



IN HER SERVICE

Tales of Dominant Women

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In Her Service

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Explore the intense pleasures of submitting to female domination. 'In Her Service' includes hot new erotica from Charlotte Stein, Aishling Morgan, Monica Belle, Primula Bond, and Willow Sears. For many men nothing can compete with the intoxicating pleasure of a dominant woman in full control of the bedroom, playroom or office. Meet the empowered women and reduced men who learn to know their place ... and wouldn't have it any other way. Pursuing a female celebrity for a scoop leads one journalist into a humiliating experience he'll never forget. Daisy is a harsh mistress, but when her slaves revolt, her punishment is greater than what even she could devise. Kelly's arrival at a female friend's wedding, involves the renewal of special extra-marital vows that have nothing to do with monogamy.

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IN HER SERVICE
A Collection of Assertive Women
A Mischief Collection of Erotica



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Oppositeland Charlotte Stein

I purposefully pick out the most mundane and unneeded items I can think of, as I stroll around the supermarket with a basket over my arm. Of course, no one pays me the slightest bit of attention because they're all picking out their own mundane and probably unneeded items. Things like the mop they saw on some infomercial or a jar of capers that's on offer they don't want. They'll never use them – the capers, I mean – though really what can I say about that?

I'll never use them either.

Me and Artie, we don't eat capers. We don't eat macaroons either, but they're in my basket too. They're just the most perfect thing to buy to keep my mind on that drifting, unthinking edge, that *I'm completely bored* state of nothingness I don't usually feel when Artie and I walk around the supermarket together. When we do it together, we plan meals and giggle over funny-shaped aubergines, and maybe at some point I'll slip a hand up the back of his jersey because he's just so gorgeous I can't resist him.

Though I suppose you could say I'm resisting him now. This is the ultimate in resisting, really – like a test, I suppose – but it doesn't feel like it, somehow. It feels like something else, instead, though I don't let myself think about it too hard. *Just that little glancing edge of it*, I tell myself, then let my mind wander back to mundane considerations like capers and macaroons and super-mops. I pay for my items and stroll back home, forcing my gaze and my attention over shop-window signs and people I see on the streets, and once there I deliberately put each item away in various newly made spaces.

Though I'd be lying if I said I wasn't aware of Artie's presence.

I am, but it's a peripheral kind of thing. I bustle through the bedroom, collecting things I want to wear after my shower, and I can feel him just burning on the edges of my vision. I'm aware of him twitching and stirring towards the sound and smell of me, and after a moment he allows himself a little faint sigh. I can't tell if it's a discomfited sound or something else, but I don't stop to find out.

I have my shower instead, taking time to remove any scrap of hair on my body and smoothing everything nicely as I go. Once I'm out, I dry myself and rub lotion on my various parts and then after a moment, I slide into the little silky slip thing Artie bought me for my thirtieth birthday.

Of course, it's this action that almost gets me. I think about him running it all over me, bunched in his too-tense fist, telling me how he wanted to buy me something that would make me feel as sexy as he always thinks I am. Something that would feel glorious against my skin and make me near buzz for sex.

And it always does. My nipples stiffen as it flows over them, so cool and buttery soft. All I have to do to know how aroused I am is look down, and see them sticking through the material, dusky-pink and spiky-hard. I'm turned on because of shopping. I'm turned on because Artie's in the bedroom and he's still waiting, waiting, waiting.

When I walk back in there he turns his head blindly, searching me out from beneath the confines of the scarf around his eyes. His breathing is slightly unsteady, but I can't tell if that's because of the promise of things to come, or because he's starting to really feel the effects of the state he's in.

The muscles in his thighs are trembling – I can see them from here. And every now and then he cycles his shoulders backwards and forwards, as though the strain of having his hands tied behind his back then bound to the headboard is getting a bit too much. It's putting pressure on his joints. The leather around his wrists is starting to rub against the tender skin there.

Though I'm not too worried, I have to say, because he's still impossibly hard. Even after all this time – all the shopping and the shower and me getting myself ready – his cock is still sticking right

out and almost up, all swollen and slippery at the tip. As I watch, a thin stream of pre-come slides down the length of his stiff shaft and I feel my cunt clench in sympathy.

I don't let him know it, however. I don't say or do anything to him at all. I just walk into the room and stand close enough to let him scent out the lotion on my body, the tang of my shampoo. Of course he doesn't say anything – he just leans forward, slightly, as though he can get at me through sheer force of will. That leather leash straining against the bulk of his big body, the smooth solid rounds of his shoulders standing out starkly through the gloss of his skin as he works against them.

But it's his mouth I like the best. He has a beautiful mouth at the most typical of times – soft and full in his otherwise perfectly masculine face – but now, here, it's even sweeter. His lips are parted and moist, as though he's been constantly licking them just to feel how good and dirty and slick his tongue feels, working over the only point of his body he can reach. And whenever he makes a little sound – a little strained sigh or a pulled-in groan – he ends it with his teeth pressed into that soft flesh.

I'm so wet by this point I can hardly stand it. Even the shower hasn't taken the evidence of my arousal away – the arousal I built up without really thinking about it directly, as I walked around the supermarket and made my way back home – and now it's starting to trickle down my thigh.

But I stiffen my own resolve and keep my voice light and disinterested.

'Did you have a good time while I was gone?' I ask, and his glorious lips move soundlessly around words he can't say. They make me think of other things he could move them around, thicker things, more solid things, and then my clit jerks and more slickness spills down my slippery thighs.

I think I know what I'm going to do to him today. He always says *go further, do more, make it a surprise*, and I think this is going to fulfil those criteria very nicely.

'You haven't been bad, have you?' I ask, and he *mmpfs* in discomfort when I trail a finger down over the solid mass of his body, to the straining stalk between his legs. It jerks upwards when I fondle it, briefly, and then again when I scratch at his tightly drawn up balls. Another second or two of contact and he's going to come, and it isn't just the leaking state of his swollen prick that tells me so.

He's so breathless, and his whole body trembles, tautly. There's a flush all over his cheeks and whenever I get even the slightest bit close, he can't help moaning.

'If you've been bad, I might have to punish you,' I say, but he just strains further forward. As though instead of punishment I said pleasure and instead of tying him I let him go. It's always Oppositeland with him, my Artie.

'But if you've been good,' I tell him, 'if you've been good, I might give you a reward.'

The two are interchangeable, and he knows it. It's why he tenses when he hears me moving towards the bedside cabinet, because I could be doing just about anything. I could be finding something to spank him with, something to whip him with. Once, he begged me to hit him with a belt, right across his back. *Hard*, he'd said, *like you want to mark me, like you want to hurt me*.

And I had obeyed.

But it's always better when it's secret and special and he doesn't quite know what's next. In fact, he's trembling when I return to him. His whole body has drawn taut, and it gets tauter when I go back to him and run the thing I've brought over his only-just-hairy chest.

I think he can tell what it is. It's pretty new and still smells latex-y, because I've hardly used it. Why would I want to use it when I've got his big thick cock at my beck and call, almost the equal of this toy in my hand? I don't even understand why he bought it for me, though I'm getting a clearer picture right now.

His face has gone bright red, despite the fact that almost nothing humiliates him any more. I can grope him right between his legs in the middle of Marks and Spencer's, and nothing happens. He just goes boneless and parts his lips, waiting for more.

'You want it?' I ask, and he groans loudly. Of course he wants it! I should have known. All I have to do is run the head of this thick latex cock over his mouth and he shudders like a struck dog.

He pokes his tongue out and tries to wet his lips, but it just means he ends up inadvertently licking the thing. Or possibly not so inadvertently – I don't know. When I press it to his mouth he won't take it in, but he's not exactly stopping it either. As though most of him is screaming no, but some of him just wants to know what it would be like to take someone's cock in his mouth.

Not that he'd ever admit it. Of course, I've suggested it to him before, in the panting heat of a marathon sex session. Usually when he's on the verge of orgasm and too far gone to care, his cock lodged deep in my pussy and my finger somewhere rude, like between the cheeks of his ass. And he'll squirm and try not to look at me, but I can almost feel what he's thinking – what would it be like? What would it be like to have some guy in his mouth, thrusting until he came?

Like this, I think, and then I order him to suck the vibrator in my hand. As though *I'm* the guy, and I just can't wait for him to do it. I'm hard and eager and wanting it, and he's a wanton slut, almost but not quite willing to give it.

'Yeah, take it,' I say, and he moans around the thick length of the thing. He moans and grimaces and doesn't want to do it, I can tell, but he keeps going nonetheless. He sucks even though I haven't told him to, as though he can taste real flesh and feel real heat and wants nothing better than to please.

And it's so ... so ... oh ...

'Yeah, you like that, baby?' I ask, as my sex swells and more liquid trickles down my thigh. I'm not sure how much more of this I can take, in all honesty, but I'll do it just for him. I always do it just for him. 'Feels good, huh? Feels good taking that big cock in your mouth.'

He squirms and jerks forward, the tip of his cock just skimming the material of my nightie. Though I suppose even so slight a contact must feel like bliss, when you're so close to coming.

Which is why I give him a spank, for his trouble.

'Bad boy,' I tell him and take the sex toy away – like a punishment, I think, though of course I don't know it is one until he actually tries to go after it. His mouth opens and closes, searching and searching for the thing I took away, while my clit jerks and my body thrums and I can't stop myself running a hand over my own nipple.

I have to. He's the one tied up, but I'm the one losing control. I need to dig my fingers in for just a second, feel the flesh of my breast as it gives under the pressure. And once I'm done, I lick the tip of the thing he's just sucked. Just to give myself a little taste. Just to know, for a second, what it's like.

Before I move on to the next stage of the plan.

'Move back,' I tell him, and of course he obeys. He shuffles and wriggles awkwardly, until the leash bows and there's space enough in front of him. Of course, the whole thing is still going to be difficult for him – he can't rely on his arms, after all – but I can't afford to care about that.

Caring is not the point right now.

'Bend over,' I tell him, as abruptly as I can. And though he hesitates, I only think he does because he's considering how best to do this thing. Should he just lean, gingerly? Go face first into the mattress? I don't think there's enough length to the leash to allow the latter, but for a second I think he's going to attempt it.

And then suddenly he's shuffling on the bed again, rearranging himself until his legs are spread almost embarrassingly wide, body straining as he attempts to go on all fours – only without the two stabilisers in front. Instead, he's just clinging to the leash behind him, muscles straining to keep him in a rough L-shape, shoulders creaking with the effort.

It's only after he's completely still and in position that I realise I've been holding my breath. Would he do anything, just absolutely anything, if asked him to? If I *told* him to?

I think he would and yet I can hardly believe what I'm seeing. It strikes me hard, in the gut – my husband's almost total willingness to obey – and then once the feeling has dissipated I'm just left with this ...

My almost total willingness to push him as far as he can go. It soars through me, so strong suddenly that I'm momentarily stymied. I'm not the cool girl, wandering oblivious around the supermarket. I'm just Clara Henley, clumsy and unsure.

Then less so, when he strains just that little bit further and finds the head of the cock I'm still holding, with his mouth.

Of course, it's entirely different when he does it like this. We're on different but familiar levels now, me knelt on the bed in front of him. Him with his face so close to the mattress.

And also to the thing I've inadvertently put in almost the right place. I mean, it's not as though I can avoid the idea. I've done it without thinking, and now it's as though I really *do* have something thick and stiff between my legs.

Something thick and stiff that he's now sucking. Because he definitely is, and I definitely like it. I know I do, even when I don't exactly want to accept it. Words just come to my lips, and they *make* me accept it.

'Yeah, suck my cock, you little bitch,' I say, far fiercer than I was a moment ago. Far gruffer, too, though that sound has almost nothing to do with wanting to feel like a man, in some way. It's because I'm aroused, so aroused at the sight of my husband debasing himself like this, and I just can't keep my voice on the straight and narrow.

It goes up and down and left and right, then drops out altogether when he starts moaning around the thing I'm now holding like a raised fist. Jutting and rude and angry, almost, only pulling back on it when that soaring feeling inside me gets too much.

I could drown in that feeling. I could get lost, and worse – I think he knows it. He wants me to go past that point, but I can't, I can't. This is enough, just this.

Just slapping my husband's face, when he gets too greedy with the cock.

'Enough,' I tell him, while his mouth moves soundlessly around words he doesn't know how to say. Perspiration stands out at his temples, along his hairline, on his upper lip – but it isn't unattractive. Quite the contrary. It spurs me on, in the same way his squirming, heated body does.

Though nothing gets me as good as his response, when I tell him plainly:

'I'm going to fuck you, now.'

It's like I've touched a live wire to his spine. He shoves into the bed even though he knows he'll be punished for that. And he moans so loudly, which he definitely won't be punished for, at all. I could never punish him for something that makes my clit swell and my cunt clench around nothing, every inch of me suddenly right on the edge.

I'm going to come, I realise, calmly. Detached from it, almost. I'm going to come without anything touching me, and all because of the thought of what I'm about to do. I'm going to slick this big cock with oil. And once that's done, I'm going to finger his tight little asshole until he opens up for me.

Then after all of these frankly excruciating stages, I'm going to ease this big thing past that ring of muscle until he begs me for more.

Which he duly does. I knew he would. It's like we're connected too tightly, when we get to this place, every action familiar even though it's absolutely not, in most other ways. My hand feels too slippery – I've used too much oil. I'm conscious, so conscious of hurting him, even though the sight of the plastic sliding past all of his resistance is enough to almost send me over.

And yet that feeling remains. Of knowing him and understanding. It sings in me as he chokes out that I should fuck him so, so hard. *Do it, baby, do it*, he says, but I wait right on the brink. I stay just like that, with the thick shaft only partway inside him. Oil dripping and dripping down over his spread thighs, onto the sheets. Onto me.

Then just as he's ready to beg again, just as I feel it shuddering through me too, I push in hard. I draw the cock I don't have back out again, searching for a rhythm, searching for what he'll like, and oh yes when I find it ... when he gasps for me ...

‘There?’ I ask, but I don’t need to. He’s already shoving back against that feeling, chasing it. He’s already saying things I don’t dare to, like *ohhh yeah. Make me come, make me feel it, give me that hard fucking thing.*

Of course, I notice that he doesn’t use the word cock. But that’s OK, because somehow the evasion of it hits me harder. My clit jerks again, just once, as though there’s a little string attached from it to the shaft I’m now pumping in and out of him, and I think that’s it. I’m going, I’m sure. I’m doing it, without so much as a rub over that swollen little bud.

But no, there’s something more to come, yet. Something I need, without even understanding that I do.

It’s OK, however. He knows.

‘Oh God yeah, baby,’ he says, as he works himself back on the thing I’m almost not holding any more. As he shudders, and gets so close, he follows it with other blissful words like: ‘You love it, don’t you.’

It’s not a question, I know. It’s permission. Permission to love it, permission to love this. Permission to dig my nails into his back and sob something garbled and frantic like *take it take it take it*, as my orgasm blooms so low and thick in my belly.

It’s almost like pain, I think. And it’s too all over the place, too unfocused. It runs riot through my body, glancing over my clit and striking me hard at the tops of my thighs. I almost sink right down onto the bed. It’s so strange and not right and good all at the same time.

But I stay up, for him. I keep the twist I’m giving to the cock inside him, until I hear him choke the words out. The ones I can hardly believe myself, even though the thing is still happening.

‘Oh Christ,’ he says. ‘Oh fuck, are you coming? Are you really coming? Ohhhh baby yes, yes. I love you, I love you.’

And then he goes over himself in one big, incredible surge. Body stiffening under its pressure. Near soundless grunts of pleasure throttling their way out of him. Every one of his shudders running all the way down him, and out through me.

Because by this point, I’ve sprawled all over his back. I can hardly help it – every bone in my body seems to have turned to soup. I’m wrung out, done in, turned upside down. Of course I am. I’m in Oppositeland, where orgasms happen without touching and he gets fucked, not me.

Where instead of saying *I despise you for making me wait like that*, he murmurs, low and sweet: ‘You’re so good to me, my lovely girl. So good in every way.’

I’m not, though. Sometimes I’m thoughtless, and impatient. Occasionally I cry without warning, and won’t let him comfort me. Hell, there are even times when I *can’t* let him comfort me, when I can’t let him in, when I don’t know what to say a second after he’s told me he loves me.

But I can do this.

For him, I can be the person I pretend I’m not.

How Was Your Day?

Valerie Grey

Made sure everything was in place and did a final check of the things I would need: a blindfold, a feather, a bowl of ice, a candle, a lighter and a rubber glove – just in case.

This thought made my stomach tighten and for a moment and I wondered if I was making a terrible mistake.

The sound of a car pulling into the drive cut that apprehensive thought off before I could change my mind. How long would it take to put all this away and do the dishes? Too long – *oh*, one look at the sink full of this morning's dishes and she'd know *something* was suspicious. It was the one thing she'd asked me to do before she left.

Asked?

In her own way she *asked*: 'Make sure the dishes get done before I get home tonight. Do you *understand*?'

'Yes,' had been my simple reply.

Oh, yes, I understood perfectly well. I knew that if they weren't done I would pay for that transgression. I didn't know how the consequences would occur but I had no doubts that they would, indeed, occur. *Of that I had no doubt*. And now it was too late to question the intelligence of the decision I had made not to do them. They still sat stacked in the same neat piles they had been in this morning. I could almost swear they were taunting me now. Now, when even they must know it was too late to change my mind.

The sound of a key unlocking the door invaded the thunderous silence of my own thought. Holding my breath, I watched as the figure of my lover filled the doorway. She had a way of making me forget even to breathe and my heart fluttered like a princess catching sight of the royal queen in the nude.

Seeing me standing in the entrance with signs of obvious apprehension made her raise an eyebrow inquisitively. A gleam of curiosity flickered in the depths of her hazel eyes before being shadowed by a mask of indifference.

'Well, well, what has made *you* so eager to greet me and yet so hesitant to speak, little one?' she asked softly.

It was a softness of voice that could be misleading. Now more than ever I wanted desperately to have just a few more minutes to do the damn dishes and how I anticipated pleasing her as well. Words were stuck in my throat. I felt my mouth open and close again but no sound came out.

She knew more by my silence than by my words that I had not done as she had asked. She was not going to let me off easily. She was not going to fill in the blanks for me; she was going to demand that I admit to my sin. And she was going to draw out the anticipation as long as she could. It was a gift she had – to say and do nothing and let me torture myself in the process.

Slowly, she took off her coat, hung it in the hall closet and said, '*So, how was your day?*'

My day? *How was my day?* How could she ask me that? What does she mean, *how was my day?* Images of how I spent the seemingly endless hours of my day flashed through my mind like a trailer for a new TV show.

This was going to be worse than I had imagined.

My day was spent preparing myself for what I knew was going to be a very satisfying night with you. My day was spent cleaning, dusting, vacuuming, scrubbing, showering and shaving to make everything perfect for you. The way you like it. My day was spent trying desperately to avoid the kitchen sink so as not to be tempted to do the one chore you asked of me. My day was spent wondering how you would react when you saw the dishes still piled up in the sink from this morning. My day was spent

carefully planning and calculating this exact moment. But never once in the course of my day did I actually expect that I would have to tell you that I didn't do the one task you had required of me. Never once during the entire day. How do I tell you all that?

Not knowing how to do so I said simply: 'Fine.'

'Fine? Tell me more. Tell me what you *did* today. Tell me *everything*,' she demanded. Nervously, I began rattling off all the chores I had done during the day. While reciting the events of the day I began to walk with her to the bedroom where I untied her boots, removed them and set them neatly by the door. I almost added this to my list of events for the day but thought better of it and refrained.

'Is that all?' she said.

This was the moment I had been waiting for all day. I wanted the chance to tell her what I had really been doing all day.

'No,' I said.

I didn't have the courage to look at her when I finished the rest of the sentence, so I stated the remainder of my memorised speech to her sock-clad feet.

'I also prepared myself to show you how much I adore you. If you will only allow me to show you this, Mistress, it will hopefully be worthwhile for you. *Please*.' I finished in a rush.

Surprised at this unusual change of topic she assessed me for a moment, then slowly inclined her head once to grant me permission to continue.

Thrilled at this opportunity to please her, I began to unbutton her shirt slowly, babbling about how much I had looked forward to her coming home and how eager I was to make her happy.

Her shirt was completely removed and I placed my hands on the buttons of her jeans.

Before I could continue she put her hands forcefully on top of mine to stop me. She said, 'You will please me only when you are naked before me *and not before*.'

I stood before her and began to unbutton my shirt and let it slip gently over my shoulders and slide down my back to the floor. Shivering from the sensations of the starched cotton gliding over my soft skin, I unbuttoned my jeans and turned so that when I slid them down I would be bent over with my panty-clad ass in the air toward her.

A soft hiss of breath told me that she appreciated the view.

I stepped carefully out of each leg of my jeans before slowly turning back toward her.

Looking deep into her eyes, I unhooked my bra and crossed my arms over my chest to pull the arm straps down. She could tell me to strip but I could decide how slowly I wanted to reveal myself to her.

Dropping my bra on the pile of clothes already on the floor, I thrust my chest proudly forward toward her. I knew she liked my breasts. She would often come up to squeeze them or to pinch the nipples just to watch them pucker and strain into her palm.

My growing excitement and the coolness of the air now caused them to become tiny hard beads. I wondered if she had noticed yet, so I cupped one breast in each hand and pinched the tiny nipples so that they jutted out toward her more.

She noticed.

I heard her deep, low growl and knew I was pushing the limits of how far she would let me play this taunting game with her. I quickly moved my fingers down to the waistband of my lavender panties, edged them under the tight elastic and began slowly pushing them down the length of my thighs. This time I bent forward to cover as much of my body as possible, hoping to draw this delicious moment out for one more heartbeat.

I knew her gaze would be fixed on my now free-swinging pendulous breasts as they drew toward the floor. I finally stood up, stepped out of my panties, left them where they fell and allowed her to gaze on my now fully naked body.

I began walking toward her; her eyes were still on my rock-hard nipples. When I reached the bed I again placed my hand on the buttons of her jeans and began to pull them slowly open. She stood

up so that I could drag them down to the floor without delay. Kneeling at her feet, I pulled her jeans completely off and before I had the chance to stand again she grabbed me by the back of my hair and tugged on it, hard enough to make my eyes water.

She growled, 'You are *mine*, little one.'

As if I needed to be reminded.

As if it weren't already in my every thought?

Even though she hadn't phrased it as a question, I answered her with an immediate:

'Yes, Mistress, I am all yours. *Always*.'

Forever.

She released my hair and allowed me to continue my ministrations. I finished undressing her and asked if she would grant me the further liberty of blindfolding her.

'For what purpose?' she demanded.

'Simply for the purpose of further pleasing you, Mistress. I wish to show you what I feel but I am still a bit ... nervous.'

She nodded once. 'Good. Nervous will keep you in line, but remember that I will allow it only this once.'

She climbed onto the huge captain's bed, lay down there with her hands propped behind her head, and waited for me to continue.

Yes, she would grant me certain liberties, but she would not make obtaining them any easier.

I climbed onto the bed after her and reached down behind the bed to where I had hidden my 'stash' of materials earlier in the day. Carefully, so as not to disturb her, I again knelt over the side of the bed and picked up the feather. Not knowing where to start, I began at the most logical place: her face. I felt her slight twitch at the initial contact of the feather on her skin. Slowly I traced every curve and hollow of her beautiful face.

Lovingly, I watched as the feather traced the path that I wished my tongue could follow. But I knew if I gave in now it would be over too quickly. And I wanted this to last. Gently, I switched from a gliding motion to a quick tapping one and tapped a path down her neck to her shoulders. Without warning I replaced the feather with an ice cube. I heard her startled gasp and then nothing.

She returned to reserved silence. With one hand I continued the chilling assault on her upper body, from shoulders to breasts and back. With the other I carefully prepared the next sensation tool: the candle. I could see the wet path the ice had left along her skin. I could see a hint of goose bumps on her flesh, the only indication that she was cold, for her voice would give nothing away.

I lifted the ice cube off her body and cooed, 'You are cold. Here, let me warm you,' and I lifted the candle and tilted it directly over her taut nipple.

A sharp cry and a muffled gasp were the only indications that she had noticed the difference.

Confident now, I continued to leave a trail of hot wax followed by a soothing drop of water from the ice cube along her entire torso, focusing on her now rigid nipples and tender breasts. Fascinated, I watched as the wax created miniature sculptures on her erect nipples.

But it was not enough.

I wanted more.

I set aside the candle and the ice so that I could test out the sensations I alone could create. Nothing artificial: simply flesh, tongue, teeth. I couldn't imagine ever being sated by this woman.

My Mistress, my lover, my everything.

I began to nip at the soft flesh of her inner thighs. Again startled by the path I had taken, but apparently eager to experience more, she parted her thighs to allow me entrance to her wetness. But I refused to allow her to finish so quickly. With more strength than I knew I had, I lifted her left side and rolled her onto her stomach. She struggled to regain control, but I was too heady to stop.

Lying fully along the length of her body I whispered into her ear, 'Please. Not yet. Let me first show you what it is to be taken in the same way you take me. Let me feel your power while you feel my pleasure.'

Ceasing her struggles, she growled into the pillow that she was allowing me one final chance before she called an end to this game. I agreed quickly. Sitting up, I could for a moment only gasp appreciatively at the sight of her prone body. The muscles of her back were tense from anticipation. I ran my fingers lightly along these to ease her stress.

My eyes followed a path lower to the tight curve of her ass.

I remembered the feel of that ass beneath my fingertips. Ah, yes, the ass that would tighten with each thrust of her hips as she drove a cock relentlessly inside me. A cock that would find itself imbedded in my wet pussy and claim it as its own. My hands would dig into her flesh, aching to feel the heat I knew was inside her. My nails cut tiny half moons into the supple flesh of her ass as I grabbed her, trying to pull her deeper inside of me.

I could smell her musky scent as she began to get wet from my touch. This must be what she feels when she is inside of me: this power, the thrill. Now I knew why she took me with such passionate force. And again I wanted more. I scored a path with my nails down the length of her back from shoulders to ass and watched in fascination as the marks went from glowing white to a dark pink colour. Again I scored the same path, this time digging in harder until angry red marks began to rise in long thin welts.

Mistress was surprisingly quiet. Her body flinched under my assault, but I wanted still more. I wanted to hear her cry out the same way I cried out when she fucked me so expertly. Angry and frustrated that this most recent tactic hadn't gotten such a response, I leaned down and bit her right shoulder. She groaned deep in her throat which merely excited me further. I leaned back and saw the perfect circle of dents my teeth had left in her skin.

Beautiful.

For a start.

Grabbing her hips with my nails, I bent down and sunk my teeth deep into her left shoulder. I could feel the soft tissue of muscle give way beneath my sharp incisors. This time I got a definitive reaction. She forcefully thrust her head and her ass into the air and moaned in pain. And pleasure? Who would have thought? Wasn't I the only one who enjoyed the pinching sensation of being bitten?

The scent of her pussy drew me down to where her ass and thighs met in a diamond patch of wetness. Groaning, I thrust my tongue deep into her pussy to drink in as much of her come as possible. She thrust her ass into the air to give me further access to her pussy and finally deigned to speak to me.

'Now *there's* the little slut I'm used to. I wondered how long it would take you to tire of your game and finally put your tongue where it belongs.'

I was a slave to her cunt.

She dictated to me exactly how and where to put my tongue and fingers and how to fuck her properly.

'That's right, little one, keep working my pussy. And I want your fingers on my clit nonstop. Do you *hear* me? If you stop rubbing my clit even for *one second* or if you pull your little slut tongue out of my pussy once *without my permission* I will get up and leave you here. I will tie you down with nothing but my wetness on your chin to remind you of me. Do you want that? Do you want me to take my pussy away from you?'

She tormented me.

All I could do was groan and attempt a muffled 'yes' while trying to keep my tongue thrusting into her hot, wet pussy and working my fingers furiously on her clit. Desperate to have her continue to allow me to tongue-fuck her, I sucked hard on her cunt and pounded her clit back and forth until I began to feel her tighten.

‘Not yet, little one. I’m going to make you *work* for me to come. First you are going to feel my pussy juice with your fingers inside me and you can keep your greedy tongue occupied by licking my ass. And if you do a very good job at tonguing my ass and finger-fucking me I will let you come when I am done.’

I couldn’t do anything but mumble ‘yes’ before she had thrust her rounded ass into my face and demanded: ‘Give it your tongue. I want it hard and tight. *Now!*’

Thrusting my fingers into her now dripping wet pussy and my tongue into her tight asshole, I could feel my own clit tingling and begging for release.

She ordered: ‘Don’t you dare come until I do, bitch, or you will not be allowed to suck my cunt for a month! You just keep finger-fucking me good and give me that tongue all around my ass like the good little slave you are.’

She breathlessly began to force herself back onto my tongue and fingers hard. She increased her rhythm until she was fucking herself onto me. I was nothing but her personal ‘ass and cunt dildo’ and I loved every minute of it.

My own cunt was clenching hard trying to achieve the release it ached for, but I continued to turn my focus from my own tingling pussy to that of my mistress. I could feel her tightening around my fingers. She reached back to hold my head in place as she thrust back onto me to push my tongue and fingers in deeply one final time before she shouted out her release. Sweating from holding my own orgasm, I could only shake and hold onto her tightly until I could bring my breathing under control.

‘You really are a greedy slut, aren’t you? I bet you could come just from tonguing my ass, couldn’t you?’

I could only pant, ‘Yes, Mistress.’

‘Prove it!’ she yelled. ‘You may lick my ass, but you may not touch either my cunt or your own.’

Grabbing hold of her hips, I began to rock myself into a fucking motion with my tongue penetrating and withdrawing from her ass rhythmically. Picturing how she always withdrew her dildo from my pussy almost to the point of pulling completely out and then thrusting hard and deep into me again, I mimicked this same pattern with my tongue and her ass.

Each time my tongue would push into her ass, my hips would thrust down onto the bed and rub my own clit against the harsh texture of the blanket that was still on the bed. How I wished I had a cock for just one minute and could feel the tight ridges of her ass muscles clenching around my hard erection as I forced it deep inside her virginal ass. If only I could force my tongue to swell and fill her tighter and deeper. I wanted to crawl inside her. I wanted to feel her pussy from the inside out. I wanted to fuck her like she fucks me.

‘Fuck me with your tongue. Feel me suck you deep into me. I feel you ready to come. Yes, come for me, little one. That’s it – oh, you are *so ready* to come for me, aren’t you?’

I could only grab her hard, pull her deeper onto me and thrust my clit one final time against the bed before I felt the deep and violent explosion rock me. Crying out, I stretched up trying to ride out the crest of the wave as it washed over me. She didn’t give me time to think before she reached back to grab me by my hair and pulled me up to where she lay. She thrust me onto my back and demanded that I tell her to whom I belonged.

‘You, Mistress,’ I said. ‘There is only you.’

‘That’s right,’ she said, ‘and I don’t *ever* want you to forget it.’

She forced three fingers into my still quivering wet cunthole and began to finger-fuck me hard. I rode her fingers and grabbed her ass to pull her harder and deeper into me. She didn’t give me time to breathe as she thrust her tongue into my mouth and began the same assault on my mouth that her hand was doing to my pussy.

Again the crest of an orgasm overtook me so forcefully that I instinctively grasped at her wrist in a silent plea for her to cease her torment and allow me to ride out this orgasm gently.

My nails dug deep into her wrist.

I could feel her pulse beating erratically beneath my fingertips.

My cunt was desperately sucking on her fingers, seeking a final stretch of closure from the most recent orgasm.

‘I can feel your pussy sucking my fingers like it was its favourite cock,’ she said, ‘but it is your mouth that should be sucking my cock dry.’

She pulled her fingers from my sopping pussy and pressed them to my lips.

‘Open up, little one, and taste your sweet cunt on my fingers. Lick them dry like the good little slut girl you are.’

I sucked on her juice-soaked fingers. I drew them deep into my throat and thrust my tongue in between each finger to make sure I had sucked off every bit of it.

‘Good girl,’ she said, ‘now go bring me my pants and pick up the clothes you so *sloppily* threw on the floor in your greedy haste to please me.’

I brought her jeans from the floor and turned to pick up my own pair that I had tossed next to them.

So absorbed was I in my task that I had neither seen her remove the belt from the loops of her jeans nor heard the soft whistle of the leather as it swung through the air in an arc toward me. It was not until I felt the sharp sting and heard the loud crack of the soft leather on my ass that I remembered that I had not told her about the dishes I hadn’t done that day. But she had remembered.

Remembered with a vengeance, apparently, from the feel of the sudden heat on my ass. I stood up and turned toward her with shock in my eyes.

‘I can see you thought I had forgotten, *hadn’t* you?’ she said.

I could do nothing but shudder.

‘Did you think I would forget with your little game that I gave you a task to complete and that you had completely disregarded my request today?’

‘N-no, I just ...’

‘You just *what*? Don’t try to get yourself out of it now. You knew what you would get if you didn’t have them done today, didn’t you?’

‘Yes, Mistress, but I tried to explain ...’

‘No buts!’ She cut me off. ‘None, that is, *but yours*. Now, get over here, put your hands up in the air and spread your legs out. Take your punishment like a good little girl. You don’t want to make this any worse than it already will be, do you?’

Numb, I walked over to where she stood, put my hands up over my head and spread my legs out in a solid stance.

She grabbed my wrists and held them together over my head so I wouldn’t be tempted to try to cover ass with them or to ease the pain in any way. Without warning she began the assault on my ass and thighs, all the while reciting my transgressions. I could do nothing but dance from one foot to the other while listening to the litany of my sins fall from her lips. I had not only not done the dishes, I had purposely disobeyed a direct request, refrained from telling her that I had disobeyed that same request, overstepped my bounds to demand that I be allowed to please her, plotted a seduction without asking permission first, come without asking permission, and stopped her hand from continuing to thrust into my pussy during the last orgasm because I had decided I was done. At this last sin she began a furious rhythm with the belt on my now fiery ass.

‘Whose pussy is it?’ she demanded.

‘Yours, Mistress,’ I managed between gasps of pain.

‘That’s *right*. And *who* decides when it comes?’

‘You do,’ I replied quickly, before gritting my teeth against the continued onslaught of leather on my ass.

‘And *who* decides when it has had enough?’

‘You do, Mistress!’ I sobbed.

‘That’s right. And until you learn that lesson you will sleep with your hands tied to the bed posts so you can’t touch your cunt at night when I am asleep. That way you will remember *whose* cunt it is! Do you *understand* me, little bitch?’

Yes. I did.

She placed my hands on the edge of the bed, forcing me into a prone position to continue the whipping. She then released the bottom part of the belt so that each swing brought it up under my ass to snap squarely on my now engorged clit. Each blow was torture to live through but afterward my ass instinctively rose up higher to meet each one.

Quivering and barely able to stand up, I sobbed, ‘Please, Mistress, forgive me. Please!’

Another rain of sharp slaps answered my plea along with her vicious demands of ‘Whom do you live to please?’

It was all I could do to gain enough breath to gasp ‘You’ in response.

‘That’s *right*,’ she said, ‘and *who* has the power to make you come or leave you right here right now with your ass on fire, your pussy soaked through, and your clit swollen and throbbing and begging for release?’

‘You,’ I said through clenched teeth.

I tried not to think about the fire that had since turned into a low intense heat in my ass and thighs and pussy. Blue fire, I thought. It looks harmless and beautiful but it was the most intense heat known to man. It could destroy you and leave you wondering what had happened. This is how I imagined my mistress now: deceptively calm and beautiful.

This was how I best knew her: powerful and torrential.

Blue fire.

She tightened her hold on the belt now, so only a few inches of it was being used to whip me. Furiously, she lashed out and focused her energy on my clit alone. It was so filled with blood, I thought it would explode. Harder and harder she whipped my tender, swollen clit until I thought I could stand it no more.

‘Please, Mistress,’ I said.

‘Please *what*, where?’

‘Please may I come? Please! Oh, Mistress, please, *I am begging you*,’ I cried in distress. I could feel myself slipping into the deep warmth of an oncoming orgasm and I pleaded again.

The heat in my clit was so intense, I thought it would spontaneously combust.

I knew in just a few more seconds it would explode without my consent.

‘Yes, little one, I feel you. I feel your clit so hard and on fire from me torturing it. I know that I have your clit at the end of my whip begging, aching to be released from its confines. I know that it is ready to come. And I am ready for it to come for me. Let your clit explode for me now. *Come hard for me, little one.*’

She reared back and swung the belt down for one final hard smack onto the centre of my clit, causing it to explode inside of me. That final blow shattered me into a thousand tiny pieces, causing me to fall onto the bed where I lay for long moments breathing in short shallow gasps for air.

When I was finally able to breathe normally again I stood up and looked around. Mistress was gone. She had taken her clothes with her to wherever she had gone. I bent to pick up my discarded clothes.

On my way to the kitchen to do the dishes finally, I passed by the bathroom and an odd gleam caught my eye.

She had written a note on the bathroom mirror for me.

I expect the bed to be made by the time I get home. Do you understand, little slut?

Oh, yes, Mistress, I understand; I understand perfectly what not to do.

The Perfect Mistress

Monica Belle

David got down on his knees and hung his head. His hands were crossed behind his back, his knees slightly apart, the pose he had been ordered to adopt when waiting to serve his Mistress. Madame Venus ignored him as she took a bite of the chocolate-topped doughnut he had bought her, then a swallow of coffee. The lines of her dark, handsome faced creased into a frown.

‘This has no sugar in it.’

‘Sorry, Mistress, but ...’

‘Shut up, you little piece of dirt. Did I say you could speak?’

David shook his head. She extended one booted foot, pressed it against his chest and pushed. He rolled back onto the floor as she extended one heavy arm, holding out the cup of coffee. He stayed down, making no effort to defend himself beyond closing his eyes as she tipped the mug sideways, to pour out hot liquid onto his body, deliberately soaking his hair and the tight cotton underpants that were his only garment. Only when she’d allowed the final drop to splash onto the bare skin of his chest did she speak.

‘Make me another coffee, and make it properly. Then you can clean up this mess.’

He scrambled up again, but instead of going to make the coffee as he had been ordered he resumed his kneeling position, this time with one hand raised, the signal that he wanted permission to speak. Madame Venus drew a heavy sigh.

‘Yes, what is it?’

David found his voice cracking as he replied.

‘Please, Mistress, may your humble slave respectfully suggest that you should ... might benefit from, and I’m only thinking of your health, Mistress, but ... maybe you should lose a little weight? So I thought, maybe, no sugar in your coffee, and that’s a low calorie doughnut, with ... with ...’

He trailed off, looking up at her from his position at her feet, kneeling in the pool of spilt coffee. She was sat on a bar stool at the kitchen work surface, her legs crossed so that the toe of one of her highly polished black boots was within inches of his face. The boots were knee high and fastened with criss-crossed laces he’d tied himself as he helped her dress. Fishnet stockings showed above her boot tops, covering full, dark thighs all the way up to the hem of the black leather miniskirt that encased her hips. A tightly laced corset held in the bulge of her stomach and lifted her huge breasts into prominence. The sight left him weak at the knees, with his cock straining uncomfortably within the chastity device he was obliged to wear whenever he visited her. But for all the awe inspired by her body there was simply too much of it for the perfection her craved.

David knew how the perfect Mistress should look. He had devoured literature on female domination ever since the awakening of his submissive sexuality. A true Mistress was tall and powerful, and Madame Venus was all of that, but the ideal was also slender, with a tiny, wasp waist in contrast to feminine but elegant hips and a full, firm chest. Madame Venus had breasts so huge he could barely support them properly with two hands, along with a bottom so well fleshed that when he was being queened he couldn’t even see, let alone breathe. Everything about her made him ache with need, but it was simply too much and he knew that in order to excite the envy of his friends as well as answer his sexual needs she would need to lose three or maybe four stone in weight.

She hadn’t answered him, apparently struck dumb by his sheer insolence, but he was determined to persevere.

‘I mean no disrespect, Mistress, but ...’

‘Shut up! You ... you ...’

She was lost for words, but not action. One hard thrust from the sole of her boot and he was back on the floor, grovelling in the spilt coffee as he babbled out apologies and yet continued to press his point.

‘I’m sorry, Mistress. Please forgive your humble slave, but I’m only thinking of your health, and ... and ...’

He broke off with a sharp cry. She had stood up, tugged her skirt high and pulled the lacy black panties beneath to one side, and without any warning at all let go a thick, golden stream of urine. It splashed against his chest and into his face, filling his open mouth to overflowing, and lower, to soak his underpants, leaving the shape of his chastity device showing beneath the wet cotton. He grovelled down, shaking as he was slowly and carefully pissed on, his body soiled from head to toe, until she had shaken off the last few golden droplets into his hair.

‘Pants down, face on the floor, you can lick that up while I beat you.’

David hurried to get into position, lapping at the mess on the floor even as he stripped himself behind and lifted his haunches. She pulled open a drawer and took out a heavy wooden stirring spoon, which he knew from experience hurt every bit as much as her more elaborate toys. Normally he was spanked by hand first, but this time she didn’t bother and smacked the spoon down on his naked, sodden flesh with the full strength of her arm. He screamed, but he was licking at the floor again in seconds and continued to do so as he was beaten and lectured on his disrespect.

Madame Venus made her points well, punctuating her remarks with hard slaps to David’s buttocks. She reminded him that he was her property, to do with as she pleased, that he had no right to criticise her in any way whatsoever, that her word was law and her body an object of worship. He barely heard. His mouth was full of the mess from the floor and his buttocks ablaze, his cock straining in its confinement as his excitement rose. Finally he was pushed over the edge, spunk erupting from his agonised cock despite the restraint.

* * *

For two weeks David lived a life of constant frustration and growing fear. His attempt at persuading Madame Venus to become his ideal had ended with him being thrown out of her house with his underwear still soiled and soggy beneath his clothes, his buttocks a mass of bruises and his chastity device tightened another two notches. Madame Venus held the key.

At first the situation had been uncomfortable but highly arousing, so much so that even the awkward process of cleaning himself up had left him shaking with desire. He had rung Madame Venus, intending to thank her for the experience, apologise for his behaviour and perhaps ask if she had thought about what he’d said. His number had been blocked. For days he waited before trying her number again, telling himself he was being punished and that she would call him when he had served his sentence. He remained blocked.

She had ordered him to stay away from her house, but after a week his resolve broke. He went to her, expecting to be beaten for his insolence, only to find the curtains drawn and the door firmly locked. Listening through the letterbox, he could hear the sound of her voice and another, mingled with laughter that hurt more than any whip or cane. As he walked back towards the bus stop through chilling rain he was again telling himself that he was being punished, that it was just, and that it would all be worthwhile in the end. His confidence was superficial, and hid a growing concern, that she had not only abandoned him, but would leave him in chastity, which meant that eventually he would be forced to make an agonisingly embarrassing trip to hospital to have his device removed.

His suspicions grew stronger across the second week. Every day he called her and every day he sneaked round to her house, to meet with the same wall of silence. He began to experience bursts of panic and long periods of misery and self-recrimination, until the strongest of his emotions was despair and only in an occasional fit of optimism would he feel that she would eventually let him back into her life, and take on board his advice.

Two weeks to the day she had thrown him out his phone rang. When he heard her voice he went straight to his knees, begging forgiveness and offering himself up for any punishment she chose to give, just as long as he could visit her. She took her time over her decision, openly enjoying his hurt and frustration, before telling him to present himself at her house the following day, in ordinary clothes but with frilled pink knickers underneath, a touch he always found particularly humiliating.

He obeyed, counting the minutes until he was permitted into her presence and arriving at her house nearly an hour early. She made him wait in the street, either indifferent or amused by his embarrassment under the curious stares of passers-by. Finally he was admitted, and fell to his knees the moment the door had closed behind him, then grovelled down further still, to kiss at the bright red heels she was wearing, only for her to draw back.

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