

PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



INAMORATA

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Inamorata

It was a beautiful English stately home, it looked big from a distance and looked more and more gargantuan the closer the couple got. The grey stonework looked intimidating and impressive but the rambling vines softened the edges with its variegated green explorations and lifted the otherwise depressing look of this, their weekends retreat.

"This place is amazing." Kirsty exclaimed, her green eyes sparkled and her sensuous lips stretched into a heartfelt smile. Matt's heart lifted as his girlfriend expressed her pleasure at his special valentine's surprise.

"It's all ours for tonight." He grinned, "We have a butler and a cook too!"

They both giggled then in eager anticipation of the wonderful weekend of pampering and fun that was stretched out before them.

The large hallway smelt of years of must and polish. The impressive wooden stairway dominated the room and a tall willowy man dressed in a well pressed penguin suit seemed to blend into the thousands of years of history around him.

The butler stepped forward and welcomed them stiffly then turned on his heel and walked towards the stairway.

"We are Lord and Lady of the Manor whilst we're here." Matt smiled and gently clasped Kirsty's hand, "Lady Kirsty let us retire to our room."

They followed the tails of the butler and his formal suit down a maze of corridors to the grandest, most plush bedroom Kirsty had ever set eyes on. With a child like whoop she jumped onto the large and imposing four poster bed laughing as her slight frame bounced on the soft and downy mattress and thick blankets.

Seeing his girlfriend so happy made Matt tingle all over and he eagerly jumped on the bed beside her. Their lips met in a passionate and loving kiss, their arms wrapped around each others shoulders and their bodies pressed up hard against one another. Passion blossomed and clothing shed, flesh to flesh they embraced, sharing their love and their adoration.

"Happy Valentine's day." Matt whispered as his hard cock slipped between her sweet, wet pussy lips.

"Mmm," Kirsty purred as she arched her back to feel more of him inside of her. "And happy Valentine's day to you too."

He reached forward and claimed her lips, kissing hard and urgent as his thrust became more insistent. Not long after they were

both mewling as their releases overcame them. Matt felt Kirsty throbbing and pulsing around him and could hold himself away from the pleasurable release no longer.

“Well that was a good start to the weekend.” Kirsty rolled to her side and snuggled into Matt’s shoulder. “I cannot believe we’ve got this whole big mansion to ourselves.”

“Oh yeah, it’s all ours. Wanna go exploring?”

“Sure. Let’s get dressed, though, I don’t want to scare off the butler.” Kirsty chuckled as she slipped out of bed and onto the deep pile of the thick luxurious cream rug.

“I think seeing you naked would make any man’s day.” Matt replied as he slipped on his T-shirt “I know it always makes mine.” His smile was sexy and sincere and Kirsty once again felt her heart swell with love for him and noticed that familiar lust shooting through her body in reaction to his gaze.

“Well I can only just keep up with you.” Kirsty teased as she pulled her short black skirt over her full, sexy hips. “I don’t want to have to keep up with another man too.”

They kept up the teasing, loving banter as they explored musty bedrooms. They looked at ancient paintings in long galleries and wondered about the painted faces gazing at them. They admired the view over the luscious, green English countryside from the top most tower of the impressive manor and looked in tall wardrobes looking searching for fur coats and the entrance to Narnia.

Kirsty and Matt made their way back down to the ground floor and whilst Kirsty appreciated a particularly grand and impressive fireplace she heard Matt as he called her name from the next room.

“Look at this.” he grinned, holding the corner of a large and intricate tapestry in his hand.

“What are you doing,” Kirsty gasped, “don’t rip it!”

“I won’t.” Matt replied and rolled his eyes a little, “just look what I’ve found.”

Kirsty looked under the lifted corner and saw a heavy wooden door.

“I wonder where it leads to?” Matt mused “You know, I bet it leads to the dungeon.”

“It’s certainly well hidden.” Kirsty replied “How did you find it?”

“I bent down to tie my lace and saw the door bottom below the tapestry. Hold it for me a minute won’t you.” Matt dropped the tapestry into Kirsty’s fine hands and tried the iron handle to the door. His face registered surprise as the door creaked open.

“Let’s go down,” he gasped and rubbed his hands together in

delight.

“It’s awful dark Matt.” Kirsty held back,

“I’ll grab one of those candle holders then.” He snatched up a silver candelabra complete with lighted candles and grabbed Kirsty’s hand.

They descended down the staircase, the air was cold and it smelt ancient and damp. The flickering light of the candles seemed to be sucked in by the never ending dark around them.

“Oh I don’t know about this Matt, it’s kind of spooky down here.” Kirsty shivered and grasped her boyfriend’s hand tightly.

“It’s probably just a damp old wine cellar or something.” he replied as he squeezed back “Although if it is a dungeon I might have to chain you down and punish you for being so much of a scaredy cat!”

She could tell by the tone of his voice that he was teasing. “Sorry, Master.” She replied with a giggle, “Please don’t punish me.”

Just then they hit the bottom step and the candle light flickered over the small room. Many crops and chains and a particularly imposing looking whip hung from the stone walls and Right in the middle of the room there was a pair of old fashioned stocks. This was definitely a dungeon, but something about it seemed to suggest it was created more for pleasurable punishment than real chastisement.

“I don’t know Kirsty.” Matt looked at her, his ice-blue eyes sparkled in the soft muted candlelight. “I think you need some suitable punishment to help you obey me. What do you think?”

Kirsty’s heart raced and she glanced across to the imposing planks of the stocks, the strong iron lock and the well worn holes spoke volumes of history in just that glance. For a moment she hesitated but then her erotic curiosity got the better of her.

“Yes Sir, whatever you say Sir. Sorry Sir.” Her eyes met his and they shared a moment of love and adventure. Matt knew she wanted to play and he was eager to have some fun also.

“That’s better slave, however you’ve been a naughty girl and you still need to learn a lesson. Come on, into the stocks you go.”

Kirsty walked forward into the cold dank air of the small dungeon and stood before the stocks. Matt bent her forward by gently applying pressure to her back and she then rested her hands and head within the now opened dips of the wooden prison before her.

With a click the lock fastened her down. Being bent over in such a position would soon become uncomfortable, even painful. The wooden confinement around her neck was close but not tight and made her very aware that she couldn’t move that she was at Matt’s

mercy.

Suddenly Kirsty's skirt was pulled down and left to pool around her ankles. Next her knickers followed the same way and the cold wet air caressed her naked buttocks. Matt stood back and admired the highly erotic sight of his girlfriends round, peachy backside.

Kirsty could not hear or see Matt. Then she caught the noise of something hitting against the stone wall, then the rattle of chains and again that nerve inducing absence of sound.

Matt just couldn't decide what to use. Most of the implements that hung from the wall looked capable of inflicting some nasty damage. Matt just wanted something to tease and cajole and slightly warm that delectable backside.

He found it. Made of leather it was hidden between two long lengths of chain. Picking it up he swished it and heard it crack, the leather strips impacting against each other. Again he flicked the flogger and let the fronds slap against the back of his hand. Yes it stung but didn't really hurt. Perfect.

Kirsty stiffened when she heard the swoosh and crack of whatever implement it was Matt had chosen. She imagined all kinds of terrors and she found herself wiggling and pulling to get out of her confinement.

"Now, now my sweet, naughty little slave, calm down. Master can't get a good hit on your pretty buttocks when you're wiggling like that. Hold still now or you'll get more than a light lashing."

Matt's hand rested on the small of her back and Kirsty felt reassured and stayed still. She next became very aware of the wetness between her thighs and the hardness of her nipples.

The silence lingered with intent and Kirsty could do nothing but wait. As each second passed she clenched herself tighter and tighter waiting for the first impact. As the seconds stretched into minutes she started to relax.

The swish of the flogger gave her barely a seconds warning before it connected with her soft flesh. She let out a soft sighing moan as her buttocks softly stung with the multiple impacts from the leather straps.

Another and another fell, hard and then soft all over her warming flesh. Each leather caress sent shockwaves of sensuality through her, centering down in her damp pussy. Moans became gasps and gasps became sighs and sighs became exclamations of delight.

"You like this don't you?" Matt's cock strained hard against his pants with each slap of leather on flesh.

"Yes Sir." She gasped back

"You really are such a naughty, naughty girl. I will have to find

some other way to make you obey me.”

Matt put the flogger back then hurriedly pulled off his jeans and boxers. Kirsty heard the shuffle of feet and the rustle of clothing but had no idea what was actually going on. Then Matt placed a strong hand on her warm buttock and slid his hard cock deep inside of her hot pussy.

It took hardly any effort as he pushed inside of her; she was so wet that his heavy member slid inside after just the minimum of pressure. Thrust after thrust assaulted her hot, inflamed pussy and banged against her sensitised buttocks.

“Oh Kirsty, you’re going to suck the come from my balls if you squeeze me much tighter.”

“Sorry Sir,” she gasped, “but your cock feels so good inside me.”

“It certainly does,” he groaned and slipped his cock out of that hot cavern.

Kirsty suppressed an irritated groan as she felt his cock leaving her open and unsatisfied and then let out a contented sigh as something, long, hard and cold slid inside her hot aching hole.

She felt her muscles clenching around it as Matt slid the cold solid object in and out of her.

“Oh fuck Sir, I’m going to come!”

“Yes, oh yes sweet one, come for me.” With those words she felt a finger on her hot and exposed clit; slowly it moved and pushed her over that precipice of pleasure. She screamed as her body shuddered, her head banged against the wooden prison, her hands clasped so hard nail marks were left imprinted in her palms.

“My turn,” he gasped as he pulled the long heavy whip handle from inside his girlfriend. He walked around to the front of the stocks and grasped her long hair and tangled it in his fist. Standing on tip toe he pumped his cock, once, twice and on the third time the pressure that had built up suddenly released and his warm wet cum exploded all over the face of his lover.

Her knees went weak as he grabbed her hair, her body ached post orgasm, the wood bit into her now and she was eager to be released from her entrapment. However she happily submitted to the rough hold of his hand and the wet splash of his unctuous semen as she adored watching him come.

“I love you.” Matt panted as he unlocked Kirsty from her confines.

“And I love you too.” She agreed wrapping her arms around him, she needed to feel him close because physically, her legs would not hold her up and her back was stiff and emotionally because she

had to feel he meant those words he'd uttered.

Both of them dressed and walked back up the stairs. They shut the Heavy door behind them and giggled all the way back to their room.

"Not many women get a good flogging for their Valentine's gift." Matt remarked as they entered their room.

"Ah and it's even fewer who actually enjoy it."

"Hussy." He hissed and chased her across the room

"You'd have me no other way." She smiled as she felt his body cover hers and press her into the bed.

He showed her then exactly how much he loved her just the way she was. She may only be the Lady of the Manor for the weekend but she would be the Lady of his heart forever.



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