

Mistress' playtime, Pt. 1

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Short scene between lovers that enjoy BDSM

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I meet you outside the front door of my apartment. No words are said. I pull you inside by the collar of your shirt. My room mate is in the living room. His back is to us, so he doesn't notice me dragging you to my room. "Hey," he says mildly when we pass. But you aren't allowed to speak. I walk through the door and turn to face you. "Shut the door and take off your clothes." You narrow your blue eyes at me. "Is there something you would like to say?" You pull your shirt over your head and then begin unbuttoning your jeans. "No babe." I grab your face and lean in close. My nails are cut short. I like to use my hands a lot in my work and don't believe in those fake long red claws. "It's Miss or Mistress for now. Got it?" Your pants fall to the floor and you nod. "Pick that up and let's begin." You lay your clothes next to the chair, as you sit. Listening as I instruct you. I am wearing my hair in long braided extensions. I have on a simple silk black shirt and boy short set. If I lean this way or that way. You get a glimpse of my buttery brown skin. "You know me as your slut. Your little whore, bitch or pet. But you have never seen this side. You really don't believe I have it. I know." I run my hand along your neck and up into your short hair. My fingers twine into the hair and I tug your head back. Making you look at me. "I haven't given you much of a chance to experience...Miss. Have I. Really?" I step between your legs. The hairs on your legs tickle my bare skin. That slight contact begins the slow charge that will ignite my lust. My thigh firmly pushes against your cock. I pull your head back more. Making you strain against the back of the chair. While your lower half pushes forward against my leg. "By the end of this you will believe I own everything. Your cock, balls, ass, and mouth. Your heart I have." Right then the urge to kiss you overwhelms me, but I must finish the instructions first. God, I love you. "I won't bother calling you anything degrading. Just my fucking whore." My stance is possessive I lean over you, kissing your mouth, hard. Your cock twitches against my leg. "I see. You are my fucking whore. Aren't you. Dirty whore." My lips suck your tongue into my mouth. You try and rub against me and I tap your cock with my thigh. A firm quick nudge. You grunt. "None of that, little whore." I grab rope from the bed and measure out two long lengths and several shorter ones. I fold the rope and snap it. "To keep your place. I have a feeling you may forget it once I begin." Taking time to carefully tie you to the chair. Cinching the knots securely but not too tight. I don't want your circulation cut off. I

plan on having you tied for a while yet. The knots are simple. I have not mastered rope bondage, though I would love to. "Yes, Miss. I think so too." Your words are measured but your eyes say something else entirely. Once I have you tied to the chair I continue the instruction. Next I begin wrapping a smaller string around your balls. I gently squeeze them. They are smooth and tight. "Your cock needs to get hard and stay hard. You will cum when I say cum. If you do not ask....well shall I show you the reminder." You nod and with a quick flick of my wrist, I tap your bound balls. "Gah! What the fuck!" I smile and say, "A little tap to remind you not to cum." You debate saying anything further. I continue dressing you for the scene. There is a bag of toys on the bag. I grab a set of metal clamps, with rubber tips. I clamp your nipples and have several other devices handy. I hear a message alert on my phone and turn my attention to it for a moment. After a few minutes I know your nipples are engorged. After getting you rock hard I tied a string at the base of your cock. It to it swollen and red. You have waited patiently, time for more. I grab the flogger. "I know you're ready for those clamps to come off. If you take ten lashes for me I will take them off right now. Otherwise, it's another ten minutes." I tap the clamps, tugging at them, "Count each lash. Loud and clear." "Oh fuck! Yes, Miss." I warm up my swing. The first lash is off but still makes contact, on your chest. "One." Next is closer to your nipple but not right dead center. "Two. Three. Four!" Ah, there we go. "Five! Six! Seven! Eight!! Miss! Please!" I smile again. You are breathing heavy and your chest is bright red. Lovely. I run my fingertips along the welts and caress your clamped nipples. I enclose my fingers around one clamp, squeezing it tighter. "Ahhhh! Fuck!" "Such a dirty fucking mouth, whore. Let's try again. If you make it five quick hard lashes on your other nipple. I will take them off right away. Deal." "Yes, Miss." Your pretty pale skin is so divinely marked. My pussy creams at the thought of licking those warm welts. I stand back and straighten the flogger. Gripping the thin leather tassels in my left hand and swinging with my right. Smacking quick, hard and fast. Quite unexpectedly the tassel wraps around the clamp and tugs them off your nipples as I pull back on the last swing. Your sensitive skin explodes with a mix of pleasure and pain. The slight brush of the flogger against your cock and balls as I bring my hand back down causes your long delayed orgasm to rush up. A long low growl bursts from your throat as a hot load spurts from your cock. "Wow, no touchie. I like that one." I let you rest a minute then grab your cock. Milking your cum squeezing your shaft. Your body tensing, you groan. "You will make a great fuck toy, whore." Smacking your balls I finish untying you and move you to the bed.