

Young Mistress, Old Sub

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An Older man meets his Young Mistress

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Carrie was eighteen, and the most shy girl I had ever known, but also behind that shyness, as kinky and dirty as anyone I had chatted to. For the last few months she had been coming out of her shell more to me online, and had become my Mistress. We were now due to meet for the first time. It was not the first time we had been due to meet, but the previous times her nerves had got the better of her, this time I had arranged things so that hopefully she would not back out. I was not sure what it was about her that had me so hooked, but I was. I had a real need for her, a craving to be the one who was there when her perverse thoughts became reality. At forty years old, I also craved the humiliation of serving a Mistress young enough to be my daughter. When we had first started chatting online, it had taken some time for her to open up about the thoughts she had in her head, of the fantasies and fetishes she had, but once the ice was broken and she was more comfortable, she had really started to divulge her secrets. I found myself admitting things to her I had always kept to myself, even to those who had dominated me in the past. My plan for our first meet was to set it up in a way so that we went straight into the domination, and to remove any awkward introductions. I hoped that once she had actually had control of me, she would then be able to relax and become the Domme I knew she truly was. I had booked a holiday cottage in her area from the Friday for a week, and after having collected the keys, sent her a text telling her how to get herself in and where I and various other things would be. She had replied that she would be there as soon as school finished, and added that she had had a bad day. I had brought a bag with me, containing various toys and objects, some of which she had made me use on myself before, and some of which were new and unused. There were various dildos and vibrators, strap-ons, butt plugs, enema kits, floggers, paddles, nipple clamps, a collar and leash, riding crops, and a few other things such as candles and a wax kit for hair removal which she had specifically asked for. I also had brought my laptop with me as instructed, as I did plan to do some work on some of the days I had the cottage. An hour before I thought she would arrive, I started setting things out and preparing. There was a large table in the kitchen opposite the door through which she would enter. I emptied the contents of the bag onto the table and laid everything out, ready for her to inspect when she arrived. I then went to the bathroom and showered, taking time to ensure I was clean all over. I looked at myself in the mirror and sighed, my once toned body was now far from it. My flat stomach was now large enough to be called fat, my small cock

looked tiny in my bush of pubes, and my arse was bigger than it used to be and now hairy too – sigh. Still, Carrie knew all this; she had inspected me on cam before, much to my embarrassment, and still wanted to meet, so I had to be content for now. I glanced at the clock as I entered the bedroom from the bathroom, 3.50 pm – just time to finish getting ready. I expected her about 4:15 but was not completely sure so had planned to be ready for four on the dot. I stepped into the boxer shorts she had stipulated and headed for the kitchen where I opened a bottle of chilled white wine from the fridge, poured a glass and placed it on the table ready for her to find when she entered. I then headed back to the bedroom, crossed to the corner, put the blindfold on tight and waited. When I heard her arrive I would kneel down ready. It seemed like an age that I stood there, but eventually I heard the door open and close in the kitchen, and I knew she was here. I sank to me knees and waited to see what would unfold, grateful that we were finally to be together, but also nervous at what might happen. I knelt there listening to her movements. I could hear her heels on the stone kitchen floor, items being placed back on the table and the fridge open and close again. Was she deliberately teasing me by taking her time, or was she building up the nerves to move on to where I waited for her? Then it went quiet. I screamed out, more in surprise as I felt the flogger lash across my back, and heard her laugh to herself before she used the flogger another nine or ten times on my back. She must have removed her shoes in the kitchen and crept up on me before letting me know she was there. I was breathing hard by the time she stopped flogging my back, as she had not held back. A second or two passed before her hand was in my hair, gripping it, using it to move my head from side to side, back and forth, till eventually she pulled it back as far as I could manage. If I had not had the blindfold on I would have been looking directly up at her, but as it was I was blind to her completely. Her other hand covered my mouth, till without warning she pushed me away from her roughly. I did not know where she was at first till I heard the glass being placed on the dresser, and more wine being poured. The bottle was placed on the side and I heard a content sigh as she took a sip. I heard her move back to me this time, so it was not a surprise when I felt her hand go back in my hair and this time pull in a way which meant she wanted me to stand, which I was glad to do as my knees were in agony from the kneeling. She pushed and pulled at me until she had me the way she wanted me, with my head and upper body leaning into the corner supporting me and my feet slightly away from the wall. She leant in against me, her body fully against mine, and I could feel the cloth of her uniform against my skin, could feel her breasts against my back and her breath on my neck. I wanted her so bad, I felt under a spell and my cock swelled in my boxer shorts. She was rubbing her body against me; she felt so young and firm, and she seemed so turned on. I felt her lips on my neck as she starting kissing my neck, her hand roaming my body as she did. As her hands found my nipples, she started to squeeze, her lips still on my neck. “You have kept me horny and frustrated these last few months bitch, now you will make amends, won’t you?” She pinched my nipples hard as she finished talking between kisses. “Oh god, yes, I will make amends, Mistress” “Mmm, I am going to have so much fun with you bitch; I am going to fuck you, wax you, piss on you, humiliate you and so much more. You are going to worship me and be my bitch. All those perverted thoughts we have shared are going to come back to haunt you. You are here to serve me, pleasure me, amuse me;

what you want is not important. You are not a man, you are my whore.” As she told me this, she was breathing heavily as she continued to grind her body against me. Her hands were in my boxers, holding my hard cock, digging her nails into it. “I have waited so long to make a man my slut, I have waited to stop being the shy mouse that people pass by without noticing. Now I am the dominant one, the one in control, the centre of attention. Now I want you to get back on your knees and crawl back to the kitchen. I hope you remember the way with your blindfold on bitch. Use your mouth to pick up a strap-on, carry it back to me, and leave it on the bed.” With that she stripped down my boxers, and pushed me back to the floor. “Fetch boy, go fetch for your Mistress!” Slowly but surely I made my way out of the room, Carrie laughing each time I bumped into something, and eventually reached the kitchen. My hands made their way up the table leg, and explored over it, touching each object till I found one of the strap-ons. I picked it up, and found a way to hold it in my mouth, before dropping back to all fours and slowly making my way back to the bedroom. Mistress laughed at me when I found the bed. I had dribbled all over the cock as I was holding it in my mouth. “Drop boy, drop!” she said, laughing still, “now get on the bed, on your back.” I clambered onto the bed, laying on my back and listened to her movements. I longed to reach out and touch her again, but restrained myself, there would be plenty of time for that, when allowed. She grabbed hold of my ankles and pulled me down the bed until my arse was at the end, and then pushed my legs into the air. As she leant against my raised legs, I could feel her skin. She was naked now and her body felt amazing against mine. I wanted this girl so much. I heard a click as she opened a bottle of lube, and soon felt the cold gel as she started to apply it to my arsehole. Slowly she worked it around my hole, her fingers pushing against it more and more firmly, until she started pushing one inside me, making me moan with pleasure and desire. “Are you ready boy, ready to get fucked by me, for my pleasure?” she asked in a heavy whisper as the head of the cock nestled against my hole. “Are you ready to give yourself to me, to be mine to use to fulfil all my dirty thoughts and needs?” “God yes, I want to be yours, I need you as my Mistress, to use me, to abuse me. I am yours to fuck, to piss on, to humiliate, to share, control or to torture, you are my Mistress, I am yours.” As soon as the words were out of my mouth, she started to enter me, her strap-on cock driving easily into my well lubed arse. Deeper and deeper she went till I had it all inside me, and could feel her leaning against my still raised legs. She reached over and pushed the blindfold off, letting me see her for the first time since she arrived. I looked at her, my Mistress, for the first time, as she grabbed my cock and started to jerk it hard whilst she matched the pace she was now fucking my arse with. She was pretty with shoulder length hair which looked like it had been just let down, and her breasts were larger than I had expected, not huge, but large and with the firmness of youth. She looked her age, eighteen, and that turned me on even more, the idea of submitting to a much younger girl, a schoolgirl at that. “I hope you like boy, as this is the body you will be serving and worshipping from now on. I am your Mistress, your horny, kinky, perverted Mistress.” She poured more lube onto the strap-on and continued to fuck me hard as she spoke, her other hand squeezing my cock so hard as she wanked me off. She had forbidden me from cumming for ten days, and without warning, I exploded in her hand, so much of it, it covered her hand and my stomach. I knew I should have asked permission to cum, but it had taken me by surprise just as much as her,

and I secretly was happy to give her a reason to punish me. "You bad little cunt," she yelled at me, "What the fuck, you came without even asking, let alone getting permission!" She dug her nails hard into my cock as she squeezed the last out of me, her cock pulling out of my arse. She climbed onto the bed, straddling me, and using her hands scooped up my cum, and dripped it onto the head of her strap-on cock, "Now eat your pathetic cum off the dirty cock slut." With that she shuffled up and forced the cock into my mouth, laughing as my tongue snaked out licking at my cum and swallowing it. "Mmm, you dirty little whore," she whispered, "I am going to have so much fun with you over the next few days." To be continued..... (a work of fiction – but god, I wish it were true)