

# SHORT EROTICAS

C O L L E C T I O N  
O N E

*Best Kept Secret*

# Best Kept Secret

## Erotica Shorts Collection #1

*The below is a collection of some short pieces and short scenarios written over the last few months. We wanted to provide it in a PDF format for patrons as well so you can browse and view it at any time at your own discretion on mobile, desktop or tablet.*

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## CREDITS

An extra special thank you to the following contributors:

**Kel Rose** for her two BDSM-themed stories, 'Brat's What You Deserve' and 'For Your Own Good'. Kel has been writing audio scripts for BKS and has scripted some of our . You can discover some more of her work on Reddit [HERE](#). Her username is u/krosie\_, she has some of the top voted posts on r/BDSMerotica of all time and we can't wait to continue working closely with her.

**Lisa** for her Stranger from the bar fantasy idea and story. She kindly reached out on Patreon with the concept and it got high upvotes in our poll as well for an audio, so we will turn it into something that can be posted in #dark-room on Discord at some point in later September. If you want to read more of Lisa's work you can do so on this link [HERE](#).

And of course thank you to all of our supporters for reading this and valuing what we do.

Reminder, if you want to submit writing or artwork for consideration for our next written shorts compilation please feel free to DM me or drop something in the #eroticart or #NSFW-storytime channel in Discord!

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# **DISCLAIMER**

**All stories included in this collection involve characters aged 18 and above. These stories are written by adults (18+) and are to be consumed strictly by adults (18+). If you are reading this material you have acknowledged this.**

# You're a good student, but I prefer it when you're bad too

Written by Rob

[Her POV][MDom][Professor][Student][College][Bad Girl][Sir][Soaked  
Panties][Teasing][Doggystyle][Discretion][Humiliation]

## Part 1

The classroom is sweltering as the clock hits 4:57pm. Only a few minutes of detention left.

My first ever, completely unexpected, I had whispered to my friend MacKenzie in his class and that was that, I was told to stay behind.

Of course, I didn't necessarily mind, I got to take in the full spectacle of Mr. Laurent, a French whirlwind of gorgeousness. Tanned, long-flowing black locks contouring his face, shaping the piercing hazel eyes that would leave your heart beating more than a little faster each time. He was my most interesting teacher by far, English literature, he made the pages come alive, he made learning fun. It was more than a bonus that he was the crush of every girl in my year too. It was almost a shame I was only going to be able to take him in in my final year of high school, after the next few months he was gone out of my life forever.

I sit with my hands folded on the desk. He moves on the platform waiting for the clock to hit five. He's almost impatient, tapping his foot in a slow rhythm and furtively looking back to the time on the wall. Taking off his glasses he folds his arms and stares at me momentarily, *fuck I wish he wouldn't*. My stomach takes little leaps as I manage a smile in response. He doesn't react but I know he knows how he's making me feel with these glances. Feeling myself go red I rest my chin on my hand and try to stare out of the window, anything to make it less intimidating. Involuntarily, I unfold my legs and let them stretch out under the desk.

4:59pm. Seconds ache away but the world feels like it has slowed to a crawl. Mr. Laurent feels it as well, he's tapping more nervously with his foot, arms folded, his thick biceps bulging out from under his formal wear, I think I can make out a vein underneath the white.

There's something bugging me though. There are only three of us here. Two other boys who had been caught skipping homework. They sit much nearer the front. It wasn't so much that though, it was a numbers game. MacKenzie had always told me that detention was at least 10 people or so most weeks, it was the whole year not just the whole class. Something was up with just us three here. Something stirs inside me, the seed of a naughty desire, I could be about to be very alone with Mr. Laurent.

Three...two...one. The school bell rings out with a deafening screech. He sighs, folding his glasses on his shirt and motions to the two boys sitting up front.

"Colton...Sean, you're free to go. Miss Summers, stay behind though please, I'd like an extra word."

*Gulp. An extra word? What the hell was going on? Had I done something completely wrong on the fiction project?*

The two other boys get up and move like lightning, obviously keen to be anywhere else but here. Chattering away, they get to the door and fling it open.

"Just do the work so we don't have to do this every week guys. It gets boring." Meagre nods from both of them as they go charging out and their footsteps carry through the corridor. The door swings close and a horrible silence falls over the classroom. I feel paralyzed, unable to move from my seat, like a prey on the Savannah, hunted by a lion, watched continuously by him.

He doesn't say anything, keeping his arms folded on the stage, looking directly at me. Me, in my tight little skirt and modest white shirt, top few buttons undone.

"Professor, I don't fully understand why I'm here. I just explained part of question six to MacKenzie." My voice feels so weak, like I was guilty of something in any case. It wasn't so much guilt but nerves. I had no idea what was going on.

He flicks his black locks out of his eye before uncuffing his shirt and rolling his sleeves up. If his intention was to get my full attention, it is working wonders, the visual treat of his thick and veiny forearms, more than an ample attraction, more than a stimulant for my vivid imagination.

"You're one of my best students Tiffany, you do all of your assignments on time, you think outside the box and you challenge my assumptions..."

His voice rumbles at a low frequency, it's just the right pitch where it raises the little pinprick goosebumps on my arms. He slowly walks down from the platform, with a completely confident walk, his pants wrapped tightly around his huge quads and

thighs. Even this man's legs were delicious, it was almost frustrating. There had to be some physical flaw somewhere, no one was all perfection.

"Don't worry I'm not mad about the whispering." He continues to move closer to me, black hair swinging behind him. He slicks it back with his hand and shuffles forward.

*If it's not the whispering, what is it then? I really wish he wouldn't get so close to me.* Fidgeting in my seat, I clear my throat and try to make sense of everything. .

"I...I still don't quite understand. What is this about?" My hair is draped over my right eyelid and I flick it, whilst quickly running my hands through.

He's a few feet away from me. A sweet scent, it smells like Davidoff's Cool Water, drifts from his shirt all over me. I instinctively move my hands from the desk and put them in my lap. *Why am I so submissive all of a sudden?* He could tell me to do anything right now and I don't think I could resist. The tension between us could be sliced with a butter knife. I've never had so much time to admire him up close before and his presence like this is stealing all reason from me, replacing it with a burning sensation, a deep-rooted desire

"Tiffany, you are always the good girl. Have you never tried being bad, even for one day?" The words mixed with his French accent have me all gooey, I want to pinch myself, this is like a beautiful dream. This happens in the movies, not in Park Range High School. He's towering over me, my face nearly at his waist level. I'm tempted to catch a quick glimpse down there but I don't dare look.

"Sir?" *Sir, jeez Tiffany.*

"I think you need someone to teach you to embrace your wild side a little bit"

***End of Part 1***

## Part 2

The heat is unbearable, it is only 80 fahrenheit or so, but it feels more like 110, especially in a classroom, all alone after school with Mr. Laurent, a man who seemed to effortlessly capture all of my schoolgirl fantasies in one irresistible package.

"My wild side?" I was playing dumb to try and give myself some breathing room.

"I want to expand your curriculum a little bit. It should broaden your understanding."

I laugh. There was no way this was real at this point, it was all a big joke and I had to diffuse the tension somehow. This was a cruel prank someone was playing on me, maybe MacKenzie had corresponded with Mr. Laurent just to get me back for being too much of a nerd.

“What’s so funny Tiffany?”

I stop laughing almost instantly and redness covers all of my cheeks, *damn I’m embarrassed*. His facial expression darkens and I choke up again, words failing me. With a hooded glare, he inspects me up and down and makes me stiffen in my chair again.

“Do I look like a man who treats seduction as a joke?”

My body is completely rigid, my heart and my head battling each other in a furious contest of will. Everything about this was wrong, he was a crush, not a serious interest, just a fantasy I had built up in my head and there was nothing socially acceptable about what was happening. I had to put a stop to it. This has to end here.

“Professor, this is so wrong, this is so risky. What if someone finds us. I don’t think I can do this. I think you’re a very attractive man but I can’t do this.”

He plants his hands down slowly on the desk, looking me square in the eye, my gaze dropping to his lips .

“Those are words Tiffany, not how you really feel. Don’t play me with bullshit.”

“How do you know that? How can you know?”

“Your legs under the desk, your breathing, I’ve seen the way you look at me, there’s too many signs Tiffany.”

My rational side is kneeling, hands behind her back, eyes up and looking at her instructor.

“What if...if we get caught? What on earth would happen to us?”

The last remnants of sanity escape my lips but it feels feeble to both of us and he knows it, I’m powerless to resist this, my heart pounding in my ears as his face is mere inches from mine, his dark gaze undressing me.

“It’s going to be our secret. We’re going to be careful. Wouldn’t you like to carry a secret for a while, Miss Summers?” *That accent*. He was going to have me however he wanted, whatever he deemed pleasurable.

I'm trembling, I want this too much. Nodding, I stay silent and search for the next steps in his eyes, scanning them like a hawk. I want him to stop talking and kiss me or tell me what to do next. Sensing my compliance he smiles and holds my chin, his touch sending jolts of electricity through my body, leaving me in my pooling lust.

"Good girl."

He quickly marches over to the window and draws the blinds down. *No turning back now*. His eyes are ablaze as he strides back to me, a menace to him, he's as mesmerising as ever, impossibly hot with the locks flicking through the wind.

"Put your hands on the desk. Bend over for me." *Yes sir*.

Sweating, I lean over, presenting myself for him, my short skirt hiking over the top of my hamstrings, he can see everything he wants to, he can do anything he wants to. His busy hands peel away my soaked panties, dragging them slowly down my legs as my anticipation slides down the inside of my thighs. My stomach muscles are tensing with the thought of him exploring me down there, doing exactly as he pleases with me.

"You're not going to need those." Completely masculine, completely feral. *Yes sir*. He slides my panties all the way down to my ankles and with his foot, spreads my legs a bit wider.

I blush deeper thinking of the visual he must have of me in this position, pantyless and bent over for him, breathing harder than I ever have in my life.

"That's my girl. Tell me you've never wanted to make out with your professor before?"

He crushes my lips with his, his tongue coaxing mine into a wet dance as he starts pinning my hips against his thick groin, murmuring his approval in my ears. I feel his rigid outline through his pants against my exposed flower, wetting the seam of his pants with a little trail of my desire. I can feel how big he is as he runs his hands over my backside and lets me grind against it, fantasising about how it might be used.

"Stay still." I hear the zipper to his pants winding down, ever so slowly, teasing me just a little bit longer. I sense him protruding through his underwear,

"Tell me how much you want me inside you."

"Please sir, please, I want you, I want you." Moans and gasps leave me as he caresses my plump posterior, running his hands down my curvy waist and dragging

his tip against my sticky slit. I feel his own pre-arousal against my wetness, dripping against my delicate flower.

“Beg for me.”

“I need you, I need this, I want this. Please, please.”

He’s gentle with me for a moment as he slides his head inside me. My hands grip onto the desk as hard as possible, he’s even bigger than I thought, his taut tip spreading inside my opening with complete ease. With a sensual whisper into my ear he slides the rest of his huge girth inside me, filling me up as far as I can handle it. My eyes roll back in my head and I shudder with a grimace of pain as I try to steady my breathing, blowing big breaths out of my mouth quickly.

“Sir, you’re so big, I can’t hold it.”

“It’s okay, we start slow Tiffany.” *Fuck.*

The first stroke is heavenly, the sloppy sliding sound turns him on even more as I feel him grow another inch inside me. It was going to be an ordeal not to cum too quickly like this and he knew it with me so aroused and moist for him.

I feel a fistful of my hair quickly grabbed and yanked back. *Umm that feels good.* His thrusts speed up every so slightly and my hips bounce backwards against his firm lower stomach and muscular groin. My eyes close and my moans become a lot louder but he covers my mouth with his other hand tugging me with all of his might in the other hand.

“Shhh. Now, now, you’re going to have to be fucked a lot harder than this I think Tiffany.”

I lean my head back as far as I can to meet his eyes and he buries his aggression into me, his tongue exploring my mouth before he bites my bottom lip, smiling with his handiwork and just how enamoured I am with him. I’m going cross-eyed and my backside is going in concentric circles with each thrust. My legs stiffen as he keeps up a tortuous rhythm, I’m immobile against this desk, no power to change my destiny, shuddering uncontrollably under my controlling Adonis.

“See how good it feels to be bad Tiffany?” He slaps my exposed backside with the force of a thousand hands. I yelp but he muffles me with his left hand, continuing his vigorous attack. His hips are so powerful, plunging into me and making my backside ripple with each strike. I smile with the rippling and cracking sound that hits the air with every stroke. *Jeez, he’s teaching me so well.*

“What if your parents found out? What if the headmaster found out what a dirty girl you can be? You know his office is just down the corridor. Guess we’ll have to be quick, don’t want the head to see you full to the hilt with me do we now?”

He speeds up into a furious aggression, holding both of my hips and letting my moisture spill out onto my thighs and the floor. Sweat is turning into vapour on my lower back from the heat between us, the A/C in the classroom nowhere to be found. He leans over me a little bit further and hikes his own leg up onto the desk with great flexibility finding the perfect angle to tip me just that bit further over the edge. I lose all control of my voice trying to get words out but the sensation is too good, I’m in too much ecstasy to care.

He’s finding the perfect pace now, not too fast and not too slow, his leg up on the table, our bodies meeting each other in a furious dance of erotic power. His hips move in a circular motion and his glutes provide the horsepower, leaving me breathless and building to a strenuous orgasm.

“Oh fuck, oh my god. I’m going to cum. Sir, please, please.” My words escape me at a hundred miles per hour, my lungs on fire and my heart beating with every circular thrust as I feel it coming. He slaps me on my left cheek, leaving a red imprint as he doesn’t let up. His big erection graces my g spot over and over again with his deep penetration becoming far too much for me.

“Sir, sir, I’m going to, I’m going to.” My voice raises in pitch with each phrase and my hands sprawl across the desk to reach the edges. My bambi legs give way, the only thing holding me up is the pulverising force of his hips smashing my quivering core from below. I’m a viscous mess down there as I flood all over him, squirting against his rock hard abs and leaving a building pool on the classroom floor.

He slows down noticing my body is flushed out and stilled with the effort. The sensation doesn’t stop and I wince harder, a deep moan leaving my mouth as I try and stifle it to keep quiet but it doesn’t help much, it wheezes out of me like air escaping a balloon.

“Oh fuck. Oh my god, fuck. Wow.” I feel like crying and I tremble on the desk, my stomach against the cool surface with my heart hammering away. That wasn’t just sex, that was something else, that was an out-of-body experience. He still feels so big inside me but he withdraws from my hot mess, stretching me open as his swollen head struggles to leave me before finally spilling out in an agonising tease. He doesn’t want to cum this time.

Whimpers leave me as he carefully pulls my skirt back down and lets me turn around and look at him in all of his glory. I’m shuddering with the aftershock, small tears streaming down my face as I kiss him as hard as I can, reciprocating his hungry

affection for me. He meets me with the same level of need and cups my face with his big hands, applying gentle strokes, letting me explore his tousled hair, it's like a soft silk sheet flowing through my fingers one wave after the next.

"You might be my favourite student Tiffany and so much more."

My hands reach for his face, trying to stroke his jawline but he stops me after a few seconds.

"Not yet Tiff, not yet. Later." He has pulled his shaft back into his pants but he is still rock hard, pressing against the zipper. I instinctively reach for him and try to stroke him through the cotton but he stops me again, this time a little more assertively.

"Next time." I nod, we had made enough noise. Instead I nestle my hands against his chest and lean my head into his breastbone. He lets me keep it there and strokes my hair tenderly. My breathing is steady but I'm left with all manner of emotions bounding inside me. How was I supposed to continue studying after *that*?

"Sir I don't quite know how to feel about all of this."

"Shh. Tiff, it's okay, you did well, I know it can be quite overwhelming." Pulling me into him closer, he looks like he has barely broken a sweat, like an athlete just after a warm up. He smells divine still, his cologne still all across his shirt and his breath, like strawberries and mint all wrapped in one. Maybe he was right, I was overthinking it, there was no denying how my body had reacted to him, there was no changing what I had felt in the moment when he took me further than any man probably ever could. I knew he felt something more than just the sex too.

"This was just the foundation. You have a lot more to learn from me. You know that right?" *Just the foundation? Holy shit, what else does this man have?*

I look up at him, nodding through my once-teary expression and try to settle my voice.

He withdraws from me and strolls back to the blinds quickly drawing them up, letting rays of sunshine splash through onto the classroom floor before stepping back up onto the platform with his desk.

"I'll make arrangements for our next few private lessons at my residence downtown. Keep doing your normal assignments and we'll work on your technique a bit more thoroughly next week. Somewhere you can learn for a bit longer. I have your number." *The class WhatsApp chat.*

“I’d like that.” I smile and stare at him and a smirk emerges on his face, a sexy uptick at the edge of his mouth as his broad shoulders slump down, relaxing with me. We lock eyes for another few moments, the chemistry completely charged in the air between us, before he puts his fingers to his lips.

“Remember Tiff, our little secret. Leave your panties, I’ll buy you some new ones. And don’t worry about the floor, I’ll sort it.” He sits down at his desk and turns over some papers, licking his finger and dabbing his pen as his glasses fall back into place. I make for the door clutching my backpack, head all over the place and try to think of something to say. There was nothing to say. I want this. I had to be his. I swing the door open and go to step out into the corridor but there is one last thing.

“Bye professor.”

“Bye Tiffany.” He stops writing and smiles at me again, with a look I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of.

And with that, detention was over.

# For Your Own Good

Written by Kel Rose

You can read more of Kel's work on her Reddit page [HERE](#). And she is also writing scripts for Best Kept Secret!

**Contains: D/s relationship (Mdom, fsub), elements of DDlg, slight CNC themes, spanking, light bondage.**

All characters are over 18 (and all readers should be, too!).

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*Knock, knock.*

I grin.

My inner thighs brush against each other as I skip downstairs, soft and dewy and smelling like coconut moisturiser. Every sensation is heightened by my lack of underwear: thigh against thigh, the cool night air caressing my bare arms and throat, the brush of soft cotton against my ass.

I'm still debating whether to confess to my panty-less state as I leap down the last three steps. Torturing him throughout the night would be fun but might get me in trouble...although keeping secrets could also get me in trouble. I pause before opening the door, picturing his expression when we get home and he realises I've been without underwear all night. My eyes glaze over and my belly tightens.

Keeping secrets will probably get me into *more* trouble than being a good, honest little girl. And I do like trouble. Especially when I can repent for my naughtiness by being the *best* girl...after I get taught a lesson or two.

I open the door and am distracted by the sight of him. As always. My obscene thoughts turn foggy, and I almost lose my resolve to be naughty tonight. All I want is to be his good girl, to express my love by obeying, to show my gratitude for his warmth and care and protection by submitting fully...but no. Another night. The push-and-pull between my inner brat and my inner good girl is always there, and tonight the brat wants to play. She's small but she's fiery and she usually gets what she wants. Until she goes head to head with Daddy, of course.

'Hey, princess,' he greets, at the same time I say, 'Ah, stop looking so handsome. Fuuuuuck.'

He manages to hide his smile. A hint of sternness seeps into his voice.

'No swearing.' I don't get a chance to reply 'like hell' before he adds, 'C'mon, missy, we're late. Let's go.'

Our night out is filled with good company and plenty of laughs. My belly warms every time I feel my nakedness, reminding me of how much of a filthy girl I am. Oh, Daddy's going to be so mad. My legs clench together.

'You look like you're up to something,' says Daddy, and I glance up from where I've been fidgeting with the hem of my dress. His eyes are narrowed, his olive skin washed in the warm glow of the gas lamp overhead. 'What are you planning, cheeky girl?'

I flush, then realise our friends have disappeared in the direction of the bar. The beer garden is empty but for a few smokers several meters away. We're pretty much alone. I lick my lips and beam up at him innocently. 'Kiss?'

He rolls his eyes but leans down to indulge me with a soft peck. I can't help myself, leaning up to meet him and deepening the kiss. His hand lands on my thigh and tightens in warning. The rough squeeze makes my breath hitch, heat washing through my body...between my legs.

Reluctantly, I control myself, and lean back with a mournful sigh. 'I want to gobble you up,' I tell him, and he laughs.

His thumb starts stroking my thigh, barely offering any pressure—but it's enough to make my eyelids flutter. 'Behave, gorgeous girl.' His fingers inch higher. 'Mm, you're so soft.'

'I moisturised,' I say proudly, and he chuckles. I usually forget.

'Good girl.' His hand creeps higher and my eyes slide closed as electricity bolts through me. I need him so badly. The barest of effort on his part—and here I am, a wet, desperate mess.

My legs part at the same time my mouth does. I exhale shakily. *Higher. Please touch me. Please.* Thankfully I'm facing away from the glass doors leading into the pub, and no one can see my blatantly obvious 'fuck me' expression. I realise something at the exact same time Daddy's finger dips into my wetness and I bolt upright. Oh, no.

'Seems I was wrong,' he muses in a dangerously low voice. He slowly traces my outer lips, his touch featherlight. It feels more ominous than the hard warning squeeze of my thigh. 'You are the exact opposite of a good girl. What's the opposite of a good girl, princess?'

'Bad girl,' I mumble. My focus is zeroed in on that one teasing finger, my eyes downcast, cheeks flushing.

'What was that? Look at me,' he orders. 'Answer the question.'

'A bad girl,' I repeat. I meet his stern gaze, which somehow emboldens me. I straighten and offer an angelic smile. I'm already in trouble—I may as well own it. 'I guess that makes me a bad girl.'

'I suppose it does,' he says evenly, his eyes fixed on something over my shoulder.

He withdraws his hand, taking the opportunity to drag his fingers roughly down the inside of my thigh, leaving three angry red lines in his wake. 'You got me a beer? Aw, you legend.' The change in his tone is like a slap to the face—no, that would just turn me on more. The change in his tone is like a bucket of ice—mm, actually... The change in his tone jerks me out of my fog of arousal, at least until he leans in to press a seemingly-innocuous kiss to my cheek and hisses,

'You're in lots of fucking trouble, princess. Now be on your best behaviour so no one finds out what a little slut you are.'

I spend the rest of the night dazed and on edge. Daddy's hand rests on my knee. It would look innocent enough to anyone nearby but feels white-hot on my flushed, hypersensitive skin. When no one is looking, he traces my throat in a hint of a choke—a promise of what he will surely do later. He holds his beer with one hand, idly twirling my hair with the other, grasping fistfuls when no one is looking. He doesn't drag my head anywhere—that would be too obvious—but rather holds me completely still, a reminder of his control. *You can't move unless I let you, princess.* Each harsh but subtle touch sets me on fire, and by the time we leave the insides of my thighs are sticky with arousal. The taxi ride home is even more punishing: he ushers me into the back, hops into the front passenger seat, and doesn't glance at me until we get home. The indifference sets me on fire and I squeeze my thighs together, squirming, desperate for a sliver of friction to ease some of my neediness.

I take my time unlocking my front door, delaying the inevitable. The heat of his body washes over me as he stands oh-so-close.

'Hurry up, princess,' he says, reading my mind. 'I want you upstairs, on your knees beside the bed.'

I finally open the door, step inside...and decide to cut my losses. I make a run for it, an exhilarated—and terrified—giggle escaping as I bolt for the kitchen.

'Oh my God,' I hear from behind me. 'You little brat.'

He paces after me, his long stride making it easy to catch up. Rough hands grab my shoulders and jerk me against his body. He spins me, grasping my wrists tightly with

one of his hands, and shoves me against a wall. His free hand grips a fistful of my hair, tugging my head back.

‘Such a naughty girl.’ He releases my hair and reaches down to wrench my dress up, exposing my ass. He kicks my legs open wide, disrupting my balance so the only thing keeping me steady is his body pressing me against the wall. ‘What happens to naughty girls?’

‘Daddy makes them cum?’ I say hopefully, arching back to press against his hardness. I’m rewarded with a stinging smack to my bottom. I yelp.

‘Try again.’

‘They get to play with Daddy’s co—’

*Smack.* ‘Keep trying to be cute, girl, see what happens.’

Oh, boy. I relent, my chest heaving with each breath. ‘Naughty girls get punished.’

‘That’s right. Get upstairs. I want you naked and laying face-down over the edge of the bed by the time I join you.’

It’s about time I comply with at least *some* of his orders, so I do as I’m told, racing upstairs and flopping onto the bed, my feet resting on the floor. Heroically, I resist the urge to play with myself while I wait.

It takes forever (or, like, two minutes), but finally I hear his footsteps approach. I wriggle impatiently. I’m sorely regretting my attitude tonight. If I had been a good girl, I’d be halfway to orgasm by now.

The first smack lands without preamble and I hiss in surprise, jolting.

‘Hands behind your back.’

I obey. Metal clinks and my wrists are encircled with cool steel cuffs.

‘Look at you,’ he says. ‘You poor little girl. Completely helpless.’

‘Daddy...’

‘Shush. You can talk when I say you can talk. You better stay still and keep quiet, princess.’

I nod, face pressing into the blankets. He shifts and I tense, expecting a stinging blow, but instead something ice-cold is pressed into the crease of my ass. I cry out,

and he immediately smacks the sensitive skin of my upper thigh. The ice begins to melt, trailing between my legs, and he replaces it with another two cubes. I squirm, stifling another cry.

*Smack.*

'Poor baby,' he mocks. 'Is that cold?' *Smack.* 'Oh, that hurt, did it?' *Smack.* 'This is what happens to little girls who act like naughty sluts.' *Smack.* He spreads my legs roughly, plunging his fingers inside me, pushing the cold melted ice further into my heat. He plays with me until I'm panting with desire, pathetic and completely at his mercy, then withdraws his hand abruptly. He replaces his fingers with another ice cube, pressing it deep inside me. I bite the blanket, eyes rolling back into my head.

*Smack, smack, smack.*

The stinging fire of each blow contrasts with the ice melting inside me, and my arousal heightens to a fever pitch.

'Do you regret being a bad girl, princess?'

I nod, my whole body tensed in fear, terrified of what comes next—more fire or more ice.

'Use your words.'

'Yes, Daddy,' I gasp. 'I'm so sorry for being naughty. Please...'

'Please what?'

I whimper.

'Come on, princess, use your words. I know exactly what you want,' his fingers trail up the inside of my thighs, 'but you need to ask for it.'

'Please!' It's all I can manage as he brushes my clit, drawing a slow, gentle circle.

'Not good enough. Say, "please fuck me, Daddy".'

His finger is still swirling, torturously light, but something ignites my inner brat and somehow I manage to gasp, 'So *now* I'm allowed to swear?'

He presses against my clit harder. 'Excuse me?'

For some reason, I double down. As though the time and place to be sassy is while I'm face-down and handcuffed with my already-pink ass exposed. I silently curse my inner brat as she rambles, 'You decide to go on a power trip and chew me out for swearing, now you're *ordering* me to swear. Maybe Daddy needs to make up his mind.'

His movements still and that delicious finger moves away, leaving me aching. Uh-oh. A gentle hand caresses my stinging bottom and trails slowly down my spine. I tense, but no blow comes. The anticipation is almost worse than if he'd just spanked me straight away.

He makes his way up to my hair and grabs a handful, still painfully gentle. He brushes a few locks away from my face and his breath tickles my ear as he leans in. 'You have been so bad tonight,' he murmurs. 'Daddy's gonna make you cry, baby. I don't want to, but you need to learn your lesson. Good girls don't swear, or tease, or back chat. Good girls do what they're told. I thought you'd learnt your lesson already.'

He's never sounded so dangerously stern. My stomach drops at the same time my pussy clenches. 'I'll be good,' I promise quickly. I already regret being so cheeky, and meekness saturates my voice. Goosebumps ripple across my body, the night air icy where it meets my overheated skin. 'Please. Daddy, I'm sorry. I'll be good.'

'It's too late.' His voice is sad now. 'I'm sorry, baby.'

The fingers in my hair tighten and he pulls me upright, his grip the only thing keeping me from face-planting into the mattress. His free hand gently cups my throat. My nipples tighten, exposed to the cool air, and I clench my legs together.

I need him so badly.

'Daddy,' I whimper. It's all I can manage.

He pulls my head all the way back and kisses me, roughly at first, his tongue sweeping my mouth, teeth biting. Then soft, gentle kisses—on my mouth, my cheeks, my forehead, my nose. 'Daddy loves you,' he murmurs. 'That's why I'm doing this. Because I love you.'

'I love you, Daddy.' I'm all but panting. 'I know it's for my own good. But—'  
'That's right,' he agrees softly. 'It *is* for your own good. Because you were a naughty girl one time too many.'

He spins me around and shoves me face first into the pillow. I yelp in surprise. The cuffs unclip and I vaguely consider the prospect of an escape attempt but my whole body feels boneless, turned into a useless puddle of lust. My arms are wrenched overhead and he re-secures my wrists to the bed frame.

Rough hands grab my calves and spread my legs wide. Restraints tighten around my ankles. Oh, boy.

'Please fuck me, Daddy,' I try. Maybe if I do what I was told, he'll forego the punishment. Ha.

'Just—please! I won't be a brat anymore—please—'

'Count down from twenty.'

'*Twenty?*' I choke out. I've never gotten more than ten.  
*Slap.* 'That was for questioning me. *Now* start your countdown.'

I struggle against the restraints, the feeling of helplessness and pinching at my wrists and ankles doing nothing but heightening my desperate arousal.

*Slap.* A huff of air escapes my lips and I barely remember my task. 'Twenty,' I bite out. I tense for the next smack, and instead feel gentle fingers sliding between my legs. 'Oh...'

He draws lazy circles around my clit until warmth washes over my body. I lose track of time as he plays with me, my muscles gradually loosening, a fire building in my belly—

His hand disappears.

'No, Daddy—!' *Slap.* 'Uh—ow.' My whine is pathetic. He squeezes my cheek roughly, a reminder. 'Nineteen,' I squeak, the world dissolving into a moan as he slides a finger inside me slowly.

A wave of pleasure begins to build but he stops as soon as I tense around his finger. *Slap.* I grunt in pain. Then again, harder: *SLAP.*

'Eighteen,' I gasp. I'm not naive enough to think the reminder smack will count. He circles my clit again and I whimper into the pillow, the anticipation of his next blow too distracting. I can't concentrate on the pleasure for fear of the pain I know is coming. But he keeps going, alternating between circling my clit and pushing one finger inside me, deliciously slow. The sensation draws a long groan from me, and the tension in my shoulders melt.

Then I'm left empty and wanting.

*Slap.*

Each impact to my already-sore ass sends a shockwave through me. The cool night air accentuates my nakedness, reminding me how wet I am, how desperate I am for Daddy to be inside me, how much my bottom is stinging. My legs strain against the restraints but I am helpless, unable to escape, completely at his mercy. A half-sob, half-moan escapes me at the thought.

He alternates between the delicious pain and torturous pleasure—or is it the other way around? I'm too far gone to know for sure—and somehow I have enough brainpower to continue counting down. I begin to fear his gentle fingers, all too aware of the pain they herald. I relish each spank, knowing pleasure is not far away.

*Slap.* 'Sev— seven. Dad-dy...'

His hand smooths circles across my raw bottom. 'You're doing so good, baby. Daddy's so proud of you.'

'Hurts...no more...please.'

'I know, princess.' He presses a kiss to my lower back. 'That's so you learn your lesson. Have you learnt your lesson yet?'

'Yes! Yes, Daddy, I swear.' I twist, trying to turn to implore him with my eyes. My voice is croaky from moaning and breathy with desperation. 'I'll be a good girl from now on, I *promise*. Please...I can't take it anymore. I'll be good.'

He sighs. 'You've said that before, baby. I need to make sure. We're almost done.'

I whine and his hand tightens on my ass cheek, another warning. 'No complaining, princess.' He pauses. 'What's your favourite fruit?'

'Nanas,' I say without hesitation.

Not 'pineapple'. It's all the reassurance he needs. 'Good girl,' he says, and I hear the smile in his voice. 'Daddy's so proud of you. Such,'—*slap*— 'a,'—*slap*—'good,'—*slap*—'girl,'—*SLAP*.

The four consecutive smacks are the hardest yet, rained down in such quick succession that I don't have a chance to cry out. Instead I'm left mute with shock,

face pressed into the pillow, lips parted. My eyes blur with tears and my pussy clenches with desire.

'What are we up to, baby?'

'I— I don't...' Dazed, I try to make my hazy thoughts make sense. Math is hard when you're floating in a cloud of pleasure and pain, the sensations achingly indistinguishable from each other. 'I'm sorry, Daddy, I...I don't know. Four?'

'That's okay, baby,' he says gently, stroking my inner thighs. 'You're just a little girl and Daddy's put you through a lot tonight. I shouldn't expect so much of you.' He slides two fingers inside of me and I tremble. 'You just relax, sweetheart.'

I pant into the pillow, damp from tears and from where I've bitten the soft linen to muffle my cries. Fire builds in my belly, the sensation thickening the fog in my mind, and I moan. 'Daddy—can I please cum—please—'

'No.'

I let out a strangled cry of frustration. He doesn't slow down and I writhe, frantically trying to hold back my orgasm. When I'm on the brink of breaking, my mind clouded with desperate panic at the thought of disappointing him and getting punished again, his hand disappears.

*Slap, slap, slap.*

The bed jostles as his weight disappears. A faint cry escapes me and his hand immediately traces my calf. 'It's okay, baby, I'm still here.'

I relax.

The cuffs around my ankles disappear and he turns me on my back, kneeling beside me. I blink up through eyes blurred with tears, my arms still fixed above my head.

'Hi, handsome,' I mumble.

'You okay, princess?'

'Peachy. The exact opposite of pineapple-y.' He chuckles quietly and I tilt my chin up. 'Kiss?'

He obliges, gifting me with a long, slow, sweet kiss. I part my legs and hook an ankle around his shin, urging him to settle between my thighs. He indulges my silent request, his hardness brushing against me. I moan into his mouth.

'Please fuck me, Daddy,' I whisper. 'Please.'

'Good girl,' he breathes. 'Using your manners...asking so nicely. Good girls get rewards, you know.'

I nod frantically, staring up at him with wide, tear-misted eyes, begging wordlessly. He obliges me, entering with a hard thrust, eliciting a deep groan from me. 'Oh, uh...oh, Daddy—'

He withdraws slowly, almost entirely, then thrusts in again roughly. My eyes roll back. 'Does that feel good, princess?'

'Mmh—oh—'

He withdraws again. 'I asked you a question. Eyes open, baby. Look at me. Does that feel good?'

'Yes,' I gasp. 'Yes, Daddy, you feel so good—you fuck me so good—please, please keep going, please—'

He settles down onto his elbows, our foreheads touching, and re-enters slowly. 'Like this?' he asks, still moving at an agonisingly drawn out pace.

'Faster,' I beg. 'Please, Daddy, fuck me faster. Harder. *Please.*'

He caresses my cheek, fingers sliding down to grasp my throat. He squeezes lightly, just enough to disrupt the blood flow for a heartbeat, making me moan. 'Such a good girl,' he breathes. 'Asking so nicely. *Such* a good girl for Daddy.'

He fucks me, each rough thrust eliciting a desperate whimper. Every jolt presses my ass back against the bedsheets, causing a flash of pain that intensifies my pleasure. His free hand slides down to play with my nipple, alternating between rough twists that make me cry out and soft caresses that make me moan.

Heat builds in my belly and I clench around him.

'I hope you're not about to cum without asking, baby,' he warns. His voice is tight, exerted and lustful. It brings me even closer to the edge.

'Please can I—please—' My hands ball into fists, my arms straining against the cuffs. 'Can I please cum, Daddy, please—please, please, please—'

He pauses for just a moment, torturing me, smiling slightly as his dark eyes scan my face. 'Yes, baby,' he says, hand tightening around my throat. 'Cum for Daddy.'

My orgasm crashes over me, my lips parting in a silent cry, and I feel him shudder as he finds his release, too.

We stay twined together for another few eternities. I'm floating again, higher than ever. All that exists is him, his hand stroking my cheek, his beautiful body laid protectively over mine. I barely notice the cuffs releasing, my hands falling to my sides.

A soft kiss gently rouses me. 'You okay, princess?'

'So good,' I mumble. 'Head's foggy. Legs jelly. But so good. I love you.' I smile at him lazily. 'You okay?'

'So good,' he echoes, returning my smile.

## **Don't worry, the rest of the plane won't hear you through that mask**

Written by Rob

[Her POV][Husband][Wife][Red Eye Flight][Plane][Face Mask][Discretion][Fingering][Cunnilingus][Hold The Moan][Nearly Caught]

My eyes flicker open with the plane in near darkness and the soft tones of the captain dispersing through the speakers.

"We're just crossing over Texas. Local time is 3am, temperature is 100 Fahrenheit. We're on time and we have another three hours approximately to go to LAX." I lose focus as his words trail into meaningless chatter about the weather.

Looking back, I see almost the whole of first class asleep, the cabin crew, idly chatting at one end of the aircraft and a couple of reading lights left on. But apart from that, it's quiet. Just the sound of the air conditioning and the plane making its way to California.

Mike is waking up too, one eyelid lifts open as he lifts his stubbled cheeks against my shoulder and nuzzles my face. He had to catch as many hours as he could before the big meeting tomorrow with the Hollywood execs but it was proving difficult for both of us.

He's in his casual suit, black shirt, crisp black pants, a beautiful silver watch, a Patek strapped to his wrist. He's honestly delicious and it's making it difficult to think of anything else. My husband looks very sexy, as much as it pains me to concede it, when he wanted to he knew how to sharpen up, he knew exactly how to keep a girl on her toes.

"Hey baby." He muffles through the face mask.

"Hey you." I muffle back, taking him all in. I want to kiss him but just looking at him with his effortlessly hot mannerisms was more than sufficient.

"What time is it?"

"Three apparently." He tries to yawn through the mask and throws his big arms in the air, stretching behind his hair and extending his triceps before puffing his chest out. He has that heady fresh water scent that I've become addicted to and it's having an intoxicating effect on my body, stirring something primal in me.

He notices my apparent obsession with his current look and my eyes take a quick peek between his legs, noticing his growing member straining against the front of the pants, just begging to be released.

"Who said you could keep checking me out so casually?" He raises one eyebrow and scolds me, slapping me on the leg quickly before I get a chance to cover myself.

I laugh and try to conceal my schoolgirl blush behind the mask as he widens his legs a little bit more, revealing the full extent of his bulging shape spreading down his thigh. My laughs quickly turn to exotic curiosity as he stays rock hard under my touch. He keeps his hand between my legs and lets a gentle finger trail down the inside of my leg, caressing me tenderly, before whispering through the mask into my ear.

"Go wait for me in the toilet."

"Mike! Are you kidding? No way!" I feign indignation but my inner wants cry their approval.

"This isn't a negotiation, young lady. I'll give four knocks." I stroke his pants and furtively look up and down the aisle, the coast was clear, nearly everyone was asleep, bar a few late readers. An elderly couple were having an animated conversation further back but there was no way they would spot anything amiss.

Unfastening the seatbelt, I jiggle loose from the seat and squeeze past him, trying to avoid eye contact with the stewardess wandering around a few seats back from us. My heels feel heavy, I'm like a plodding elephant as I try to get to the toilet without too much attention.

Reaching the toilet I slide in carefully and lock the door waiting for the four taps.

Four taps. One, two, three...four. The last one takes a while to come and I'm cautious with the door, but he wedges his way in and quickly locks it behind him dragging his delicious scent in with him. It's these moments that remind me I'm a lucky wife.

His smouldering gaze pins me to the toilet walls. He has that look in him, like he wants to ravage me all night. I swim in his eyes for a second and feel the weight of the world disappear just as quickly. He presses himself against me, his stomach muscles feeling like steel against my heaving belly as he grabs my neck and moves to my ear.

"Forget the foreplay."

Running his hands over my breasts to my stomach, he quickly hikes my skirt down, making me step out of it and his hands go to my taut nipples, letting his fingers grace them gently before squeezing a little harder and moving south. He pulls my dripping panties to one side, teasing the lace for a moment and plunges his index finger inside me, eyes never leaving mine, one hand still on my neck as I grip onto his back for support.

Whispering in my ear, I leave my head against his shoulder and relax into the movement. With two fingers he beckons my hips towards him using a 'come hither' motion, its quite seductive seeing him in just the mask, like we could be two strangers fucking anonymously for the first time. My body bows towards him as he strokes his fingers inside me, against my walls and against all the most sensual points. He looks down on me, a few inches taller than I am in my heels as I let him take the reins, dominating me with his usual fervour, making me pant as he turns me around to face the mirror, his other palm pressing against my clit as his fingers soothe me one at a time.

"You feel so good on my fingers Rose, what if the stewardess caught us right now, you with your little wet cunt dripping all over my hands, being a bad girl like this."

His words inject me with another overwhelming dose of arousal as I feel the beginnings of an orgasm building. It was ridiculously hot knowing we could get caught at any moment, that and his talented fingers were accelerating me to the perfect fantasy.

He takes his mask off, flinging me around to turn to face him and he brushes his lips and tongue down my stomach. I know where he's headed and I can't hold him back. In one swift motion he lifts me onto the counter to make the angle easier and spreads my thighs with his hands, gently rubbing his thumb against my clit in a diagonal motion. It's enough to have me rolling my stomach and hips towards his face to grind his big hands just a little bit harder. I look back at our mess of bodies in the mirror, sweat beginning to drip down my forehead and lower back with my thick afro shaking with each surge of his attack on my damp vulva.

Pinning my legs back he keeps his eye contact, those blue eyes piercing mine like never before. With his eyes burning holes in me, he licks me slowly, a little trail of my lust lining the underside of his tongue as he laps through my bush, pulling my arousal all the way out of me. He knows we don't have much time but there's no initial rush as he moistens his tongue inside me again, going deeper and directing the tip towards my pulsating clit. He alternates between a couple of slow strokes and some quicker ones, keeping his eyes locked on mine the whole time.

*Fuck*, it feels too good. I try to control my breathing under the mask, but looking down at my sexy husband viciously cleaning me like this with just his tongue is tipping me over the edge far too quickly. He knows what he can do to me and how fast he can build me up to giddy levels of ecstasy.

He keeps his rhythm, his deep voice vibrating me down there, as I feel more drops of arousal come spilling out of my soaked flower. I tighten my muscles around his long and winding tongue as he spreads my wetness over my clit.

"Baby, your tongue feels too good, don't stop, don't stop, don't..." Words are leaving me carelessly now, my mask just about containing my excitement.

"I want you inside me so bad." There was no way we could without making too much noise but just the fantasy was driving me wild, even whispering it was getting me far too hot and bothered.

Speeding up, he starts to work his fingers in and out of me, in and out, in and out, whilst keeping the pressure of his tongue firmly against my opening. The sensation is building and building, overcoming every tip of my body. I'm going to beg for relief in any second, relief from his tongue stretching my lips and pulling at me.

"Baby, I'm gonna, I'm gonna, oh god, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh...FUCK." Thankfully my mask keeps the decibels low but I wouldn't be surprised if the stewardesses were all listening in by now, getting their little thrills from how well he is working me.

He laps my warm slit vigorously, thrusting his tongue directly on my clit as my hands grab his thick hair to try and control what's about to happen. But it's useless, all that leaves me are desperate gasps as I hold one hand over the mask to try and contain the loud moans.

My jaw drops under the mask as my eyes squeeze together ready for the endless eruption. I gush all over his mouth slowly, as he keeps his fingers going with a pumping motion. I moan more aggressively through the mask as I squirt even harder, covering his face in my juices and rip my pink fingernails through his brown strands, trying hard to hold onto him. He holds my legs in place to reduce the noise as I flail mindlessly against the taps and sit there, helpless, quivering, unable to do anything else but bask in pleasure as his talented tongue tastes my remaining excitement, burying deep inside me. My clit pulses hard against his mouth, growing extra sensitive as I let him massage my sopping vulva with slower flicks of his tongue before he gives me a break.

I shake with his grip on my ankles on the top of the sink but he holds me still preventing my legs from hitting the door too loudly. Finally, reluctantly, I come down from my climax, panting under the mask, like an athlete at the end of a workout, I'm drenched in my own fluids and sweat. I run my hands down his triceps and drag my fingernails across his chest, getting my own little touches of affection in as his rigid body relaxes back into mine. I have to take him in my mouth but there's a rapping on the door, as I stand up to unsheath him from his trousers. Three loud knocks and an impatient voice to go along with it.

"Excuse me, people are waiting for the bathroom, could you hurry up please."

He puts his fingers to his lips and signals for me to create a diversion with the woman outside. A moment of panic besets me as I shrug. We were caught...after all of that and someone needed the toilet. Mike urges me to calm down as he

"Just one second. I'll be done in a couple of minutes."

I can see he is throbbing down there, his big erection almost in my hands, through the zipper of his pants. It was taking every ounce of willpower to deny myself, but we couldn't get caught.

"If you don't come out soon, I'm going to complain, you're hogging it!"

My eyes roll in a cartoonish fashion as I raise my voice a little louder to the gatecrasher outside.

"Okay ma'am, I'm nearly done, you can keep your hat on. Everyone is gonna get their toilet time."

My index finger rolls across his pulsing girth as I bite into my lips, imagining what it could be like somewhere else. He holds my finger and kisses my hand quietly before whispering.

“Next time baby. It can be all my fun next time.” Nodding, I kiss him on the lips, as he sucks and nips me back in reciprocation.

“I love you.” I smile back at him and quickly adjust my panties in the mirror. The face mask goes back on and I tidy my skirt down as he washes his own face and wipes the top down trying to remove any evidence of our exuberant activities. Quickly, I flush the toilet and pretend to wash my hands before the deafening noise of the dryers blocks out the woman’s complaining. Mike stands behind me ready to dart out as I slowly unlock the door and fling it open.

I burst out and turned to the left where she was standing, denying her a view. It is an older woman, early 70s maybe, the woman from the arguing elderly couple I saw earlier when making my way to the bathroom. Her hands are on her hips and her glasses protrude to the end of her nose. She almost looks like a cross between a disgruntled owl and a Gringotts goblin, a lifelong miser. The mask was doing her no favours.

“So sorry about that, bad meal before take-off, you know how it is.” Mike skips past me with her distracted and heads back to his seat. Thankfully she doesn’t seem to notice but it doesn’t look like she buys the excuse.

“I don’t think you were even on the toilet.” *A real busybody this one.* She peers into the toilet with a flash of disgust across her face and slowly takes her hands from her hips rudely barging past me.

“Honestly, the state of some people today, defies belief. When I was twenty you could get a plane and...” Her cranky voice trails off as she slams the door to the toilet and bolts it shut.

I close my eyes and rest against the wall to the toilet, letting my legs slide down. They feel like jelly, I feel emptied of all cares and worries and hopelessly addicted to him. Through a lazy eye I look to our seats and see him looking back at me, a lop-sided grin smeared across his face, with the mask down temporarily as he winks at me.

# The usual session at the gym turned into something far steamier

Written by Rob

[Her POV][Gym][Hot Guy][Muscular][Pool][Sauna][Tension][Size Kink][No Names][Strangers To Lovers][Mating Press][Piledriver][Pinned Down][Blowjob][Nearly Caught]

“I’ve just got two more sets. Hitting triceps and then that’s me I think, I’m pooped already. Going to hit the pool after for a quick dip.” The gym stirs at every corner with activity as the post-lockdown frustrations are vented. Conversation is buzzing and everyone is aggressively hitting the weights after weeks of calisthenics and boredom. I check my arms out in the mirror, trying to ignore some of the creepy looks from the meatheads nearby. The light shining off my dark bronzed skin and creating a nice angle for admiring my tired muscles. My friend Rachel is working out alongside me, her hair neatly done up in a bun and her face straining red as she tries to finish her dumbbell curls with a huge last effort. The weights come flying out of her hands onto the floor as she stands up and catches her breath. It had been a long session, almost an hour. Lots of reps.

She looks at her watch and furrows her brow.

“Damn, lost track of time, I need to get going. Travis is cooking something.”

I roll my eyes, boring boyfriend Travis striking again. I couldn’t see what she saw in him. It was like dating a damp old sponge.

“You’re going straight home? Rach, c’mon, come for a swim, it’ll relax you, look at you, you’re all tense and worked up, you need some way to properly settle down.”

Balancing the weights on my legs I try to pump myself up for the next set. Deep breaths, deep breaths, one, two, three. Hauling them in the air I lean back and stare up at the ceiling, taking a lot of effort to curl my triceps on my last set. They were on fire. I didn’t have much left in the tank. I continue to grunt and moan with each rep, the lactic acid building up to unbearable levels. My hair gets matted under the bench as I struggle to get the eighth rep up. One last push, one, two, three, with a huge strain I get the weights halfway up and Rachel spots me the rest of the way giving me the final psychological boost to get there.

I drop the weights besides the bench and hurl myself up to face her, hands on my hips and blowing wind through my nostrils as I smile and try to move the blood out of my arms.

“I do not miss this, give me yoga and zumba any day of the week. At least there I’m not in those classes snorting like a rhino in heat.” Rachel laughs and hugs me quickly.

“Babe you’ll get it back, in a few more weeks your strength will be back...guaranteed.”

I check my arms out in the mirror again, still weedy, still far too weak for my liking but there was some definition happening again after months of trying and failing to do more bodyweight workouts. I go to turn to Rachel to show her the tricep but her attention is elsewhere completely.

“Don’t be too obvious but look over there.”

“What’s that? What?” I’m completely taken back by the question.

“Check out the far squat rack in the corner. Hunk alert, look at that guy. Wowee”

“No such thing exists in this gym. Over by the squat rack?” It’s probably a mirage, this gym was just meatheads and try-hard college bros with a bunch of Karens in the group classes. I look to the squat rack and catch my first sight of him. He’s darker skinned,, maybe a final year, it’s difficult to tell, huge sexy legs and a beautifully symmetrical back punching through his tank top. He’s not overly muscled though, he has that swimmer’s look, long and fit but definitely not skinny either, Just the right point in-between. Damn, he is hot. He goes down for one last squat and aggressively jerks the weight back up without the female spot standing next to him.

“Okay Rach, you might actually have a point this time. I’ve never seen him before around here, is he new?”

“No idea.” She hurls back after re-racking my dumbbells. “I hope so.”

He re-racks the weight and leans over the bar for a second stretching his shoulders and shaking his legs.

“Who’s the girl he is chatting to? They look close. Look.. she’s stroking his arm. Don’t look straight at them, she’s looking around. Damn, she nearly caught us.” Rach giggles as I pretend to look at the mirror,

He talks to the girl for a second and waves goodbye as her hand lingers on his shoulder and she swoops around to the girl's changing room.

"Okay, she's leaving, maybe they just know each other." My heart leaps a little bit as she leaves him alone.

"I gotta get going babe. Are you going to marry him or what?" Rach has her hands on her hips as she raises her eyebrow to me, rearing all her sassy moods into full effect.

"Jeez, he is just my type, he's a giant, look how toned he is, look at the size of his legs, I love his definition. Are you sure you don't want to stick around?" I was a kid in a candy shop with him around.

"Yes he's hot. How old are you fourteen?"

"Will you relax...please! It's just an innocent schoolgirl crush, just admiring from a distance, didn't realise that was illegal. You should try it sometime, might shake Travis out of that thick skull of yours." I return her sassiness with a nuclear bomb and she smirks a little, playfully shoving me. We tussle with each other's arms as she tries to nip me.

"Oh hush." As she tells me to be quiet, I feel his gaze come over me. I catch a look in his direction and watch him move. He has the most brooding look, like a man who could be very violent if he wanted to be but just about keeps it in check. It is unsettling in the best way possible. Eyes ablaze with determination and lust.

"He's looking at me, do I look okay?" I turn to the mirror and adjust my messy hair, moving the sweat soaked strands pushed against the side of my face.

"He's stopped looking, relax Cinderella." I turn back

"Will you stop? Nothing's going to happen. Just a few flirty glances here and there."

"I gotta go. You work this crush out in your own time okay."

"Okay, if you have to go, go, jeez, you're so lame. I'll catch you back at the flat baby girl, okay?" I blow her a kiss and wave goodbye as she kisses me on the cheek and picks her training bag up onto her shoulders, quickly veering into the crowded mess of bodybuilders and college students working out on treadmills.

*Damn, I need to relax,* I feel claustrophobic with him around here. It was time to go for a swim and cool down.

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Try as I might, I just can't concentrate on the laps. My front crawl is everywhere today, totally sloppy. My breathing is off, my wall turns equally as hopeless. He's got way too much real estate in my mind. Look, I'm even wearing my skimpiest little swimsuit. He could tear these bikini bottoms off me so easily and just insert himself wherever he likes. I'll just do these last few laps and get out of here, go home, bring the wine and cookies for Rach and just have a sensible all girls night-in. Men like him are far too bad for me. I can't get stung, not right now.

I settle into a gentle breaststroke pattern, fanning the water away from me, just to get back into a rhythm. Slowly does it. Technique over flash. My legs kick out with each stroke and I make my way down the pool, bobbing my head up and down through the water and fogging my goggles up.

But there's one problem.

The doors at the far end of the pool swing open and he walks in, all six foot five of him. Of course, he looks amazing without a shirt on, beautiful lines cutting across his stomach, forming a perfect V down his happy trail, outlining naughtier things for my eyes to appreciate. There's all manner of things my imagination wants right now. I just want my hands all over him. He looks like he could manhandle me, pin me down on the bed however he wants and claim me, his helpless little crush.

*Fuck*, the butterflies start doing somersaults in my stomach as I take deep breaths to try and calm down.

He dives into the far end of the pool travelling several metres under the water and surfaces into a breaststroke pattern, in the far lane just over from me.

Don't swim towards me. Please don't. No. It's too much.

I can't take it, I have to go somewhere else.

The place is almost empty, just me, him and an older woman swimming in the shallow lane, just doing gentle strokes with a bemused look on her face. In a mad dash I climb out the pool and walk into the sauna across the wet tiles, my feet flipping and flopping on the floor as I try to not make eye contact with him. But I feel him on me, his gaze burrowing far into me, passing the veneer of impartiality.

The sauna door shuts as I collapse on the nearest bench, steam fogging up the door and boiling heat overcoming me. I have to close my eyes and empty my thoughts, I'm lost in an erotic fantasy that I need to escape from before it goes too far. This

isn't me at all, I can indulge a crush but this is outrageous levels of turned on. I have to bring myself down, stop the torment.

Meditation. That's the key. Channelling my breaths down into my belly, I try to relax and clear my mind from him. Breathe in and out, in...and out. It's useless. I still feel like I want to start shaking and fidgeting, what the hell is wrong with me?

Creaking. The sauna doors bend open as I peer out of my right eye. It's him, what am I going to do? I can't escape this, I have to talk to him, say something, anything, just break the ice, nothing flashy.

"Hey. How are you? I've...never seen you around here. I saw you working out just a little bit earlier." My voice is surprisingly steady, reverberating through the air, no nervousness yet.

"Oh hey, thanks, yeah I joined last week. Nice to meet you." Scrap that, nervousness just came back. His voice rumbles at a beautiful frequency, every little word giving me a couple of shivers and pricking my attention up. I shuffle in the seat, loosening my bikini top a little from digging into my traps, hoping I'm staying subtle.

"You look really strong out there, really masculine, hope you don't mind the compliment."

*Oh lord. I'm losing it already.*

He smiles as his arms splay out along the bench, the rippling muscles and tendons pushing the veins of his arms to the surface, a tribal tattoo smeared across his chest. His swimming lycra are not leaving a lot to the imagination, I try to peer past his giant legs but don't feel confident enough to take my first peek.

"Compliment taken."

"Sorry, that probably sounded sooo stupid, me and my big mouth." I'm giggling and blushing like I'm in 10th Grade again attending the rave and getting the boys' attention. His legs are even wider on the bench and I steal a quick glimpse, a firm and more than sizable bulge resting against his leg, distracting me for a good few seconds.

"Don't sweat it. I bet you use that line on all the guys." Good sense of humour.

"That girl you were talking to? Is she..." My voice trails off as I try to delve out more details.

"She's a friend, philosophy class. I'm single at the moment." Check.

“Class, you’re at college? Wow, you look so much older than that. I thought you were in your late 20s.”

He looks about ten years older than he actually is, in the best possible way, far more mature and world-weary than a man in the later phases of college. Far more experienced, far more exciting than the average college douche that awaited me. Flashing eyes of amber pierce me as he tenses his arms on the seat to stretch his thighs and swivel his neck, the tattoo shifting across his chest like a sandstorm. It takes a while for me to find my voice again.

“I’m just out of school, starting in September. I’m eighteen, it feels amazing.” Everything I’m saying sounds stupid. Incredibly stupid. I see him suppress a little smile.

“Enjoy it. Explore as many different things as you can. You’ll have a blast.” The word ‘explore’ sends little thunderbolts of tingling to my stomach and my core. I think I would enjoy it a lot more wrapped up underneath you.

“I’ve not really had a chance to explore the city yet, guess I don’t meet the right people.”

“I think I’m ‘the right people’.” Fuck, this can’t be happening. Is he actually into me? What was that?

“Wow, you’re so forward. I love it.” I laugh, all too willing to play along with Mister Smooth.

“Life’s short, I’ll show you around sometime. Why the hell not?”

Tension simmers like a fine mist between us, our chemistry playing with the tendrils of the stream, burning electric hot. I can feel his rampant sexual energy undoing me one strand at a time, making the words spill out of me completely carefree.

“I’m a good girl, I can follow instructions, let’s do it, let’s explore sometime.” It’s official I’ve stopped caring, I just want him to make me submit under his big frame, to make me behave like a good girl for his pleasure. I can’t deny what my heart really wants in the moment. My words sound innocuous enough on the surface but they are laced with all of my most wanton thoughts.

He stands up to stretch, grabbing his leg behind his bum and massaging his quads and hamstrings. He pulls his arms up to the ceiling flexing his rock hard stomach, perfect right angles jutting out from each muscle down there. My hands turn slightly

white, gripping onto the bench harder as my fingernails try to tear into the wood. Trying to cut the tension I chuckle and address the elephant in the room.

“You make me kind of nervous, in a good way, you’re really hot, I don’t see guys like you around much. All the other guys, well, I often wonder if there are any real college guys out there. You totally upend my expectations. When should we explore?”

“How about right now?” His stunning frame stands in front of me, like Zeus astride Olympus, the huge spear in his lycra protruding further out to where I can nearly touch his bursting hardness. He leans down and caresses my lips with his, sucking on me gently as the first beads of sweaty anticipation drip down my forehead and onto my cheek, the sauna’s unbearable heat weighing down on my hair.

“Wow, you really don’t ask for permission do you? Can I at least get your name?”

“After.” There’s no question to it, no discussion. Fuck, it’s such a tease.

He tugs on my bottoms, teasing the elastic with his fingers as he continues his assault on my lips, lashing his tongue against mine as my hand instinctively reaches for his arms, running the tips of my fingers up and down against his big biceps. Blood courses through me, the sweet movement of desire clenching inside me as he slides my bikini to one side.

The outside world is closing off to me more and more rapidly, as he glides his finger tenderly against my aching flower, the moisture from the steam and my slick arousal allowing his hands to move effortlessly down there. There could be ten thousand people staring through the window. I wouldn’t care, pure bliss as he .

“Shit, what if we get caught?” He muffles my mouth with a big paw, as he plunges his fingers inside me, making me exert a quick moan. He has no intention of stopping as he starts pulling and tugging his fingers inside me, letting quick spurts of wetness leave me. He’s clearly no amateur at this, his power and speed on quick display as he folds my legs behind my head and continues to

“We’re going to have to make sure about that aren’t we.”

I’m clawing at the wood and the steamy residue to stop the sensation building up too quickly. Droplets of sweat and hot moisture glistening my breasts and upper chest.

“You really know how to use your fingers don’t you? Keep stroking me like that.” I murmur into his ear, latching my lips onto his again, letting them slide across him as he pins me down with his hulking frame. My legs flail out at his lycra trying to drag them down his legs but he gives me a quick slap and plunges his fingers deeper as retribution. Eyes squinting, I look at the scorching hot blaze in his hooded expression

as he propels his fingers inside me at a dizzying speed. My breathing is out of my control, gasps turning into hyperventilation as the pressure rises to impossible levels within me, my chest and heart burning with agonising desire.

“Fuck, keep doing that. Can you feel me writhing on your hands? I can’t stop myself.” I feel everything swelling inside myself, my delicate spot enlarging, covering all of his hand as he keeps his delicious rhythm going.

“Can this be our little secret? I can’t be sharing you with the other girls, they can’t know how good you are.”

He works me down there expertly.

“Thrust me, you’re so strong, you move my entire body when you do that. Harder. Harder. That’s it. Ooh, fuck, ooh, that’s going to drive me over the edge if you keep rubbing my clit with your thumb like that.” I slam my palms down on the sauna bench to steady the impending explosion. He snatches a glance outside quickly, checking the coast is still clear, at this point I didn’t care if we got caught, there was no going back. I was my own worst exhibitionist.

“Faster. I need you to be brutal with me.” He pins me back even further and slaps me hard across my face and my ass until I put up a little protest. He’s treating me like his little fuck toy right now. I need it. God, I’ve craved it for so long. His fingers are like pistons in an engine. There’s no way I can stop myself now, on the brink just waiting for him to tip me over.

Don’t stop. Please, don’t, never stop with me. I clench for impact, tightening my core and my sore skin as I moan quite loudly and squirt a steady stream all over his rapid fingers. He stays unrelenting as the sounds of my sticky wetness bounce off the sauna walls.

“I’m cumming, I’m cumming, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck...I can’t, I can’t.” I flail around on the sauna bench, yelling through his hand I lose all control over my legs and try to grip onto his back, tearing into his thick layers of flesh, my nipples completely on fire through the bikini and sweat pouring down my stomach. My body becomes rigid as the orgasm shudders through me, ricocheting against the bench and my fingernails rip into his back leaving my mark on my Adonis.

Loud moaning turns to heavy breathing as I gradually catch my breath. My clit is so sensitive, as I urge him to go slower, needing a second to come down from the heights of ecstasy.

“Woah, that feels so good [kiss]. I think I get why that girl was paying you so much attention in the gym. That was amazing, I can’t believe no one saw that, this sauna is

usually so busy. That was so naughty.” My eyes readjust to the winding typhoons of steam and I look through the glass back out at the pool. My heart freezes, we aren’t alone. There’s someone here.

“Wait, wait a second, there’s a guy in the pool at the far end, we should stop, we should stop. This is bad. Oh my god, what if he sees us? Please, what if we get caught, I don’t know if I can keep going.” Reaching for my panties, I stagger to try and hide the evidence of our dirty deeds but he stops me, choking me hard with his vice-like grip, my teeth gnashing down into my lower lip. Unsheathing his length from the lycra, I hear his pants hit the floor through the tendrils of steam as he uninhibits himself.

“Shut the fuck up, you’re going nowhere. I want you.” His voice is vicious, gone is the charm, it’s him in charge right now and there’s going to be no back chat with exactly how he wants to finish me off.

“Oh my god, what if we get caught? Oh my god, okay, okay. Look how hard you are. Please. I want you inside me, let me be a good girl for you and take care of that throbbing cock.”

I close my eyes and let him hold my ankles as he pushes himself inside me at an agonising speed. He is exquisitely slow with his entry, sifting back my wet folds as he fills himself all the way up inside of my pulsing core. He balances his weight with his strong abs as he kneels on the bench below and teases me extra slowly, his eyes locked on mine as he pins my legs back with his mountainous chest. I know you could pound me at any time you want, but you choose to tease me.

Gulping and panting hard, I express my satisfaction and nod with my eyes wide as I try to acclimatise to the pace. He eases back and piles into me once again, driving deeper this time as he admires the full extent of his length pressing against my walls.

“So big, I love how you fill me up. I’ve never been so full before. Start slow, please, please not too fast, you’re going to make me explode. I’m dripping everywhere.” I plead with him

He continues to ease in and out of me slowly with quick checks to the swimming pool as our unsuspecting guest swims up and down in the far lane, away from an immediate view of the sauna. I close my eyes and let my ears attune to the erotic noises of my sticky slit being worked with his superb technique.

“Can you take more?” He runs his hand along the side of my face and hooks his finger into my cheek as I gag momentarily on his finger, before he strokes me down across my chest, wiping the building residue from my shaking body.

“Oh yes, oh my god, yes, oh, that feels so good, keep doing that. I want to take all of you.” He holds my hips and slides in faster letting me take him all the way to the hilt. I’m so wet

“You feel so good, wow

“Fuck me, yes, just like that, oh, you’re so good, you go so deep. Use me, please, yes that’s it, choke me again, nice and hard.” There’s a whimper in my voice, I’m submitting completely, no fight left in me, just pleading to be fucked like a good little girl at this point. I’ve never had anyone as big as him before. Looking into his eyes when he has me like this, just makes me lose myself in him.

My eyes steal a quick glance at the stray swimmer, he’s getting closer, doing laps, he’s going to see us through the door. There’s no way he can’t at this point surely. Is the sauna soundproof? I look at my Greek God above me for support but he reads me like a book.

“Focus on me, ignore everything out there, you’re in my world, you do as I say.”

Louder moans and cries leave me as he hikes a leg up onto the bench and penetrates me deeper, pulling my hips tighter into him and moving his own in perfect unison with mine, a firm cracking sound splitting the air as the wet sound of our slapping skin and the pressure of the rising temperature sets off another fire within me. He grinds me harder and harder, letting the top of his pelvic bone slide across my throbbing clit. He’s unrelenting, building up a thunderous pace as he leaves my flower in a frothy mess.

“Oh my God, I think you’re going to make me cum very hard if you keep doing that. Can I be your girl? Can I be your little secret? Please. That’s all I want right now, more than anything. Make me yours.”

His hips slam into me faster and faster, smacking himself against my pulverised core. Holy shit. So deep. Sweat drips from the tribal tattoo on his chest onto my stomach as I struggle to hold him back, my legs quivering and my own whimpers straining to leave my body. I stare up at him, begging with every thrust as my voice gets more muffled and my breathing intensifies beyond anything I’ve ever felt in my life.

“Who taught you to be so good? You’re better than I ever imagined.” It’s not fair. He’s far surpassed my erotic fantasies at this point.

His body is a blur at this point, his hips like duelling machine guns as he splinters me in two, his pelvis grinding my clit into a complete state.

“That feels too good, I’m going to fucking cum, I’m going to fucking cum. Don’t stop, don’t stop, oh my gosh... oh my gosh...”

I explode onto the sauna bench and scream into his hand which acts as my muffler. My screams last for ten seconds at least as he keeps the momentum going. My body seizes up, my chest breaking out in red flares as the climax overwhelms me, attacking all of my nerve endings as I kick out at his firm body and slap the bench for some relief but he’s not done yet.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck. I’m shaking, my clit, oh it feels so, don’t pull, please, fill me, fill me, don’t stop, I’m begging you, fill me to the brim. I want you. I’m so vulnerable with you.”

“Stay still, good girl, I’m going to fill you up.” He kisses me deeply, passionately, grabbing the base of my hair firmly and ripping my attention to his eyes pooling with desire for me. I see it and can’t unsee it, we’re inseparable in this glorious heat.

“Oh god, I’m cumming again. Cum with me, please, please, oh please, don’t stop, fuck this little girl, I need your release.”

He pumps me for countless more strokes, a perfect arc to his hips and groin drilling into my sex. I don’t think I can take much more of his stamina. Finally, he begins straining against the bench and convulsing as he unloads his seed far within me, huge ribbons of his vigour propelling inside me as I cup my hands around his neck and hold on wide-eyed, basking in the beauty of the moment. My heart thumps and my thoughts slosh around my head in no particular order, searching for something rational in the midst of all the chaos. But I let my emotions carry me through.

We kiss tenderly as I hold onto him and he cradles me. I bask in his smell, the potent mixture of the alluring cologne and the sauna moisture putting me in a dreamlike state.

“That was some pretty good exploring.” We both laugh as he lets me nestle into him, sinking into his searching eyes and tasting his full masculine power. I feel his warm breath against my hair and his low growls of approval as he strokes my strands from out of my face.

“Yeah, let’s do some more exploring at some point.”

But reality pulls me abruptly from the moment. The swimmer from outside has jumped out of the pool and stares directly at me. I recognise him, an old high school colleague. Really not who I wanted to see right now. Can he please not come over here?

“Oh no, I think the guy outside just saw me. Damn. I’ll pull my bottoms back on, good job you didn’t rip them off me.” I giggle and scramble to slide my bikini bottoms back into position as he grabs his lycra and slides them back up his gigantic legs.

“Oh shit, he’s coming in here.”

I can’t believe it, It’s a guy I used to know in high school, he always had a thing for me. Can’t stand him. Darren Foreman, a real creep, complete freak, with the personality of a squid. He slings his towel up on the hook and takes his sliders off. As the door swings open, my Romeo positions himself back on the opposite bench and tries to act casual. Darren smiles as he sees me and reclines on the nearest bench to me, sticking his gross belly out.

“Darren! It’s so good to see you, this is my friend from college...” *Shit, we never exchanged names.* C’mon brain it’s time to think of something. Awkward silence permeates the air as Darren flicks his eyes from side to side.

“We...erm just met.”

# His aftercare is the best care

## Feeling too vulnerable after a shibaru session

Written by Rob

Strobing sunlight punctures through the blinds as my mind wanders in and out of delirium. The rope ties lie strewn across the bed and my head lolls over to one side of my body trying to recover from the heavy bondage session he had taken me through. We had been in a relationship for six months and this felt like a whole other level. My insecurity was pinching me all over, I'd never done such a thing with anybody in my life before. I didn't truly know what to think.

I look back to him on the bed, trying to swallow my anxiety, itching at my neck with nerves and letting my hair flop over my shoulder. He sat upright, concern on his face, wrought from the hours of aggressive attack on my petite frame. I know he cares about me a lot, I know he wants to make things better. The tattoos on his neck flare up as he goes to speak.

"Come here baby girl. Put your head on my chest." I watch him warily, my guard raised all the way up. "I know that was a lot to take, we can go slower next time."

I put my hand in my face, something halfway between laughing and sobbing, still reeling from the aftershock of his punishing blows to my body, the friction of the box tie digging into my slender wrists. Crawling over to the bed I sink against his legs on the floor and he pulls me up quickly to stop me slouching, using his strength to get my head onto his lap.

Delicate kisses to my hair and gentle caresses with his hands all over my shoulders and upper back. His touch feels so good. The antidote to all the confusion raging inside me.

"On the bed." I comply and lean back onto his lap, hurdling my heavy legs onto the mattress. They feel like lead after the intensity of our session, burning with a sizzling pain.

He cradles me in his arms and applies soft kisses to my naked back, continuing to stroke my hair in a downward motion and settling my inner turmoil down. This felt better, so much aggression without the comedown wasn't me, I had my kinkier side but I needed to feel loved too, I needed to feel warm and fuzzy things with him and when he upended those expectations it shook me slightly. I knew he liked to unleash his dominant side with me but being completely helpless in those ropes made me

succumb to emotions, good emotions, serotonin flowing through me, that I had never known before. It was taking me some time to process it. I stroke his cheeks and feel my way to his jawline, trying to keep my composure.

“Thank you.” A quiet and satisfied murmur leaves me. I look up at him in the comfort of his arms and strain my neck to meet his lips, sliding over him effortlessly, lingering on his bottom lip and tasting his control. A little smile leaves me as he soothes me with his big hands and rocks me carefully, letting my fingertips sink into him, soaking into my growing addiction to his ways.

# Brat's what you deserve

Written by Kel Rose

You can read more of Kel's work on her Reddit page [HERE](#). And she is also writing scripts for Best Kept Secret!

**Contains: (MDom, Fsub, brat-taming, punishment, oral, edging, repeated orgasm)**

All characters are over 18 (and all readers should be, too!).

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Look, I get it. I was being cheeky. Bratty, even. And yes, maybe I was being bratty for four days straight, taking advantage of my slight head cold because I knew he wouldn't punish me while I was sick. Maybe I got a little drunk on the prospect of being above the law.

Each time I acted out, he'd shoot me a look of warning and I would think, *Oh, he won't forget this. This will get me in trouble.* Then I would contemplate amending my ways but ultimately decided against it. After all, I was sick and bored. What else is a girl to do but torment her daddy?

So, fine. I was being a brat too long and with too much enthusiasm, but...

'But I was sick,' I protested. I'm kneeling on the floor of our room, completely naked, my arms bound behind my back. Rope encircles my torso, digging into the soft flesh of my breasts. The cool air caresses my nipples and I wriggle in my bindings, staring up at him pleadingly. He made me wait two days after my sniffles were gone before playing and I'm already impatient. I want to be bent over and fucked already, not bound and berated. 'I had immunity from being punished.'

He raises his eyebrows. 'That's definitely not how it works.' He clears his throat and begins to list my transgressions, referring to a sheet of notebook paper. "Got Daddy hard in the doctor's waiting room, then giggled until she was called in for her appointment."

'That was the cold medicine,' I say defensively. His expression, halfway between unimpressed and businesslike, turns me on more than it should.

"Refused to adhere to bedtime three nights in a row, despite being sick and needing to rest."

I pout. 'I'd slept all day. I wasn't tired yet.'

"Ate stale cookies for dinner instead of the soup Daddy made. Twice."

Ugh.

"Snuck into Daddy's toy box while he was working, stole a vibrator, and came three times without permission."

Yeah, that was naughty. I would *not* have confessed to that had I known I could be held liable for my actions.

"Said 'make me' six times—on average—per day." He pauses and shakes his head. 'I kept count.'

I grimace.

He tosses the paper and walks over slowly, leaning down to stroke my face. 'Naughty little brat,' he coos, in the same voice he uses to call me a good girl. The contrast between his tone and his words heralds what will no doubt be a night-long mind fuck. 'And look at you now, all tied up and helpless. Poor baby. I'm going to make you regret being so naughty.'

He pats my cheek hard—not quite a slap, but forceful enough to sting. My pussy clenches and a soft moan escapes me. 'You like that, huh? Dirty girl.' He slaps my cheek again, then grabs my face in one hand as he crouches down.

Pink-cheeked and desperately turned on, I lean forward, hoping for a kiss. He laughs at me, holding my face still. 'Don't be silly. I'm not giving you what you want for a long while yet.' He slides his boot between my knees and pushes them apart. 'Oh, you're a desperate little thing, aren't you? Already so wet.' He strokes the inside of my thigh, slick with my arousal, drawing lines of fire closer and closer and—

*Slap.*

Just as his fingers neared my pussy, he stopped and instead landed a stinging smack to the inside of my thigh.

My eyes water as the sensitive skin flushes red.

'Rude,' I mutter, earning myself another smack. 'You stay right there, princess.' He smirks, patting my stinging cheek.

He rises and disappears behind me. I'm breathing so heavily, flushed with arousal and frustration, I barely hear him rummaging around in a drawer. He returns with my vibrator and a short length of rope. I squirm in anticipation, but reality sets in quickly. If he were feeling generous, the sight of the vibrator would be a good one. But he's not feeling generous tonight.

'Let's make a deal,' I say, trying to sound imperious as he crouches down to bind the vibrator to my thigh.

'You get this little power trip over and done with quickly and I'll let you fuck me.' My voice strains toward the end as he presses the vibrator firmly against my clit. He hasn't even turned it on, but my hips rock against it automatically, desperate for some friction.

'You'll let me fuck you,' he repeats. His smile is humourless and the sight of his steely eyes almost knocks the breath out of me. He's very much in control here and I am very much in trouble. I swallow a moan. 'Princess, you're not letting me do anything. I can do whatever I want,' he flicks the vibrator on and I cry out at the wave of sensation, 'whenever I want,' he turns it up a notch and my hands ball into fists behind my back, 'however I want.'

It's been so long since we've played and I was so turned on already that my orgasm approaches swiftly, heat spreading through my body as my hips rock shamelessly against the vibrator.

'Oh—*oh*—Daddy, can I please—'

He turns it off.

I almost fall forward as my body sags, but he catches me and sits me upright. 'You're just a helpless little girl with no control,' he tells me. His voice sounds muted as desperate indignation over my stolen orgasm floods through me. A needy whimper escapes me. 'You don't get to come unless I allow it.' He leans closer, his thumb gently stroking my throat. 'And I don't allow it, because you're a naughty brat who doesn't deserve to come.'

'No, Daddy, please—'

'Did I say you could speak?'

I stare at him pleadingly but shut up. One hand grips a fistful of my hair so I can't move my head, the other reaching between my legs. He shoves my thighs farther

apart before turning the vibrator back on, turning it to the lowest setting. Just enough to keep me on edge, but not enough to push me over.

‘You tease me all week by being a brat, now it’s my turn to tease you.’

He stands up, not releasing his handful of my hair, and presses my face into his crotch. The denim rubs against my skin and I feel the hard length of his cock through the material. He releases me to unzip his fly, and even though I’m slightly frantic at the prospect of not being allowed to come tonight, my eyes glaze at the sight of him.

‘Open up, princess.’

I obey, taking him into my mouth, and a moan escapes me, muffled by his cock. His thrusts are slow at first, but quickly pick up speed. I run my tongue along his length and the movement of my hips against the weakly-pulsing vibrator becomes more desperate as my desire increases. Soon he’s fucking my face, two hands in my hair, guiding my movements. Wetness trickles down the inside of my thigh.

‘Should I cum in your mouth or on your face?’ he muses.

I panic. What?! This is supposed to be foreplay! His threat to not let me come was just that—a threat. *Right?*

My protests are muffled by his cock in my mouth and he laughs at me. ‘You thought I was bluffing, didn’t you? Silly girl.’ His voice is strained slightly, and I can tell he’s close to coming. I try to move away to prevent his release, but he shoves me back down. ‘Uh-uh. You can’t get out of it that easily.’ But he leans over to check my hands, making sure I don’t have three fingers up—our non-verbal safeword. I stick my middle fingers up defiantly instead.

‘Little brat,’ he growls. The tempo of his thrusts increases, his cock pulsing, and I gag slightly, which only serves to encourage him. I whine—he should be coming inside *me*—but his hand holds my head firm, not letting me go. Cum fills my mouth and I swallow, relishing the taste of him. He withdraws before he’s finished, and warmth spatters my face as his orgasm slowly subsides.

‘Please,’ I gasp, sagging forward slightly, his hand gripping my hair the only thing keeping me from face-planting. My thighs are soaked; all I want is to be fucked. The stupid vibrator continues shuddering against me, too faint and slow to be anything more than a tease. ‘Daddy, *please*.’

He crouches down so we’re face-to-face, his hand still fisting my hair. I’m helpless, entirely unable to move—I can’t even turn my head. A drop of cum falls from my

chin, landing on my breast and trailing down toward my stiff nipple. 'You're a mess,' he says sympathetically. 'You look like an absolute whore, princess.'

I whimper. 'Daddy...'

'What is it, baby?'

I wriggle, my eyes misted with tears. I need to cum. 'Please. Please.'

'You want to cum, is that it? You're a desperate little slut who wants to cum?'

'Yes,' I moan. 'Please! Please, Daddy, *please*.'

'Please what?' he asks coldly.

'Please can I cum,' I beg. 'Please—I'll do anything, Daddy, please can I—'

'Shh, shh.' He lets go of my hair and trails a hand down my neck lovingly, moving down until he reaches my breast. He pinches my taut nipple, twisting roughly, and I groan. 'You were such a good girl just now...I guess I can let you come.' His mouth twists in a wicked smirk. 'But you'll regret it.'

He reaches down and turns the vibrator up. I'm too relieved to process his threat. The slight increase in vibrations tips me over the edge and a faint cry escapes me as I come hard, eyes shutting, my whole body going taut as waves and waves of pleasure wash through me. I shudder as the aftershocks slowly subside, slumping against his chest.

'Good girl,' he whispers, then reaches down to turn the vibrator off—but he presses a button and rather than stopping, its speed increases. I whine at the overload of sensation, another orgasm ripping through me almost immediately.

'Did that feel good, baby?' he coos. 'Want another one?'

I shake my head, barely able to speak. My hips jerk, now trying to escape the vibrations. 'Too much,' I mumble.

'Too bad,' he says.

'What?'

He doesn't bother to answer. The vibrator continues its assault on my swollen clit, and my muscles ache from tensing all over. His hand trails down my chest, pinching and stroking and twisting my nipples, a welcome distraction from the fire between my

legs. A particularly rough pinch has me whimpering and another orgasm, sudden and unexpected, crashes over me.

'Daddy,' I plead, but the word is garbled as I begin to float away, delicious fog clouding my thoughts. My hips squirm, trying to get a break, but all the movement does is intensify the pressure from the vibrator. I shudder.

He moves away, gently laying my upper body on the floor so I'm face-down, my ass in the air. What a sight I must be—arms bound, thighs soaked with arousal, cum on my cheek. The new angle offers a bit of relief and I exhale shakily. His footsteps sound distant, muted, and I barely notice him rummaging in the drawer again.

I do notice the pressure of cold glass against my pussy and yelp in surprise as he pushes the curved toy inside me. My yelp turns to a moan, then to a whimper as the overstimulation overwhelms me once again.

He turns the vibrator up and I cry out.

'Don't move, princess,' he tells me with a wicked grin, patting my head. 'I'm going downstairs to get a beer.'

I cum again, and again, and again.

# I might have to keep this secret from my best friend...

Written by Rob

[Her POV][MDom][Older Man][Younger Woman][Age Kink][Daddy Kink][Best Friend][Neighbour][Kitchen Counter][Countertop Sex][Standing Doggy][Nearly Caught][Lake House][Party][Sex On The Shore][Romantic]

## Part 1

The sun beats down through the window onto the kitchen table as I try to focus on revision. It is a sweltering day. Probably 105 fahrenheit, maybe more. Impossible weather for focusing...on anything.

My parents are out for the day, down at the country club, dad is probably playing golf again, battling it out with Pete Tannerman, an age-old rivalry over contracts for the city. Mum, probably chatting with Fran Parker, the head hen, the boss of the little clique of super high net worth women she always wanted to penetrate but couldn't quite make it in. It all made me a bit ill, the shallowness of it all. I didn't want any part of that world.

I try to dive back into the books and scan through the passages of academic text but my mind wanders every few seconds consumed by thoughts of what else I could be doing on such a blistering day.

3.50pm. I can't concentrate at all, my heart isn't in it. There has to be something else to do.

Thankfully, my best friend could provide some distraction. Kinsey Schwartz, All-American volleyball player, the quintessential American girl, bubbly, outgoing, just the opposite of me in every little way but it seemed to work. We got along from the moment we first met. She lives next door, just a stone's throw away.

I make one last effort to focus on the machine learning paper on hand but I can't. Life's too short, the weather is too good, I can't be cooped up in here.

I close the laptop, mark the page in the textbook and fold my papers up. I'd come back to them in the evening. My WhatsApp group from college could help crack the harder stuff. Tonight maybe, maybe not. I just couldn't be around it.

Grabbing my sunglasses, I straighten my red curls in the reflection of the oven and flatten my stomach out in the tropical green dress. Kinsey always made me feel self-conscious about my weight. She was shaped like a goddess. I feel fat after a few biscuits during revision. Calorie counting was driving me insane. I had to make a choice right now, insanity or happiness. Dammit, I do want Kinsey's body though.

Shooting through the door, I lock with a quick twist, tossing the key under the mat and making my way across our adjacent lawns. With a little leap I go hopping over the small hedge and cross over her gigantic porch. I'm reminded of just how big and immaculate her house is, it looks like it belongs in Beverly Hills somewhere, Bel Air maybe. It is beautiful, a ton of glass and gleaming decor.

I knock on the door three times, taking a step back and flattening my dress again. If only that was a viable strategy for slimming down.

The door opens slowly and as I go to speak, I'm met with someone completely different to who I had expected. It is Matthew Schwartz, Kinsey's dad. All six foot four of him in all of his beautiful glory.

"Kin...Mister Schwartz, sorry I didn't realise it was you." My voice croaks like a timid little mouse. I just hope it wasn't too obvious.

I'd never interacted with Kinsey's dad much. He had always been at work or travelling whenever I had gone over for sleepovers at hers in high school. Apparently he was a high flying VC. I had no idea really but all I knew from what Kinsey had said was that he was extremely successful. Made a killing in tech companies a while back. He looks like an Italian model, skin darkened from the sun and long flowing locks down to his neckline. Piercing green eyes meet mine as he holds my startled gaze. I lift my sunglasses to not seem too weird but it is difficult not to cower a little under that look.

He's wearing a grey henley top. Ryan Gosling vibes all over. Defined and veiny arms filling the shirt out more than adequately. I had never really seen the hype about older men, but this man was making me an immediate convert. He's not that far from my face, the intoxicating scent of rum, coffee and sandalwood from his fragrance melting over me giving birth to little stirrings of arousal inside me.

"Hey Rachel, good to see you. She has just nipped out to the store. Do you want to come in and wait for her, out of the heat?"

It was boiling hot and I was getting hotter by the second with this mass of hunk taking up the doorframe. He leans to one side, his left bicep flexing against the handle as he wipes his brow with the other hand. There's a way he looks at me

under his hooded eyes that keeps me rooted to the spot. Damn. He just holds my gaze and waits for me to look away. It's sexy.

"Sure, I can do. Can't focus on revision anyway." Revision was the reason I had come over but it was proving difficult to convince myself that it was the reason why I was staying. I wipe my Converse on the mat and try to distract myself with something new.

Immediately, as I follow him through the opening hallway we take a left into the kitchen. Adorned in marble all over with all manner of wine and champagne glasses in the far cabinets, it's my dream space for making food. A big kitchen island to bring a symmetry to the room and beautifully minimalist. It was so much nicer than the 80s throwback atmosphere of my home.

He swings round to the other side of the island and passes by the fridge. I follow him before coming to a stop a few feet away.

"How've you been over the holidays? You look like you've been getting out in the sun." He places his arms on the counter and pushes his muscles out in different directions. If he was trying to get me far more worked up than necessary, he was doing an excellent job. Veins pop out like bursting tributaries on a river as he waits on my response. *I wish he could wait much longer.*

"Weather has been too good, I guess." I giggle. Ridiculous, I'm a schoolgirl all over again, giggling with Kinsey about Derrick Johnson, the football heartthrob.

"You look all boiled up right now, think you need to cool off a bit." *Really wish he wouldn't say it like that.* It is the first time I really pay attention to his voice, no wonder he had been a successful investor, with a voice like that he could mesmerise anyone into a deal. It's like a radio presenter, but deeper, more charismatic.

He oozes charm and confidence, like he is set in life and able to completely enjoy himself. It is better to listen to than any of the dumb frat boys me and Kinsey had had to deal with for the past few months.

"Is there anything I can get you at all? Coke maybe? Pepsi."

"Coke would be great." My eyes linger on his, for just a second too long. He grins a little and flings the fridge open. Even his ass looks great in the light denim jeans, accentuating every line of his powerful lower body.

He shovels some ice cubes into the nearest glass and rattles it along the counter to me before grabbing the opener. He flicks the top off the bottle with a crank of his wrist and hands me the freezing beverage, which I'm more than grateful for. My hand

is shaking a little, as the coke goes drizzling into the glass, fizzing away with a million little pops.

I have a big crush on this guy, my best friend's dad. It had been so long since we had last properly interacted I had forgotten all about him. But there was no hiding it. Gentle sips, gentle sips.

Silence descends on the room as I drink a gallon of the coke and try to settle myself down but it doesn't seem to be working. My skin is on fire.

His phone bleeps. He takes a quick glance at it and shrugs.

"It's Kinsey, she won't be back for another hour. Getting her nails done apparently." *An hour. Oh fuck.* He slips the phone away and loosens another button on his shirt before folding his arms and looking at me. Guess it was my move.

"Ah okay, I can come back later then I guess?" Regardless of anything, I had to get out of here. I can't be around this man, he is doing things to my body that I am absolutely terrified of. There are emotions fluttering around in my head and butterflies raging in my stomach that I really don't want to confront. I sip more of the coke and my throat gets drier.

"Jeez Rach, are you okay, you're burning up completely. You're really red" He moves closer to me, a brush against my shoulder with his palm. It was true, it feels like the Sun's rays are coursing through me right now. "I'm just going to touch your face. Don't freak out." He laughs. Touch away Mister Schwartz. He presses his palm against me, it is supposed to be medical but it feels anything but, it feels supremely intimate with him.

He notices me catching my breath with his touch and he leans back slightly, removing his hand. But he's closer than ever before, barely inches from my face now. The dress is too stifling, I need to take it off.

"You don't mind if I take it off? I just feel like I'm completely overheating." I point to the dress and he nods.

It was true, my skin was on fire, not even the coke seemed to be working. The ice cubes melt on my tongue but my mouth gets hotter. I can't even tell if I am blushing at this point, my skin is so red all over.

"Knock yourself out. I won't look." He doesn't turn away but closes his eyes to give me some room.

I strain to remove my green dress, panting in the heat and making a huge deal out of getting it over my head.

“Mister Schwartz.”

“Call me Matt, Rach.”

“Matt. Can I get a hand?” The flirty tone in my voice is impossible to conceal at this point. I want his hands on me again, no matter where they touch.

I struggle to get the last part past my arms and he helps me untangle it to slip it onto the kitchen counter. Green folds billow out across the island, creases pressed into the marble as I try and regain some composure. Nearly naked, in front of my best friend’s dad. Perfect. I’d barely been naked in front of anyone else in my life.

“Better?” He asks. There’s genuine concern ringing through.

“I’m not sure, I was suffocating in that dress.” He doesn’t stop looking at me, admiring me, undressing me further.

I cover my lingerie with my hands as he continues to stare at me, eyes lingering across my breasts and down to my waist. The fine fragrance from our encounter on the porch drifts over me as the tension in the room becomes deafening. His gaze is a prison, he’s luring me into a seduction that can’t be anything but fatal. I keep my head down.

“You’ve got nothing to hide, you know that?” His tone changes noticeably. His voice is even deeper, controlling, looking for something to submit.

“Thanks. It’s not that impressive really.” Giggling I try to laugh it off as he steps closer to my trembling lips, putting his hand on my chin and raising my head back to his.

“You’ve got no one to hide from. You don’t have to run from everything Rach.” It’s happening. I’m powerless, caught up in the tide, ready to be washed away with him.

“Please. I can’t. Don’t.” My fingertip trails down the vein running from the crook of his elbow to his wrist.

“Relax Rach.”

His big hands cup my waist and tug me closer to him. I don’t resist, my lips meeting his, pulling against his bottom lip as he devours me. Our eyes stay firmly open, keeping the erotic intensity to a fever pitch. His tongue gently and playfully laps

against mine as my heart pounds in my chest. It takes a few seconds but my brain kicks into defensive mode. Kinsey. My parents. My whole life was altered forever if this happened. I try to push back from him momentarily and conjure my best response.

“Mister Schwartz. Matt. I don’t know what’s going on right now but I don’t think I should be doing this.” He pulls back with my reluctance and keeps his eyes on mine.

“You don’t think?” *Yes. As much as it pains me to say it.*

“There’s no way I can be doing this. I just can’t, this is moving too fast. It is so wrong.”

“If that’s true Rachel. Tell me why you’ve soaked your panties?” He slides his fingers *down there*, unabashedly, his green eyes burying deep into mine, hungry to see me out of my lingerie too. Gasping I wrap my hands around his neck and try to rally another rational defence whispering into his ear.

“This is so wrong, Mister Schwartz. Kinsey, my parents, what the hell would happen? What if anyone sees us? I’m betraying my best friend.”

“Rach, you’re an adult. You’re not betraying anyone.”

He plays with me through my panties, they seep with moisture from the heat and my pulsing arousal. His fingers tease against my outer folds and blood rushes to my flower, swelling me up further. Breathless little gasps leave me as I bite down on his shoulder to manage the gentle pressure on my core.

Everything proceeds at a lightning pace as the room becomes one big blur. His fingers don’t stop curling inside me. He alternates between a come hither motion and sliding his wet fingertips around my clit, preparing me for more vigorous movements with his hands. I clasp on as best as I can as he wipes my excitement across my stomach.

My hands flail around trying to grab his jean buttons. He unbuttons his jeans and jumps out of them, leaving them scattered on the kitchen floor. His boxers conceal his own bulging desire and I rub him down there, gliding my fingers against his thick girth. It’s large, throbbing with his pent up energy and my mind is racing with filthy thoughts of exactly where I want it.

He unclips my bra with a few nifty twists of his hand and lets it fall to the ground, immediately running his hands across my breasts, my nipples growing erect very quickly as the pads of his fingers massage me and delicately squeeze me, We make out some more before he moves back to my breasts and drags his tongue against

my sensitive skin, letting my nipples interplay with his tongue, smoothing them with his caresses. Suddenly he comes back up to my face and wraps his grip around my throat. I was his now, my body captive to his needs.

“I want you naked on this counter.” His hot breath against mine causes a flood to break out between my thighs. My skin still feels prickly and too warm but I’m too distracted to care at this point.

Complying, I climb onto the island and pull my panties down, leaving them just below my feet. I’m completely naked, writhing against the cool surface of the marble and waiting for him to join me. He pulls his boxer shorts off to reveal his huge erection and . His body is immaculate for his age, barely an ounce of fat on him, taut stomach muscles and a massive chest further complimenting the veiny arms.

He leaps onto the island and pulls me closer to him. I feel my own fragrance go wafting through the air, a light floral scent, pulling more wanton lust out of him as he growls his approval.

“You smell amazing Rachel. Relax for me.” He positions himself between my legs and strokes my clit lightly with his thumb, before grabbing his shaft in the other hand and edging it closer to me.

Sliding the tip against my quivering opening, he isn’t too over-eager, letting me enjoy the tease. Our eyes are locked, the overbearing temperature from outside causing a trail of sweat to build on my chest.

“Mmm, fuck that’s hot. You’re getting my head so wet you naughty girl.” I bite my lips, gnashing my teeth hard as my hips roll towards his throbbing member. I want him deep inside me. Without much warning, he grants my wish. He plunges inside, filling me up beautifully. I lose my breath for two seconds before unleashing a big moan. An invitation for him to have me. I’m so full down there, I can barely move.

Gliding his hips, he moves back and forth slowly, easing me into the sensation. It’s deliciously rhythmic as my hips buck to meet his, grinding my clit against his firm lower stomach. I pinch my fist in his hair and claw my other hand on his back, dragging his hard body into mine, our skin slapping with each contact.

“Mister Schwartz, you’re so big. Oh my god.” I cry out as he flings my legs over his shoulders and crosses my feet to make me even tighter for him.

“You’re so fucking tight. I’m going to fuck you so hard.”

Angling himself, he penetrates me viciously and pulls more wetness onto the counter below. His hips drive into me below and pick up more and more speed as he clasps

his hands to my ankles, keeping his upper body still and swinging his hips into me, applying further pressure to my dampened clit.

“You’re going to blow apart with me going in and out like this aren’t you?” My nods are weak as I remain wordless with each long and slick stroke. There’s nothing I can muster under his control.

Our bodies continue to smash together and he pins my hands above my head leaving my efforts to hold him back completely futile. Squatting on the top he manages to get an even deeper angle on me and drives downwards, dragging me closer and closer towards eruption. I can’t imagine the amazing view from behind, his huge glutes smacking into me with furious and sticky passion. He pins me down effortlessly, the veins bulging out of his forearms, the ab muscles glistening on his stomach.

“Yes. Oh my god. Yes...” Choked murmurs leave my lips as he takes one hand and pushes my neck down.

I whimper very loudly as a series of continuous moans blurt out of me, each in time with his strokes. He positions his legs wider outside of my body in the low squat and continues his athletic pounding. I close my eyes, unable to respond to each movement.

“Mister Schwartz. Oh my god, that feels so good, that’s so good, you’re going to make me, you’re going to make...” Words fail me as my eyes roll back in my head.

“Good girl, don’t hold back.” I look up to catch one last glimpse of him before my impending eruption. A trail of sweat folds down his well-defined chest, cascading down to the top of his abs. He expands into me at a furious speed, his green eyes watching me carefully as I try to control the inevitable.

“Oh my gosh. Oh my. Wow. I’m gonna, I’m gonna. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh FUCK!...” Each expletive is louder than the last, more guttural.

I soak the kitchen counter, spraying a fine jet against his lower stomach as he keeps pumping, our bodies a slippery and grinding mess. The explosion comes in waves as my body flops on the island and I moan very loudly down his ear, holding on for dear life.

“Steady, good girl, good girl.”

I’d never cum from sex before, the feeling was completely alien and completely sensational. I felt impossibly close to him. My nails dig into his back, leaving huge claw marks nearly all the way to his bum. Basking in the pleasure, I let my breaths

come back to me slowly. The burning sensation in my body is replaced by one in my chest as he skates his hands up the inside of my thigh, rubbing the moisture into me.

“You’re not going to tell your parents about our little arrangement are you?”

“Never.” Cracks appear in my voice as he smiles and kisses me roughly on the lips, sinking his passion into me.

“Come here.” Bouncing off the kitchen island, he lifts me down and stands me up against the mirror of the oven. I can see everything from here. It was good to be in the hands of such an experienced man, I couldn’t begin to imagine what the college version of this whole drama would have been.

“Hold on for me. You get to watch what I do to you this time.” Yes sir.

He spreads my legs just inside of his and slides his length inside me once more. My breasts start swinging in front of the mirror in circles as he starts a slow ascent on me, his width spreading me out. It is more controlled than the island top, but the pressure is already putting a fissure in me. My back springs back to meet his stomach and he pulls my face to his to taste me. Weight feels so much heavier on my legs after the brutal treatment on the counter top. I love the closeness between us in this position, the dominance he can wield over me.

“Your curves are so beautiful Rachel. Look at me, that’s it, pull that pretty face up for me.”

He continues his punishing assault as he makes me look at my reflection in the mirror. There is no respite for my burning body as he grabs my neck, ripping my attention away from managing my building explosion. Sweat pours down his own neck and onto my back as the heat from outside dashes through the windows.

“Such a dirty girl aren’t you? Look at that running down your leg. Let’s go faster.”

There’s a river trickling down my left leg but I don’t care at this point. I’m too far gone to care how much needs to be mopped up from the floor.

“Take me.” I cry out, closing my eyes and pinning my head down as his hips blast me harder and faster, rapidly sliding in and out of me. He slaps me on my trembling backside very hard, leaving a big red patch and eliciting another long moan out of me.

“Oh gosh.” My voice is hoarse, throat left with no syllables.

He moves his hands to my shoulders to get more leverage and I move my hands to the oven handle to try and steady myself. But it's no use, I'm done for with this man inside me.

"I'm getting close again. Please. Please. I'm yours."

"Cum for me Rachel. Cum for me."

He slaps me again and again down there as I start mustering any kind of scream I can to get the bubbling tension out. A viscous and huge volume spurts from his erection, completely filling me as my hips buckle and my legs quiver. He quickly pulls his hand under my stomach to support me and keep me from falling. I keep shuddering and smiling deeply as I bend down to the floor with him still there, suffocating an enormous moan of absolute ecstasy. He rips me back up to him and caresses my throat, leaving his lips against mine in a tight embrace. I could stay in these arms for the whole afternoon. I could stay in these arms all day, sleepily immersed in him.

After what seems like an eternity of our sweaty bodies pressed together, he swings me around and plants me on the kitchen island, grabbing my dress and planting it near me. There's no words for me to say, so I sit back and enjoy the moment, swimming in his eyes, going with the direction of my blossoming romance.

I sit on the counter silently and he runs his hands over my legs. Back up to my cheeks, cradling me with care and adorning my body with soft kisses.

"I won't tell if you don't tell."

"Agreed." I laugh and wrap my hands around his neck. "Thank you Mister Schwartz."

"Matt. Call me Matt."

I kiss him on the lips, a stray tear running down my cheek. It had been the hottest and most incredible moment of my life and I was struggling to process exactly what it meant in the moment. I was struggling to envision my friendship with Kinsey after this moment. Maybe it would still be the same, maybe it wouldn't, maybe she would never find out, there were too many questions at this point. Too many what ifs, it made less and less sense to worry.

"Your bra and your panties." Chuckling I sheepishly accept them and get myself changed, trying to avoid slipping on the ringing wetness of the floor. Matt does the same, gathering his boxers and jeans, whipping them back on swiftly and flinging his shirt on before running towards the mop in the corner and dabbing it in some water, throwing it across the puddle on the floor on his way back to me. I drag my green

dress back over my aching body, the pain from earlier is gone, my skin feels nourished, I feel whole again, cooled off with

A car pulls up on the front drive. *How long were we together!?* It's her. Kinsey's back. Fortunately she can't see us from this angle, the windows are in our favour. My blood turns ice cold with fear. I was going to get caught after all of that. What the hell had I done?

"She's here. You should go. I need to clean the counter and floor quickly. Give me your number."

He rummages for the phone in his pocket, desperately scrambling through the apps to find his contacts before handing it to me. I punch it in, my eyes flitting to the window, a few minutes more and I think Kinsey would have definitely caught me. The key turns off in the ignition, the door swings shut and footsteps start moving down the path. Matt mops the floor and grabs a kitchen towel to try and pad down the island.

"Okay, please text me, please." I'm pleading. I can't do without this man in my life. I'm officially addicted after my first hit. It's better than a drug, it's more intoxicating than alcohol, I need it.

"Bye Rach. I will. Quickly, go!" The key turns in the door.

"Dad!" Kinsey's voice booms out down the corridor. The sound of shopping bags dragging along the wooden floor.

I brush myself off, sprinting through to the second lounge and lurching for the corridor to the exit. I'm trying to fix my hair up and straighten my dress before scampering towards the back door of their house and crashing into the garden. I look for the fence and scramble back across the lawn gate to my safe suburban life that was about to get a lot more interesting.

## Part 2

A few days had passed. I'd barely spoken to Kinsey but worst of all I had heard nothing from Mister Schwartz. Aka Matt, my best friend's dad who had turned my world upside down on his kitchen counter. Apparently he had been out of town on business but he hadn't even bothered to text or call me. It hurt. A lot.

I slouch in an armchair watching some makeup tutorials on YouTube. The usual nonsense, I can't focus on anything.

Three knocks at the door. Stumbling up from the chair, I lurch towards the front door half asleep and pull several chains off it before opening reluctantly.

It's Kinsey. I know it seems stupid to say but after everything that transpired with her dad, she was honestly the last person I wanted to see.

"Rach. Let's go to the Lake House for the weekend. Jeremy and Wade and their crew are coming as well. C'mon it'll be fun." Jeremy and crew, yay, total airheads from high school, Jeremy who had never stopped hitting on me for two years. Great. But maybe the distraction would do me some good, away from all the craziness that had ensued over here. My mind hops around in circles before I nod slowly. I needed a break from the house.

So we jumped in the van and shot off to the Lake. There were eight of us maybe, Me, Kinsey, Jeremy, Wade and their buddies, three other girls and another guy.

Friday and Saturday passed by so fast I barely noticed it. We went wakeboarding, did the barbecue, did some hiking, it was a good time. But I was in a blurry daze for most of it, barely registering everything that was going on, just going through the motions.

Saturday evening came around. It's late, maybe 9pm, the fire crackling and everyone gathered around playing pool and chatting. I'm watching, sipping on a seltzer but my mind is completely elsewhere. Wade hits a nice shot, striking the cue ball cleanly and potting his last colour before the black ball. Cheering and yelling he slaps Kinsey's hand with a quick high five. I knew Kinsey had a little crush on Wade but I couldn't honestly figure out why, he was your typical douche college bro, a resounding turn-off for me. Kinsey suddenly reaches into her jean pocket to pull out her phone and quickly swipes to the notification.

Kinsey looks up from her phone, disappointment wrought all across her face.

“My dad’s coming over tonight, just for the night I think, he wants to do something on the boat in the morning or something stupid like that. He should be here in a few minutes.”

My blood freezes. He’s coming. *Here.*

“Oh that’s cool I guess.” I blurt out without too much thought.

“How’s that cool? Total mood killer.” Wade chimes in from the couch after nailing his last shot, chugging a Budweiser till his lips nearly permanently attach to the bottle.

“Is he staying in the house?”

Kinsey sighs, clearly not thrilled by the prospect either. “I’ve no idea. Maybe he’ll take his boat out and give us some peace.”

“I’m going out for a bit babe, just need a walk. I shouldn’t be too long.”

“Rach, stay, the party is just getting started.”

She’s getting wasted. Barely coherent in her words. She’d forget I was gone in 10 minutes.

“Just go Rach, who knows maybe you can find Mister Schwartz out there and keep him away from the fun.” Wade chimes in with a quick sarcastic jab and smiles a little, pleased with his teenage humour.

“Wade!” Kinsey playfully punches him on the arm as he tickles her back. Grade-A dick.

I smile wryly and grab my jacket, pushing through the big oak door. Kinsey could have Wade, I had to make peace with something else.

The evening is beautiful, glossy shimmers cascading across the lake, the lights from the house twinkling against the first stars as the very last of the fading sunlight falls beyond the horizon. Faint sounds of birds and insects can be heard, bustling in the grass and the nearby trees. I can’t see his car anywhere, maybe he was coming down the path.

But my thoughts are interrupted as soon as they begin.

“Rach!!” I turn around to see him standing near the lake edge there in his manly glory next to the Bentley. He’s wearing a tank top with chinos, his rippling muscles bulging in every direction, giving me my first visual pleasure of the trip. I’d forgotten what non-douchey actually looked like. His locks catch the reflection of the light, still

resting above the start of his top and splaying around his neck. The vivid memories of the other day surge back into my head. But I couldn't get too distracted, I needed to get to the bottom of why he had ignored me.

"Matt. I don't think I want to talk to you right now."

"I know, I should have texted. I said I would and I didn't, I know you're hurting."

Damn straight. I stay silent, shuffling my feet on the ground. Was I not really good enough for him, were there other girls in the equation? A guy like this, how could there not be? Was I just some prize he could collect, bragging rights with his VC buddies?

"I've texted Kinsey, I'm staying out on the boat tonight. Give the guys some space." His voice hits me like a good wine, it was difficult to forget its effect on me. I'm being transported back to his words on that kitchen counter. The baritone notes ring out across the water and he takes a few steps towards me, locking the Bentley with a flick of his wrist.

"Why the fuck didn't you text me Matt? After everything that happened?" I fold my arms, indignation running through me like never before as my blood boils a little and my face gets hotter.

"I've been busy. I know it's not an excuse but the firm was in meltdown, I had to pull out all the stops. I was on constant call. I've barely had time to shower."

"Not one minute to text me in all that time." My arms stay folded trying to coax a satisfactory answer out of him.

"My head wasn't in the right space." He was pulling out all the cliched excuses.

"I don't think you give a damn about me, I think I'm just a trophy for you. You got to fuck your daughter's best friend, congratulations."

He comes closer to me, his green eyes becoming more and more apparent, the fragrance from a few days ago, flooding back into my consciousness. It is the same rum and sandalwood. I'm reminded of exactly how tall he is as his figure blocks out the light from the house. The veins on his biceps protrude a mile out of his arms as the heat gives his definition an extra shimmer.

"Why do you think I came to the Lake House? When I heard Kinsey had brought you guys here, I knew I had to come along as well. Getting out on the boat? Please."

“Oh is that really why you came?” I try not to betray it but my heart lifts on his words, a little excitement lacing my question. Maybe, just maybe, he did care, why come to the lake otherwise? Boating was a dumb excuse, he could do that anywhere he wanted to.

His eyes are locked on mine, his dark gaze burying far within me. He wasn't lying. I could read it, there was no disguising his feelings. I could read people well, he was being honest, he wanted me. His expression lightens a little as he sees my emotions subdued slightly, my breathing slow down from the raging tantrum I was building up to.

“I want to show you something.”

“What exactly?” My arms loosen from the rigid crossover hold,

“There's a small island, on the other side of the lake. Always used to go diving off there.”

I laugh. “Late night diving, really?” He reaches out to my shoulder and steadies his hand there.

“Maybe not diving but I can show you some of the true beauty of this space.”

This was happening all over again. I couldn't stay mad at this man, his words unlock me, they relax me, comfort me completely. I feel safe with him. Maybe it was weakness, maybe I was too inexperienced with men, I was only eighteen for goodness sake, but my body is calling for it, I want to be tamed, I want to melt into him.

“Sure. I'd like that.”

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We move across the water at rapid speed. The whole trip to the island passes in silence. I stand next to him looking up at him. He has a steely expression, a determined focus on his face as we rip quietly through the water on the boat. We pull up to a very small jetty with a couple of tying off points. He jumps out as the boat comes to a crawl and wraps

We sit on the beach and look up at the stars overhead. His hands planted firmly behind him as we talked. I was curious about the last few days, I wanted to know more about his work, about him, about everything he did. Kinsey had kept me in the dark for so many years. For his age he was a ball of so much energy, so many ideas and fascinating theories on the world. I could listen all day and all night.

The Lake House is a little shape in the distance, only the outdoor lights and some interior ones left visible. They were probably playing Ring of Fire or Cards Against Humanity. Kinsey was probably going to hook up with Wade. I didn't care at this point. There's an amazing serenity to everything out here. Peace, away from the craziness of college and everything going on back home. It was only too ironic and certainly not lost on me that the best part of back home, Matt, had made it here.

"Let's swim." He grabs me by the hand and makes me stand up to face him.

"I don't exactly have my bikini on me."

"Never been a problem for me." He flings his boat shoes off whilst tearing his chinos away from his ankles and flings his tank top on the sand, rushing into the water in just his boxer shorts. As he resurfaces, he fans his locks back, pushing his hands through his flattened hair. Water drips down his rock-hard stomach as he clears his eyes and shakes his head from side to side.

Nervously, I pull off my white string top and loosen my jeans. I had my stupid black lingerie on.

"Don't look." Covering my breasts, I cower a little as he stands up, his torso completely out of the water, completely distracting as usual.

"I've seen them before Rach." I shake my head and roll my eyes. Here goes nothing.

I leave the bra in the sand. My breasts swaying to and fro as I walk, avoiding some of the more jagged rocks. He watches me all the way to the water, his eyes beaming brightly before diving back down under the gentle waves. I dip my toes in before throwing caution to the wind and sprinting in after him and throwing my body under.

The water is warmer than I expect but my nipples still grow firm as I push through to the surface, my hair slicking against my back as I keep my eyes closed and run my hands through to keep it pushed back.

Suddenly I hear his voice from behind me.

"Watch out, shark!" Terror grips me as something grabs my ankle in a vice grip and tugs downwards towards the rocky bottom. For a few seconds I flail under the water, gnashing my teeth and silently screaming before whatever it is that has me let go.

I splutter, re-emerging on the surface as a tickling and giddy sensation overcomes me. It's him. He flicks his fingers against my ribcage and armpits, driving me into hysterics.

“Goddammit Matt, what the hell!” Splashing water at him, I try to keep my composure whilst laughing my head off. Droplets of water run down his stomach as he stands there, his eyes starting to lock onto mine.

With deft speed he swims back to me and lifts me clean out of the water onto his shoulder, spinning me around. Dizziness sets in as he sets me back on my feet just in front of him, both of our nipples nearly touching as I steady my breathing. The lake slows to a fine blur as time seems to stop around us, this man has become my world again in less than a couple of hours, there was chemistry and then there was this. I didn't know what this was exactly but it was special.

“Matt. I feel deep down you do care for me. But I'm having a hard time knowing if this is still a good idea. This is so dangerous, Kinsey is right in that house.”

“Look at me. I want you, I want this. Forget what ifs for tonight.”

He's melting into Mister Dreamy all over again, the perfect amalgamation of sexy and caring. Aggressive Matt had been perfect back home but right now I was craving the soft little touches and delicate kisses, the warm embrace of his strong arms, like snuggling up next to the fireplace.

His lips plant on mine, sucking, teasing and rolling over them. I reciprocate with the same intensity, letting him guide me, his hands reaching to cradle my neck, pulling my desire into him amidst the shallow waters.

“Mmm, I'd forgotten just how sexy you are, these curves, this long curly hair, the way your body clings to me in the heat of the moment, it's fucking hot. I love having my hands on you, caressing every inch of you, watching your breathing grow harder and watching your writhing movements spill how you truly feel about me.”

My nipples are getting so firm under his fingers as he plays with me gently, maintaining eye contact with me the whole time, the deep green reflections bouncing off the water. I wonder if it's the words or the anticipation driving me crazier.

“Come to the towel with me.” He takes my hand leading me back out of the water to the little beach. Straightening the towel out, he falls on top of it, placing his hands above his head as I collapse on top of him. I'm latched onto his lips, ravenous and my own hands are busy with exploring his powerful definition.

Working my way down his body, I take in the full extent of his strength, the hardened lines and contours of his shoulders and broad chest stirring a deep arousal inside. My kisses reach his pubic bone and inner thighs as I try to keep my eye contact with

him, working my lips with each deep murmuring approval from him. Each time my lips meet firm muscle, I feel him grow ever bigger in his shorts.

Slowly I loosen his wet boxer shorts, struggling to drag them over his thick quads. My lips slide across the dense leg muscles as the shorts gradually come free near his knees. His thick girth slaps against his thigh as it springs free. Oh God, I forgot how big he was, involuntarily, I bite down into my bottom lip, lustful excitement taking hold of me as I stroke him delicately, tracing my way to his bulbous head.

“Good girl Rach, you don’t have to rush. Put me in that cute little mouth.”

I take him very slowly, wrapping my right hand around his bursting length. As the momentum builds, I start applying even and rhythmic strokes, feeling him get even harder with each sliding motion. In the distance the interior lights to the lake house all switch off. It was me and Matt, all alone, with no one to interrupt us. My hand travels up and down, up and down, completely effortlessly. There’s no way I can stop myself. I run my tongue up his length, eliciting deep rumbles of approval from him as my hand maintains the same pace.

He tastes so good, freshly showered almost.

I’m not prepared to stop but it’s clear he wants more of my body, he wants to watch me squirm and squeal for him and I’m more than a willing participant in the idea at this point.

“Climb on top of me, that’s it, I want to see all of you.”

I get into a low squat and wrap my hand around him down there, guiding his massive length inside me one inch at a time. I can only manage so much before I start panting.

“Can you take more of me, little girl?”

I nod furiously, gradually adjusting to the feeling of him there and slide further onto him, his width rubbing nicely against me, drawing strands of moisture out. I’m far too wet and not from swimming. He’s divine, my own personal Adonis, crafted from the naughtiest corners of my imagination. One of the raw advantages of this position on top of him is taking in his stunning body.

I grind across him, rocking my hips back and forth across his sexy frame, my pubic hair matted against his lowest abs. Moans begin to leave me once again as the pressure on my beating bud grows. His fullness inside me has my head spinning. I’m unfiltered, ungagged this time as my moans ring out like roars across the still water. I

alternate my hands positioned on his quads and on his chest, changing his angle of intrusion into my damp opening.

“Fuck.” I muster a little grunt as my chest pounds harder and harder, my heart nearly beating out of my skin with anticipation for my building climax. I crash down on him, humping him quicker and quicker, my eyes closed with each strike of his insertion into me. Moving over him again, I let his stomach flick and push against my bud as waves of pleasure start crashing over me. There was no holding back.

“Don’t hold back Rachel. Look at me when you release.”

He takes my mouth, possessively gripping my neck as the sensation claims me. I gasp, hot and rapid breaths down his throat before a long and drawn-out moan as I buck my hips faster against his stomach, my eyes drowning in burning green embers. Prisoner to his hold, I scrape my body against him, a fever-pitch of release leaving me as my hips smash into him and a shuddering jolt animates me. Ten seconds pass before the sensation starts to subside. He sits up and lets me recover from my eruption, my boobs clamped against his wet chest as I kiss him fervently, more aggressively than ever before.

“Look at those legs shaking, so sexy, you really can’t hold back for long with me inside you can you? I’m going to have you completely and there’s nothing you can do about it, powerless to stop me doing whatever I want to this body.”

He thrusts one leg onto his shoulder, squatting deep between the other leg before impaling me with his girth. It feels heavenly. I’m more pinned down than ever before as he grabs and starts moving his hips back and forth driving deep inside me.

Hot liquid spills out of me onto the towel below as he thrusts into me at lightning speed. The power of his glutes putting every bit of pressure onto my clit in the best way possible as the angle gets more and more extreme allowing him the most intimate access to me, clamped between my legs.

“That’s it, Rach, you feel so good. Faster, faster, I’m going to grab those ankles so I can really drill into you.”

I know he could do this all day, just pounding me relentlessly, watching me try to wriggle on him. His fingers move to my bud as he flails them across me at a modest pace, keeping his pushing motion going, his hips grinding me and forcing me to writhe in ecstasy.

“I’m going to stroke that clit, all you can do is watch me, so sensitive, so moist, my fingertips move so effortlessly across you down there. Faster, faster, you’re not getting off lightly with me though, don’t cum yet.”

*So easy for him to say!*

I scrunch my face trying to concentrate on holding back my overwhelming arousal. There had to be a tantric routine for making this easier. I hold back as much as I can, shaking a little and keeping my hands on his hip bones to stop him thrusting so firmly. It works as he eases up, allowing me to come down just before another delicious peak.

He moves onto this back again, motioning me to turn around and face the opposite direction.

“Turn your body around, that’s it, I want you to cum with me like this.”

Self-conscious about my smell, I gingerly move my hips over his face and wipe my hair back from my own face. But he ignores my shyness, grabbing me hard and pulling me to his mouth before unleashing his big tongue on my pulsing slit. He starts with just one or two licks, agonisingly slow as he looks up at me, the dark green burrowing into me again.

I’d only ever seen this in naughty movies. He laps me down there, hungrily, wanting to taste all of me, his tongue thrusts deeper inside me and pulls out thick strands of my moist excitement. He slides two fingers in me whilst his tongue goes back to my clit, long and slow strokes pushing my body into complete overdrive, frazzling my nerves. I try to focus on him, letting my tongue slide and flick against his sensitive head feeling him grow impossibly hard in my grip.

He’s relentless down there, his tongue smoothly caressing my clit as I feel the sensations building all over again. His fingers glide inside me like a finely-oiled machine, all I can hear is my wetness being parted each time he plunges inside me, curling back to hit my sensitive spots.

My throat slides up and down his shaft, taking every inch in, faster and faster, as I feel his head pulsating, starting to give in to my touches. The control is leaving my legs too, I was getting closer by the second.

After what seems like an eternity he comes up for air and breathlessly confesses how close he is.

“Oh my gosh, Rach, I’m going to explode, good girl, don’t stop.”

I move my hand faster and faster, Trying to stay on him, his tongue is far too distracting and I bring my mouth off him, just letting my hands do the work as I struggle to stop my impending eruption. My abs start flexing involuntarily and my stomach pumps back and forth trying to recycle whatever scraps of air it can find. I can't hold back any longer.

"Yes Rach, yes, now, now!"

He spurts with several shots flying into the air. My legs quiver and shake uncontrollably as I grab onto the side of his face for support, trying not to crush him with my flailing thighs. The spasm continues for a good twenty seconds as all the colours of the rainbow pass through my vision and the blood rushes from my head.

"Oh god. Matt. Oh fuck! Oh my god! Fuck, that's so good."

I collapse next to him, my head finding a natural resting spot in the angle between his chest and shoulder. We lie on the towel, cuddling up and giving each other soft kisses to the forehead, cheeks and lips. Controlling my breathing, deep breaths, in and out, I taste my own pleasure on his mouth.

No words for two minutes at least. What could I say after that? We lie and stare up at the stars again, admiring the handiwork of the night. The moon beams down brightly striking me across the forehead and spilling onto his chest. The island is silent apart from our beating hearts, mingling as one as the cooling breeze moves through the cliff edges.

"You look beautiful under the moonlight by the way, a little goddess in my arms."

*Fuck*, it's official I am addicted to this man.

"Thank you. I appreciate that Matt. Even better hearing it from you."

"I know there's so many things I could teach you, so many submissive traits I could build in you, you can be all mine if you want to be, Just my kind of girl."

"That sounds good to me. What's my next lesson?" I bleat, happy in his arms, feeling safe for the first time in a while.

He looks at his watch. 3.57am. We had gone on far longer than I had expected. Maybe it was too late to get back to the Lake House at this point and slip in, I wasn't sure, I didn't care frankly. Sleep is beckoning me, my eyes fluttering as he closes his too, letting his body come down from the ecstatic highs of a few minutes ago.

As I start to drift I see a light in the Lake House turn on. Wade's room. A toilet break maybe?

Maybe it was inevitable Kinsey was going to find out about me and Matt. Maybe I was starting to not care.

But for now, I could keep our secret going.

# I'm not letting this slide. I'm going to expose you for the naughty girl you are to all your friends, your family, everyone...

Written by Rob

[His POV][MDom][Bel

Air][Mansion][CNC][Kidnapping][Video][BDSM][Spreader][Chains][Restraints][Spanking][Teasing][Aggressive][Violent][Blowjob]

I close the door, letting the thick metal slide into place and bolt it quickly.

She stands in the chains, swaying back and forth lightly on her feet, completely naked apart from the blindfold and silk gag. Her hair is a mess, flailing in several directions, her petite frame a stunning little canvas, prepared for me to paint my punishment and pleasure on. Her breasts heave in place, her breathing already a little laboured, she knew what was going to happen and she was helpless to stop it.

This was perfect, all going to plan. I barely hear her through the gag, probably pleading for me to go gentle, they all do at the start. She is trying to get cute with her words, that wasn't going to happen. *Oh well*, we have a long time to change that.

My suit jacket feels heavy in the bristling Bel Air heat. It was time to lose some layers. I unbutton the navy jacket and hang it on the coat hooks by the door. My tie comes loose next, as I undo it slowly and lay it flat on the wooden table with the rest of my equipment for the session. It is sticky in here, small beads of sweat already forming on her chest bone, the heat through the floor to ceiling windows hitting her back and plump little backside. A big smile leaves me as I adjust the tripod and hit the record button on the camera. He was going to see everything I did to her.

Letting the sound of my loafers ring out, I walk towards her slowly and deliberately and undo my cufflinks. Clearing my throat, I keep my voice low and controlled, making sure she knew exactly who was in charge here.

"So...thought we could play innocent did we? You think because you think you're hot you get a free pass with me?" The cufflinks go in my pocket and I roll my sleeves upwards. Veins in my forearms are splayed out like a spider's web, running all the way through to my fingertips. It was time to get my hands warmed up.

"What made you so brazen as to come find me at the restaurant with my men?"

Of course it was all rhetorical, there was no listening to her through the gag but I wanted to watch her squirm a little bit, rub things in.

“Got away from college a bit early did we? What would that cute little boyfriend of yours say? Guess he’s not going to be in the picture much longer.”

She tries to turn her head away from me and I slap her backside hard, letting it ripple with my strike. I can still smell her fragrance, a smattering of bergamot and some woody textures in the air and all across her neck and collarbone. I can taste her building arousal on my tongue. *Fuck, I’ve waited a long time to have this naughty girl in this position.* She keeps her head down as I hold my fingers under her chin.

So be it, guess it was time to get things even more warmed up. A big sigh leaves me as I walk back to the table. It was nice to have choices. The flogger looks appealing but the riding crop even more so. It feels smooth in my hands, the sun bouncing off the leather and seeping into the fibres making it extra warm to the touch.

Looking back at her, I offer a simple ultimatum.

“Katy...If you ever want to see him again, you’re going to have to do some things for me tonight. My worry is you might get a little bit too into it.” Blackmail was not exactly something I was a stranger too, she was going to learn that.

She starts shouting through the gag, *that* was going to have to stop. Circling around her, I size up my first opportunity to teach her some manners.

“Shut the fuck up, no talking, I’m not letting this slide. I’m going to expose you for the naughty girl you are to all your friends, your family, everyone.”

I rip her hard with the riding crop on her fleshy posterior as she wriggles a bit in the chains for the first time. It leaves a nice red mark on her skin, running diagonally down between her inner thighs. The air is thick with her burgeoning arousal, the sun pounding through the window mercilessly as drops of anticipation form on her upper back.

“That’s better. Do what I say from now on.” She was a lot sexier submissive, just the way I liked it. “It’s going to make for a much better video. Maybe he’ll enjoy it a lot more when he sees it.” She starts thrashing around again, albeit with a bit less protest this time. I whip her three times on her backside with the crop, tearing into her skin, drawing some loud gasps through her gag. This girl needed a good dose of humiliation and I was going to give it to her.

Coming up behind her, I strangle her roughly with my left hand and pull her mouth closer to mine. I slide my right hand down there, going under and upwards with my fingers, my lips inches away from her. She gasps through the gag as my fingers wipe a slick trail of wet excitement away from her. I wipe it on her stomach as her body shivers with nerves and lust.

“If you want to see your boyfriend alive again you’re going to do exactly what I say.”

I lean my ear into her lips, there was no sign of protest this time, a few murmurings as words fail her in a delirious state. She was becoming far more compliant, so quickly.

“Lean forward.” I wanted a view of her, her pert bottom, raised up in the air for me.

There was no holding back now. I start with my hands again, hitting her brutally every few seconds as she squirms less and less, resistance becoming futile at this point. It’s such a turn on to look at her from back here, her breasts swinging with each hit, her backside getting redder and more inflamed with each stroke. She tries taking in the oxygen through her gag, as each strike of my hands becomes louder. She’s bleating, straining in the chains as she straightens her back out for me. Next time I’d have her hands behind her back clamped in handcuffs.

Ever so slowly I slide my fingers inside her, letting her wrestle against my attack of erotic lust. She tries to steady her hips as I let my fingers writhe and slide inside her, pulling her towards me effortlessly. With each rap of my other hand on her backside she grows louder through the gag, her voice demanding a more fervent attack from my hands on her quivering slit.

Gradually, I build up the speed, the chains rattling against the bolts of the frame, the camera capturing every shuddering movement of her body. Her nipples are taut, standing erect as the sun splashes across her marked bottom, creating a beautiful kaleidoscope of colours across her curves. I place one hand on her hip as I work my fingers in and out of her, imagining what it would be like to lick her dry down there, to lash my tongue against her pulsing clit for as long as I wanted to.

I’m in no mood to get sentimental about this however. She was staying on my fingers for now. I could tell the boyfriend had never taken her through anything like this before. Of course, I was still debating what to do with him, loose ends and all, perhaps I was getting softer in my old age. I keep her still as I pulverise her tight entrance, sliding an extra finger in to apply more downward pressure on her g-spot. Even from behind her I can feel her heart hammering in her chest, blood rushing to her ears and every nerve ending starting to tense up as she senses the inevitable about to overwhelm her.

“Look at you, you’re going to cum all over my hands and you can’t do anything about it can you? You little whore.” My right hand moves in and out of her faster and faster, curling my fingers upwards as my left hand grips her throat tightly. I choke her harder and harder as she struggles for breath, her chest turning red. She was going to cum, “Who do you belong to now?”

Whimpers below the gag, she was resisting it even now.

“You tried to play the sweet girl when we first met. The naive college girl in the sundress lost, looking for directions. You don’t fool me, you’re in too deep aren’t you? Well now, I own you, you’re mine to play with however I want. Say you’re mine.”

I lean into the gag to hear her, the silk brushing against my ears. Her lips are parting as my right hand accelerates into her twitching core. *She’s going to say it.*

“Say it.”

More hurried breaths as she tries to resist me. But I know she’s going to crack.

“Say it. You don’t get off until you say it for me.”

She relinquishes. “Oh my god. I’m yours. Please, I’m yours sir, I’m yours. I’m fucking yours. I’ll do what you want.”

My left hand clamps to her clit and rubs her furiously as my right hand continues its furious pace. Her juices flow down her leg and onto the floor in an endless stream as she cries loudly under the gag, panting against it and moaning as her body loses control, crumpling to her knees. My erection pushes against the seam and zipper of my navy pants, crushing against her back as I grab her by the waist and haul her back up from her, applying the first gentle kisses to her neck and hair.

“Look what you did to my floor, you’re cleaning that up.” I swing my hand against her backside again, imprinting another mark that will bruise nicely for the morning.

I unbutton my shirt, wiping beads of sweat down from my chest, the heat is stifling. I admire her body again, every contour, every line down her back and winding down to her hips, she’s my little freak right now, ready for any command, no one to hear us for miles around. Wiping the sweat off her back, I whisper into her ear, lacing my voice with menace.

“The things I want to do to you. I’m going to destroy this sexy body.”

I take a few steps back and kick the loafers off, removing my socks and loosening my belt. I hear her groan and murmur again, knowing what is coming. My pants and boxers hit the floor and I hear her moan audibly, her legs already spread nice and wide for me, her flower drenched with sticky desire as I lean into her. I drag my shaft between her legs, across her delicate slit as she moans greedily, hungry for me to enter her and start pumping her but I'm in no rush either.

She stays leaning forwards for me and I enter her slowly, one delicious inch at a time. *Fuck, she feels so tight.* I pull out momentarily just to admire what I've done to her, my length glistens with rivers of her moisture which slowly seeps out onto the floor. For a few seconds I tease her with my head, rolling it around her opening, letting her get used to the sensation and plant my feet further apart than hers on the slippery floor to get the best angle, keeping my eyes on her heart-shaped behind. She groans loudly, taking deeper breaths to deal with me, clearly not used to someone of my size.

Pulling her backside into me I tear her body up to me vertically. It was time for the gag to come off, I wanted to listen to her scream. Rooting around in her hair, I undo the thick knot whilst maintaining my slow rhythm. In and out, in and out as the gag goes flying onto the floor next to the sprayed droplets from her earlier release. She looks so good down there, the visual of her inflamed rump and its heart shape, splaying over my hip flexors is almost too much to take.

"Good girl, that's more like it. Let's see just what kind of mix of punishment and pleasure you really like."

"Yes sir."

I begin a rocking motion with my hips, rotating and sliding my glute muscles back in and out with a thudding slap into her from behind each time. The sound echoes around the room, as all that can be heard is the rattling of the chains and our bodies colliding in throbbing harmony. I put both hands on her hips to steady my thrusts and run my hands down her curves. She looks too hot down there, my big girth appears so outsized next to her small body, filling her up all the way with each motion.

I could pump this girl full of everything and it was more than tempting but I wanted to see what she looked like with me in her mouth. I was going to have to show her what I could do to her with the slightest of effort. I can tell she is ready for another explosion, her nerve endings frazzled with the constant attack from my hips to her aching core.

"Smile for the camera baby." Ecstatic yells of pleasure leave her as I pound mercilessly, the sounds of flesh smacking against flesh piercing the walls of the room. We were so high above the world in the hills of Hollywood, I almost wished

everyone could see us and the making of my own little film star. I hold onto her hair, yanking her towards me and attack her bursting slit faster and faster, grinding into her until she can't take it anymore. I sense her bite down on her bottom lip as another wave of eruption consumes her body, it is more prolonged this time as a few seconds go by and she starts screaming with each push of my body into hers before unleashing a huge moan, her body quivering in place as I slap her face and bum. A massive graze from the riding crop is branded across her, pools of sweat gathering on her lower back as she slowly comes down from the highs.

"Let's get these limbs free. Good girl." I unclip each hold, one at a time, the chains collapsing to the floor either side of her, as she rubs her wrists and tries to steady herself against the frame, blinded by the scarf tie. She stumbles in front of me, like a deer on ice as I drag her across the floor closer to the camera by the hair. I'm rock hard and not waiting around, niceties could wait till later.

"You're going to put me in that mouth."

Her hands reach out for my quads, slowly moving up my legs as I push my length towards her lips, letting her get acquainted with it and letting her run her tongue up and down, against my bursting head before submerging it all in her hot mouth. She starts with slow strokes wrapping both hands around me and twisting upwards with each sensual movement of her mouth. I close my eyes and focus on the feeling as she tastes me perfectly, devouring me just how every good girl should.

I pull her back off it, my right hand matted in her hair near the back of her neck as she struggles for air, her stomach moving in and out rapidly trying to catch whatever oxygen she can. The blindfold is starting to slip off her head more and more, it wouldn't be long before it fell off.

"Get your air, that's it. This is going to be a very special video, you know that."

I hold her in place, looking back at the camera as she kneels, a little smile emerging at the corner of her own mouth as I start to grit my teeth with the growing pressure in my shaft. A little fleck of dribble leaves her mouth as she grips her hands on my stomach under the shirt, her nails dragging against my abs as she bobs her head back and forth on my thick girth. My hand guides her head in a more consistent motion, not letting her get too much time in between strokes. Her rest could wait till after my pleasure. I stare at the chandeliers on the ceiling, the reflection of us shining against all the crystals and lights, it was impossibly hot, her back arching with her head movements.

"Don't stop." She is relentless, committed to only one task of getting me off, with the knowledge that only that might buy her boyfriend's freedom. Her hands wriggle around me down there, sliding and slithering up and down and up and down in one

fluid motion. She sticks her marked and bloodied backside up in the air as she works me impeccably on all fours. I can tell she loves this position. Complete submission. I grip the table and bear the pressure, several ropes and a clamp falling onto the floor as she reaches incredible speeds, gobbling every inch of me with each expert stroke.

I can't stop it. It's too good. I shoot deep into her mouth, my legs growing numb and my hands tingling as I grunt harshly and try to steady myself.

"Fuck. Oh god, that's it, oh fuck. Swallow it all for me." The sensation lasts several seconds as I reach for her head, pulling it away from all of my sensitive ends. For the next minute she remains on all fours, remnants of my vigour dotted around her lips as she licks up her reward from all along my shaft, appreciating my muscles along the way. Her fingernails digging into my legs and lower stomach before dragging across my chest and reaching for my face.

She gets off her knees and almost collapses into me as I clutch her throat with my right hand and forcefully slide my tongue into her mouth, ripping the blindfold off with my left. Her eyes are bloodshot but full of need as her gaze wanders to my lips. Speechless, she looks at me up and down as we continue to kiss, her mind only really just beginning to register her new feelings, her new devotion to me.

This girl was fun, something special, there were more than just a few scenarios I could introduce her to, more than a few shibaru techniques we could learn over the next week. I needed a vacation after all, running a drug empire was hard. Hitting the stop button on the camera, the screen blacks out and our short humiliation flick comes to an end. Her boyfriend was going to love seeing exactly what a real man could do to her.

"Don't start falling in love now. I think I might keep you here a bit longer."

She looks longingly in my eyes, my hostage was falling for me already, she wasn't going anywhere by the looks of things. I return her gaze and see her brain working overtime to process what was going on, a tiny part of her was still clinging onto the notion of getting her boyfriend back. But her heart was losing the battle.

# Don't talk, just relax, let me show you...

Written by Rob

"Turn the AC on, baby."

The heat is merciless, the blazing highs of the Parisian afternoon, piercing through the windows. Flicking the switch on the fan, I look back at him lying there. He's impeccable, his stomach slowly moving up and down, hard lines marking the way to the top of his Levi's. Veins coursing through his big arms, running all the way to his capped shoulders and well-set jawline.

I rip my white tee off and undo my jean shorts, revealing new lingerie to him, a red ensemble from Agent Provocateur. He smiles and beckons me to him with his finger as I clamber on top and settle into the space between his chest and shoulder, safe from the stresses of the world. His body is my bedrock, a haven from home. The last few days had been a whirlwind since the chance encounter at the conference. The meal at Le Jules Verne in the Eiffel Tower, the strolls along the Champs Elysee and the passionate dance at L'Arc. My mind was awash with new emotions, new needs I'd never felt with anyone else before. Things I couldn't run from.

He strokes my hair and runs his fingers up and down my stomach, his talented hands moving delightfully against my breasts and my nipples hardening considerably under his touch. I nestle into him, my tongue colliding with his and he parts my lips and tastes my burgeoning desire, my heart hammering away in my chest.

"You know this isn't going to stay platonic don't you little girl?"

It was all happening so fast. We were perfect strangers caught up in an unravelling erotica. I was not prepared to stop it, despite all the baggage of my past, despite all the pain of my ex, I couldn't stop this, I was putty in his hands.

"Come here." His hooded gaze burrows into me as he gets on top, flipping me onto my back effortlessly. Everything passes by in a blur as he takes full control, his body moving like a snake across me, his firm stomach colliding with mine as our lips attach for an eternity. My breathing is shallow, hasty, as I try to catch whatever air I can but his sexiness is suffocating, his scent both an aphrodisiac and a cage for my pooling lust. He moves downwards on me, his mouth latching onto every inch of skin, adorning my body with tender affection as my hands run through his wavy black hair. His fingers start to tease the lining of my underwear, gentle strokes and light brushing against my bud, forcing my back to arch just a little bit more. Slowly he peels my panties off, his eyes never leaving mine as the first pangs of doubt creep

inside my head. I wasn't good enough for him, how could I be? A Greek God of a man, lying down in front of me, it wasn't real.

"David, I..."

"Shh, don't talk, just relax. Let me show you." He trails his finger against my lips, before moving back down between my legs, his big arms cradling my thighs and lifting my hips ever so slightly towards him. He holds my hands, gripping me hard, with the first caresses of his tongue as the first moans of a very long afternoon leave my aching lungs.

# Maybe there is such a thing as a perfect stranger

Written by Rob

[His POV][MDom][M4F][Study Partners][Strangers To Lovers][College][Passionate][Spooning][Riding][Missionary][Clit Play]

I knock on the door three times.

“Mackenzie, it’s Jake from class.” This was so unusual, complete strangers meeting like this. I lean against the door frame, letting my hips sag into it. I’m nearly as tall as the frame, the curses of being a football player, a wide receiver at that. The door flies open.

“Jake, hey come in.” *Fuck, she looks hot.* Her brown skin shimmers with the broiling late Summer heat, her black hair flowing down to her mid-back, amber eyes looking back at me under seductive lashes, a light coating of lipstick accentuating the fullness of her mouth. She’s wearing a frilly white top, quite a modest piece but exposing just enough to distract me. Ripped Levi’s on her legs, several feet shorter than me. She smiles and moves to one side as I step through into her dorm room, all too aware of the scent she is wearing, a blend of rose and spice. Sunlight strobos through the room and onto her bed. It’s a small room but it has its charm, she clearly takes care of it well. She shuts the door and sits on the bed in front of me, a mild look of apprehension on her face.

“Sorry this is so off-the-cuff.” She laughs, pulling her hair back from her eyes, clearly shy about the whole thing. I didn’t mind. There was something about shy girls that always got me weak. “I needed help and Laura said you really know your stuff.” She looks up under her lashes, blinking a few times as I grab the chair and get comfortable.

We’d never spoken before but she got my number from my best friend. She was struggling in class, we were both finance majors. The professor had set up a scheme to put students together for study help. We connected in the WhatsApp group eventually.

“It’s no problem at all, happy to help where I can.”

“I don’t have another chair, I can just open the books on here.” She motions to the bed. A jolt of tension jumps within me. But I had to keep pinching myself, this was totally work-related, we didn’t know each other. All innocent.

“Sure, let’s start shall we.” I clamber onto the bed, folding my right leg under my left knee, sitting on the other side of the books as she stacks a couple and an assessment sheet below them.

“Basically it is the Black Scholes stuff I’ve been struggling with. I’m getting all muddled up with the pricing.” She taps the paper in several places. “I know its dumb, I’ve understood pretty much everything else, but this has bugged me for ages.”

*I can’t believe how shy she is, such a pretty girl. Damn, her smile is everything,* Pearly white flashes at me nearly every time she speaks.

Options pricing. It was super boring and dry, even I struggled to pay attention to it and I was the professor’s prize student.

“Yeah I get you.”

I briefly talk her through the equation and its application for the trades on the stock market. Even I was doubting my understanding of it at certain points.

I can see her furrowing her brow but it seems like what I’m saying is sinking in. She’s a smart girl, she just needed guidance on a very particular part of the course.

“Thanks Jake. You know, I always wanted to say hi in class. You’ve got an aura to you though, it’s intimidating.”

“I get that.”

“My friend always said you were a cool guy but I didn’t know whether to believe her, the football guys are usually such jerks.”

She giggles, flicking her hair again from her shoulder blade and onto her back letting it flop into place. *That smell is addictive.* The fragrance is driving me nuts from across the book. *Does she feel it too?* Her eyes gleam like diamonds against bright lights, her body leaning more towards mine with each syllable that leaves her mouth.

“We’re not all bad, just badly behaved.” Smiling she puts her hands on her knees, running them unconsciously down her legs before realising I am looking at her.

I can’t take my eyes off her. The book is turning into a blur. *I can’t stop wanting her.* I can see her gearing up for another sentence as my hand pushes the books out from between us. I wasn’t imagining this, the chemistry in the air was suffocatingly sexy, we didn’t have to say a lot, her body was doing the talking.

“Erm. There was just one more thing on the options trades I was a bit unsure about...”

She stops mid-way through the sentence as I make my move. My lips latch onto hers softly, she doesn’t move back or jolt away, holding onto my shoulder as I caress them gently, letting their smooth texture roll over me before moving back. She keeps her head down.

“Jake...I...I’m sorry.”

“I’m not.” *Options could wait.*

I tilt her chin up, holding us in the moment, letting her know I was not playing around.

“I know we’re supposed to be studying but it’s hard to focus.” She looks up with a meek expression on her face, a few seeds of doubt planting in her mind as her gaze flutters around my face, across my jawline and to my arms.

“I don’t think we’re going to be just study partners Mackenzie.” Her eyes tell me everything I need to know, she’s hungry for passion, for excitement, starved of

adventure and too shy to admit it to the world. I lean in again, slower this time but with a bit more aggression as I take her lips, my other hand reaching to her hair and cheeks and brushing down lightly. I feel her breathing intensify, her lungs working harder to accommodate her excitement, her cheeks burning red with lust and the first blushes of desire. She tastes delicious, minty strawberry aroma lining spread across all of her tongue and spilling into my mouth.

“We’re two complete strangers, I’ve never done this before.” She bleats softly into my ears. I feel the first rush of arousal, her words a perfect aphrodisiac in the late Summer heat. *It was a hot scenario the more I thought about it.* I hold my mouth against her ear and whisper back to her, my other hand cradling her neck and grabbing a fistful of her hair as her heart hammers at a rapid tempo.

“Neither have I. It doesn’t make me want you any less. Let me show you.” I crawl further onto the bed getting in position on top of her, letting her admire me from below, my stomach over hers and our heads inches from each other.

She relaxes even more, her hands reaching out for my forearms and tracing up to my shoulders, letting her fingernails scrape across my exposed veins and muscles. Our mouths meet again in a satisfying clash as I stroke her neck and rub her collarbone and shoulders. *I want to move my hands across every inch of this girl and let her think about my touch for weeks on end.* It is a nice visual in this position, full control of her against her soft pillow, trapped under my kneeling body, her luscious breasts spread out under the white top as I see she isn’t wearing a bra. My grip goes further south on her, letting my hands trail down the side of her, as she murmurs against my mouth, breathy short inhales between each embrace.

I begin to peer below her frilly top, running my fingers across her chest for the first time, skimming her nipples slowly under her dress and teasing them with my fingertips as she bites down on her lip for the first time. I maintain the pressure, easing her into it as she looks down at my hands, urging me to squeeze a little harder each time and plant my lips back on her. Kissing her neck, she groans again, so easily turned on, I love her little reactions to every touch, hyper sensitive to whatever I want to do with her. Dragging my mouth to her collarbone, I suck lightly and move my attention to the top of her delicate breasts. *The top is too constricting, I’m getting it off her.*

“Sit up for me.” She complies, arching in the air as I wriggle her out of the top, freeing her body. For the first time I get a full visual of her stunning upper body. Her breasts are even bigger than I thought, her skin burning hot against my palms as I move them around her hips and back up to her chest, keeping eye contact with her the whole time, fluttering eyelids looking back at me, closing as I got nearer to her upper erogenous areas, playing with her, teasing her exactly as I wanted to. Her hands clasp around my back to steady herself as I kiss her nipples one at a time and massage her tenderly.

“Lie back. Good girl.” Flopping back onto the soft pillows, I roam my hands more energetically across her, thinking how hot it would be if we had some oil. But it doesn’t matter, *she’s my very own goddess right now.* As I move further and further

south on her, my hands start caressing the top of her thighs through the jeans. Her hands go to my head rooting around in my hair slowly urging me ever lower.

*I'm delirious for this, a slave to the moment.* I spread my lips across her lower stomach and unbutton her jeans one rung at a time. She squirms with her eyes closed, the anticipation getting too much for both of us. As the pants come off her ankles, I'm met with silken white panties, her legs writhing around slowly on the cotton sheets and her head propped against the pillow looking back at my dreamily, a mischievous smile etched across her.

"Jake." She purrs through gritted teeth as my hands caress around her aching core, inching ever closer to her down there. I rub her with one finger through her panties, feeling how excited she is for me as her stomach begins rising off the bed. Looking impossibly cute and vulnerable, she hums and exhales slowly, letting the pent up frustration out of her.

I spread her legs a little and hold her inner thighs, lapping up around her outer folds. I'm too overcome with need to bother with stripping her off fully, so I move her panties to one side, exposing her fully. I brush my finger against her down there and she mumbles in erotic agony turning her head into the pillow as I tease the hot anticipation out of her. Increasing the speed a little more, I wait until her hands grab the headboard and then move my head between her legs, she looks down at me, amber hues glazed over with the thoughts of deep pleasure. I lock my gaze on her and slowly pull my tongue against her, inserting it inside her and teasing her with the tip. My own arousal growing stiffer in my pants ready to burst out of my boxer shorts.

"Fuck, oh my god." Her legs crease together with the initial pressure from my tongue, her gaze stays on mine as I lick her down there, tasting her sweetly. Her hands grip my hair harder, yanking firmly on the first few lashes of her pulsing slit. *She tastes incredible, sweet and juicy, just perfect.* I change up the direction, up and down, up and down and side to side.

"Keep doing that Jake, oh my god, your tongue is so big." She lets out a louder moan, trying to hold the ecstasy back, her thighs clamping against my head and her hands holding on for dear life digging her nails into my hair and scalp.

I don't let the pressure up, sensing exactly the rhythm she wants, a nice slow and unrelenting curling motion against her. Her hands go to the sheets and bunch them up in her fists as the intensity builds inside her. *She's exactly where I want her,* her enjoyment spurring me on to attack her soaked flower even faster.

Gradually I build up the aggression on her pulsating clit, flicking continuously against it as she throws her head back deeper into the pillow, tossing and turning each way and raising her hips to grind against my mouth even harder. But I want to send her over the edge. She's impeccably wet for me, her breasts heaving to the ceiling with each stroke of my tongue. My left hand keeps her hip in place and I tease her opening with my right, inserting two fingers inside her, eliciting a loud groan.

"Jake if you keep doing that, I can't stop, I can't."

I begin to work her with my forefinger and middle finger as my tongue continues its assault on her clit. Pushing downwards, I let my fingers spread out inside her and coil them again in a continuous motion

“Jake. Oh my gosh. Keep going, keep going. I’m gonna. I’m gonna!” She chokes on her words as her lungs try to push all the air out, she’s rendered speechless by the explosion about to take hold of her. Her hair splays out across the pillow, her eyes clamped shut and her mouth wide open ready to shout for me.

“You’re there, cum for me, good girl.” *I’m loving every moment of this, controlling her to climax like this. Fuck, I’ve craved this badly, this girl is just my submissive type.*

My tongue slides over her bud relentlessly as my fingers drive ever deeper on her, delivering perfect blows to her quivering opening. Her hands go to my hair again, matting her fist in my locks and beginning to shudder quietly for me.

“Holy shit. I’m there, oh my, Jake!”

She screams, a guttural cry bouncing around the room. It’s only now I notice the windows are open, the whole street can probably hear us. Her legs wobble endlessly on the sheets, her hips shooting towards the ceiling again as my fingers ease their pressure, letting her come down very gradually and gently. A series of slow groans leaving her as she bites down on the pillow and tries to roll over onto her side.

“Shh, don’t want to make the other girls jealous, do you?”

She looks at me through bleary eyelids, barely able to open them with the intensity of her climax. We take a few seconds, lying there in the boiling sunlight pouring through the windows, the first droplets of sweat forming on her chest and lower neck. I rest on my forearms stroking her hair gently.

Eventually we sit up, positioned in my lap and on top of my legs, as I wrap my arms around her and stroke her back tenderly. She pants lightly before going back to my ear and whispering with a voice like honey drops.

“I want you inside me Jake.” *I want the exact same thing.*

I flip her onto her back and kneel by her feet, peeling away her panties to her ankles and letting them fall off the side of the bed.

She’s not ready to go too rough with me. I can see that.

“Let’s go slowly.” She nods with her bottom lip curling inwards, holding her eagerness barely under wraps. *I’d been in this position with so many girls but this feels totally different, the air was electric, her skin was on fire below, my own body was completely wracked with nerves in the best possible way.* I gradually drag my boxers down my legs as she eyes me up from the end of the bed, a flicker of delight moving across her. As I unsheath myself I get the first glimpse at how hard I am, like steel, bursting almost. I grip it in my right hand and balance myself over her, holding her face with my left. There is no rush as I tease her with just my head, sliding it against her, creating a delicious friction that makes me grunt a little louder. She murmurs again, even louder this time, closing her eyes and throwing her arms behind her head on the mounted pillow. I inch inside her at a deliciously slow pace,

watching her reactions with each inch of me. I hear her whimper and clutch at the bed again, tearing into the fabric with her nails.

“Oh Jake.”

“Look at me, good girl.” I hold her neck in place as I begin to rock back and forth inside her, driving as deep as I can and drawing out surprised gasps of ecstasy from her throat. She feels heavenly, so tight and hungry for me, wanting to claw her nails against my upper back and dig into every inch of muscle. There’s nothing in the world distracting me as the fierce clash of our hips builds into a sensual rhythm as she pulls herself towards me with every stroke.

“That feels so good.” She buzzes quietly, her teeth gnashing against her bottom lip before I grab onto her mouth again with a furious passion and she returns with equal fervor. Planting my hands next to her hips on the bed, I tense my glutes and pump into her with a circular motion, our firm stomachs brushing against each other as the feeling hardens me fully inside her. I feel like my erection is about to burst out of its seams.

“You should have warned me how big you were.” We both laugh as I tug on her lips again, my tongue flailing wildly inside her mouth and I maintain the nerve-tingling pace, letting my length come a long way out of her each time before plunging it back in gradually, frying both of our nerves with shocks of pleasure. It’s almost too perfect, too romantic for such an encounter as I reach for her hands, pinning them above her head and strain against her, each of us daring the other to start blinking first. As our eyes stay open as she pants harder, her breath colliding with my shallow intakes and her scorching skin rubbing against me. The top of her collarbone is turning redder, as her arousal builds for me again.

I stay gliding inside her. Back and forth, back and forth as she takes me exquisitely, her slit gripping me tight and leaving a wet trail along my length. The mirror on her wardrobe is distracting me, I want her to look at me when I take her. *There was only one way to do it.* I retract from her and pull her by the legs towards me.

“Turn around for me.”

She quickly faces away from me, moving her hair from her upper back and giving me a perfect view of her heart-shaped backside. We both look in the mirror at the same time, the fizzling atmosphere driving her wild as I look into her eyes whilst slowly guiding myself back into her. Her head rolls back and I cradle her neck with my forearm. We spoon gently, my hips gliding against her. We face the mirror on the wardrobe so I can show her exactly what I’m doing to her. A vicious smile forms over her lips as she gasps for air, my other hand reaching to her clit and rubbing her in a circular motion again, working with the rhythm of my plunges. Her chest is damp with exertion as the heat begins to take its toll on us. Instinctively I reach out for her hair and hold it taut as my hips sway against her and her backside ripples with each increasingly violent impact.

The sound reverberates through the room, my groin slapping against her skin as I clutch my hand to her mouth, her biting lightly on my fingers to stifle her own moans and dampen the oncoming waves of sensation.

“Look at what I’m doing to you. So fucking hot.” I pull her head to pay attention to the mirror, the impossibly hot scene of our steaming bodies colliding in the suffocating heat. With her surging excitement, she grips me firmer and firmer, my own breathing starting to speed up as I murmur down her ear and try to steady myself. Whimpers leave her lungs as her skin pulses with the throes of our passion.

*I can’t hold it, she’s going to make me explode everywhere at this pace. There’s nothing quite like getting the best angle on this girl’s body.*

I bend my leg and collide with her more forcefully, our sweat-riddled bodies clamped by moisture, her back pinned to my chest and my right arm around her neck in a close bind. Our slippery bodies move faster and faster as she begins moaning with all her might again. Her hourglass figure turned me on more than I could ever imagine. My other hand rests on her hip as she closes her eyes, her voice rising again to the same crescendo as before. I feel her nearly there.

“Jake, don’t stop, don’t stop, please, at the same time...kiss me.”

She dips her head down to kiss me as I take her delicious body with all of my might, pulverising her into the mattress and letting her moans ring out all through the room and down the corridor. *I can’t stop.* The sensation overwhelms me completely. I spurt inside her in waves, releasing myself vigorously as she quivers in my arms, her legs shaking again and her body overcome with involuntary tightening as she contracts around me, squeezing her legs together and forcing more out of me each time draining me dry. I cover her mouth with my hands as she screams into my palms almost in unison with each of my own groans.

The aftershocks don’t stop as she shudders quietly on the soft sheets. I’m too sensitive to take much more but I stay deep within her, beginning to apply gentle kisses to her upper back and neck, my lips lazily exploring her ear lobes and collarbone again. Purring, she turns back to me, eyes expending a tremendous effort to open and see me. She buries her face into my neck and reciprocates, her lips dabbing my neck and greedily eating me up. Slowly I pull out of her and caress her down, getting her to relax more and more as my hands run through her hair.

*I could stay here all day doing this, her body, her curves, her scent, everything was addictive, like it was meant to be between us.*

Gradually I flip over onto my back and stare at the ceiling, her head lolling onto my chest and her fingers grooving down into my collarbone. We lie there, drenched with the effort and silent for a few moments as she catches her breath and moves her ear closer to the beating of my heart.

“I had no idea studying could be so much fun.”

“Me neither. If only we could do that in lectures.” She laughs into my arm before kissing my shoulder and nuzzling into my pec. *I love holding her like this. Something feels right with this girl, I can’t place it and my cynical side was always wary with such things but maybe there was such a thing as a perfect stranger.*

# She learnt every lesson I wanted her to

Written by Rob

[Mafia][MDom][Dinner][365 Days Inspiration][Enemies To Lovers][Lots Of Tension][Buildup][Fingering][Standing Sex][Riding][Slap][Aftercare]

The lobster is delicious, freshly caught from the bay. My villa is cooler this time of year but I'm not one to complain after the torturous months of intense heat. My Patek strikes 9pm as the wind sifts through the trees overhead and the sound of our forks hitting the plates rings out across the patio. Cyndi Mason, a girl with dreams bigger than her station is sitting at the opposite end of my long table, anger wrought across her face.

She had been sniffing around the accounts far too much for the big boss's liking. It was one thing to have some press curiosity, but this girl was tenacious and of course that was not good for business, it wasn't good for him, it wasn't good for me, it wasn't good for the whole operation. So I intervened.

Of course, nothing would have been so complicated if I hadn't developed some feelings for her. Intelligent, brave and a whole bundle of energy designed for a hundred women wrapped into one. She was a tall girl, dark olive skin, heavy black curls set against her gentle features, completely fiery and full bodied. Wearing one of the Saint Laurent cocktail dresses I had spare in my wardrobe.

She looks up at me through hooded eyes, a menace to her expression. A smouldering look that would wither lesser men.

'You should eat more. Get your energy up.' I speak gently, going back to my own plate to spoon up another mouthful.

'Fuck you. I'm not your property. You don't get to talk to me.' She motions like she is spitting on the plate and offers a little smirk to me. She wants me riled up. My bodyguards raise their eyebrows, Silvio shuffling his weight forward towards her to reprimand her, but I put my hand up. Brats were going to be brats.

'Fine, that's an expensive meal you're wasting. Not sure it is wise to do that.'  
No response this time.

I sigh and wipe my lips with the napkin, undoing the top button on my white dress shirt. Here we were having a nice meal under the moonlight and she seemed completely incapable of appreciating it. She had been feisty from the moment my men picked her up snooping around outside the lawyer's office. *There was something about the feisty ones that struck a nerve with me.* I had to be alone with her to straighten things out properly.

'Silvio, Pietro, you can leave us.' I clap my hands and motion them down the steps by the far end of the garden. Silvio looks at me for a split second before

nodding and the two walk quickly to the steps to go to the front gate of the complex. She watches them all the way before looking back to me with scolding eyes.

'Glad you could find the balls to talk to a woman all alone without your goons staring over everything I do.'

I snicker. 'You know...most other *capos*, they wouldn't be so...understanding of all this petulance.'

'A girl can be so lucky.' She throws her head back exposing some of her upper chest for me. If she thinks she can control this conversation with the little displays of snark she is mistaken.

'You're lucky you're alive Miss Mason.'

'Call me Cyndi and cut the pleasantries. You're the last person I need them from.' She spits food out again onto the table. My mouth twitches, my lips curling upward into a snarl as I start to get angry with her, truly for the first time. She had no appreciation of what I had rescued her from. The mouse trap she had walked into with the big boss.

'Cyndi. You're no prisoner here you can leave any time you want, but you really ought to be a touch more grateful. I'll cut the pleasantries, of course you know the danger you face.' I wave my fork at her, a piece of calamari stuck to the end, trying to accent my point. But there was no reasoning with her.

'I'm done with you.' Murmuring quietly she turns away from me, one leg folded over the other and looking out at the stars on the far horizon.

I get up from the chair and slowly sip from the wine glass. The '*Occhio di Pernice*' from Avignonesi, one of my favourites from Southern Tuscany. My eyes are glued on hers as she sulks and watches me warily in her chair. Putting the glass down, I move slowly over to her, my hand skimming over the long table top, admiring the fine cloth and the handiwork put into it, passed down from generation to generation of my family.

'You're only alive because I intervened. There's some very bad people who want you dead for what you were doing on the Saggiatore accounts.'

'I can take care of myself, Gino.' Her voice wavers, shuffling in the chair with her hands moving to her legs. *Submissive now*, far from the hard-headed journalist I had picked up on the beach after the yacht crash. Already less combative than a few minutes ago.

'Oh really. What evidence have you given me so far to believe that? Getting shot at, getting tracked across half of Lombardy and nearly being found on the yacht. You really know how to keep a low profile.'

She pouts and keeps silent.

'This is going to work if you work with me. I don't want to have to save your life for a third time this week.' I emphasise the third by stabbing my fork sharply into the table and standing over her. Her hands are glued to the arms of the chair watching me like a hawk. 'Remember you're safe here. Have I harmed you once since you arrived?'

Her expression noticeably relaxes as she turns her gaze back to me. Soft and tanned features look up at me, the fullness of her lips and the delicacy of her cheeks

becoming apparent to me for the first time in our little adventure of a meal. Chest slowly heaving in place, she tries to curtail her emotion and get the control back to her voice.

'Maybe...Maybe I was being rude. I appreciate you finding the yacht. I just don't appreciate being locked up like this. I've never been unable to go anywhere in my life.'

'You're no prisoner, you can go when you want, but you know like I do that Milan is not safe for you right now.'

Falling into the chair she lets out a loud sigh and folds her arms.

'What am I going to do?' She's deflated and exasperated.

I offer her a comforting touch on her shoulder with my hand. She doesn't remove it but stares into the distance.

'Come, I want to show you something.' I beckon her with my hand.

'What is it?'

'Some history.'

She moves her plate to the side, half finished and dabs her lips with a napkin. As she stands up to follow me she reveals more of her smooth legs, impeccably delicate, almost seeming to never end. I swivel on my heels and lead her through to the lounge of the villa. Sliding the glass door out of the way we step into the air conditioned room and I switch a few lights on.

'Woah. I hadn't seen this room yet.' Her jaw grows slacker as she looks across all the artwork and finite details of the floors and walls. The books stacked up on the shelf in the corner alongside the finest rug I had had custom made by a Napolese designer.

'Wait till you see the next one.'

I lead her through the expansive corridor, the minimalist sculptures and art pieces lining our path to the bedroom. Grabbing the huge knob of the door, I swing it open to reveal the master bedroom, overlooking the hills, completely tranquil, a serene oasis where I could come to relax when the world was feeling heavier. Of course the first thing she notices is the landscape painting on the wall near the long wardrobe. I see her notice and guide her towards it.

'It is the small village not far from Milan where my family grew up for several generations. It reminds me of a few things every day.'

'Who painted it?' She admires the details as I settle close to her.

'My great grandmother painted it in World War One. When everything seemed like it was falling apart, she persevered to create something beautiful.' I run my hands down the frame removing a few specks of dust and take in the full glory of the painting for the millionth time.

'This painting is beautiful Gino. It's a real treasure.'

'My great-grandmother was an incredible woman. You remind me of her a bit. Smart, determined, willing to do whatever it takes. I like that about you Cyndi.' I point to her and wave my finger back and forth to emphasise the point. I think I see her blush for the first time, rosey dimples coming to her cheeks.

'Thanks Gino. Genuinely, thanks.' She smiles coyly. *I like this side of Cyndi Mason.* A more exposed side, not so guarded against every question and intrusion. 'For such a hard-headed man, you sure have good interior design taste. I'll give you that.' She jeers.

'I'm so blessed to have the acknowledgement of the great Cyndi Mason.'

'I like the bed as well. Classier than I imagined.' I see the hints of a wink forming as she wanders around the edge of the duvet, running her fingernails across the silk sheets and admiring the patterns on the pillow. One of the straps of her dress is beginning to fall off her shoulders as she strokes the sheets, the heady fragrance from before attacking my senses, the sensuality of her disarming me one move at a time.

She turns to face me again, the black dress laying precariously on both shoulders now, nearly slipping off. She was still sweaty and feeling the heat from outside, a small bead lazily falling down her collarbone to the tip of her breasts.

'Do you have a change of dress or something else I can slip into? I'm really warm in this.' She hooks her fingers under the shoulders and fans herself rapidly, her gaze sticks into mine, seeking something, an erotic dazzle in the sombre lighting of the bedroom.

'I'm sure we can find something.' I go to the closet, tapping the button on the side to open up all of the compartments and try to find something similar. There's a Burberry piece I like for her but a Dior floral dress that's not as heavy on the skin catches my eye more. Taking the hanger I click the button to automatically shut the glass doors of the wardrobe and a beeping rings out as it rapidly clicks into place.

She has removed the black dress revealing a purple bra and panties and a breathtaking body, flowing curves and soft skin I want to dive into. I hand her the Dior dress and she looks at it curiously but almost impassively before placing it down on the bed and rubbing her arms with her hands. Her hair drapes down past one eye and onto the top of her breasts, the dim lights shimmering off the black surface.

'I can get you another one, I know Dior is too low for your exacting standards.'

She stays quiet but her expression betrays exactly what she is thinking. Despite the air con, the temperature in the room is sizzling. The first throes of true sexual tension begin to filter into the sticky atmosphere between us, our eyes locked on each other's, her dark brown piercing into me, her breaths more and more choked. The intake through her nose gets quicker and quicker.

'Take your bra off for me.'

There's a second pause as the electricity in the air pounds the oxygen. It's pure bliss watching her like this. She smiles, a naughty smile with one side of her mouth as she unclips her bra and pulls her arms loose before placing it down on the bed. She's not so shy as she grabs her hair and lets her breasts hang loose for me.

'Good girl. And your panties.' She's more nervous but still ready to comply.

My forefinger and thumb go to my mouth. I'm inquisitive and watching *everything* as she slowly drags her panties down to her ankles, giving me the full visual in one long tease. Stepping out of them, she stands quietly and lets her hair flop to one side again. Her big breasts stand firm, her nipples nicely erect as I close

the distance between us. My shirt touching her chest and the pounding of her heart beating through to mine.

I unbutton my shirt one at a time, letting her get a full visual of my stomach and arms as I unfurl myself away from the sleeves and let it fall to the floor. Unzipping my pants I unhook the holds and step out of them just leaving my boxer shorts on. I hold the tension for a few seconds longer and then start to unravel the boxers down my thick quads, rolling them way down over my calves and towards my ankles. She stares downwards for a long time and takes a gulp before wetting her lips to speak again.

'I didn't know you were hiding such...assets. Mister Minotta.' She lifts her eyes and tries to rip her focus away but she can't. *I want her completely mesmerised, hypnotised by my body and what she knows I can do to her with it.* I love the power I can have over her, the attention my body yields. *This woman was made for me.*

'You don't know a lot of things about me Miss Mason.' I stand just before her, letting her eyes wander across me again, the flickers of wanton need dancing in her pupils. I admire her too, my hand draping across her neck and running to her cheek and mouth brushing my fingers against her moist lips before dropping to her breasts and stomach.

'Hmm, like what?'

I stroke her curls back from her eyes, keeping her gaze on mine for as long as possible as our lips come to mere centimetres from each other. Her cinnamon fragrance buries me in a storm of lust as I trail my finger from her shoulder to her neckline and all the way down her body, letting my index finger drag agonisingly slowly against her opening as the first murmur of pleasure leaves her, her head lolling backwards and her neck jerking up to my mouth.

'Let me show you.'

I lift her up without warning. A shriek leaves her but quickly turns to a ravenous look as her legs instinctively wrap around my waist. She clutches on tightly as we dance in the middle of the room, our bodies swaying with the passion as my hand goes to her throat and my lips steal her breath sharply. Reciprocating, her lips grip onto mine furiously, burying her desire into me as I try to keep my balance.

'Gino. What if Luigi finds out about all of this. You, me? He would kill you.'

'Forget Luigi for tonight. I'll handle him. Tonight it is Gino and Cyndi.'

She clings to me tighter as I walk with her to the bed and throw her down admiring her naked frame. She's spectacularly curvy, just like I imagined and it is driving me crazy looking at her all naked for me like this. I want her thrashing around against my headboard and clinging onto the bed post until her grip fails her. Her body is my playground tonight.

She writhes on the silk sheets as I lean over her and support my weight on my forearms, my mouth is busy latching onto her neck and collarbone and my hands are wandering down her gorgeous body. *I'm consumed with wanting her. I'm consumed with her being mine.*

Caressing her neck and shoulders and applying soft kisses I eventually move down on her, my hands exploring her upper quads and inner thighs. Parting her

supple legs and moving all the way to her delicate flower. *I can't resist. I want to feel her on my fingers again.* Locking our lips and working my tongue against hers, I slide my finger inside her and allow the gasp to leave her lungs and fall into my mouth as I curl my finger upwards and manoeuvre my thumb to her sensitive bud, beginning to rub her there in a circular motion.

She shudders as my thumb rolls against her and my finger curls inside her at a slow and steady pace. Her back arches and her hips jolt forward to meet my movement, her moans becoming more and more audible.

'Gino. Oh wow. That's heavenly.'

There's no relenting today. I continue my attack on her down there, inserting my middle finger and curling upwards with both, feeling the pressure grow inside her against my fingertips. Her moist opening drenches my fingers as she struggles to hold back her excitement with each punishing push of my hands driving into her.

She tugs on the pillow and grasps it between her teeth. But it's no use. She can't stop the eruption about to hit her. Mercilessly I move my fingers up and down inside her and rub her in perfect unison with my thumb, accelerating her to the edge.

'Gino. Oh gosh. Oh wow. Oh, fuck!' Her eyes crease and her teeth sink into her bottom lip as a powerful groan forces its way out of her, her body writhing and turning under me, little involuntary flicks of her nails into the first layer of silk on the bed as she clings to me. Her hurried breaths calm down as I return to kissing her, appreciating every moment our bodies collide. Her hands rushing to my firm stomach and burrowing into me as far as she can.

I retract my fingers and balance on my knees above her, her hands running through her hair and resting on her forehead to recover quickly from her first high. My shaft is pulsing and deliciously stiff, her opening already soaked with the attack from my fingers. Grabbing her hips, I pull her towards me with my biceps and gradually insert every inch inside her, the sensation is mesmerising as she drips all over my length and moans with a deep rumble from her chest. Panting takes hold of her as she tries to regain her breath. I grip her just above her hip bones and fill her up all the way with each stroke as her hands reach for the headboard behind her steadying the blows.

The mattress moves back and forth below us, her head sinking into the pillow as she tries to look past her flowing mess of hair covering her eyes. Her fingernails trace down my stomach before going back to the oak board. Keeping her hips raised in the air and my own back straight I fire my glutes and strike against her in a rocking motion. Back and forth, back and forth letting the craving take hold of me. *I want to grip every inch of her, pull her hair hard and make her scream my name.*

'That feels amazing.' She bleats at me. Her cinnamon scent wafting all through the air as her body moves like a snake against me, wriggling all the way up to the hilt, her warm slit gripping my shaft more firmly than anything I've ever felt before. As the pressure begins to build again I switch the position, throwing her legs on my shoulders and get prepared on my knees again, angling even deeper inside of her. She winces and clutches onto me, tearing into every muscle. Her eyes roll in her head as her breaths become more and more staggered.

'Look at me. Good girl. No turning away now.' I grab her chin and pull her attention onto me. 'You're going to keep learning to do things my way.'

I pump her into submission, not allowing her a break as my body slaps against hers for a continuous minute, no breaks as her pleas for me to go faster grow to a deafening peak and her abs start to tense, her stomach contracting involuntarily with each blow from my groin into her quivering slit. Her legs start shaking on my shoulders, her hand going to her own mouth to try and stymie her cries of pleasure and her exertion begins to spill all over my length slowly dampening the silk below us. My hands steady her hips as I hold myself deep inside her, pinning her legs behind her head and grinding against her slippery bud.

'Oh my god. Gino. I can't believe you just made me do that.' I put her arms above her head and lap her mouth, our tongues colliding wickedly in a heat of pure sexual need as I stay inside her and gently roll my hips, letting her come down from her first high. Her hands go to my glutes and rip my flesh, dragging down in continual strokes and guiding me to the perfect spot.

Animated, she pushes me down onto the bed and climbs on top, facing the other direction towards the mirror.

'We look so good like this Gino. I wish someone could take a picture of us right now.'

She squats down with one hand on my shaft and eases herself onto me. Taking huge breaths again to settle down. She looks spectacular from here, her backside melding into her large hourglass figure and her toned upper back muscles beginning to clench. A few whimpers leave her as she tries to adjust to my size again. Her fingers scrunch together to bear the initial fullness.

'That's it, good girl. You take me so well don't you?'

She nods quietly and moves up and down slowly, almost all the way to my tip and my base, letting her hips and backside do all the work.

I slap her from behind to get her into motion, her backside rippling with each vicious hit. Her body starts working furiously hard for me, gripping tightly onto my throbbing erection as she looks at us in the mirror. She speeds up, using the motion of her hips to wriggle on me. The visual is almost too much as I feel her wetness seeping down onto my stomach and inner thighs.

'Ooh gosh. That feels so fucking good. You're so hard.' She cries out, her dark brown eyes looking at our hot reflection, admiring herself and my thick girth spreading her nicely down there.

Her hands go to my legs to try to keep her balance as she goes up and down for what seems like an eternity. Louder moans start to take hold of her as I try to maintain my composure, trying not to look down at the impossibly sexy scene unfolding on my lap. I matt my fist in her hair and rip her towards me so her back arches. She could try all she wanted but I was in charge tonight.

With my hand holding her hair she rocks her hips against me, my stomach beginning to clench harder. She works harder to please me as I tug on her hair and whisper naughty sentiments down her ears. The rest of her is still as her glutes grind on me, relieving herself all the way to my throbbing head, bulging every time she

pushes her slick core against it. *This visual is driving me wild, seeing her hourglass figure working against me so well like this.* Her back is wet with the exertion of her efforts, her breaths short and hurried, her heart pounding hard and her nerves frazzled.

She's close again but I want her in a more submissive position. *We're going to finish exactly how I want to.*

'Come here.' I pull her into me and growl down her ear, her sweaty back clamped to my chest. Lifting her off me I stand up off the side of the bed and drag her ankles towards the edge. Holding myself taut, I slide inside her again putting my arms under her and lifting her into my embrace standing up. Walking around inside her to get used to the sensation, we move towards the wall, exchanging rushed kisses and hot gazes.

I drive my hips upwards, supporting her on my thick legs between my chest and the wall. Heavy gasps leave her as she tries to steady the building sensation. Sweat drips off her chest onto mine, our bodies moving in beautiful harmony, her hips thrashing against mine.

'Gino. Fuck me, please, harder. Don't stop. Don't stop!'

I comply, tasting her desire for another wobbling orgasm on my tongue. My hips pump into her mercilessly, clattering against the wall as her hands go to my glutes, ripping into whatever flesh she can with loud roars of ecstasy. My lower stomach brushing against her bud and heightening the pleasure beyond all belief.

'Oh my gosh. Show me, please sir, show me.' I slap her face hard, trying to leave a bruise for the morning as her teeth dig down into her lips and her hands clasp to my neck harder than ever. It's romantic almost, our eyes locked in a staredown, daring the other to blink first as I pound furiously. *The feeling is beginning to build down there for me too.* The dim lights bring a glow to her face, a sweet red appearing on her left cheek from the force of my slap and scratches on her neck from my chokes. She wraps her legs around my core even tighter, trying to squeeze for dear life as I grip her hands with mine and grind against her, our lips colliding in a sweet symphony of pleasure.

*This is incredible. I'm getting so close.* Each movement of my groin pummeling her into the wall echoes around the room as she closes her eyes and stifled cries escape her. My skin reverberated against hers and the slapping sound of our bodies was the only sound now besides her desperate begging in my ear.

'Gino, please, please, please!'

I grab her neck and pump into her as hard as I can, impaling her further with each strike. The rhythm is unstoppable as her head drops onto my shoulder and she starts to wail endlessly, almost sobbing against my upper back.

'Oh gosh. Don't stop. Don't stop. I'm there, I'm there. I'm there!'

She shouts against my skin. Her screams shake the mirror and windows as I release inside her, holding myself there with her quivering body flailing against the wall. She's unable to speak as her legs slide down my slippery torso trying to hold onto anything they can. Her stomach tenses again and I gently bite against her nipples before licking them clean. Contractions surge through her every few seconds as she

sucks oxygen back into her lungs and cuddles against me, gripping onto my back and glutes. Slowly, I carry her back to the bed and we collapse in an exhausted mess.

I hoist a pillow under our heads and let her fall into my chest, nuzzling against me and purring with deep satisfaction. We stay there in silence for a few minutes as I stroke her hair softly and kiss her forehead, wiping the drops of sweat away from her brow. The moonlight seeps in through the far window, splashing onto our bodies as the quiet of the late evening takes hold of us. There's nothing except the heavy rise and fall of our chests and stomachs.

Suddenly she clears her throat and flutters her eyelids at me, speaking with a hushed voice.

'I guess I had more to learn from you than I thought Gino.'

I laugh and hold her chin towards me.

'I'm not all evil on the surface, you know.'

'What else can you teach me?' Her fingers move across my abs and towards my chest, her palms flat against my thick-set pecs before tracing the veins down from my inner shoulder to the front of my biceps. Looking down at her, my mind begins to conjure up a million scenarios with this woman.

'I had a few things in mind.'

She was going to learn every lesson I wanted her to in and out of the bedroom.

# The new king tamed me in the little cottage deep in the woods

Written by Rob

[M4F][MDom][Historical][Fantasy][Escape][Princess][King][Dubcon][Mating  
Press][Pounding][Aggressive][Violent][Multiple Orgasms]

The clock strikes Midnight and there is a strange aura moving across the town. All I hear are the creaks of anxious men patrolling and hushed whispers of terrified women and children.

Suddenly a loud cry rings out from the castle walls. And horns and drums are beaten for the first time as the attack becomes imminent.

'They're here. Take cover.'

I watch in horror as waves of men descend upon the wall. Our troops try to fight back but the first rows are crushed completely as arrows and swords strike through the blackened sky. It wasn't long before it became clear how outmatched we were. The castle was lost and with it the throne. I rush around amongst injured bodies and screaming women as I try to find the Royal hand. Out of smoke and flames, he emerges carrying a wounded arm and grimacing with each step.

'Princess run, now!'

'Where is Prince Frederick?'

'Nobody has seen him m'am, you must flee now!'

The men are through the castle walls, laying siege to the buildings and burning the cattle huts to the ground. I had to escape somehow, anyhow, with anyone who would follow. The forest was the only way.

'To the forest. Everyone now!' Several women and children follow me as the men stay behind to continue fighting valiantly, to hold on to whatever they could.

We make our way over some rubble and into the forest, bundling over rocks and roots as fast as we can, the moonlight just about showing the path up ahead. The ground is soggy and wet, weighing every step down as I try to figure out the best direction to run in. There was nothing, no guiding point, no stars in the sky, we just had to keep going.

It isn't long before the invaders figure out what we are doing. A bugle rings out as several horses and men start chasing after us. If we were all moving as one target, we were easy prey, we had to disperse.

'Martha, Beatrice, lead the others that way, we have to disperse, it is the only way, meet me at Castle Twofell in three days if you make it. Godspeed.' I hug the women and push them in the opposite direction to each other as they quickly become dots in the distance, some children following closely behind.

Hiding beside the tree, I hear the men arrive at the spot where we dispersed. 'Gregory, you take the left, Yanold, you take the right. Leave the princess to me.'

The groups of men and horses go in separate directions but I sense one man left behind, he's waiting for me to make a move, he knows I'm here. I peer around the tree and make out a tall figure, no horse in sight. My blood is ice cold, my heart hammering away inside my chest, I feel like I am going to explode. I make a dash for a faint light in the distance as quietly as possible to clear some space between us.

'Princess, stop! The fight is over, you must surrender.'

Hearing me, he sprints just behind in the footsteps about one hundred metres away, he's very quick and it wasn't going to be long before he could catch me.

He chases me through the narrow escape as my breath grows shorter and shorter, I would have to stop and face him. But I couldn't do it out in the woods, it was too dark, I was finished out here. Taking cover behind the nearest redwood, I search frantically for anything nearby. Just as I begin to lose hope amidst the dense trees and endless darkness, I see a faint glow. *The cottage, on the edge of the woods.*

A light hangs off the cottage in the distance but there is no one inside, there had to be something there I could use to defend myself. Using every last ounce of my energy I sprint to the door, scrambling up the steps and fling it open, thankfully it is unlocked and I rush inside slamming it firmly behind me and look for something to barricade it with. Sadly there are no chairs but there is a small kitchen with a few forks and knives. I had to use whatever I could. There is a big carving knife for turkey and pig left out on the round table, grabbing the hilt I back away from the door and holding it strongly, conceal myself in the darkness.

Shaking and struggling to keep my focus, I hold the knife out and try to settle my breathing down besides the fireplace. There is a bed just behind me with a headboard, but the floorboards are making a lot of noise and there is nowhere better to hide. Crouching down, I hug my legs and take a few longer breaths, sucking in the oxygen as far as I can manage.

The steps to the door creak loudly as my hands waver beside me with the knife, completely overcome with pain and anguish, all the running had taken a lot out of me.

Bursting through the door he burrows into the darkness and slams the oak behind him. A few minutes pass by as he roots around in different corners by the kitchen, only to see the fireplace in his peripheral vision, the moonlight beginning to strike against the stone. I curse and swear under my breath, he was going to find me, it was time to resist.

I'm not going to be captured without a long fight, there was no way he was getting the better of me. Leaping out of the darkness I hold the carving knife up to his chest, threatening to plunge it deep into his sternum.

'Stand back, don't you touch me.'

For the first time I see his face, angular features and a stern expression, framed by long black locks down to his shoulders. He's actually handsome. In the

face of such circumstances it was mildly ridiculous I was thinking about such things but I couldn't help myself. Still, stabbing him was going to be an enjoyable experience.

'You don't look so sure about that.'

I lower the knife slightly to get a better look at him, he's in full army regalia, a cape covering his back but barely any of his front, and a thin veil of cloth over the top of his thighs. Striking muscles rippling across his stomach reflect the dim light in the cottage and I see veins protruding from his forearms and biceps. There is a Royal insignia on the cape, he was an elite soldier at the very least.

'I mean it, don't come any closer.'

He takes three more steps forward, closing the distance between us, the knife barely centimetres from him now and yet he isn't fazed whatsoever. I stare at him again, my veneer of strength disappearing rapidly. As I meet his crystal blue eyes he rips the knife away from me, like treats from a baby and tosses it to the ground. Trying to pick it up he holds my arms in place. My face turning red with rage, *how could I be so stupid? I should have stabbed him at the first opportunity.*

'Your Prince Frederick betrayed you and led your father along with everything.'

'Lies.'

'Why were they nowhere to be seen during the attack? They wanted to get out of the kingdom before we found them.'

'Frederick has been at war for six months, of course he wouldn't be here.'

'Has he? Or has he been plotting to remove you from the helm?'

'What the hell are you talking about?'

'The Port Terrendale treaty, he signed away the rights to the land, he told King Maiden he could have the throne, your father was looking for a way out, it was just so lucky I got wind of it first.'

'And who are you?' I spit down at his feet as he tightens his grip on my arms and slaps me across the face, it's a brutal blow but something stirs within me. He is vicious with me but it isn't entirely cruel or malicious.

'Prince Jaestrom, of the 12th Kingdom.'

'I don't believe you.'

'You keep looking at my crest a lot. I think you do believe me, you just don't want to accept I'm going to be your king.'

'Over my dead body.' I spit again as I see his patience wearing thin.

'You must listen to me, my Princess.'

I rip my eyes away from his dark stares and try to think of something else, anything else, I didn't want to give this man anything, I didn't want him to know just how much he was in my head already.

'Prince Frederick never loved you, he used you, for his own pleasure and games. To accumulate his own power, you and your father were the useful idiots.' He explains it all so matter-of-factly, looking me up and down casually as he does so.

My heart freezes as his words start to make more and more sense. In six months, there had been no word from Frederick, no letters, no notes, no messengers, he had abandoned the castle and me and my father, old and infirm had gone along with everything he wanted. Now my father had disappeared and it was becoming blindingly obvious that Frederick had had something to do with it.

‘Frederick is a traitor and I know deep down you know it too.’

He’s inches from me now, the knife long gone out of my hands, I keep glancing at it but my willingness to grab it is fading as he delves his sexy gaze into me. He’s quite disarming so close up, his thick set chest muscles right by my face as I turn my head sideways to try and tear myself away from him. But he leans over me, towering with his divine locks draping down to his trapezius muscles and his finger going under my chin.

‘The thing is, I didn’t chase you halfway across the forest just to have a pleasant chat and share some thoughts. Your kingdom is mine now my sweet little princess. And with it, you will be mine too.’

‘My kingdom will never be yours.’ *The other half of the statement slips my mind completely, I was quickly losing any control of the situation.*

His vice grip loosens slightly on my arms for a second but I’m quickly reminded of his power as he puts his hands to my neck without warning, quashing the fits of rebellion in me. His eyes explore mine as he looks me up and down, admiring my body and pursing his lips slightly at the prospect of his capture. I can’t help wanting what I want right now, I want to fold into him, to belong to him.

‘Here’s what your eyes tell me princess. I don’t think Prince Frederick ever fucked you very well did he?’ He’s completely abrasive with his language, unapologetic in wanting to have me right here and now and it is getting too sexy for me to take.

‘And what is it to you?’ I snivel at him with a sprinkling of contempt, trying to demean him.

‘It’s everything. I never was one for asking for what I want or what you want.’

I try to push him away but my arms are weak, my legs completely useless after all of the running and my heart was desiring exactly the opposite. *I’m crumbling and paralysed to stop this Herculean man doing what he needs to do with me.*

‘But I can feel exactly what you want anyway.’ He hikes up my cloth down there with his free hand, the other still crushing my neck and slicks it slowly against me, rolling the wetness onto his fingertips. As flames of lust dance in his eyes he lifts his dripping finger to my lips and dabs them lightly. ‘Can’t I?’

I whimper but it’s useless, I was done for, my body had betrayed me. Admiring me once again, his free hand goes to my top half and begins to tear downwards revealing my aching breasts.

He’s incredibly strong, ripping the golden layers off me with ease as his mouth attaches to every inch of open skin on me. I tear at his back with jagged claws but he keeps a knife to my throat, my teeth gnashing together and my head flailing back as he kisses all of me expertly, forcing my lungs to work even harder than they had on

the run. It had been so long since I had felt the touch of a real man, it was driving me over the edge.

'I know what you want, princess. I've seen the primal urges in you. I think I can let this knife go can't I?'

I stare down at the blade by my throat as he removes my last piece of clothing, tossing it to the side of the bed. My eyes flash at him and I smirk ever so slightly, trying to get a rise out of him, my bad side had taken over and I wanted to see how far he could take me. He launches the knife across the cottage and grabs the back of my hair, sucking on my neck with forceful blows before ripping my eyes back to his.

'Foreplay is going to have to be skipped.' He picks me up like a feather weight and throws me to the bed aggressively. His cape comes off to reveal a huge upper back and taut muscles across his chest, it's like a slab of rock, leading to his immaculate stomach muscles. He's perfectly proportional, not overly big, but there was no way I was going to be strong enough to resist him.

There is already sweat building up across my collarbone and chest, the air in the cottage is stifling and humid, I'm drenched down there, begging for him to take me. He unsheaths himself rapidly, revealing his enormous size down there and my teeth dig down into my bottom lip, preparing for whatever he wants me to do. The last vestiges of resistance stir within me as I punch and scrape at his chest but he pins my arms to my side, his blue eyes stealing all the erotic tension in the room and injecting me with it. As I stay pinned he grabs his bulging head and drapes his precum against me, circling my opening with strong strokes, just teasing me with his width, before he plunges deeply into me and clenches my hands.

His glutes and hips start to rock into me and I already feel a huge buildup claiming me. Our bodies cling and grind together as I pull my feet to his lower back and slide across his thick skin. All I can do is hang on as he begins to pound me faster, my hands prisoner under him as I feel truly helpless for the first time in my life.

I don't know if we are fucking or fighting as my teeth latch onto his neck and I bite down but it feels heavenly. He mounts me, weighing the underside of my knees down and pins my legs all the way back. Starting slowly he glides himself into me, as I choke on the suffocating air around the room. All I can feel is the long protracted stroke of his magnificent cock, easing past my sopping wetness, through my sticky pubic hair. I can sense his gaze on me, the smell of his pheromones overriding any remaining want to protest I might have had. It is slow at first as I get used to his length, my arousal glistening his beautiful member and our breath colliding in mid-air as he rides me with a serious passion, brushing my clit with every motion of his pelvis. *Fuck, this was going to drive me over the edge so quickly.*

My eyes roll in my head as I struggle to adjust to just how big he is and he isn't letting up, spreading my ankles with his solid grip and pounding me into the bed. Several choked moans and pleas leave me as I stare down at the absolute mess he is making of me, my juices flooding all over his iron-set stomach and cock. But this man was not going to get romantic here, he had only one thing on his mind. His hands go to the sides of my stomach and he rocks back on his knees, lifting me to

meet him as my hands flail back into the pillow. With one hand draped on my sweaty stomach, he starts pumping into me furiously, in a devastating rhythm and I just can't hold back.

'Oh god. Please. I can't. I can't. I can't fucking hold it. Oh my god.'

An explosion sets off inside me as he drills into me from his knees, water dripping from his arms onto me with the exertion. My eyes are gone, my body shuddering uncontrollably as he doesn't stop, my words blocked on my own tongue as I open my mouth wide, only to silently scream and throw my head back. The first wave crashes to a halt but a second much bigger eruption builds in me and I yell at the ceiling with my hands dragging through his black locks and grabbing his neck to stabilise myself. Tossing me aside to recover he grabs the base of my neck and whispers into my ear while his finger mops up my spillage from my throbbing slit. He pats me down there, wiping himself off on my back.

'Oh my fucking god,' I bleat. The redness has no room to go anywhere else but all over my face as he takes his shaft out of my pulsing core and pushes it into my mouth, completely in control of me.

'I always knew what a dirty slut you were deep down princess, you just didn't have the man to bring it out in you.' I shake my head back at him, unable to speak as he drags the heavy load out of my lips and flips me over quickly. *He was in charge here, not me, I was learning swiftly.*

'Lean forward.' I comply, raising my bottom to him, as he massages it tenderly for a few seconds before delivering a thunderous slap to my left cheek. 'You look very good from back here.' He slicks his cock against me down there and I feel a dab of pre-cum mixing with my excitement. He wipes a pool of sweat down from my lower back and moves his fingers to my upper mound, teasing my clit through my hair. With one hand he grips my long-flowing hair and with the other he keeps circling me, his steel-like shaft sliding into me one delicious inch at a time.

He maintains the pressure on me down there with his fingers and I lean back to meet his chest with his length still caressing my inner walls. I want to kiss him but he holds me there, agonisingly, just smiling down at me as the quivering starts again. Gradually, he moves his fingers away and makes me lean forward again, pushing my head down and raising my rear up to get an even better angle on me. From out of nowhere he spans me extremely hard four times, leaving my legs trembling and my pleas increase in volume for some mercy.

'You're going to be mine aren't you? You're going to be my sluttily little princess' He delivers another violent spanking to my ripped bottom, bruising me repeatedly as he slaps me viciously in the face at the same time. I'm immobile with my hands held behind my back as his upper thighs begging to slam against me, his hips the only part of his god-like figure that keeps moving in a circular motion against my dripping holes. The sound of our skin slapping against each other reverberates against the stone as I feel a tear of pleasure and pain drip down my cheek. Balancing on my elbows I know the inevitable is coming and he is completely primal, fucking me like he wants to impregnate me a million times over. His hands alternate between holding and guiding my hips and pulling at my hair. The pressure is

unbelievable, our groins clashing in a sweltering exchange as his massive cock makes my jaw fall to the pillow, mustering all of my capacities to control my oncoming orgasm.

'Fuck, that feels so good. Show me how much you want this.'

His hand goes to my mouth as a blistering orgasm takes my body hostage, he looks at me like he wants to breed me in captivity, like he wants me as his one true sex slave for eternity, his thick girth drilling deep into me and his powerful frame holding me down as I quiver and tense my abs under him, my eyes beginning to roll again. Tears stream down my face as he thrusts into me deeply, his rough and blood-covered hands on my shoulders, pinning me in place as I try to grit my teeth through the sweat and the anguish. He's far from done though, tearing me back up to his sticky body as he devours me, ripping into my lips and tasting the burgeoning pleasure.

'You're going to be my fucking queen aren't you?' He spanks me mercilessly over and over again as the bed rocks side to side with each punishing blow. My hands are now immobile on my back, there's nothing I can do about it. I'm going to be a new Queen, taking entirely new kinds of orders and instructions from now on. He pumps into me over and over and over again, a hypnotic tempo setting in as my voice echoes around the cottage with each piercing shot. *I'm done for.* Shouting in anguish into the pillow with my hands still behind my back, my body shivers and my nerves tingle as a slow-rolling orgasm takes hold of me. Crying into the bed, the ecstasy lifts me to new heights I had never felt before. *I feel myself given over to him entirely.*

'Say it.' He growls down my ear.

'Yes sir. Please sir. Anything. I'm your Queen.'

I scream as he releases inside me, filling me up to the brim with his juices, but he doesn't stop pounding me, his hips meeting the inflamed rawness of my aching backside. My hands were still where they were on top of my lower back. Despite squeezing inside of me, he continues vigorously, staying hard within me for a few more minutes with what seems like an endless number of firm thrusts before he slowly comes down and lets go of my wrists, collapsing onto the bed with me in a withered state beside him.

His arm goes behind his head as he settles his own breathing. I'm barely conscious of myself, curling up with whatever I can whilst trying to catch his attention. He is flat out, his shoulders wriggling and twitching as he flings aside some stray hairs from his face. We lie there for a few minutes speechless as the first break of light begins to creep through the windows and the first throes of birdsong can be heard in the trees. Slowly I begin to touch his arms and drape my finger across his biceps, looking for the compassion in his eyes and seeking his approval. As he drifts to sleep, he wraps an arm around me and I snuggle into a much needed embrace, thinking of all the many things we would have to discuss at sunrise.

# Daddy Dom(inic) and the babysitter

Written by Rob (with some inspiration from a Discord video)

[MDom][Her POV][DDLG][Babysitter][Slow Burn][Keep Quiet][Size Kink][Standing Sex][Cunnilingus][Squirting]

‘Alright I’ll leave you in charge for the night,’

“You” was me. Susie. A college student on Summer vacation back in her hometown, bored out of her mind and on babysitting duties to earn some extra cash. It was all fairly monotonous apart from one thing I hadn’t bargained on. One very present thing standing right in front of me in the doorway.

‘If he gives you a hard time, just let me know and I’ll be around to give him a firm wedgie and order no sweets for a week.’

I laugh and nod politely, trying to avoid too much eye contact.

Mr. Dominic Henderson. The hottest single dad in the neighbourhood. All six feet six of him. Word had it he had lost his wife in a boating accident many years ago. Of course I had never probed, this was work but part of me was intensely curious about the whole situation. What had she been like? Were they always happy together? How did the accident happen? I had a million and two questions and nowhere enough time to get to the bottom of it. It was a touchy subject that had to wait till some other time further down the line.

‘I’m sure he’ll be a little angel.’ He smirks

He looks at me again with those deep-set eyes. Shimmers of brown and hazel in the LED lights strike right through me. I don’t know if I can be an angel if he keeps besieging me with those eyes. It is too much to take. And the eyes are just the tipping point, we haven’t even addressed the firm jawline and broad shoulders and locks of black hair distracting me.

‘Keys are just on the mantel if you need them for anything and I’ll be on my number all night. Bye champ.’ He lifts his eight year old son and whirls him around before giving him a big hug. James, his son, was staying with me tonight whilst Mr Henderson went for a dinner with the CEO of a major Fortune 500 company.

‘Dad. I want you to stay tonight please. I won’t play Minecraft I swear.’ It was adorable. They were so close. I’m not the overly-sentimental type but a kid clinging to his dad was something that could get me there.

‘I know buddy. Tomorrow. I promise. It’s important business tonight. I gotta drum up some business dealings with some very important people so we can do that trip to Disneyland Paris that I promised you.’ He winks at his son and gives him a kiss on the forehead before releasing his grip.

James drops to the ground and starts running around aimlessly trying to find something to do, the faint noises of squealing coming through into the hall as he dashes back into the living room.

'Bye Susie. No noise complaints please. I know what you're like with your death metal.' I laugh and cross my fingers.

'I swear Mister Henderson. Your home and hearth is safe with me.'

The door quietly falls onto its latch as he goes striding off to the car down the driveway and opens the car door. I hear the faint sound of the engine revving and it kicking into gear as he swerves out into the early evening sunset.

Slumping against the door I try to steady myself. I felt weird. Super weird. It wasn't my nature to get bundled over by a man like this. But after treading through waves of waves of fuck boys in college there was something about being in the presence of a real man. Just the way he spoke, the way he commanded the room and everything around him. It was magnetic, I wasn't some dumb schoolgirl bowled over by a silly crush. This was an adult woman completely taken in by an older and much bigger man. As all manner of thoughts fly around in my head, my little dreams are interrupted by reality.

'Susie. Minecraft let's do it! Now, now, now!' James comes scurrying around the corner and jumps up and down in front of me with his puppy dog eyes.

And so it begins. *Minecraft*. *Yipee*.

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The clock creeps to 10.30pm with a slow drag as I stare listlessly at my phone. Nothing is going on, TikTok is turning into a blur and Insta is dead. Turning over on the couch I address James on the floor who is still immersed in his games.

'Okay mister, it's bedtime.'

He puts his Nintendo Switch down and huffs a great big sigh. I feel bad as I remember being the same at his age, never wanting to go to sleep and always ready for something new whatever the time of day or night.

'I don't make the rules but you're dad insisted.'

Still with the cheeky look, I can only smile.

'One more race.' Mario Kart, of course...

'James. Your dad. He in...'

'Susie please.'

Dammit I can't resist these kinds of demands. Staring at him keenly, I give him the look to make sure he knows I'm not playing around this time. 'One more.' He does a little jump up and down on the bed and swan dives back into another race as I roll my eyes and throw my head back to the ceiling.

I stare up at the walls and the ceiling, whilst on the couch, for what feels like an eternity as my mind starts wandering places again. *Why was Mr Henderson still single? Why no mention of any girl or anyone in the picture? Why all the enigma around him?*

I'm not sure what I'm seeking, answers, re-assurance, excitement, but I want it. My mind blurs out the flicking of buttons and jamming of joysticks in the background and I close my eyes thinking about Mr Henderson coming home in his navy suit, tie on, crisp white shirt, slim and tight dress pants and that irresistible...

James leaps in the air again with a half flip onto his stomach as he wins the final race with Yoshi. Pumping his fists in the air he shouts to the ceiling in time with the soundtrack blasting through the mini speakers. 'I won, I won, I gotta go again, for good luck!'

I roll my eyes and put my hands to my hips.

'Let's brush our teeth and get our pyjamas on.'

'Where are your pyjamas Susie?' It was a valid question.

'James c'mon you know I'd bring my Fortnite PJs most days of the week. I was just tired and forgot today.'

He shrugs and goes charging into the bathroom making dinosaur references.

'Fine but you're playing with me next time you come over.'

*Fine.*

I collect some of the toys strewn across the carpet and bundle them on the sofa. There's one soft toy that nearly falls off and knocks a picture frame to the floor. It is Mister Henderson, in the Bahamas with his son smiling towards the camera, James must have been only four or five years old when it was taken. I smile and thumb around the edges of the frame for a second before remembering the task at hand.

'Have you been brushing properly the last few weeks?' He nods and gives me the side eye as he tries to rub back and forth on his bottom row of teeth in a lazy fashion.

'Susie, do you have a boyfriend?'

I'm taken aback by the question.

'No James. Not at the moment'

'A girlfriend?'

'No James.' I smirk a little. Not that that proposition had never crossed my mind in the last few months after dealing with Adam's shenanigans. I can see the cogs whirring in James's mind as he tries to work out what to ask next.

'Does my Dad have a boyfriend?' *Kids and their endless questions.*

'Again, I have no idea, he hasn't told me.'

'Oh that's weird. Why wouldn't he tell you?'

'I don't know, maybe you should ask him sometime?'

James, puzzled as usual, spits his remaining toothpaste into the basin and swishes water in his mouth before spitting that too. Wiping his mouth he looks inquisitively at me and I can see the moment he makes up his mind.

'Yeah I will ask him actually. Thanks Susie.'

'My pleasure, now, to your room!'

James goes sprinting up the stairs and charges through the corridor shouting more obscure references that are completely lost on me. I labour up the stairs holding the rails and feeling sluggish again, Summer was dragging on so long. I wanted college back in any capacity.

He bursts through into his bedroom and frantically looks for something new to do. It was going to be impossible to ever calm this kid down I felt like.

'Alright let's climb into bed, read me a story okay? I know... James And The Giant Peach! You can imagine you're James again.'

He grabs the book from the shelf opposite the bed and hurls himself into the covers like a rocket blasting off.

'Get comfortable, yeah?'

Burrowing under the covers like a mole going underground he slides himself into position with the pillow and a few soft toys, including some plushies and a pikachu. It is so cute I almost want to take a picture but I know getting him involved in that would drag us back into games and apps and I couldn't do it. Reading it is.

'Okay, begin.' James starts reading the book and I put my hands behind my head trying to zone out for a little while. This Summer wasn't great, many of my friends had stayed on campus, or were working cool jobs in clubs, resorts and having a blast all around. They were enjoying their youth, drinking, smoking and partying. *What was I doing?* Stuck in my old home town babysitting eight year olds.

I'm slipping into that dizzy state again, thinking of scenarios and situations before I'm rudely interrupted by a notification bell.

A WhatsApp comes flying through. It's Adam. My-ex. And the bane of my life at the moment:

***I know I fucked up. Badly. Can we talk?***

*Maybe if you can stop sticking your poor excuse for a willy in other freshman girls we can chat...Adam. But I think talk time is over.* I put my phone on mute and cast it to the edge of the bedside table. I urge James to keep reading but he clearly has another question on his mind.

'Who is it Susie?'

'Oh nobody. Don't worry.' James looks at the phone with abject confusion and immediately turns to glare at me.

'You look angry Susie. Why are you so mad?' I didn't want to be angry around James. I sigh and pat him on the arm.

'No I'm not too angry James. There's just certain things. Adults are much worse than kids. That's the takeaway.' He stares at me with a mischievous grin.

'Yeah that's true. Like twice as bad as kids.' I chuckle a bit and roll over to face him.

'What do you want to be when you grow up James?'

He thinks for a few seconds furrowing his brow. But after looking at his gaming console and the Switch it doesn't take long for him to make his mind up.

'A YouTuber. A gaming YouTuber. But my teacher says its a dumb idea.'

I hold him gently by the arm and reassure him as the book he was reading slips out of his fingertips and onto the floor below.

'You can be anything you want James. Never let anyone hold you back, remember that.'

He thinks about the words for a while and clenches the covers to his chest. All of a sudden tiredness overcomes him and he rolls his head to the other side of the

pillow facing the wall. It is sleepy time. James And The Giant Peach was going on the floor.

‘Goodnight Susie.’

‘Alright good night James. Sweet dreams.’

He rolls over and fidgets in the bed for a few moments before shutting his eyes. This job is so easy, getting paid to sit around and say goodnight. *Yes please.* I smile as I notice him drift off to dreamland and pull the sheets tighter over him. He looks adorable under there, hugging his blanket and Pikachu.

A few minutes drift by and the same restlessness that overcame me just moments before as James was reading, creeps into my mind again. It doesn't seem like a good idea to try and fight it off in his bedroom, I need to wander for a bit, meditate on something.

Sighing, I get up to my feet slowly, creaking my knees and cracking my fingertips. I check my watch but it only tells me what I already know.

I have a lot of time to spare.

It was another two hours before he would be back. My phone is getting boring and I desperately need something else to do. Closing the bedroom door quietly, I go back down the stairs again and start to wander towards some of the other rooms.

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My travels in Mister Henderson's house don't get me too far. Broom and Hoover closet, guest room, another downstairs bathroom, it was all boring so far, but I did forget about his office right towards the rear of the house. I hadn't been this far yet. He'd never taken me down this wing of the building.

As I pass the entrance to the study something on the screen catches my eye. I wasn't really supposed to be going in all of these different rooms but curiosity is getting the better of me. I'm hurting no-one, who cares if I peek around, I deserve to know more about this mysterious man.

It is a YouTube video. Titled 'unclogging kitchen pipes: troubleshooting'. He had been looking for some tips on a plumbing problem.

I laugh, *what the fuck did I think I was going to find here?* I felt like an idiot. This whole thing was idiotic, it was like a bad episode of a detective comedy. It was time to grow up. At that moment, I decide to pop the TV on and watch something on Netflix or Prime, anything, just some good old fashioned junk or gossipy series would do.

However, as I wheel out of the chair to leave the office something else distracts me on the screen in the other tab. "Ropes and t..." The t is cut-off at the end. *Ropes...*

My hand hesitates over the mouse, shuddering like a dash of cocaine is running through my system, before I drop down on the left button.

The title of the page reads "Ropes and ties, advanced positions."

Wow, Mr. Henderson had been looking at some raunchy stuff and I had stumbled upon it almost in plain sight. I involuntarily clear my throat and check behind my shoulder. This was getting juicier by the millisecond.

There were tens and tens of girls in these photos. Of many different shapes and sizes, some were the typical model look, high cheekbones, pout and hair to the waist. Some were bigger girls, immensely sexy and confident, the photographer had a great eye for capturing every person's essence with different backgrounds and props. Bound, inflamed, tied up, gagged, naked in bath tubs, in bed, some photos were just innocent naked smiling, right back at the photographer.

But who is the photographer?

Clicking around on the screen, I try to find whatever information I can but nothing is becoming clear, until I catch something at the top. Dominic P. Henderson. *It was him.*

My eyes widen and my throat starts to feel dry. I had known he was a photographer in his spare time but an 'erotic' photographer? This was a complete tangent from anything I had expected from him. His job was taking pictures of beautiful girls all day. Part of me was wrecked, of course, he was surrounded by women far more invigorating than me, but the other part of me couldn't help but discover more. It was exciting.

I scroll down and start to realise just how far he is into freaky and kinky stuff. There were whips, ropes, positions for girls, hanging ties . The whole thing was freaking me out a little bit, but on the other side was a whole heap of curiosity. I look behind me as I scroll down the page. I'm not sure who I thought I would see but it felt like anyone could be looking over my shoulder at this moment, discovering my sordid investigation.

The door was shut and James was asleep. *What was there to worry about?*

There was one problem, I knew literally nothing about this stuff. I had never experienced any BDSM with anybody before. The only sex I had had was vanilla and over in five minutes, a completely underwhelming experience, especially after so long with Adam. But *this*? This intrigues me. My fingers rest over the keyboard, tapping lightly at nothing before I scrunch my lip and make the search:

## **BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO BDSM**

Google churns away as I sit wondering what is about to happen.

There are endless results here. Too many websites to choose from. Dodgy looking links and terribly named domains.

I click the first one and I'm taken to an elaborate page with a few girls tied up in ropes and restraints. Words alien to me like 'Dom' and 'Sub' appear on the screen. The language is something I would definitely have to delve into.

I click around on the site, eventually landing on the about page and starting to read the description of everything makes my head spin.

Laughing internally I think just how far away from this kind of world Adam was. If I had tried to approach this topic he would have laughed me out of the room. 'Daddy' phrases just weren't something he would ever be comfortable with.

I look up the definition of 'sub':

**“the participant in a BDSM sexual encounter or relationship who is obedient, giving power and control to another participant.”**

It was me to a tee.

As my mind starts wandering to distant and more interesting places, I hear a car pull up outside, the engine quickly turning off and the door booted open.

He's back, early. *Oh fuck.*

The keys are in the door and turning as I close the tab and try to clear the history, but there is no time for the latter. *Fuck, I didn't have incognito mode on.* I throw my hands to the ceiling in frustration and in complete panic shut the laptop with a bang. *Everything is more or less in its place, fuck, fuck, back in the corridor.* Sliding through the door I scamper across the wood in my socks and just about make it away from where I shouldn't have been as the handle comes down and the door swings open.

'Hey Susie, I'm back, dinner got called early.' The voice reverberates through the corridor.

Charging back into the living room I greet him with a flourish and flick of my imaginary heel.

'You just caught me, I was in the bathroom.'

*Caught me?* What a stupid turn of phrase. There's no sounds of flushing or any indicator that I had just used the toilet.

He eyes me up inquisitively. *Not that damn look again.* The chiselled outline of his face shows all the sexy lines as he smirks and puts his lightweight jacket down on the sofa, revealing the short sleeved polo shirt beneath. His muscular and veiny arms bulge out of the bottom as he rests his hands by the side of him on the sofa.

'Didn't get up to too much mischief I hope.' *Gulp.* He is bearing down on me from above, at his great height.

'No nothing too bad.' I reply with an awkward giggle. I feel dizzy, almost nauseous as I try to navigate my way out of the tension. Busy, busy was good. I dart to the sofa and pick up my handbag and keys.

'Are you off?' He asks.

'I have to go, yeah, it's just, home, my mum called, she needs help, pies, we're making pies, for the pie event. Yeah Summer fair and everything, you know how it is.' *I'm crumbling.* It was nothing about the time, I had to get out of here, away from this man and his ever imposing allure. He nods, frowning a little as he tries to suss out the issue.

'Hope the little man wasn't a pain.'

'No, no, he was great...It's just...' The vein running down his bicep protrudes out ever more as he sits back and puffs his chest out. 'It is just...me, I'm feeling a bit funny, I need to get my head down.' *I need to be away from you, I'm drowning.*

'Sure, no problem. Do you want any water before you go?'

I shake my head vigorously, water wasn't going to cut it.

With my belongings clumsily gathered together, I hurry to the front door and plop them down to put my shoes on. Nervously tugging at the laces, I wince a little as my thumb just about manages to undo them again.

'Well thank you for looking after the little man. He is growing fond of you. As am I.' *Dammit, stop.* I flick hair from behind my ears trying to bury my head towards my shoes as the redness envelops my face to my ears. The last shoe slips on far too late and I dive headfirst into the door with everything, letting out a feeble goodbye.

'Bye Dom. Bye!' *Dom?* Oh no. I'd never used his first name before. It had always been Mister Henderson. And it had all the wrong connotations after what I had just been reading.

The door slams behind me and I scurry away, able to breathe in a huge sigh of relief. *What the fuck is wrong with me?* I had never had a thing for older men but he was different. He wasn't a square, he was in damn good shape, sexy as hell, confident, big, everything rolled into one insane package. And certain revelations showed me even more than I thought I could know. My Converse hit the pavement as I make a sharp left. I had to find a distraction, anything, just something to get away from this man and the gig for a while.

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It had been nearly a week since the incident at the house. Things had been uneventful since, just blazing sun and lazy days as I tried to hide in my room and around the garden just reading and falling into imaginary worlds away from the pressure that real life had brought on me. Of course I couldn't go on hiding forever and it was only a matter of time before the inevitable came knocking.

Late in the afternoon I received a text. It was him. The message read simply:

**'Hey Susie, can you come over for five minutes today? Around 8'ish?'**

Putting my phone down, I place the book on my lap and look up to the sky through my sunglasses. *What was I going to do? Hide forever and hope things will go back to normal?* Things had to be settled. No matter how uncomfortable I felt about it.

The clock strikes 7.45pm. I'm not dressed in anything revealing, just a simple white tee and my Levi's and usual Converse. My hope was the less sexualised I could appear the easier it would be to deal with this upcoming conversation.

My legs feel like lead as I walk up the garden path to the house. Stomach in knots and butterflies doing somersaults.

With a weak effort I knock on the door. Three raps with my knuckles just about managing to scrape across the paint. Brogues come stamping down the hallway and the latch sounds as the door swings open. Of course, I'm greeted by his hulking presence, towering over me.

*God damn.* He looks even more ravishing than last time. Crisp clean checkered pants and a black shirt with a glass of whiskey in his hand, ice jingling as he puts it to his lips and takes a quiet swig before addressing me.

'Hey Susie, this won't take long, thank you for coming, Don't mind the attire. I was just slipping into something more comfortable for the evening.' *I definitely don't mind the attire.*

The door slams behind me and I lurch into the kitchen, following him closely behind like a lost puppy. We walk through in silence until I'm sat down on one of the high stools at the island.

'Drink?'

'No I couldn't. I'd feel like...'

'Susie, this isn't an interrogation, you can relax with me you know.'

I blush, involuntarily and try my best to meet his gaze.

'Pepsi if you have some?'

'Pepsi it is.' He smiles warmly and spins around to open the fridge. The fridge throws out a wave of cool breeze into the room as he unpacks a can of Pepsi and slams it shut again.

He hands it to me and I fumble at it, trying to lift the lid with my nails but it is hopeless.

'Here.' He grabs the can back and pops it with a smooth motion before handing it back to me.

'Thanks.' I cup the can and try to slow my heart down. For the first time since babysitting, I actually started to study his kitchen. It is beautifully designed. Black counters, cupboards, cooking appliances in a shimmering finish, standing out against the clear and wooden floors below us. His black shirt matches impeccably with it.

One thing comes to mind, I don't hear any children. *James*, I could turn the topic to James. The silences were killing me. 'Where's James?'

He clears his throat and spreads his hands on the counter.

'James is just asleep upstairs. He went out early tonight. I just wanted to discuss a few things and as you live so close I hope it wasn't too much hassle to come over for just a few minutes.'

'No, of course not.' I laugh to dispel the tension in my own chest. 'Not a problem at all. I was just watching some TV, reading some Vonnegut, super lazy evening, I needed something to do.'

He nods and sips from the rocks glass again. I watch the liquid go down his throat, the world almost seeming to slow to a snail's pace. He puts the glass down and adjusts his shirt sleeves to roll up a bit higher on his forearms. *God damn.* My palms are sweating. The tension is unbearable, I have to address the issue first, it was the only way I could salvage some face.

'Look, I should apologise. I don't know what I was doing. I wasn't thinking clearly. James...James was in bed and I...I...I don't know, I went exploring and found the office and that laptop. I wasn't going to go in that room I swear, I know that's totally out of bounds for a babysitter and well beyond my remit.'

His face darkens into a suspicious gaze and confusion.

'Laptop?'

And like that, an unimaginable horror sinks in. The reason he called me over was nothing to do with what I had searched on the laptop after all. The whole week of worrying and I had landed myself in it.

'I...err...guess.' My jaw freezes as no words are able to leave my mouth.

'What did you see on my laptop, Suzie?'

*What the hell could I say?*

'I'm not going to bite and I'm not going to judge, just tell me, what did you see?'

Closing my eyes I try to make sense of my words. I wanted to say something cogent but my brain is failing me.

'I saw lots of girls, in different positions, sexual positions I think and they were all tied up. Lots of devices, arrangements, contraptions. I don't know what everything was.'

'What did you think of it?' It leaves his mouth without him even batting an eyelid.

It was the million dollar question. Old Susie would have run out of the house at this point. But ever since college, since Adam, since lots of sexual disappointment, my mind has been seeking new highs, new opportunities, new thrills.

'It all looked very weird, I think it is really odd you are interested in all of that, you'd have to be crazy to be into it.'

He keeps his gaze on me throughout the sentence as he sips the last remaining drops of the whiskey. Placing the glass down more aggressively this time, he slinks across the kitchen island and invades my space more deliberately, parting my legs slowly on the high stool. The oud and woody scents of musk drift across me, he smells as divine as he looks, dark and brooding. I glance down quickly at his massive hands on my tiny thighs in the jeans, completely swallowing me up. It was the first time he had made such a bold move against me and I was far from prepared to deal with it professionally.

'Okay now you've got the scripted bullshit out of the way. What did you really think of it? No pretty lies this time.'

His eyes are locked on mine and the veins are protruding from his hands and forearms. It is a subtle reminder of the power he possesses in his huge frame and what a helpless little girl I am underneath it right now. And yet, with all of this at his disposable I feel safe, untouchable with him here to shelter me.

'I don't know to be honest. I really don't know.'

'Susie, it is nothing to be ashamed of. You can tell me sweetheart.'

*If I was drowning before, my body was washed ashore now.*

'It kinda intrigues me I guess.'

'Oh?' His voice perks up as he urges me to keep talking.

'But I don't know, it seems so insane, I'm so lost at the moment, it just isn't right. It's not my world.'

'You've never had a man take control of you before have you?' I look up at him as he holds my chin with one hand and his massive hand falls down gently further up my thigh, spreading my legs even wider apart so his hips nearly fall in between them. His eyes are an endless ocean as I try to hold back a whimper with him mere inches from my lips.

'Look at you, you're shaking, so nervous, so small beneath me.'

'Dominic. I...' Throat as dry as ever, words nowhere to be found.

'You know your biggest problem Susie, you overthink too much. I love your intelligence, you know that, but sometimes you just have to let your mind wander a bit. Relinquish the reins.'

A slow warmth begins to fill me up, running all across my legs and core. I don't know if I can stop myself from wanting this. I don't know if my rational side is strong enough to bring me down from the heights I want to climb to with this man.

'Dominic, I...I don't know if this is a good thing for us to do.'

My body convulses in a mixture of want and uncertainty. I lick my lips to get any sense of moisture back to them and flick my hair out of the way exposing my neckline. He leans over me even further before whispering into my ear, the sensation bringing a serenity over my body.

'What did I say about overthinking, little girl?'

'Fuck Dom, please, I shouldn't.' One last plea escapes me.

'Shhh, shhh, don't fight it Susie, don't fight this. You tell me at any time if this doesn't feel...*right*.'

His hand goes from my chin to my lips and his thumb slips inside my mouth as he urges me to wrap my tongue around it. Impulse control is gone and I begin slowly moving my mouth against it, before gradually drawing him out of there. Looking at me with a grin, he leans down a long way and locks his lips with mine.

He tastes like strawberry mint, his tongue gently flicking mine as he grips onto me playfully. Cupping my face, he runs his other hand up and down my jeans, teasing me with the warmth of his touch. I'm already urging his hands further up my thighs and trying to tug on the edges of his shirt as he retracts from the kiss and growls with a more menacing tone.

'I know when a girl is eager to learn.'

I nod meekly. Emotions are fluttering inside me as he keeps his eyes on my lips and murmurs deeply before lunging in again, a little more forcefully this time. My own fingers curl together as the feeling of his mouth on mine sets fire to a deep need. Hands are flailing everywhere as I try to steady myself on the stool and grab onto something but it all seems in vain. His sheer size pins me against the back of the stool and keeps me there for as long as he wants.

'Kick your shoes off, leave them here.'

Complying, I undo the laces and slip the Converse off, tossing them aside gladly.

He rips my attention back to him and cups my cheeks, engulfing them with his big mitts. Stroking my face, he sets back into that delicious and commanding tone of his.

'Don't worry I'll go gentle with you, I'll play nice. I'll teach you slowly. You're just going to have to stay quiet for me.'

He lifts me up in his arms and my legs instinctively reach around to his thick-set back, clasping onto his lower spine and just above his glutes. As he embraces me we go in for another kiss, him stumbling back slightly against the wall as he pins my arms above my head.

'I need a mirror. Let's go to the bathroom.'

I cling to his back desperately as he carries me through to the downstairs bathroom and locks the door with a quick hitch. Pinning me against the wall, he maintains the intensity from the kitchen, kissing me passionately, as my hands fumble for anything they can, his ears, his hair, his chest. After what seems like an eternity, he puts me down on the floor, far beneath him and clears his throat, ready to instruct me.

'Take your jeans off for me.' He mutters.

Flicking the zipper down and unbuttoning them, I keep my eyes on Dom the entire time. I was really fucking nervous. Nobody had ever seen me this naked before except Adam, *what if he was going to judge me?* Shyly, I cover my upper legs with my hands and look away momentarily.

'Don't be nervous with me Susie.' The reassurance in his voice melts the anxiety all the way through. I smile and look back at him again. His hand goes from my throat to my upper body and starts caressing me through the shirt. His lips trail down to my neck and start sucking, biting, tasting everything they can. Gasping, I catch a look at us in the mirror, me bottomless, still in my plain white tee and him exploring me completely carefree. I grin a little at the naughtiness and short moans leave me wanting more.

As his hands run all over me I can see him eyeing my panties with a delirious satisfaction. His eyes light up at the prospect of exposing me so easily.

'Are you really leaving a little patch for me already, you bad girl?'

*I'm fucking soaked Dom.*

In what seems like one swift movement, he tugs at my panties and covers my legs. His hands go a thousand places at once, tracing my inner thighs before gliding over my wetness and gently rubbing. Groaning, I hold my hands against the wall to steady the feeling. His response is to pin my neck with one huge mitt and drag my panties down with the other, a rumbling growl building in his throat.

'Do you trust me Susie? You'll have to be quiet.' He tears the panties from below my ankles and tosses them aside. Keeping his left hand on my neck and forcing my face to the mirror, his index finger on the other hand slowly reaches between my legs and rubs against my wetness.

'Yes Dom. I trust you. So much.'

'I always get what's mine baby girl. That's something you'll learn with a man like me.' Moaning with a ringing baritone sound, he pats me gently down there, the

echo reverberating around the bathroom. His grip is unbreakable, completely domineering as he brings his index finger to his lips and tastes me. I can't glimpse too much but clearly brushing against his pants, is his massive cock, only growing larger and larger with each rubbing motion of the hand.

I'm breathless, my naked body involuntarily rising and falling with every kiss that trails down my body and my teeth gnashing into my lips. He smiles, shark-like and continues kissing every inch.

'Look at me in the mirror, baby girl. Watch me devour you.'

I bury my hands into his thick mound of hair as he lashes against my quivering slit, his tongue, clearly skilled and ready to take me over every edge. My breathing has become totally erratic by this point. Both hands clamp against my thighs and he moans against me, vibrating me nicely. I move my own hand to my mouth to bury the moans but it is going to take much more to keep my quiet for him.

'No moaning little thing, hold it for me.'

His electric tongue assaults my clit as my hips point to the ceiling. I want to throw my hands to my face and hold them there for a long time but I'm helpless to do anything. He feels so fucking good, tasting me like this. He isn't erratic with it, keeping a perfect speed going as his tongue makes swishing movements against me, building me up faster than anyone has ever done before.

'Oh fuck...Dom...fuck.' My voice is wobbly and my legs are not far behind. 'Keep going, yes, just there, just there.'

He finds the perfect spot, attacking me without care and his mouth clapping onto my clit, sucking, teasing, licking in any direction, letters of the alphabet, all with one smooth rhythm and timing. As this goes on his voice throbs against my pulsing slit, lapping the pleasure from all around me. He barely breaks for air and I shout louder into my hand trying to keep any remaining composure. I keep fixed on us in the mirror looking at his big head against my little body and my hands go to my sensitive breasts, tweaking my nipples and pulling on them one at a time.

*What a sight I must be right now. His little girl, all exposed and thrashing around like I'm possessed.*

'As fun as it would be to make you cum like this. I've got other plans in mind for you Susie. Something to satisfy your...kinks a bit more.'

He stands up from his knees, towering above me again and pushes his lips against mine, the moisture drenching me completely, sweet nectar mixed with my own dirty excitement.

'I see the way you look at me, you like bigger men, you want to be filled with something far bigger than you should be able to handle.' He growls and I shudder against him, gulping hard. 'I'm done playing with this pussy. It is going to be mine.'

Breathless and staggering against the bathroom wall, I watch as his dress pants come down to his ankles, revealing his rock solid girth threatening to protrude out of the sides of his boxers. He's like a Greek God. Grinning, he slides his boxers down whilst keeping me in place. I look down and tension consumes me whole as I see every inch of his thick girth, hard as steel and twitching to be inside me.

'Look in the mirror for me. You stay still, keep your right leg on the counter. I'm going to grind my hips into you slowly.' I place one leg on the top next to the sink, stretching my thighs and hamstrings and get the balance just right. He keeps his hand over my mouth and I hear him grip himself. Glancing down in vain, I make out the swollen tip running up my drenched thighs, before he slicks it against me and makes me shudder. He's enormous, he looks like he is going to impale me with it. He's going to fill me to the hilt and there is nothing I can do to stop it.

'I'm going to make sure you remember this.' He brings his phone out of his top shirt pocket and switches the camera on, hitting the "record" button. *Fuck, this was too damn sexy.* He rubs his tip against my opening a few more times, driving me wild with anticipation. Even just that has me salivating down my shirt.

'Dom, I can't wait any more, please, I have to have you.'

Brushing his giant head against my clit, without warning he slowly slides inside me and forces my head to recoil against the wall, my eyes rolling in my head with the pressure. *Fuck.* Nothing could have prepared me for this, he's massive, almost hurting me with the size. Hitching his own breath, he unbuttons his dress shirt letting me see all of his broad shoulders and chest and iron stomach and throws it over the railing. Sharp lines run down his body, into the v-shape pointing towards the hammer blow he is about to deal me.

'Oh my fucking god. You're so big. I don't know if I can take it all.'

All I can do is glance in the mirror and stare at his ripped physique slowly gliding against my shirt as helpless bleats leave my lungs. I want to run my hands along his stomach and towards his hips but the pressure building up inside me is threatening to override everything.

'No touching little one, you take this length until you can't stand, you need your hands to steady yourself. I barely have to fuck you and I know you are going to be shuddering against this wall.'

My mouth opens but no moan leaves it as he presses his hand harder into me but maintains the delicious rhythm against me, keeping firm pressure on my pulsing clit. It is spellbinding and grinding me into a nervous mess. My moans grow louder against his hand

'Dom oh...ooo...shit...' The words deteriorate into guttural noise as I lose my capacity to think. *How on earth was I supposed to keep quiet?* My jaw falls down involuntarily as I suck any air I can in, to brace with the impact of each slow stroke. Whimpering again, I look at the mirror and get another jolt of pleasure from just how much bigger he is than me. His length was almost pressing against my stomach from the inside.

'God damn, Susie, I'm going to make you burst.'

Once again, his timing is incredible. He speeds up ever so slightly causing my breaths to get even shallower and lifts my shirt to latch his mouth onto my breasts, squeezing and gripping my nipples between his teeth before turning back to the camera.

'Smile for me Susie. I want to see you cry with pleasure baby girl.'

Keeping the phone steady I manage a naughty smile in the mirror, grinding my hips even firmer against his strong pelvis. In response to this, he pumps his hips even harder into me, still keeping the same slow pace as before. He clasps his other hand even harder against my mouth as I start shouting, cries of ecstasy and lust. It wasn't long before I was going to explode.

'Dom, please, don't stop, don't stop.'

Giddy with the pressure, I manage a laugh that quickly turns into another gasp and long drawn-out moan. This man was incredible.

I groan and he keeps pressing against me, steadying my leg on the sink counter as it starts shaking. I'm dripping all over his cock as he keeps the video going, zooming in on my face and every exquisite reaction I have to him.

Fisting my hair he forces me to watch my orgasm in slow motion.

'Watch this big man make your little cunt explode sweet girl. It isn't yours anymore. So you're going to have to ask me for your release.'

*The words are driving me mental, in the best way imaginable.*

Not soon after he says this, I'm there, I can't hold back on this girth any longer, it is too fucking good.

'Dom, I'm going to cum, can I cum? Can I? I can't hold it.'

He pushes me all the way onto him and strokes me continuously, his pubic area rubbing against my pulsating clit as my screams start taking over my body. His grip forces me to watch as I squirt over him and spill onto the floor, my nails digging into his hips and glutes as I squeeze around him, trying to drain him too, but he won't budge. I'm a complete sticky mess as the contractions begin. My leg shudders on the counter and my voice gets hoarse as I shout into his palm. It feels unlike anything I've ever felt before.

'Shh, shh, Suzie, baby, I'll take some inches out of you.'

He retracts from me slightly. Allowing something to fill my lungs again. But it is only a little. He still feels almost all the way in. My face is covered in sweat and the tingling in my body still hasn't stopped as I try my best to calm down from the eruption. But it is going to take a long time. My t-shirt is a complete mess of perspiration and cum, all my effort to stand in place soaked into the fabric.

His tone shifts as he starts kissing me again, much softer now, stroking the hair from out of my face as he keeps his cock buried inside me halfway deep. His touch is reassuring, caring and everything in the world I need right now after such an insane experience.

'I know that was a lot but you did so well for me. Good girl.'

His lips grace my cheeks and he cups my chin, looking deeply into my eyes and letting me regain my strength one second at a time. I'm hesitant but it almost feels romantic, like we were meant to be in this position in this bathroom. The more time I spend with him, the more I realise this man was meant to care for me. My big protector. As these thoughts roam around my head, I lean my head into this thick-set chest and nuzzle against him. Purring with his heart beating in my ears, I think I could stay safe here forever.

Slowly and ever so gently he pulls himself out of me, still rock hard. His head is pulsing and...ever so inviting.

'But what about you?' I mutter under my breath wondering why he hadn't finished as well.

'I can wait Susie. Plus I think we're going to be interrupted anytime...right about...now.'

There are footsteps upstairs, running around and the sound thunders across the floor towards the staircase.

*Holy shit. James. Did we wake him up?*

Dom smiles and grabs his shirt from the railing. Before scooping his dress pants up from the floor.

'Get dressed quick. Play innocent.'

Charging around the bathroom, I scramble together every bit of loose clothing I can and clumsily step back into my panties and jeans. This shirt would have to be turned inside out, it is not fit for wear. *Shit, shit, shit. He is coming down the stairs right now and there is no lock on the bathroom door. God dammit.* Taking a quick glance in the mirror I clear the drool from my chin and fix my hair to look somewhat more human. I look like I just got dragged through a fence. It would have to do.

Nearly slipping on the tiles I tug my socks, inside out, back on my feet and shimmy to the door with Dom leading the way.

As we burst into the hallway, James is at the kitchen counter, walking in my shoes, pretending he has big feet.

'Susie, why are you like bigfoot?'

Dom laughs and I cross my arms, shaking my head.

'James, c'mon is that a way to greet me.' Rushing over to the cups I pour myself some water from the sink and sip on it with my hand clenched around the edge of the marble.

James goes running around the kitchen counter in the shoes and nearly crashes into the wine cabinet as he skids back into view. Finally, he notices me and a look of confusion comes over him.

'What were you and Daddy doing?' *Daddy? Gulp.*

I almost spit out the water as Dom can't hide a laugh either.

'We were just talking about my babysitting job.'

'What about it?'

His eyes are so full of innocence and wonder, it is really damn hard to lie to him.

'Just how many times I'll be coming over.'

'Are you still going to be my babysitter?' Panic sets in as he shrieks a little at the thought of not seeing me again.

'James. Susie is still going to be your babysitter, don't worry.'

The same feeling that had come over me last time starts to sink in again, the walls are closing in and the pressure is getting to me. *I had to get out of here.* Dom notices and immediately steps in to dispel the tension.

'Anyway James, Susie has to get going now so say your goodbyes okay. And step out of those shoes please.'

'Oh.' He looks despondent and drops a slime toy on the floor. 'Bye Susie.' The Converse go skidding away from me and hit the wall. James is in no mood for anything long, drawn-out and overly emotional and neither am I. My own emotions are in absolute turmoil right now and this wasn't the right time to address them with Dom. In silence, I fasten my shoes on, Dom watching me intently, arms folded and a look of comfort in his eyes. It feels nice and I want to stay in that aura, but right now, right now I couldn't.

I smile. 'Bye James. Be a good boy okay till I next see you okay.'

James goes charging back into the lounge to return to his Playmobil and Minecraft. Dom, hulking behind me, leads me to the door.

'We'll talk more later, okay? I know you don't want to be here right now. I can see it written all over you.' He murmurs behind me, reading me like an open book.

I look back at him and nod, biting my lip. There was a lot I had to say, to confront, but I could wait. He bends down and kisses me gently on the lips as I stand on my tiptoes to reach him and embrace the beautiful texture of his mouth and all the coziness he provides.

'Bye Dom.'

As I step outside into the humid Summer evening. I hear him, clearing his throat and lowering his voice, behind me.

'Susie. One more thing. It is *Daddy* Dom from now on.'

# The bar and aggressive stranger fantasy

Written by Lisa

If you want to read more of Lisa's work you can do so [HERE](#)

[MDom][Strangers To Lovers][Drinks][Stalker][CNC][Hotel Room][Moans][Taking  
Orgasms][Pounding][Good Slut][Cuffs]

I have been fantasizing about this one scenario for a few years. You meet me at the bar and I have been more than a little bit of a cock tease. This is until we lock eyes from across the bar. The hair on my arms and the nape of my neck is standing up. My breathing pattern has picked up to me panting. I see your pupils have overtaken your irises that feral look in your eyes.

I should be very afraid but I'm not. I also have no idea why I have turned up the level of cock teasing. But yeah I'm getting free drinks so I don't care if you get any tonight or not. It has gotten late and the last call was issued a minute ago. I finished the tenth expensive drink you have sent me tonight. I figured that you have just about spent in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars for the drinks in total.

I see you leave for the men's room and I don't hesitate to get up and leave you sleeping alone tonight. I'm going to the hotel across the alley behind the bar. I'm hoping I don't bump into you. But karma is a complete bitch like that. Because your apartment is two buildings in the back of the no tell hotel room I booked for the weekend.

I'm walking to the door to my room when your hand is over my mouth.

"You should have thought about this one you shouldn't have played games and now I not only have you in my grasp but oh sweet baby girl I hope you are ready for the pussy payments you owe me tonight", you growl in my ear.

You redirect me to come with you to your apartment and I can do nothing but comply with you. The fact that the streets are practically post-apocalyptic with the emptiness only heightens my sense of danger. We're in the elevator now and we're alone and I wasn't afraid before but I am now on so many levels. We don't talk until the door to your apartment opens up and I am landing on the floor on my hands and knees but I don't think I should look back to you.

"You fucking little cock tease you thought you were just going to walk away free and clean". You are supremely angry with the words spat at me through clenching teeth.

" You owe me for all of those cocktails I sent your way back at the bar tonight and oh yes baby girl I will have my pussy payment in full." You growl at me.

I'm still on my hands and knees but now I'm trembling with fear and arousal when you lift my dress up. The fact that I am not wearing panties, you growl at the fact you caught me without them and the evidence of your words is just glistening in the dim room lighting. My grool is dripping on the floor and that's when I felt the sting of your hand on my bare ass and heard the betrayal of the moan from my mouth.

This is what spurs you on, you have my consent in the form of the moan. You grab my hair and force me to the bedroom where I am thrown on the bed. My body landing sprawled out and presented to you like that of an offering to be sacrificed. You are completely undressed and your massive cock is proudly erect. The size is more than concerning, like it might be too big to fit any one of my holes. But you seem to have been observant and see the way my eyes are lingering a little too long and the little trail of drool at the corner of my mouth is like having a gift from the gods.

You give me this look and the stupid lil subby brain of mine automatically crawls to you and starts to lick the head of your massive cock and twirl my tongue around it. My mouth is just about to drench the sheets below me and I take you to the soft hair at the base of your shaft. You jerk and your cock travels further down my throat. Gagging and drooling around your massive member you fuck my face but you don't want to cum just yet yanking your member out of my mouth and grabbing my hair you turn me on my hands and knees.

"Ass up, face down, the pussy payments start now and then you have to pay me with that tiny little asshole too." You tell me with your voice a little bit deeper with a lot more baritone than before.

Your cock is at the entrance of my pussy and before I get a chance to think you've thrust inside me in a single thrust.

I scream with a pleasurable pain I have never felt before. This just excited you more and I felt that excitement in the form of the brutal pace you were starting out with. My brain was offline but my body was yours for the taking and you were going to take advantage of every last orgasm you could rip from my tight little hole.

"Fucking hell bitch your pussy is dripping wet and so fucking tight you little fucking slut." You snarled it at me through curled up lips and gritted teeth.

"Oh yeah I'm going to enjoy breaking you, you fucking little whore being a little fucking cock tease all night. Yeah I'm going to remind you of your place in the world of men. In fact I'm not going to let you leave. You should have sent the first drink I sent you back. Now you fucking little slut I own this tight little pussy and that sinful mouth. Fucking hell I'm just gonna have to chain you to the bed. And fuck that little pussy anytime I want." You say this with enthusiastic thrusts after nearly every word spoken.

You only increase the pace, losing your mind and your control. You were fucking me into the mattress and then the floor below. My whimpering and moaning and the force of each and every orgasm you were taking from my body made me pass out but you wouldn't stop fucking me. The bed was soaked through with our combined releases. You were far from finished with me, slapping my ass to rouse me. I'm fully awake and aware that you were going for my tight little asshole.

"Fuck that little asshole is taking me so fucking well. You like this you fucking slut. Yeah you do, your tight little hole is just quivering around my cock."

You say this like the words were forced from your mouth, from the brutal pace he was fucking my little asshole.

My hands were gripping the sheets in a vice grip. You were losing control and you rip another orgasm from my body and flip me over. Dragging my body further up the bed, taking my wrists in just one of your huge hands and locking them both in the cuffs. I didn't even realize that they were already dangling on the railing of the headboard. You wrench my legs open and thrust inside my pussy again, my god, this stamina is unlike anything I have experienced. My moaning hasn't stopped by the look of it, I don't think I can ever stop.

"Looks like the little slut is enjoying her punishment. You know I am never going to let you go. You are never leaving now. I have been watching and waiting for this moment to come to me. You see I have been following you on all your socials and around the city. From the look in your eyes I can tell you didn't even realize you had a stalker. You see I always get what I want and baby girl I have been wanting you for awhile now. You have no idea how long I waited for you to come to that little dive bar. And away from those people you call friends and family. Ahh there's my little slut I love seeing the look of utter defeat in your pretty little eyes."

You look down to the union of our bodies and move your hand, placing your thumb on my clit. Working the little button of pleasure up and down up and down building my next orgasm up rapidly. When you ordered me to cum my orgasm was like nothing I have ever felt before. It was brutal. I was shaking and had tears run down to my temples. You start to cum just as my own orgasm was building to its crescendo and you were filling up my hole with burning hot cum.

"Hey sweetheart you okay" you ask me while holding me tight to that chest. "Wait right here I am going to get you a bottle of water. You lost a lot of fluid and I need to keep my girl hydrated." You whisper in my ear. I just laid there in the bed of my abductor. You return with the water and a damp washcloth.

"This might be a little bit uncomfortable but I'm not going to let you sleep with our combined releases all over your thighs my love. You see I always take care of what is mine and from now on you are mine." You say softly.

I drank some of the water and you recap the bottle and put it on the bedside table. You get back in the bed and embrace me from behind, pulling up the covers as I'm slowly drifting off to sleep right when you say.

"I love you so much my little pet".

Then all I see is blackness.

# My First Client

Written by Rob

[M4F][His POV][Massage][Slow Burn][Client][Private Session][Tension][Risky][Don't Get Caught][Fingering][Clit Play][Orgasm For You]

I loved every little submissive conquest on my table, wet and slippery under my hands as I would guide them exactly how I wanted. I'm Ben Kylmerdale, maybe the most in-demand masseuse in New York City, for reasons both job-related and not so job-related.

Soon word spread like wildfire all over the United States. I became the talk of the country, discussed in code in mums' forums, shared quietly in celebrity circles and renowned even in royalty.

I let the lifestyle take me away completely as things began to steamroll. The sessions on the private jets over to Monaco, the password parties at London mansions and the decadent yacht gatherings of the Bel Air class.

But she would always be my first. The one who drew me into all of this.

My first client, well, my first non-conventional client. I used to be straight edge, but it was difficult to keep that ruse up when she was on my table, her body writhing and drawing me in to transport her to places she had never been before.

Christina Gomez. A firebrand. A whirlwind of heat, passion and contradiction rolled into one tight and sexy package. The girl I tried my hardest not to mix business and pleasure with and failed miserably.

This story is a little bit about me and her, how we came to meet and who we came to be.

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Masseuse was never the title I expected on my CV.

On graduating high school I had no idea that that was who I would be. I'd always been good with my hands, fixing things, mending things around the house and the farm where I grew up but I'd never really known where to take it, only that I wanted to be working on something with my hands all day long, day in and day out. Moulding something or sculpting it maybe, it was all a vague dream.

Rural Missouri was a far cry from where I wanted to be, I needed a change, a way to explore a side of myself quashed out in the countryside. I wanted to hit the city and do something completely different.

My friend told me about massage and some of the money to be made working with higher-end and more demanding clientele. I was more than a little intrigued and I became obsessed, studying the art furiously, reading into the early mornings and practising in the local area, getting my first few paying customers. I'd found a natural talent.

I took a risk and set up my own masseuse business far away in New York City, starting off in a small building and gradually working up to the glitzier neighbourhoods where the city's wealthy and famous would all congregate.

I was good, very good. Work was slow at first but soon picked up pace as people learned of my skills and my satisfied clients, mostly girls, mostly younger women, models, ballerinas, high-flyers in the city, all manner of girls. I never saw myself as a natural casanova or a lothario but each week working on the aching muscles and sore tendons of beautiful girls, all exposed and almost naked on my table, it lit a fire under me. Of course, I never mixed business and pleasure, a massage was a massage, nothing more.

Everything was going smoothly, business was churning away, our client base was expanding and things were looking up for our most profitable year ever. But one girl changed all that, one girl who booked an appointment on a seemingly innocuous late Tuesday evening.

Her name was Christina Gomez.

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"Ben, I've got your next client, erm, 6pm? Does that work for you?"

Rinsing my hands in the basin, I shout back to my receptionist. "Six is fine, can't go much past seven though, dinner in Manhattan with an old friend."

I'd been thinking about dinner all day, a ribeye, some wine and catching up with Demetrious, one of my best buds from high school who was travelling up from Florida for the week. It was going to be a simple and relaxing evening. No stress, no work, no phone buzzing away, just good old fashioned guy chat.

The minutes ebb by as I work my hands into the last appointment's trap muscles and knead against her shoulder blades. One of my older clients, Katy, a Wall Street banker, who had been with me since the very beginning, we didn't talk much but she always left a satisfied customer.

6.12pm. Last client of the day and we've gone way over time. I get lost in my work more often than I'd like to admit. I drag my palms against her oily exterior and dive my thumbs deeper against the surface of her skin, eliciting a little murmur and groan of satisfaction from her as I tenderly rub her down, letting her feel each stroke and the softening of each pressure point. She wriggles on her stomach and bucks her hips slightly in the air, reacting to the sensation of my busy hands.

"Miss Trent, I think we're done here, here's a towel, there's refreshments on the counter if you'd like and I'll leave you in peace to change in the side room."

She opens her eyes and wraps the towel around her, covering her breasts and wiping down some of the moisture from her tight stomach and back.

"Thank you Ben, amazing as always." She beams widely at me. "I don't want to tell you what to do but I think you should clone those hands, make multiple copies of you, the world needs you. I tell my girlfriends down at Citi about you all the time." Shaking her head, she curls her hair back into a neat ponytail and fastens her bra, adjusting her breasts against the nylon.

“You’re welcome.” I smile back at her and swing through the door back to the reception area to wait on the next client. Looking down at my phone I see a text from Demetrious.

He’s met a new girl, she looked cute, petite, braids, and a very nice body, good for him. He hadn’t always been a ladies man but he was getting better, much better. Throwing the phone back into my pocket I look around at all of the chairs but no one is there.

“What’s the name?”

My receptionist, Sarah, scrambles away at the keyboard, searching through the CMS database. After a few clicks she brings it up on the screen.

“Christina. Gomez. Christina Gomez.”

I nod and plant my hands on my hips.

The receptionist shrugs and I shrug back equally as perplexed. It was very rare for a client to be more than 5 minutes late in New York, time was at a premium. Nearly 15 minutes was completely unheard of.

“Tell her to come straight through when she arrives. But if she doesn’t arrive in 10 minutes I’ll head off and re-schedule with her. Leave her number on the top.” A few minutes pass and nobody arrives, I check my watch and go back to reception.

Katy walks out from the side room in her smart work dress and pencil skirt and waves goodbye.

“Thanks again Ben. Same time next week?”

It was like dating with this girl, except dating consisted of rubbing her down till she murmured with jolts of pleasure under my thick hands.

“Sure thing, don’t work too hard Katy.”

She smiles and flicks her handbag to her side, easing through the front door and hitting the sidewalk with a determined spark in her step.

I’m distracted by Katy’s swaying hips and a voice calls out from behind me with no warning.

“Sorry Mister Klymerdale. I thought I would let myself in, faster that way.”

I turn around to notice the door swinging freely and the voice going into the room without a face to match it. She hadn’t even bothered to check in, just stealthily slipping past both me and Sarah. My last client has an attitude to her, a strong accent, Mexican maybe, I couldn’t tell. I’d soon find out.

“Hey, Miss Gomez? Please, make yourself at home take a seat on the table. Sarah you can go home if you want, we’ll be finished here soon, go catch a movie or something.” I shake my head at the audacity of my last client and motion pointing a gun to my brain to Sarah.

My receptionist smiles and logs off the system quickly before shoving her chair under the table. It was rare I let her get off work early but I was feeling generous. She grabs her purse and double checks she has her apartment keys before shoving them into the bag.

“Thanks Ben. Have a good evening.”

“Movie night with Ryan?”

“Movie night with Ryan.”

She gathers her handbag and piles out of the front door with her high heels, swinging to the right to head to the subway. The heat is stifling, not insane for New York’s typical Summers but still blasting through the window with an unbelievable consistency. I put my hands on my hips and walk back into the massage room. I’d have to ping Demetrious, looks like I’m going to be late.

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“Miss Gomez.”

I push through the doors, checking over my notes and am greeted with my first glimpse of her perched on the edge of the table, her legs swinging back and forth and her body arching to one side, revealing a well-toned figure.

She is a very cute and petite brunette, bronzed olive skin lit on fire by the steady New York heat. Her hair flows down to her hips, swaying with her body as she balances on the edge of the table. She has beautiful curves in all the right areas, like an hourglass shape, adorned in a light blue floral dress with a waist I want to grab onto firmly and much more.

“Please, you can call me Christina.” Flashing her eyes at me, I catch their deep hazel and brown reflecting under the artificial lights above. A subtle smile at the edges of her lips, completely coy and classy but a hint of menace to her too, venom she could spew if you aggravated her the wrong way. I look back down at my notes to try and provide some distraction.

“Okay, Christina, how are you today?”

“I’m good, hope you’re better though.” I look up from my notes slowly, sensing the flirty tone right away, it wasn’t the first time a client had tried to get flirtatious with me but it still always caught me off guard.

There’s a playfulness to her manners and her movements, she’s a ball of youthful energy. I shake it off with a little laugh and lay the towel down as she stays looking at me from the edge of the table like a hawk surveying the movements of its prey.

“I read through your notes. You want to focus on your upper legs and stomach, you’d been experiencing pain at the gym in certain ranges of motion?”

“That’s just a pointer but you can improvise with me however you want.” *Fuck, this girl is exactly the type that makes it hard to keep massages strictly business.* I nod and blink a couple of times to stay focused. The words flow out of her like sweet syrup winding into a fine coil. My composure is steady but I sense something different with this girl already. It didn’t matter, this was business and it was going to stay business.

“If you get changed in the room over there.” I point to the side room Katy had just left but Christina shakes her head and dismisses the notion.

“Can I get changed here?” My eyebrow rises involuntarily. Not many requested that. “I find it relaxes me better if I am more present in the room before the massage.”

“Sure, if you’re comfortable with that, I just need to prep the table.”

She shrugs, standing up and sliding away from the table with her hips slinking to both sides. I try to concentrate on setting the table with more towels but she makes it rather difficult as she peels off her shoulder ruffles, letting them fly loose before stepping out of her dress with ease to just her black lingerie. Jojoba oil flows into one of my dipping trays as she places her dress on the table at the far end of the room. I swill the oil with my hands, letting it glide through my fingers and drip back down in the tray as I keep my gaze on her from behind. My thoughts are completely cloudy, the necessity of hurrying things along falling to the back of my mind as dinner with Demetrious starts to fade.

*God damn*, I have to find a way to snap out of this. Feeling like a schoolboy enduring a crush on the cheerleader wasn’t the best start of an intimate massage.

She unclips her bra and shrugs her hair. It flows down her back like a waterfall before she grabs a scrunchie to keep it in shape, eventually moulding it into a bun. Snaking over to the table, whilst covering her breasts, she slowly lies down with her pert backside sticking up in the air. It’s the first time I’ve noticed her smell too, a mixture of cinnamon and bergamot, with a dash of pepper in it, totally seductive, a more than ample compliment to her stunning physique.

With no time to lose, I run my hands across her neck and upper trapezius muscles gently at first as she settles into the headrest with a prolonged sigh. Slowly I build up the tension in my fingertips and apply more pressure to her, eliciting little murmurs.

“Wow, I guess people don’t lie.” My fingers dance around her upper shoulders and dig into her back as she shuffles her weight underneath me.

“About what?” I reply.

“I’ve heard things Ben. People talk about you all the time, everywhere I go..”

“Oh yeah, good things I hope?”

She ponders her words. “Mostly, it’s more their reactions I read.”

More fangirls, just what I needed, the business was already booked out for most of the Summer.

“My friend Isabella, she’s at Storm, she came in here two weeks ago, practically wants to marry you, said you worked her over so well.”

I laugh. I knew Izzy well, there was nothing romantic or sexual there, she wasn’t my type in all honesty. Long and skinny blonde girl, completely ditzy but adorable too, a walking stereotype in many ways. She would always complain about some date going awry or some sleazebag agent trying to grab her inappropriately. I chuckle again, thinking just how innocuous our conversations were.

“Well, I’m flattered but there’s nothing special between us.” Christina settles into my hands further, her rippling bronze skin heating up nicely to my touch as she shuffles on her stomach a little more, closing her eyes to enjoy my gentle motions across her back.

“Yes, but it’s got me thinking Ben, what is so special about you? How do you have such talent in your hands?”

“Don’t know, genetics I guess. Always had a farming family, working hard all day with their bodies.” My hands drip with the oil as I apply more to her lower back and sides and rub in long stroking strides down towards the small of her back and the top of her bum, letting more rustles of pleasure leave her.

“Well you’re gifted. That’s for sure.

“Thanks.

“I think you could put those hands to better use than just massage.” This girl was completely brazen, I knew what she was implying. I have to change the subject.

“What do you do for work Miss Gomez?”

“I’m a model, on the smaller end of the spectrum, don’t find it all that interesting though, I prefer things a little more intellectually stimulating.” She emphasises the *stimulating* with a sharp twist of her tongue.

“Really, like what? Particular books?”

“Mmm, that and the right kind of conversation, philosophy, good movies, wine whilst watching the sunset talking business ideas, that kind of thing. I have certain trigger points I guess. What are your triggers Ben?”

I don’t like where this is going, my instincts told me she was trouble from the moment she walked in and these kinds of questions were only confirming it. Flirty snipes.

“Triggers?”

“Yeah what gets you going?” She purrs.

“Not sure what you mean exactly Miss Gomez.” She was perilously close.

“Something I always fantasised about was a masseuse using his hands on me, exploring more intimate parts of me. Those big strong hands moving across my body, playing with me at his pace. It gets me quite worked up you know”

“Oh, I see. Not hoping to do that at my practice I hope?”

“Well, just maybe there can be a first for everything can’t there Ben?”

I pause, the possibility running rampant in my head for a second as the offer sounds incredibly tempting. A few oil droplets fall onto her sexy back as she further accentuates her backside in the air, letting me see a full arch to her. There was no way I could do this, everything I had worked for, New York, the practice, any chance of a future career, it would be over if this kind of thing got out.

“I’m sorry Miss Gomez but I don’t offer those kinds of services. You will need to go someplace else.” I walk away from the table and don’t look back making my intent loud and clear. There was no way I was going to allow this, it couldn’t go further. I wash my hands in the sink and clear my throat. It was blazing hot in here and my ears were thundering from the insanity of the situation she was putting me in. She gets up from the table and her footsteps trail across the floor.

“Are you really going to kick me out Ben? For what, one little comment? It is a compliment, you should know that.”

“Miss Gomez, soliciting sexual services from me is something I’m not going to tolerate, we are not that kind of business. End of story.” I get the last of the oil off my

hands and rinse with the towel as fast as possible before turning around to meet her body halfway across the floor to where I am.

Her breasts are stunning. Firm and voluptuous. She lets the towel from her waist fall to the floor revealing the black panties from before. This woman is absolutely everything I could desire physically. I was beginning to doubt my self control, the seeds of a need to have her sprouting their first shoots in the fire of my stomach.

“What if you were that kind of business for some clients? Special select clients, I’ll pay double for it, triple even.” I stare at her, beginning to lose track of what words are coming out of my mouth to dissuade her. “What fun is life without outliers Ben?” The scent from before hits me like the most potent wild flower, a slick aphrodisiac disarming me almost completely as she slides her index finger into the lining of her panties and starts to stretch them down her leg. Slowly and agonisingly, she lets them fall down her thighs and calves before stepping out of them, leaving them behind on the floor, revealing just how tight she is down there. It was going to take every ounce of me to try and resist this girl.

She stands before me completely naked. Her hand trails down from my shoulder blade, running the length of my arm as she buries her gaze into me, lust swelling in her expression as

I don’t back down and keep my gaze with hers.

“Miss Gomez, you’re a very attractive woman but the dangers of doing this are far too great. You’re not thinking clearly either.”

“Oh so you do want this, it’s just a question of not getting caught is it?” She raises her voice, that fiery Latina blood coursing through her.

“I’d be lying if I said some part of me didn’t want to have you right here and now but it can’t happen.” I was getting lost in a jungle of excuses that were sounding less and less convincing by the minute.

“Just relax Ben, you’re so uptight. No one will have to know, it can be just between us two. Our secret”

She puts her fingers to my lips and strokes her fingernails down my shoulders towards my forearms.

I swat her away. This wasn’t about pleasure, this was me saving my business, I knew what the repercussions were if any of this ever got leaked out to the licensing board. *Toast*, finished, everything I had built up gone overnight with a moment of weakness. I wasn’t allowing it.

“Miss Gomez. You need to leave right now or I’m going to call the police.”

Giggling. She’s completely unfazed by the threat as her hands go to her hips and her breasts jiggle lightly in place further drawing my attention.

“The police, you think they’re going to believe you? Do you know how ridiculous it sounds.”

She was conniving, willing to play dirty to get me to do her bidding. The first woman who had actually cornered me in my office. She was forcing me to play along.

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“I didn’t expect you to be a pussy about it to be honest.”

“What did you say?” I fire back.

“You heard me. You’re being a pussy.” She snarls. “A naked woman stands before you wanting your touch and you cower away, trying to be moralistic and squirming your way through excuses. I can read you Ben Klymerdale, you want this, I thought you were willing to do anything for your clients.”

Something stirs within me, a deep-seated anger, an overwhelming desire to dominate her and get her back in line. That was what she craved more than anything, she needed to feel submissive with me, it was the only language she was going to understand. Polite Ben was done.

“I know you want me Ben. There’s nothing anyone else can do about that.”

There was no way she was getting away with this, so flagrantly, the mischievous little flicks of rampant desire in her eyes,

I grab her by the throat and pin her against the wall as she smiles even more furtively. Her teeth rip into her bottom lip as she tries to sink them into my lips too.

“What are you going to do with me Ben?”

I lift her up and drag her to the table, hurling my weight on top and keeping her pinned down as my grip digs into her throat, showing her just enough of my power. She laughs as I slap her face hard, leaving a distinct red mark and a gasp of excitement comes from her, stifling the laugh in the middle. I couldn’t hold back, this wasn’t about the license anymore, this was about making her mine, naked and thrashing around on my table as my hands did whatever I pleased to her moist opening.

She’s completely unbridled, flailing under my grip, wet and slippery, her breasts heaving in place as she licks her lips with a delicious flick of her tongue. I pin her arms above her head and clasp them with a towel each side binding them tightly to the table. She thrashes around some more and buckles against me, her hips moving like a snake as she thrusts herself towards me. She even smells good down there, the aroma lining the wet outline of her folds, mixing with the heavy atmosphere and the first beads of sweat emerging on her inner thigh.

To stop her flailing legs I tie them to the legs of the table with two quick knots of my spare towels letting her recognise exactly who was in control now. She stares at me breathlessly as I dab my hand in the oil before running it quickly across her body, letting her wriggle under my hands, helpless to stop what’s coming.

I clamp my hand against her clit and brush down from the top of her strip of pubic hair, letting her get accustomed to my form of touch. She struggles in her restraints trying to grind against my hand as I let the pads of my fingers slide over her vulva, a little trickle of excitement leaving her.

“Fuck that feels good, you don’t have to be so gentle with me, I’m a big girl.”

*Challenge accepted.*

Her eyes shutter and her lips part as my fingers work her tight opening in a circular motion, more aggressively, my other hand gently massaging her throbbing clit. My middle and fourth finger glide inside her, parting her nicely as I curl them upwards inside her,

*What the fuck am I doing? I could lose everything over this.* My mind races with a thousand thoughts but I'm too far gone, I had to do this, re-establish my control with her.

She starts grimacing even louder, throwing her head back and thrashing wildly in the ties. Drops of anticipation cover my hands as she struggles to contain her wetness down there. Her fragrance intertwines with the smell of her damp arousal in a beautiful mixture.

I'm going to tease her, I'm going to make her wait for her release, teach her some manners.

Her eyes flash towards me as her stomach and chest heave harder with each stroke of my fingers. But I'm far from through with her. She doesn't deserve it yet.

"You're not cumming yet, you've been far too bad to deserve that." I slap her with all my might, trying to leave a bruise as her jaw hangs loose, looking up at me with erotic fires dancing in her eyes. I let my fingers slide out of her trailing them around her burning vulva as she tries to settle her breathing down. She gasps like an athlete trying to steal some breath after a marathon.

"Oh my god Ben, that feels so good, your hands are perfect."

"I'm done with hearing from you for the time being."

I pick up the small flannel towel from beside the table and place it in her mouth as a temporary gag.

Getting into the rhythm I start to pick up pace again, the oil glistening on her folds as my top fingers go back and forth over her pulsing clit in a swaying motion. I could go as fast as I wanted to and she had to take it.

She is clearly struggling to contain herself as her hips launch towards the ceiling again, hard moans leaving her lungs through the flannel as she shouts and starts pleading for me to give her the climax she desires.

"No, no, no, hold it for me, that's it, . "

I slap her hard again, mercilessly, she wasn't in charge here. I was and there was no way she was getting off on this table without my permission. She's captive, bound, ready to do anything I wanted her to, learning how to be a good girl for me. Her luscious breasts shimmer with the oil as her nipples stand completely on edge. If only I had some clamps to really make her squeal. Her body slithers in place as she tosses and turns with the momentum of my fingers pulling her towards me almost.

Her eyes roll in her head as I speed up my come hither motion inside her and attack her clit with a blistering pace. Her petite body wriggles and writhes in her restraints as she mutters loud whimpers. I can only imagine how hot it would have been if my secretary had still been next door, none the wiser to my brutal assault on my client's bulging slit. Her hands curl into fists in the restraints and her toes start to curl, I know she can't take much more. I'm feeling more satisfied with her performance now.

I take the towel out of her mouth temporarily.

“Ben, I can’t, please, oh my god please, I can’t stop this. I can’t. I need to cum.”

“Beg. Beg for me.” My hand pumps in and out of her vigorously, the other rubbing her furiously. I wanted to hear her beg for this.

“Please Ben, please, I’m yours, let me have this.”

I shove the towel back in her mouth, letting her watch me work her down there as her oil-covered body buckles and thrusts in the air. Loud screams come through the towel as I build to a rapid motion, the sound of my fingers moving in and out of her mingling superbly with her cries for release.

Her abs tense all of a sudden, the faint outlines of a six pack showing off her athletic build. Her hands flail helplessly in the towel ties as she erupts, gagging and straining against the flannel in her mouth. Her legs are quivering, shuddering with my touch as a fast stream bursts from her all over my hands. She screams multiple times through the towel, flinging her head back against the support as her legs quiver for what seems like an eternity.

Her stomach bulges over and over, trying to relieve all the pent up pressure. She’s animalistic, as hot liquid continues to spill onto my hands, a mixture of sweat, oil and all of her lust. The inner muscles contract around my fingers as she tries to close her legs, only held back by the towels which are quickly coming undone.

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I take the flannel out of her mouth and let her come down from the high, giving her lungs the much needed relief they need. My fingers withdraw from her and tease around the edge of her labia to avoid her over-sensitive spots.

Her eyelids flutter as I undo the towels binding her arms. She flexes her wrist, keeping her eyes closed whilst trying to get some of the lactic acid out of her arms.

She searches my eyes for a few seconds, it almost feels romantic, such a naughty massage turned into a spellbinding moment. Her hands grip the sleeves of my arm as I try to lightly brush her away.

“Ben, I don’t quite know what to say.”

“You’ve convinced me Miss Gomez.”

“Of what?”

“You’re the first client on my secret list, Miss Gomez.” I couldn’t believe I was doing this, but maybe she was right, women would pay highly for such services. I was becoming a believer.

“Christina. Please call me Christina.”

“Christina.”

I’m trying to keep this strictly business. But something stirs my heart too, a growing ball of genuine care for this girl, there was a furious passion between us on the table, an intimate connection to each other’s bodies. I try not to let it into my voice but it’s bothering me, I wasn’t the type to let myself get emotionally involved, no matter the stakes.

“Can I make another appointment?” She asks.

Part of me hesitates but I've tasted the drug, I want so much more of it. I want to have this control again, to have her at my beck and call on the table, compliant with whatever I tell her to do.

"Here's my number. Drop me a WhatsApp."

I hand her my business card. *I could keep a secret from the licence board.*

I wash my hands in silence facing away from her as she gets changed back into her lingerie. My hands are shaking under the tap, the adrenaline rush consuming me, it was kind of hard to believe what had just happened. I dry them off and turn around to see her almost fully dressed, just re-adjusting her dress one final time and loosening her hair. The same intoxicating scent from earlier comes rushing over me, she smells heavenly. Slipping her heels on she checks herself over in the mirror and tries to clear up some smears of makeup, dabbing herself down with a towel.

Folding my arms I sigh deeply and look her up and down.

"Do you want some water before you go?"

A coy smile and a flick of her hair behind her ears.

"No, I think I'll survive Ben. I'm feeling good, a little light-headed but I think that's only natural right?"

"Right."

She gathers her handbag and puts on some sunglasses flicking her dangling hair behind her again, it goes zipping down her back, shimmering with all the tones of dark brown and brunette.

"Bye Christina."

"Bye Ben." That same smile and infectious energy from when she first walked in. She bounds out into the reception area with a spring in her heels, her exquisite skin glowing under my lights as her hair slinks down to her shoulders. And just like that, she is gone.

I can't escape it, that same feeling comes up again. This was supposed to be just business, it had already gone so far and yet something told me it was never going to be *just* business between me and her. I sigh and strip off my white top. I'd packed something nicer for dinner, it was time to get ready.

My phone buzzes on the counter.

*Fuck.* It's Demetrious.

One ring, two rings, three rings. I had to answer, I was a mess and needed to get changed but there was no way I could leave him hanging.

"I'll be there in thirty minutes, can you hold on? Just order more drinks or something, play something on your phone."

A delayed reaction as plates clink and a waiter walks by. It was almost half an hour later than we were supposed to meet.

"Yeah I guess so man, but hurry up. God damn, what have you been doing? Jerking it to some of those models you workin' on?"

*Not quite.*

# First loves and all, even in Quarantine

## It was never going to be sweet with him

Written by Rob

[M4F][Her POV][Short Scenario][Rockstar][Rough][Choking][Pillow Smush][Slaps]

Idaho is quiet. Too quiet sometimes, where suburban boredom met my need to explore myself a little more deeply. Fortunately, opportunity came knocking.

At the sleepy end of our road, the old neighbours were moving out.

I caught sight of him, moving chairs and a few guitars into the lounge from the porch.

'Hey I'm Jay.'

'Cassie. Nice to meet you.'

'It's just me staying here, bought another house away from LA, wanted the peace and quiet.'

He had a deadly seductive vibe to him, dark hair, dark eyebrows, dreamy in the way his eyes tore into me every time he spoke. He was tall, ripped in his henley top, open buttons revealing the top lines to his chest. Not a normal boy of our neighbourhood. He had an attitude that made him seem ten years older than he actually was.

'You should come over tomorrow. I'm doing drinks.'

'What about quarantine?' My dad would freak if he knew I was out like that. And yet, I was more than a little intrigued.

'Does it look like I follow rules Cassie?' There was something in the way he said it, his voice was a cooling syrup, it flowed effortlessly. The seconds linger in the air between us a little smile leaves me, my eyes meeting his.

'I'd like that, ping me. Here's my number.'

I came over. We got along better than I had ever thought, he was in a metal band and even produced his own music for movies, games, TikTok, it was fucking cool to be honest. Best of all, he was way too self-confident and charming, the perfect mix of asshole and stud. Resisting him was like trying not to fall over a waterfall. He knew when to push me and when to pull.

His friends were there but bounced in the early morning after a few too many tequilas. He was in his muscle tee, Metallica logo inscribed over it, hair all dishevelled and veins standing out in his forearms as he leant on the kitchen doorway. It was too delicious and I had to have him.

Of course, he took the lead. 'Here's what is going to happen, I'm going to carry you into that room, strip you down very quickly and gag you with your panties whilst I fuck the life out of you.'

'Jay, that's quite forward.' *Who was I kidding? He could do anything to me.* My nipples turned hard as he cornered me, one hand reaching around to tug on my hair as he towered over me. Lifting me onto his shoulder and running to the bedroom with my giggles resounding through the house, we fumbled around on the soft sheets for a short while but he was clearly in the mood for no bullshit. My white top went flying across the room, my bra was ripped away from me and my jeans were pulled to my ankles. With brute strength he flipped me onto my front and ripped my panties away from my toes, shoving them into my mouth. He wasn't lying about that part.

'It's okay Cass, relax for me, you look so good.' I clenched his hand hard as he curled inside me slowly, filling me up right to the hilt, my excitement glistening his thick member as he drove inside me even deeper, a little gagged whimper leaving me involuntarily as he slapped my pert bottom, leaving a quick mark for his visual pleasure. He was so big, it was difficult to focus on anything else except spilling my arousal all over his length. He held my hands behind my back and began to pump me vigorously as my makeup smeared across the pillow and my moans grew louder and louder.

'Don't wake up the neighbours now.' What followed was a symphony of the sweet and the merciless as he rotated between thrusting furiously into my sticky core and making out with me till I couldn't breathe. Our sweaty bodies clamped in the early morning as I hung onto his headboard and rode him till my legs quivered, with his big length sliding inside me faster and faster and his right hand administering fierce slaps to my face when I wasn't performing to his standards.

I should have known then, it was never going to be sweet with him, he wanted to take me somewhere deeper, to confront my filthiest desires. That first night was the

tip of the iceberg. Even in quarantine we made it work, it sucked my first love had to happen under such circumstances. But Jay taught me a lot about myself, how much I could love degradation, how blurred the lines between pain and pleasure were and how much I could crave one man.

# My obedience is rewarded in the bath

Written by Rob

[Short Scenario][Her POV][Bath][Teasing][Suit][Fingering][Cunnilingus]

I stand up in the bath, rinsing the warm water all over my thirsty body. Suds of soap drip into the tub as the late evening sun pounds through the window. I'd just got back from his office, squeezing in a quick workout as he finished the Tate Case. The bath was to try and get all the sweat and aches out of me but I am feeling a little more adventurous than just the usual wash, a little more risqué than the usual shower head over my breasts.

Through the steam I hear the handle on the door creaking, the slow turning motion drawing my ears to the sound as I hear his loafers on the floor. The door closes and he clears his throat.

"I liked what you did with the papers today, I've never seen them neater on my desk."

My body shivers a little with his deep baritone voice as he steps closer to me, I know he's fully clothed, I won't be able to touch him properly until he has my hands flailing over the edge of the bathtub, my nails digging into the ceramic with several orgasms flushed out of me. He made the rules, I followed them. That's the way it is.

The steps grow louder as I hear him come to a stop just in front of me, shrouded by the steam, a handsome enigma trapped in a cloud of my burgeoning seduction. He's six foot five, I know he's wearing that dark blue suit with the red tie, I bet the steam is doing wonders for the veins in his forearms and hands, perfect for taking control of his little girl.

"You weren't wearing any panties today were you? Expecting me to bend you over my desk were we? How cute of you."

His wet hand slithers across my throat as his other trails down my breasts, massaging me and bringing my nipples to a taut erection. *It feels so good already*, the tension of the past few weeks dissipating from me. He's gentler today, more sensual with his touches as my nipples rub against his talented fingers. I still can't see him fully as he grips my neck harder and strokes my belly, circling on my stomach gently before he slicks his finger against my aching flower.

In a slow motion, he strokes me through the steam, my vulva wetting his fingertips as my breath grows a little faster and he inserts his index finger inside me, letting my

hips move onto his hand and his other hand grips the base of my hair, roughing me around exactly as he likes. Kissing my belly and pubic bone, my head rolls back with his tongue lapping against the top of my pubic hair. Carefully, he moves down on me, my eyes closing and my hands reaching for his hair, anything to grip onto before the sensation begins. Very slowly he traces his tongue against my clit before moving to my opening, inserting and pulling my moist excitement out of me with his tongue and index finger as I muffle a loud moan, my hips grinding hard against his face. *Fuck, I want you to taste me so badly sir.*

“You know how I reward you when you’re an obedient little girl. Sit back in the tub, get comfortable, you’re mine for the evening.”

“Yes sir.”

## **I want to fall in love with a killer**

Written by Rob

[Short Scenario][Her POV][Assassin][Hostage][Ropes][Binds][Aggressive][Violent][MDom]

The thin crimson filter of the late evening flowed through the window as I unwrapped my ankle holster, three knives in total and handed over my gun to his goons. I’m ordered to strip down to my lingerie and blindfolded.

My mission had been simple enough: fly into the Bahamas and take down the notorious drug baron, Sandor Machek. I’d seen pictures and footage of him on the debrief, he was a very young 40 year old man, chiselled jawline and an athletic build, notoriously ruthless, he’d killed his own father to attain power in the region. I admit I’d always had a thing for dangerous men, even the most extreme ones.

What had seemed so simple quickly got complicated as I slipped up within a few days of arriving in the country.

Sandor got to me first, intercepting me in my hotel room after his men suspected me in the lobby. The following 24 hours had been a blur as I was snuck back to his compound and kept in a tight concrete cell. But, inevitably the time came for questioning and answers, little did I know I was going to face a few more disturbing questions about what I really wanted from the trip.

I sit in the chair, completely naked with the tightly bound rope rubbing against the tips of my nipples . There is no bottom to the chair, its completely cut out, perfect for drug lords who want to torture their captives or for tormenting submissive girls who wander into their lairs. Sweat drips into my cleavage as I try to settle my breathing and my hands struggle in the handcuff knot behind my back. Metal clings loudly in the corner as the heavy door swings shut and someone steps through before it shuts again. I can sense it is him.

A few moments pass as leather shoes meet the floor, little echoes reverberating around the huge interrogation cell.

“Miss Walters, I believe we haven’t met. Sandor Machek, the Bahamas’ finest.” His voice is deep, rumbly, just the right note to keep any woman’s attention he wanted to. Coming into the mission, I wasn’t altogether clueless about his exploits with other women, a little bit more drama only seemed to sweeten the deal for me.

I spit on the ground but it doesn’t have anywhere near enough aggression to it. I am this man’s captive and the best I can do is react with a meek spit barely a few feet in front of me.

“Feisty one hey? We’ll see how feisty you are after a session with me.”

The tables were turned, I’d interrogated countless men in chairs to extract information, it felt so strange to be on the other side, so vulnerable, so powerless to do anything.

“You were supposed to kill me weren’t you? You could have done so today in that lobby, non one would have even known.”

I stay quiet, feeling him circling me like a shark waiting for the first hint of blood in the ocean.

“But you hesitated with your trigger. I suspect for the only time in your life.”

“I’m not going to talk Machek, so you can do whatever you want with me.” My voice feels weak as it barely registers an echo in his dungeon. My words spill out the first signs of my subconscious desires, the first traces of the pooling desire within myself.

He sniggers. “Oh don’t worry, I have a few lessons you can learn.”

*Lessons. What kind of lessons?* My curious side perks up from her sleep.

“Stockholm Syndrome? Seems too convenient to me.”

I try to block it out of my mind. But *was he right?* How could I have been so careless otherwise. I was usually meticulous on my missions, the model MI5 girl, always a perfect score to report back to HQ and here I was literally submitting myself to a drug lord. And the worst part is, I think I like it, I want to be his. I feel his hot gaze all over my naked body and I feel the blood start to rush to my cheeks as tingles erupt all over me, goosebumps flaring up along my arms.

“When was the last time you got properly punished Miss Walters?”

My heart jumps on the question but I try to hold my tongue, my top teeth running lightly against the tip of my bottom lip as a little saliva gathers in my mouth, it was boiling in here and only getting hotter as my face was flushed with embarrassment and arousal. *It had been a while*, I'd only ever had my slice of vanilla relationships. My work as an assassin left very few men able to tame me or match me in that department.

He kicks the chair over and I gasp involuntarily as my head starts to spin, little lights flashing in my darkened state as my legs stay bound together and my hands stay constricted in the rope behind my back.

I hear his belt leave his trousers, the buckle dragging across the concrete floor. Suddenly, he steps over to me, I can smell him, he is wearing a heady musk, I can feel it dripping from his chest hair, I can sense him getting hard at the thought of what he has in front of him. I can tell he wants my toned body, he wants to claim me, to have me saying his name till I'm sore.

“Fuck the blindfold, I want you to see what I'm going to do to you.” Ripping it off me, I am blinded by the harsh light from the bulb overhead before he comes into view. He's even more stunning in person, with a scar running across his neck and a complete menace in his gaze. His shirt is off and I can make out the outline of his rigid girth in his pants, protruding against the seams. He bends down to me, his breath lining my neck as he whispers in my ear, the full extent of his power becoming evident to me.

“If you cry, I'm going to punish you more, do you understand?”

Something told me I wasn't going to cry. I nod and give a little lick of my lips as a bead of sweat trickles down my throat and between my breasts. The belt drapes against the underside of my legs, slithering towards my lips and a little stream of excitement squirts out of me onto the floor below as I whimper his name under my breath.

“Please, Sandor, please, make me yours, I'll be your girl, I'll be yours. Please, please...”

The belt runs over my bare slit and against my soaked thighs before he retracts it and gives me the first lash against my firm backside. I buckled in the bondage, wriggling my hands and toes to try to lessen the pain but the knots were expertly done, I was his for the taking. The little submissive assassin slut ready to do his bidding. Everything was moving so fast but I had to make a confession, part of me wanted to fall in love with a killer.