the feeling, but it was harder than his dick was. He felt a pressure building within him that begged for release, and the more she moved the more he began to feel this pent up aggression forming in the lizard part of his brain. The rest of his brain went blank. He'd never been this sensitive before, how was he supposed to hold himself. That unfortunate moment is when Sarah decided to speed up. She went from a glacial pace to a snail's pace, then faster still so her entire body bobbed at the same rate as her earlier blowjob. She wasn't delicate about it either. Wet claps sounded as she slammed herself down onto Lance, tits bouncing wildly with the movement,

"S-sarah," He gasped feeling his body starting to tense.

"Mistress," She corrected then the vibrator was back on his balls and she didn't stop.

Unable to control himself Lance grunted and his toes curled as he orgasmed again. With each throbbing heartbeat he swelled larger and could feel Sarah tightening around his member. She moaned loudly, but seemed to lose herself in the moment because both she and the vibrator kept going. Sarah matched the pace of his throbbing dick so she would slap down on it after each time it grew larger sending him deeper and deeper into her. The only problem was the continued movement seemed to prolong his orgasm. Unable to speak, barely able to breathe Lance laid there as orgasm after orgasm raced through his body. All he could process was extreme pleasure, a growing tightness around his cock, and the sounds of Sarah almost screaming in pleasure.

"M-Mhhmm.. Mis..." He stuttered between his own moans.

"Not yet," she breathed.

"Mi-mi-mi-.."

"...Not... Yet..." She growled.

Lance was about to pass out. For some reason Sarah wasn't making it to the base of his dick anymore, but it was still far too much pleasure to deal with. He writhed in agony beneath her, with what little conscious thought he had left his free hand slapped down onto Sarah's thigh and he squeezed to get her attention. She let out a loud cry and Lance could feel her the walls of her pussy contract around his dick as she orgasmed and came to a stop panting hard. In the excitement the bullet vibrator thankfully rolled away giving Lance a moment of peace and they sat there like that for a few moments.

Lance gasping and reeling from the aftershock of his continuous orgasm, and Sarah atop his swollen dick panting and covered in sweat.

"Fuck... That was amazing," she breathed.

"Sarah... M-Mistress... Please... Remove the plug." Lance laid there holding her thigh, exhausted and desperately needing to cum.

She smiled and leaned down sliding along his dick to give him a hot passionate kiss. When she pulled back her face hovered just above his and she said, "No."

A coldness clasped around his right wrist followed by a series of metallic clicks and Lance was left with both his hands restrained above his head.

A mild panic began to grip at Lance, "Sarah?"

"I told you to call me Mistress." Weakly, as if her legs didn't want to work anymore she slid herself off of Lance's dick and he starred at it in shock. What had previously been a perfectly average 6 inch penis was now as thick as Sarah's neck and as long as a ruler. How in the world was she able to fit something like that inside her? Not well apparently because she had to grip the bed to keep herself from falling over. "I also said no orgasming."

Lance tried to put up a fight and wiggle away from Sarah, but he was just too tired. She was able to manhandle him and pull his legs out so she could cuff both of them to the footboard leaving Lance completely restrained with a running vibrator inches away from his balls, and a girlfriend with malicious intent in her eyes.

"Please..." He begged. "No more..."

"Sorry hun, you know the rules." Snagged the bullet vibrator and this time held it to the head of his penis and immediately he began to orgasm again, and again, and again.

"FUUUUuuuuu..," He screamed as his vision whited out.

All he could do was squirm, moan, and watch as his dick grew larger and larger right in front of his eyes with each concurrent orgasm seemingly causing more growth. His heart pounded trying to pump enough blood into his dick to keep up and with each pulse his dick would lurch outward in all directions. Pulse and then there was another inch. Pulse and he grew an inch and a half. Pulse and he grew two inches and it just kept going. Instead of one orgasm lasting through multiple throbs he had multiple orgasms per throb and his dick stretch outward like a water balloon. He convulsed as his dick grew larger than his arm and kept going.

"This is so fucking hot," mumbled Sarah.

Lance couldn't form words in his head. They had a safe word, but his body was so supercharged with the extreme need to cum that could barely remember how to breathe. He was in a constant extreme state of intense pleasure and all his body could do was tense up. He arched his back, his toes curled, and a continuous moan poured from his mouth. His dick was longer than his torso and still going.

Sarah pulled the vibrator away for a moment and Lance crumbled to the bed in a heap gasping for air, but then the buzzing grew louder. Sarah pressed a second vibrator Lance had stashed to his balls

and the bullet to the head of his dick again and Lance froze in a pleasure so intense he thought he died. His balls began to swell from the back log of orgasms churning within him, his entire dick vibrated rapidly with ripples similar to a lakes surface on a windy day and his dick grew to be longer than his leg, and kept growing, and Growing, and GROWING, and **GROWING**.

After what felt like an eternity the vibrators stopped, and finally Lance was able to breathe again.

"Let that be a lesson to listen to your Mistress," chimed Sarah innocently. Lance opened his slowly, he expected to be blinded by light but a massive shadow loomed above him. His eye focused and standing taller than himself, wider than the trunk of a tree was his dick with two soccerball sized balls beside it. The bed creaked beneath him from all the added weight and Sarah calmly walked around the bed releasing Lance from the cuffs. Weakly he sat up and tried to reach for the plug, but his dick was so large he couldn't even wrap his arms around it. Not that he wanted to. Just feeling the breeze of his own breath graze his dick made him want to orgasm he was that sensitive.

"Please," he begged breathlessly. "No more..." Remember their safe word he mumbled, "Pineapple." Then collapsed back down to the bed.

"Well since you've asked so nicely." She climbed onto the bed and stood on her tip toes pressing her beautiful nude body against his massive shaft which made him orgasm loudly and raised the plug even higher out of reach. "hmmm..." Using his dick as a brace she climbed up onto the foot board making him orgasm again.

"Ready for this," she asked.

"Fucking yes, please!"

Sarah balanced with weak legs on her toes on top of the footboard gently licked the head of his dick and as her tongue lifted upwards, causing him to orgasm once more, it snagged the rubber ball and pulled the plug out of his dick and released a biblical flood's worth of cum into their bedroom. It shot out of Lance's dick like a fountain coating the ceiling before it came showering down on the two of them his dick deflating as gallons of semen shot out of him. His body convulsed again into a back break arch with his toes curling so far beneath him he almost broke his ankles. This release went on for over a full minute straight before he actually passed out from the pleasure.

When he woke up a few minutes later, Lance was exhausted and starving. Sarah had curled up next to him on the bed so her head was on his chest and her arms wrapped around him. Both of them were absolutely soaked in cum, but on top of that goo in Sarah's left hand was something that sparkled.

"Hey," Lance croaked.

Sarah sniffled then looked up at him with watering eyes. "Were you planning to propose to me?"

Lance smiled tiredly, "Marry me, Mistress?"

She made a noise like bird chirp and kissed him so passionately that it didn't matter they were surrounded in a mess that would take forever to clean. "Yes, Lance. My very good boy. I will marry you."