Master's Dungeon

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I wake up completely exhausted, slumped against something soft. It feels like a bed... I think, as I try to open my heavy eyelids. They open to a view that immediately starts my sluggish heart racing.

Was I drugged...? I think to myself, blinking a few times to make sure the image is real. *No...I definitely wasn't drugged....*

In front of me is an alluring woman, with long brown hair running down my chest. She's completely naked and is lying over me while nothing but her hair touches my skin. Her green eyes pierce me and my mouth hangs open, no words tumbling out as I realize I'm handcuffed to this bed.

Her red colored lips form a seductive smile, as she whispers huskily, "Finally my pet awakens..."

She leans forward and our lips are a whisper away from one another, as my mouth apparently had closed of its own accord. She touches my face with her hand, making me shiver and the cuffs clang against the metal headboard. My eyes widen a touch. She hurriedly draws away and towers over me, my body still bouncy slightly from her movements. She reaches up into the canopy of the bed and grabs something that comes down with a crack, a whip.

I watch inslight fear, and a wordcomes to mind, *Friday*. Somehow I know, if I were to utter it, even the slightest, she'd stop. I frown slightly at the thought then clear away the memories to focuson the present.

Her smile shows teeth as she leans down and gently strokes the whip over my package, which starts to awaken from the touch of the leathery strips.

I groan and ask, "Mistress?"

Her eyes flit to mine as the lips form a thin line, and she draws her arm back and violently throws it forward, the whip catching my abdomen as I cry out.

"You will address me as, Master." She says curtly, with vindictiveness, as she watches me writhe, she licks her lips slightly.

I nod, and try again, "M-Master...?"

She stands and looks down at me and I decide that's a cue to forge onward, "Master... How long have I been here?"

She raises an eyebrow and drops to her knees, I bounce against her, as she moans and leans down to whisper, "That doesn't matter, but it does help my ministrations... This means it's working as planned..."

She licks my earlobe and I shiver, feeling my cock growing more erect, as my head now rests against this temptress' pussy.

She chuckles, "That's improving as well..."

She climbs off and hangs the whip on a post of the bed and as I find my feet are bound too, I call out, "Master? What's your name? Where am I?'

She stops and turns, piercing me with those emerald windows and says with a smile, "I'm your Master. You're in my dungeon pet. We'll see how you do with more of my games..."

She walks out as I start to struggle against my bonds and I wonder, "Who the hell am I? Why is she doing this to me? And how am I going to escape... If I want to."

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I walk out of the room and start shivering as I wrap my arms against myself and take in a deep breathe.

*"Don't get shaky, not now! You've got too much at stake here..."*I try to think myself calm, as I work through the past three days…Those glorious three days…

I smile, just thinking about them, how this all started, and how tantalizing it's been….

When's anyone have the chance to completely change a deranged psychopath entirely? Especially with sex…

I sigh and straighten up as I continue walking through the house, towards the kitchen, to start making dinner. It was going to be a long night… Especially with so willing a partner now…Though he may prove to be tricky… Even when appearing to not remember anything…

I glance at the wall of the hallway, where picture frames holdcontracts, detailing everything of this situation, *all signed, initialed, and dated bymyprisoner and myrself*, I think to myself and continue down the hall.

I smile as I enter the kitchen andget a pan to start boiling water and arrange things, "*He’s not gonna know what hit him…You’re a very clever bitch Harriet… Very clever indeed."*