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Scentsual

A erotic romance short by

VICTORIA BLISSE

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As soon as I stepped off the train I was soothed by the scents, even in the middle of town. I could smell the sea, a light, crisp edge to the cool breeze and the fish and chip shops left a vinegar tang to the air. The smell took me back to my childhood, when we used to come here for our holidays. We spent a week in Scarborough each year. My parents loved the sights and sounds. I fell in love with the smells. The sweetness of donuts, the sharp salt on the breeze, the comforting odour of the damp sand beneath my feet. I regularly visit my childhood sanctuary to rest in the comforting scents and take in the familiar sights. It is my escape when work just becomes too much for me.

Despite being late September, the town was busy. I walked down the main hill, enjoying the thrill of being on holiday. We all get it, from being a kid to being a pensioner; that surge of joy and energy as we realise this is it, now we can do what the hell we want. We're on holiday.

I dropped off my bag at the small bed and breakfast I always used. I craved the scents of my childhood, but as I aged I also craved the softness of a real bed and the warmth of brick. I was well past the age of caravanning even ten years ago, and now I appreciate the comforts of life all the more. I do have my attachments to The Empire, though. The first time I stayed here, I fell in love with the clean smell of polish and old pot-pourri. The first morning I woke in my room at The Empire to the smell of bacon, sausage and egg clinched it for me. It pervaded every floor of the tall building in the mornings. It smelled like a home.

I met a guy, that first time I roomed at the Empire. Tom, he was called. He was a young lad, around eighteen, and he was reluctantly on holiday with his parents. We met up in the lounge one morning, where I was seduced by his sweet, soapy smell and his candour.

I took his virginity, in the middle of the day as he faked a headache to avoid the monotony of a wet afternoon looking at museums. He was willing and eager and oh so pliant. When I think of him, a shot of desire runs straight to my pussy and I get

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the urge to stop and masturbate wherever I am. His innocence was delicious and the scent of his new, barely used cock was a delight.

* * * *

I was deep in thought as I walked down the hill to the sea front. I was trying to remember every detail of that encounter. I found, to my horror, that I couldn't remember it all. Then I realised it had happened almost ten years ago. I felt old, I felt fat and I felt lonely.

Sometimes, when you stop for a break the things you work so hard to avoid pile in on you unannounced. That is what happened to me. I was completely unaware of the bustle around me, the smell of the chip shop and the increased tang of salt in the air. I just sat on a bench and let the negative emotions run over me.

I was thirty-six and still alone. I had never had a long term, serious relationship. People told me I was scared of commitment but I was not, no. I was just easily bored and seeking out a very unique individual indeed. I'm dominant. Not just in my sex life but at work and home, too. It takes a very submissive character to complement me. It is why I have risen to the top of my chosen career so quickly. I hate being subordinate to anyone.

That I was subordinate to my emotions and desires annoyed me. I wanted to be in a relationship, I wanted to have someone to go home to every night. Not that Suki, my cat, wasn't warm and cuddly. But come on, I didn't want to be a lonely cat lady all my life.

Not only was I dominant, I was curvy. When you see photos of dominant women in the media they are thin, twig-like figures more often than not. Not me. I have big hips and large boobs, I always have. The other parts started to fill out when I reached my twenties and although I still had a waist, you'd be pushed to call what I had an hour-glass figure.

I knew I was still attractive; tall and toned enough to pull in the one-night stand guys. I knew how to dress to show off the good curves and my make up accentuated my large green eyes

and plump lips. I was attractive, I knew it, but relationships still eluded me.

I was lost in my cloud of despondency when I caught a hint of excitement on the breeze. It was the mellow tang of leather that first caught my attention, followed by a cinnamon and citrus combination that blew my mind. I looked up from my sullenness and smiled.

He was a young man. I guessed he was at least 10 years my junior. He was freshly shaven and his hair was just long enough to fall on his face as he looked down at the ground between his black-booted feet. His skin was milky and soft; the contrast between his white cheek and worn, brown leather jacket was like art.

I wanted to reach out and touch him. I wanted to bury my face in the crook of his neck, to suck in that sensual, masculine smell. I was completely taken over by him. I knew my window of opportunity was small. He may have stood up and walked away at any moment, so I looked for some opening. His hand was on the bench next to me, clenched around the edge as if he were holding on for dear life. I reached out and put my hand over his.

“Oh, I am sorry.” I smiled as he turned his head towards me. “I didn’t see your hand there.” I squeezed it gently before pulling mine away.

“Oh, don’t worry.” He smiled back at me, nervously. His eyes were gloriously deep brown, matching his coat and his hair. I was in lust, and I could see a glimmer of something in the way he was looking at me, too.

“So, are you waiting for your wife to come out of the shops?” I asked, wanting to clear up the question of his attachment right away.

“No.” he replied, his eyebrow rising in confusion. Every slight move wafted more of that enchanting leather scent my way.

“Oh, girlfriend then. Sorry.”

“No, I’m single. Are you waiting for your...” I could see him struggling for the right word. “Mate?”

“Well, yes. But I don’t actually currently have one. I’m on the lookout for someone special.”

“Oh,” he gulped. He had unconsciously turned his body to face me. With each passing moment he leant closer.

“Yes,” I replied, in little more than a whisper. “I need a man desperately.”

I licked my lips and arched my brows, cupping his hand with mine again. This was the moment, the make or break moment, and I hoped with all my heart that he would succumb to my advances.

“Well, I am a man.” He cleared his throat and shifted on the uncomfortable slats. I couldn’t see, but I guessed his cock had just jumped in his casual jeans. “Will I do?”

“I think you might.” I traced my finger lazily across the taut skin of his hand and looked down between our bodies. “But I have to warn you that my needs are physical. I need a man who is willing to please me.” I paused and looked up, fixing his gaze to mine. “Sexually.”

To give him his due, his gaze held mine for two or three long seconds before he was forced to look down. I was impressed.

“So, Can you help me?”

He looked up again and nodded.

“Oh, good. Are you doing anything right now?”

“No,” he replied, “Just, you know, wandering.”

“Want to wander down to the front with me?”

Partly, I wanted to stretch out the anticipation. I also wanted to test him a little more. He seemed fairly submissive, but *fairly* would not be good enough for me in this mood. Mostly though, I had promised myself an ice cream from Jaconelli's and I was going to get it.

“Yeah, okay.”

“I’ll buy you an ice-cream.” I smiled seductively and grasped his hand in mine.

“A Jaconelli’s?”

“Of course,” I smiled. “What else?”

What else, indeed. There are many ice-cream sellers along the sea front, but only one that sells the creamiest ice cream that smells like wicked cream and saintly vanilla. You can only buy a Lemon top at Jaconelli’s and I love the sour contrast of sorbet against the comforting blanket of cold sweetness.

He laughed and stood beside me. My heart thumped in my chest, so hard it was painful. Normally, I did not care if I got a yay or a nay from a man. I could go on to another and pick him up. But this guy was different, I felt more than want; I *needed* him to come with me.

“So, are you here on holiday?” I asked as we strolled past the novelty shops towards the salty wash of the sea.

“Yeah, well, a day trip really. Needed to blow the cobwebs out of my brain, you know?”

“Yeah, I know. Same for me, but I’m here ‘til Monday.”

“Do you mind if I ask your name?” He asked it with a nervous smile.

“I’m Kelly, but you can call me Mistress.”

He blushed. His pale cheeks looked good heated up. I knew his butt cheeks would look even better in my favourite shade of just-spanked pink.

“Okay, Mistress.” His reply was nervous, but the smile stuck to his lips. “My name is Rob.”

“Okay, Rob. I might forget that, so is it okay if I just call you ‘boy’?”

“Sure.” His cheeks were beautiful when he blushed.

“Okay, boy. Let’s go and get that ice cream.”

* * * *

Rob turned out to be good company. We picked up two ice creams from Jaconelli’s, with a generous serving of lemon sorbet on the side, then found a bench. We watched the world go by. It was a warm, autumnal day and there were day-trippers out in force. Many of them sat on the beach in their jumpers, hats and scarves. Little kids screamed and laughed, as if it were a hot mid-summer’s day. You could smell the cold on the breeze; the tang of frost still clung to the salt-laden air. It was refreshing and instantly calming. I felt at home in a way that I only ever experienced in Scarborough, the place of my childhood joys.

“Nothing like this, is there?” Rob sighed, his tongue lapping leisurely at his cold treat.

“Nothing,” I replied. “I’ve been all over the world for work and for holidays, but I don’t feel I’ve actually had a holiday until I’ve been here, you know?”

“I know,” he nodded, “We came here as kids on holiday, and I’ve never loved another place the same since.”

I shivered then. Not from the cold, in fact, but from the shock of recognition for his words. Like a gentleman, he pulled me closer and wrapped his arm around my shoulders.

I rested my head in the crook of his neck and feasted on his scent. The musk of leather and the tang of salt, citrus and cinnamon surrounded me. I breathed it in eagerly and tried to memorise its charm. It was strange how peaceful I felt as I rested there in the warmth of a strangers embrace. There was a strong under-current of lust beneath the calm of the moment, but at the time I would have happily sat in that position with him for hours more. Then I would have to ravage him and make him mine.

I listened to him crunch the last remains of his cone, then glanced up, eager to move on. As I looked up, he looked down. Like magnets being pulled together, our lips met. It was soft at first, as we both registered what was happening. His strong lips were so tender and hesitant. Before they could pull away to apologise, I pressed mine harder against them.

He let me take control easily; his lips gave way eagerly to mine. They parted and I darted my probing tongue between them. His tongue met mine hesitantly, and allowed my mouth to explore and conquer his. I was giddy with lust and power. If it hadn’t have been so chill I would have happily pushed on and stripped him right there. I wanted to conquer him fully.

“Mm, would you like to accompany me back to my hotel room now?” I smiled as our lips parted.

“Yes, please, Mistress.” It was little more than a whisper. Once more, I took his hand and led him purposefully away from the sea. We walked in silence for a long while, our hands clasped together tightly. That touch kept my lust at a rolling boil. I was aware of my sticky thighs as we climbed back up the hill and the way my swollen pubis chaffed against my knickers. It was exquisite. I enjoyed every tortuous step. I have always enjoyed the anticipation before the sex act itself. There is a special thrill

in knowing what is to come, but not being exactly sure what that might be.

I pulled Rob down a side street. He looked confused. I kissed the confusion from his lips. I adored the way he gave in to my advances, the way he would instantly forget everything else and throw his whole self into pleasing me. I submerged myself in his kiss. I lost myself in the undulation of his lips on mine and drank in the intimacy of such a moment in the middle of a public space. I heard someone tut as they walked by and it only made me smile. We were not doing anything lewd, I was just beginning to enjoy the intimacy between us. I find it best not to rush such things; a slow start leads to the best sex, in my opinion.

I pulled away when I began to forget where we were. Right at the moment when the heat got to a level where I wanted to strip naked right in the street and take him on the cobbled pavement. Breath shuddered from our lips as our eyes met and our cheeks flushed. I took his hand and led him further down the street to a sleek, inoffensive looking shop.

"I need to pick up a few things." I said and he inclined his head subserviently. I licked my lips; I had not experienced that level of submission for a long time and I was looking forward to using a willing body for my pleasure.

We walked into the small, poky shop. It did not have much room, but what space there was seemed well used. The shop was packed with sexual knick-knacks. I was assaulted by smells of plastic, leather, latex and sex. It was delightfully arousing.

"I'm looking for a good, quality flogger," I told the man behind the counter as he enquired if we needed any help. "A paddle, too, actually...and some kind of binding, soft but strong." The tall, sleek man moved silently from one end of the counter to the other and put down a striking leather whip with many fronds, a rounded, stout paddle and a bundle of red satin ties.

"Anything else, madam?" The shop assistant asked. I pondered for a moment as I looked at Rob, who was blushing a violent shade of red as he looked down at his shoes. I could see his obvious erection pressing to be released from inside his jeans and knew he was turned on, a lot.

“Oh, yes, a butt plug,” I continued, “just a medium-sized one, for now.” I squeezed Rob’s hand and felt his eager fingers squeeze back.

The man brought me three different plugs from which to choose. “That’ll be it.” I said, choosing the middle of the three. Not big, but intimidating for a man who might never have had anything in his arse before. His eyes widened significantly when he saw the thickness of the plain black base. I could not wait to use my new toy to stretch him open for me. I had my strap-on in my luggage. I never went anywhere without it.

I paid the gentleman, took the plain white carrier bag and passed it to Rob. He could feel the weight of them in his hand as we walked back to my room, that constant reminder of what I had in store for him.

My heart thudded quickly for the duration of the walk back to The Empire. I was excited, yes, but I was also anxious. This was the point where Rob could decide to back out. I would now find out if his submissive behaviour was in fact natural and not just an act to get me to sleep with him. I had experienced that more often than I cared to remember. I would confess my preference for dominance to a man in a club and he would play to that, only to baulk before I even got to lay a spank upon his arse.

I was glad to find Rob kept step with me all the way to the front of my hotel. He stood behind me as I fiddled with the key and continued behind me as we climbed the stairs to the top floor and my bedroom, with the stunning view out towards the castle.

Some people seem to think that because a person is dominant they don’t feel the effect of nerves. I completely contradict that point of view. I was anxious, eager to start and a little apprehensive. I am never quite sure how a man will really react to my domination. At any point, this sexy young man could turn and run.

“Let me take your coat.” Not the sexiest thing I could have said but it began the process of getting him naked, so it served a purpose. I resisted the urge to wrap myself in the heavy, aromatic leather as he passed it to me. I hung it politely from the door. It suggestively encased my own coat. I took a steadying breath before turning back to face him.

He was standing awkwardly where I had left him and the sight of his nervousness laid mine somewhat to rest.

* * * *

“Don’t worry,” I purred as I walked towards him. “I’ll not hurt you.” I wrapped my arms around him and gently, quickly, kissed his lips, “Not too much, anyway.”

He groaned and I held him tighter. I pulled his body close to mine as our mouths reacquainted themselves.

“Now, while I lay out my new toys, why don’t you strip for me?” I was back in control of my emotions and desperate to get at his naked body.

“Yes, Mistress.” I felt my pussy stiffen with the excitement of those words. I took items out of the bag, one by one. The flogger came first, with that new, almost astringent leather smell. It would soon take on a better scent, from being used on such a cute behind. I glanced to the side to see Rob losing his t-shirt. His chest was taut and covered in a light smattering of dark hair. I could smell more of him now, masculine and musky. His scent was coming through with a light, lemon tang from his aftershave. I was intoxicated.

Next I pulled out the paddle. I love the smell of wood and I held it up to my face and inhaled the sharp varnish smell before placing it on the end of the bed next to the flogger.

His jeans were down around his ankles when I next looked. He had taken off his shoes and now he was close to removing his black boxers. I felt my stomach leap with excitement.

I pulled open the plastic packaging on the butt plug. It has it’s own special arousal, that smell of new plastic and latex. It stings the nostrils, but promises such delicious delights that it seems to soothe the senses.

I untangled the red, satin ties. They had a subtle scent of cleanliness and I placed them down on the bed, eagerly glancing around. I was delighted to see him naked. He stood tall, looking straight ahead, cheeks flushed with embarrassment and excitement. His whole body was stiff with anticipation.

His cock was magnificent. Long and eager, it was neither a monster nor a tiddler. It looked just about perfect to me. Deep

pink, it bobbed beneath my gaze. I wanted to bury my head in his crotch right then, to smell his manliness, to inhale the musk of his penis, but I held back. Later; there was time for that later. Right now I needed to perform some arousing alchemy. I needed to deliciously combine our scents.

Not a word was spoken as I unbuttoned my blouse and discarded it. I kicked off my shoes, then sat on the bed to pull off my socks. I smelt ripe as I pulled off my trousers. I could smell my arousal as it blended with my light apple fragrance. It was more tempting than hot apple pie and custard.

I left my black lacy underwear on and stood before him.

“Okay, boy, this is how it will be. You will do whatever I say immediately. Any hesitation will be punished. You will speak only when spoken to and I expect to be answered respectfully. I will take my pleasure from you. Your pleasure will be merely incidental. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.” He even lowered his gaze as he spoke. I knew this encounter was going to be special. I lifted his chin with a finger and kissed him again. I could not get enough of the way his mouth surrendered to mine. I ran my hands over his chest as I did so and I felt the rumble of a growl as one hand slipped lower and grabbed his cock.

It was sticky and hot in my hand. It felt so perfectly engorged as I stroked it.

“Oh, you naughty boy,” I crooned and pulled my hand away from him, “look, you’ve made a mess on my hand.” He had as well. His thin, watery juices covered my fingers as I held them up, close to his face.

“Sorry, Mistress,” he said and I tutted. I was in control and well into the scene.

“So you should be. I am going to have to punish you now, you naughty boy. First, clean my hand.”

This was the first real test. Would he be willing to lap his own pre-cum off my fingers? Many men would balk at this, because of some strange misconception that tasting one's own juices must make you gay. Nonsense. Rob hesitated only for a second, then eagerly licked the clear, watery juices from my fingers.

“Oh, good boy,” I moaned as his tongue swirled around my hand. His lips plunged around my pointer finger and I almost came from the intensity of it all. Watching his mouth bob up and down my finger was like watching him give a blowjob. The pressure of his slick mouth on my sensitive fingers made me hum with pleasure and I moaned. I was even more eager to move on.

“Now, enough of that.” I pulled my fingers from his mouth with a pop.

“Get onto the bed. On your knees, please.” I commanded and he complied.

His arse was divine. It was fleshy in all the right places but lean and perfectly in proportion to his body. It was a tempting bottom and I couldn’t wait to change its colour from cream to bright pink.

The silence was heavy and anticipatory. I enjoyed it for a moment, then picked up the flogger and snapped it. His hips jerked in reaction and I held in a chuckle. Good, he anticipated what was to come.

I left it for a moment and built up the tension again before snapping the flogger down onto his arse. He moaned and I knew he had enjoyed it. The flogger, although it looked menacing, actually just gave a light, soft tickle. Even as I flicked my wrist and hit him as hard as I could, I knew it would do little more than excite him. That is what I wanted. I enjoyed his moans and his hisses and how his hips bucked eagerly back to accept the blow, but soon I became bored of the slight pink haze on his buttocks. I wanted some *serious* pinkness.

“Well, now I’ve warned you up, what do you say to me, boy?”

“Thank you, Mistress,” he gasped.

“You’re welcome. As I was saying, now I’ve warned you up I’m going to seriously start your punishment. I think six hard whacks with the paddle should be sufficient for now. Okay?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Now, I’m not a cruel Mistress, well not too cruel anyway, so let’s have a safe word just in case you wimp out on me. I think it should be ‘Jaconelli’s’ is that okay with you?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good boy. Now prepare to be punished.”

I lifted the paddle and weighed it in my hand. It was solid but fairly light. It would hurt, but not too much. I was quite certain it wouldn't hurt me at all.

I gave no warning. I just swung the wood and cracked it against his buttocks.

I was impressed by his response. I knocked the wind out of him but he did not scream.

“That's better.” I said as I saw the start of an honest pink mark on his arse and then let rip with another hard thwack. He yelped and I smiled as I gave him not a second to recover before striking out again. His bottom was bright pink now, and although I was largely a scent person the aesthetics of a reddened arse appealed to me.

The waft of woody vitality as I slapped him again was delicious. The scents in the air were maddeningly erotic. Plastic, wood and leather mixed with male and female arousal; perfect. He whimpered and I almost came in my pants. I love the sounds that speak of a man's complete and utter surrender to me.

His arse was bright red by the fifth hit and he screamed out when the sixth landed. He wiggled and I laughed.

“You're lucky that was the last slap, boy, or I might have made you take it again. So, that was your punishment, what do you say?”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“Good boy, stay where you are. I have a treat for your bottom now.”

I reached over and opened the bedside drawer. I pulled out the small tube of lube that I take with me everywhere. I slipped it between my thighs to warm it and turned my attention to his hot buttocks.

It always amazes me how hot a properly spanked bottom can be. I ran my fingers lovingly over the imprints and enjoyed the hissing moans Rob made. I kissed it better and trailed my lips over both buttocks. He pressed back against my face and I could smell his arousal all the more. He must have been so hard by that point. I almost gave up on my plan, just to bury my head in his crotch and luxuriate in the sexual smell of him, but I didn't. I wanted to do this right.

I pulled wide his buttocks and swept my tongue from his crinkled, tight balls up to his little hole. I find men's arses to be beautiful and I love the sight of a male anus. It just begs me to fuck it.

I prodded at the opening with my tongue. I squeezed his buttocks in my hands as I repeatedly drove my tongue into his arse and felt it give a little bit more with each stab. When his moans turned into needful whimpers and his anus was gobbling up my tongue, I pulled back. I took the lube from between my thighs, unscrewed the top and squirted some into that tight anal opening.

He knew what was to come and he whimpered as I pushed in a finger to massage the lube into him. He was whimpering and cursing and I loved the astringent scent of the lube combined with the warm arousal of his sweat-sheened skin.

"Mistress, permission to speak," he gasped.

"Granted." I liked my submissive to be polite and communicative. I like to hear them begging for my mercy.

"I have never..."he started, then hesitated and started again, "...I'm a virgin there, Mistress."

"All the better." I cooed and twisted two fingers into him. "I promise to take care with your precious arse, boy. You will love this."

"Yes, Mistress," he replied with a low purr. I was massaging inside his anal passage and he was discovering the special delights of that. A man feels serious pleasure during anal sex. I have encountered a man who loved it more than having his penis inside me. That relationship didn't last long. A Mistress needs a slave to worship her cunt, or what is the point?

I picked up the plastic plug and weighed it in my hand. I knew his arse was thoroughly lubricated and stretched, so I used both hands to hold and cover the anal intruder with more lube.

"Okay, boy, I'm going to plug your arse now. I have to get it ready for me to fuck later." He shivered and I smiled. He was ready for it. I placed the slim tip at his opening and pushed. I was gentle and only pressed in a scant millimetre at a time.

Lube, lust and plastic are a heady mix of aromas. I wish they would make an aftershave from it. I would be instantly aroused if I smelt it upon a man. Rob did not flinch or falter as I

slowly moved from the thin tip to the widened middle and bulbous end of the plug. Soon, it snugly filled him. Only the flat, wide end could be seen, snuggled against his arse.

“Gorgeous,” I exclaimed. I wished I had my camera to hand. What a pretty, sexy picture it made.

“Roll over now,” I commanded, “and rest your head on the pillows.”

I was anxious to move on. I wanted to fuck his arse, but that would come later. As much as I enjoyed the feel of my fake dick between my thighs, I wanted his real flesh to satisfy me and at that moment nothing else would do.

He lay back. His cock looked so inviting. It stuck straight up and demanded my visual attention. It was hard and thick and covered in juices. I knew it would feel like heaven inside me.

I took the satin ties and pulled his ankle closer to the end of the bed. I tied his foot around one of the wooden posts then repeated the action. His legs were spread, a little but not too far. I would still be able to straddle his thighs when I was ready to ride him.

I then tied his wrists to the bedhead. When I finished, I kissed him.

“Fuck me, please?” he begged as our lips pulled apart.

“I will,” I promised as I reached behind me to pop open my bra, “but not until I am ready, boy. I was going to climb aboard your cock right away, but now, now I think I will wait a little longer.” He moaned with a mix of frustration and arousal as I pulled away my black bra and let my breasts fall into their natural position on my chest. They are heavy and full, although not perky. I am very proud of them and the large nipples that top them like a flake in a 99 ice cream.

Leaning over his body, I dragged my breasts above his face. He licked out and I took pity. I grabbed a breast in my hand and fed the nipple to him. He took it and sucked it. He sucked so hard, it took my breath away and made the ache in my pussy all the more urgent. I swapped breasts and let him suckle on the other until I couldn’t take it any longer.

I stood back and hooked my fingers into my knickers. I locked my gaze to his and watched the arousal bloom in his eyes

as I pushed the lacy material from my hips and slipped and slid it down my thighs.

Often, I think that a quick fuck is a fulfilling and exciting fuck. Not this time though. I wanted to relish every moment, I wanted Rob to completely experience the fullness of the plug inside his tight hole and I wanted to enjoy the sight of his body tied down and taut. I wanted to enjoy my power over him.

I stepped out of my knickers and smiled as his cock bobbed. I was going to make it wait a little longer, though. I wasn't ready to relieve it quite yet. I had a plan. I turned my back to him and climbed onto the bed near the footboard.

"You smell good, already, lover," I purred, "but I want you to smell even better. I want you to smell of me."

I lowered my pelvis until my wet pussy rested on the instep of his foot. Gently, I rubbed up and down, leaving a wet trail of my feminine juices.

"Oh, fuck," he mumbled as I continued to excite myself on the soft incline of his foot. I could have easily gotten off there, but I wanted to spread my scent. I moved backwards and lowered myself down. His knee was not bent enough for me to get any purchase, but his thigh was thick and yielding. Every time I moved back, I could feel his hot cock bumping against my buttocks.

He was mewling as I rocked. I am sure the rubbing of the mini cock inside him was driving him to distraction. He must have been desperate to come.

"Not yet, boy." I grinned as I slipped down and manoeuvred myself onto his other leg. "I want all of you to smell like me. I am marking you as my own."

It was almost as frustrating for me as for him, that rub and move technique. But I wanted to cover him in my musk. I wanted to smell me all over him. I wanted to mark him as my own. My natural vanilla and spice musk complimented his harsher citrus smell and I believed the combination would make an awesome perfume. After I had repeated my rubbing on his other leg I stood away from the bed and contemplated my next move.

I straddled his chest, again facing away from him so he would receive a fantastic view of my pussy pulled wide as I

rubbed up and down. My hands were on the bed on either side of his crotch and as I swayed I pursed my lips and repeatedly kissed his cock.

As I moved, I found I could slip my feet beneath his arms. I had not pulled them out far from his head, so they were quite flexible. I kept backing up with every sweep, until my pussy was at his chin.

“Come on then, boy, eat me.”

I knew it wouldn't be easy. He would have to stretch his neck to get even the tip of his tongue on me, but if he tried I would reward his effort.

And try he did. He lifted his head from the bed and I felt his hot breath on my cunt lips. I felt the rasp of his tongue as I heard his frustrated mewls. His head fell back down onto the pillow and I moved back a little and into a sitting position.

His lips and nose ended up directly between my wet engorged lips. In no time he was licking and sucking me as if I were a juicy steak to a hungry man. Every now and then he would lean his head back and I would lift up so he could breathe. Then I would lower myself to his face once more.

It did not take a long time of this frenzied pressure for me to come. I covered his face in fresh fucking juices as I shook and trembled in ecstasy. I pulled away from him, slid down his chest and rubbed my sensitive and wet pussy all over him as I slipped my legs from under his arms.

“Good boy,” I cooed. “You're such a good boy, for that cunt licking you deserve a treat.” I swung a leg over so I knelt beside his chest and then turned myself around. His face glistened with my juices and I could smell my scent as it dominated his. I felt an orgasmic rush as I inhaled deeply.

I straddled his hips this time and rested his cock at my entrance. He was whimpering, but I did not press down immediately, I am such a tease. He used his strength to buck his hips and I felt the tip of him enter me. He could not hold himself up long before he fell back to the bed and I took pity on him. I lowered my body and smoothly sheathed his hard shaft inside me.

“Fuck, yes,” he groaned as I hit bottom and the butt plug rammed deeper into him in time with my thrust. I began to move

up and down. He was moaning and cursing all the time, his eyes tightly closed. His whole body quaked with pleasure.

As I undulated my hips and fucked him, I stroked my clit. I was not far away from yet another orgasm and as I slid up and down his erection faster and faster I felt it exploding through me. As I shuddered, shook and yelled out my ecstasy I felt him buck harder against me. My orgasm fuelled his own, to a point where he erupted inside of me with a growl.

I sat back on my heels, panting and watching him for a moment before leaning forward to release his arms from bondage. He captured my lips in a kiss as I untied the loose knots that had held him.

“Are you okay?” I asked as I slipped off his body and walked with wobbly legs to untie his feet.” I didn’t tie you too tightly?”

“I’m great, thanks,” he replied.

“Roll over, I’ll unplug you.” He chuckled and rolled onto his front, then tucked his knees beneath him. He sighed with relief as I pulled out the plug and walked over to the sink to give it a wash.

“All done.” I grinned when I had finished tidying up and rolled onto the bed beside him. He wrapped an arm around my shoulders and I rested my head on his chest.

“You know, Kelly,” he said, “I’ve never done anything so, you know, kinky before.”

“Really? I wouldn’t have known. You were fantastic.”

“Was I?”

“Yep. Did you enjoy it?”

“Oh, hell yes,” he replied without hesitation, “It’s always been my fantasy, you know? I’ve never met a woman like you before though, Kelly. They’ve always wanted me to take charge.”

“I know, the feeling,” I replied. “Guys often do not like it when I suggest I tie them up and stick things up their arses. I don’t know why.”

He laughed. “Neither do I. That was fucking amazing.”

“Good, I like to keep my slave boy’s happy.”

“And you do it very well, Mistress.” I did not have to look at his face to see him smiling. It was apparent in his voice.

“And you know what I want now, what I really need?”

“No,” he replied, an eager note to his voice.

“Food,” I replied and he laughed. “I know this excellent little Italian place. I’ve had a deep craving for his Cannelloni for weeks and I’m not being suggestive for a change.”

“Italian it is then.” Rob pulled himself up as I lifted my body away from him. “I’ll just take a quick shower and then I’ll be ready.”

“Erm, pardon?” I looked at him and he furrowed his brow with confusion. “I just took a lot time and effort to mark you as my own, young man. You will go to dinner smelling of me, right?”

“But...”

I didn’t let him finish his protest. I cut in quickly. “But nothing. I want to smell our sex on you all night. I want you to smell it, and I want you to know you’re mine. I want everyone else to smell it, then they will know I am your Mistress and you belong to me. Get it?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he gulped hesitantly.

“Good. I’ll have to punish you later for answering back. Just be thankful I’m feeling lenient tonight, or that butt plug would be back in your arse and would stay there all evening long, preparing you for my cock later. Fortunately for you I’m too damn hungry to mess about doing that. Get dressed.”

“Yes, Mistress.” He started to pull on his pants. As I walked past I leant over and kissed the top of his head.

“You know you can stop this at any time, right?” I did not want him complying from real duress.

“I don’t want it to stop,” he whispered back and lifted his face to mine. The assault of his lips on mine, combined with the scent of my pussy on his lips, made me light-headed with lust. If my stomach had not have been growling for respite, I would have pushed him back and fucked him again right there. His scent was heavenly. Musky, heavy, masculine and covered with my own very intimate personal perfume I walked over to pick up my bra.

I picked out a short, purple dress from my wardrobe and pulled it over my bra. I made sure he noticed my lack of knickers

underneath the light floaty fabric and winked at him when he let out a little groan of acknowledgement.

“Come on, it’s time to eat.”

I held his hand as we walked down the street towards the restaurant. He had his leather jacket on again and that heavy, sexual musk blended in with the scent-cocktail on his skin brilliantly. I wanted him so much at that moment, but I knew it would be all the better after I had eaten.

The Italian place was softly lit and busy. The walls were a warm yellow and the atmosphere was buzzing. The aroma was unbelievably rich; tomatoes, garlic and steak mixing with notes of basil and melted cheese to create a heavenly meal for my nose. If I was hungry before hitting the restaurant, I was famished after smelling all it had to offer.

We had to sit and wait to be called to our tables. We read the menu huddled together, our heads touching. I chose the Cannelloni and he picked out a steak. I joked that he would need the red meat to keep his strength up for later. He chuckled, but there was a meaningful, sexual rasp underlying his tone.

“I need to get back home at some point tonight,” he said. “I’ve got a job on tomorrow.”

“What do you do?” I asked, sad to hear that our time would be coming to a close so soon.

“I’m a plumber,” he replied, “back in Leeds.”

“Well, if I ever need a plumber, will you come on over to Manchester to see to me?” I asked with a cheeky wink,

“For you, I’d go to the ends of the earth.” I blushed with delight at his emphatic answer.

“Good.” I replied, “I do believe my pipes have seemed a little clogged up of late.”

“I’ll give you my card.” He fished around in his inside pocket and pulled out a little, white rectangle. “Here, just ring me if you ever need me.”

I took the card and slipped it into my little handbag.

“I certainly, will.” I replied.

“Follow me.” The black-haired waitress smiled as she showed us to our table in the corner of the room. “Your food will be with you soon.”

“Thank you.” I smiled as Rob pulled out my chair. “Aren’t you trained well.”

“I like to think I’m a bit of a gentleman,” he replied and sat on the seat opposite me at the small, intimate table.

“I am starving.” I licked my lips as a steaming plate of pasta was carried past to the table beside us.

“So am I. Somehow, I worked up an appetite.”

“I am a demanding Mistress,” I quipped and he blushed, his eyes darting to the side to see if anyone had overheard me. He was obviously extra aware of what others might think. I could smell my intimate scent on him even across the table. I smiled gently as his cheeks flushed. He was a fantastic play toy. I was so glad I had run into him. It was only a shame that we had to be parted so soon. I was fairly sure there would be a plumbing disaster at my house sometime in the near future, though.

I smelled the garlic bread long before it arrived at our table and my stomach rumbled in anticipation.

“Your main meals will be here in a moment.” The Italian waiter smiled broadly and I smiled weakly back. His greasy hair product was assaulting my nose so much that it took a moment for my nostrils to ignore it and concentrate on the warm, garlicky smell emanating from the wheel of thin bread in the centre of the table.

“This smells so good.” I sniffed the air as I pulled a piece of crispy cooked dough from the wheel.

“It tastes good, too.” Rob said and I noticed he’d already taken a big bite of his slice.

“Well, that’ll be an extra few whacks tonight, boy.” I put on a stern face, “Didn’t your mummy teach you any manners?”

“Sorry,” he mumbled, his cheeks flushed.

“Pardon?” I raised an eyebrow. I’m sure he was embarrassed, but I enjoy this kind of play in public. If he didn’t, I would have been bitterly disappointed.

“Sorry, Mistress.” He whispered, but I didn’t push it. I nodded and took a bite of my garlic bread.

“That’s better. Now enjoy your food.”

I feel sorry for the kind of person who does not pause before forking their meal into their mouth. When my main course arrived, I stared at it for a long moment. I watched the hot cheese

bubbling on top and the rivulets of hot, tomato sauce bleeding into its pure white. I inhaled deeply. The mild creamy cheese and the sharp tomato blended perfectly with hints of garlic, meat and basil.

This time, Rob waited until I had plunged my fork into the rolls of comforting pasta before he began to eat his. We did not converse much over our food. We were too busy eating. We shared yummy noises and the odd comment, but mostly we enjoyed our food in silence.

“Do you want dessert?” I asked as the main meal pots were cleared away by Greasy, the waiter.

“I’m full, but do you want dessert? I’m happy to sit and watch.”

I smiled and wondered if I could find room for a delicious ice-cream concoction.

“No, I’m full,” I replied in the end.

“I’ll get the bill then.”

“Okay. I’m just going to visit the ladies, I’ll be back in a moment.”

As I stood and turned my back to him, I flicked the edge of my skirt so that he was treated to a view of my naked buttock. I walked slowly across the room, swinging my hips. I was horny again. Italian food always made me horny, as did exhibitionism and a hot, submissive man.

When I came back to the table, Rob was in the middle of paying the bill. As he finished, I slipped my arm through his and we walked out into the sharp, autumn evening.

“How much do I owe you?”

“Nothing, my treat,” he said.

“Are you sure?” I was quite happy to pay my way. Just because he was my sexual submissive did not mean I wasn’t happy to pay my way.

“I’m sure, really.”

“Okay.” We walked on, my heels clicking on the tarmac. The streets were strangely quiet without the haunting call of the seagulls. It was already dark and the streetlights were on. They showered us with their mellow orange light.

I got a wicked idea as we passed a dark alleyway and pulled Rob so hard he nearly tripped.

“What the...”

“Shh,” I interrupted, “now this is my treat for you.”

I backed up against the scratchy wall and pulled him against me. I wrapped my arms around his neck and grabbed hold of his hair, pulling him down onto my lips and kissing him fiercely. He responded, his hands roaming down my sides, then cupping my breasts. I moaned with delight.

“Fuck me,” I moaned, “Fuck me now. I’m so hot. You smell so good.”

He did. I could smell our sex on him, the amazing act of our lovemaking mapped out for my nose to detect and my mind to recollect.

“Here? Are you sure?”

“Yes, yes I’m sure. Fuck me now, boy, because I am going to fuck you long and hard later and your cock will not get another chance to enjoy the heat of my cunt tonight.”

“I’ve never been fucked before, Mistress,” he moaned as I pulled open his fly and zip. His pants slithered down to his knees and his hard dick poked out of the opening at the front of his boxers. I stroked him.

“It’s okay,” I cooed as his hands lifted the material off my hips and he pressed his pelvis harder against me. “I will take it easy. I’m going to enjoy fucking your virgin arse.”

“Fuck,” he panted and lifted my leg, holding my thigh in his powerful, rough hand. I was spread wide and soaking wet, so when his cock entered me he slipped in smoothly. I hooked my other leg around him and clung to his leather jacket for dear life as he pumped into me, hard and fast. He was strong. To be able to hold me up and fuck me like this, he had to be. He groaned and grunted and I encouraged him on.

“Oh fuck, fill me up, lover, fill me up. Yes, fuck me, drive your cock in harder, yes, someone might see, oh fuck, hurry up, fuck me.”

I do not often come without direct clitoral stimulation, but then and there I mumbled, cursed and thrashed as I came from the fucking of his cock and the pressure of his pelvis on mine. The wall was rough and scratched my back, the alley smelt of old food and dampness, but I didn’t care. I could smell him, his

leather, his citrus scent and my musk. I buried my face in his shoulder to inhale more of the heady combination.

He roared, literally roared like a lion as he came. He shuddered all over and I clung tightly to him as he took a moment to recover from his orgasm. He let my legs go and we disengaged.

"Come on, zip up. People will have heard that roar miles away."

He laughed. I couldn't see his cheeks, but I bet they were flushed. "I couldn't help it, you're so damn sexy."

"Why, thank you," I replied, stroking the skirt down over my hips. "Come on, before we're discovered."

I grabbed his hand and he squeezed my fingers. I was relieved to see there was no one watching as we exited the alley. Sex in public is thrilling for that element of maybe getting caught, but in reality I wasn't sure what I'd do if it ever happened.

"Are you coming back to my room?" I asked as I remembered my manners.

"I really want to, Kelly, but I can't stay overnight. You know, I have this job I need to get to."

"Sure, I only want to use your body, then you can fuck off anyway." I laughed.

"I need to get going by about eleven..."

"Rob, you're not married, are you?" I interrupted as a worrying thought entered my mind.

"No, no, I'm not. Why ever would you think I was?"

"You're desperate to get home on a Saturday night, seems a little suspicious to me."

"I swear, I've got a job, Kelly. It's a big one, too, and well paid. I need to pay the bills and I'm afraid plumbers are needed twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week."

"Okay," I nodded, satisfied by his explanation.

"I'd love to stay otherwise, surely you realise that." He sounded hurt, so I smiled and nodded my head as I rubbed my hand down his arm.

"Yeah, I know. I'm sorry for doubting you. I shouldn't have." He smiled then and I knew I had been forgiven. "Come on lover, let's get back. I'm still incredibly horny."

“I was hoping you’d say that.” He squeezed my fingers and I laid my worries aside. I had been screwed over one too many times before, by men who were married or at least involved with another woman. Truth be told, I did not want Rob to belong to anyone else. I wanted him to be mine and I wanted him to be mine forever. I know it was foolish to fall so deep in such a short time, but this man; his smell, his words, his body and soul intoxicated me. I wanted to be so much more than a holiday fling for him.

I put all this on the back burner and concentrated on the evening to come. I was still worried that I would lose this perfect partner, but I could worry about that come the morning. Before then, I needed to make sure he would be incapable of forgetting me.

In the bedroom I ripped off his jacket and forcefully kissed him. I was in no mood to take it easy; my blood was fired with the quick fuck of moments ago and I needed more satisfaction. I needed to completely dominate my sub in the most erotic way I knew how.

He responded lustfully to my advances. His lips were eager, as were his hands. They roamed over my body and I wondered if he was simply excited by me and the moment or if he was remembering what I had been promising him all evening.

Sometimes you don’t want a kiss to end. Sometimes you keep your lips fastened to his as you pull off clothes and touch flesh and arouse other parts. Because it is that lip lock that holds you together, that completes the circuit of arousal. I undid his shirt buttons with our mouths joined and unzipped him with the kiss still on our lips. I was consumed by passion, consumed by lust and I wanted to feel him close. I did not want to be parted from him and as I caressed his body, his muscled arms and chest and his hard, eager cock, I willed him to feel the same.

I was close to tears from the fear of losing him when I pulled myself together. I was the one in charge here, and I would not be swayed by silly emotions. I could deal with them later. I had things to do.

I pulled my lips from his. They tingled. We stood panting, facing each other. I was still fully clothed, but his shirt was

discarded to the floor and his trousers rested with his boxers, around his knees.

I snapped into Mistress mode as I surveyed his dishevelled look. I remembered everything I had promised and my eyes must have shone with the wicked glint of anticipation.

“Now, boy, I do believe I owe you some punishment. What did I say I would punish you for?”

I love to make my submissive squirm. I like to hear them relay their guilt, to extend the punishment into the mental realms as well as the physical.

“I answered back, Mistress and I did not wait for you at the restaurant, either.”

“Oh, yes, that’s right. You were eager to wash off my mark weren’t you, silly boy. How have you enjoyed smelling of me all evening?”

“It has been exquisite torture, Mistress. Every time I caught the scent from my skin I wanted you. I wanted to fuck you, Mistress.”

“Right there in front of all those people?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good boy. That is what I wanted. I felt the same, you know. I could smell my pussy on you, the scent of our lovemaking, and I wanted you.”

I ran a finger down his chest.

“And now, that punishment. Get into position. You should be accustomed to it by now.”

He made a move to untie his shoes, but I tutted. “Did I say you could take those off? No, I didn’t. Leave them and get on the bed before you try my patience anymore.”

I watched him hobble over to the bed, his movements impeded by the trousers at half-mast around his knees.

“Now, I think I will use my bare hands, at least at first. I want to feel your naughty bottom get hot and bothered.”

I stepped over to the bed and stood beside him. I ran a finger over his buttocks. They had recovered from their earlier treatment and needed pinking up once more.

I slapped down without hesitation and enjoyed the rock of his hips as I hit him. I continued to spank him without pause, my hand and his arse cheek getting hotter with each spank. I moved

from one cheek to the other to get some colour into that one, too. It wasn't long before he was yelping in pain.

"Hush, boy," I commanded, 'and stay still, please. Take your punishment like a man. I've only just got started."

I slowed down the spansks and alternated the slaps with soothing strokes and arousing squeezes. I was thoroughly enjoying myself, but as much as I enjoyed making his buttocks glow, I wanted to move on.

"Stay there, boy, just like that. I'm going to fuck you now."

"Mistress," he called, hesitantly.

"Yes, boy."

"I'm nervous," he admitted and I could hear it in his tone of voice.

"That's only natural, my sweet sub," I replied, "but don't worry, I will not hurt you. You have your safe word, yes?"

"Yes, thank you, Mistress."

"You're welcome."

I walked over to the chest of drawers and pulled my strap-on out of the bottom drawer. My cock always went with me, no matter where I was going. I was never sure when I might need it. I loved to masturbate with it too. Inside is a little cock that stimulates my pussy as the dick sticks out and I often started my masturbation sessions by imagining I was fucking some prone, virgin arse. Tonight, I would get that fantasy come true. I picked up the lube from where I'd left it earlier, on the floor by the bed and rested it on the small of his back. I enjoyed his shiver as the cool bottle hit his warm skin.

I did not take my dress off, I was in too much of a rush for that. I simply strapped myself into my cock and placed the small plastic nub inside of me.

"Right, I'm all ready now. Let's get this arse prepared for my cock."

I was talking to myself as much as to him. I loved the slow tease. I wanted to build up to the erotic moment. It was not every day that I got to break a person's cherry. This was going to be special and I was going to make sure he enjoyed every moment of it.

I took the bottle of lube off his back and squeezed some onto my fingers. I always bought an un-fragranced lube. I enjoy

the smells of sex too much to mask them. But even unscented lube has a special, sharp smell that promises kinky, sexual delights. I rubbed the cold lube into the crease of his bottom and heard him gasp. I moved my fingers closer to his anus and slowly massaged the lube around and into his little opening.

This would be a labour of love. Yes, he had already taken the butt plug, but that was small. My cock, although not the biggest the shop held, was thicker and at least twice as long. I had to make sure he was ready and relaxed. As I pushed one lubricated finger and then another inside him, I reached round with my other hand and ran it up and down his eager cock.

"That's a good boy," I reassured as I fucked his arse with my fingers, "Just relax and I promise you're really going to enjoy this."

"Yes, Mistress." He whimpered in response and I felt my pussy clench as his words combined with the sweet smell of our lovemaking on his skin. I introduced another finger into his arse slowly. When he started to push back so they would penetrate him deeper, I knew he was ready.

"Turn your head and look at me." I commanded him. When I saw his body shift, I started to rub lube onto my cock. "Look what Mistress has for you, sweet man, look at my big, hard cock. Do you like it?"

"Yes, Mistress." His voice contained a tremble, maybe of fear but I was sure it was mostly from arousal.

"I'm going to take your virginity with my dick, boy. Now, get back into position. I'm going to fuck you now."

I stood between his legs. They were still held together at the knees by his jeans and his feet were still in his shoes. I liked the urgency of the half dressed fuck and I would relish the rough feel of his trousers against my legs as I stood between them.

Gently, I pressed my plastic cock head to his eager opening.

"Now, boy, I'm going to take this cherry. Remember to relax and this will feel so very good. I'm going to make you come all over the bed, my sweet slut. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Mistress," he gasped, and I pressed forward. I took my time, letting him get used to my cock inch by gradual inch.

He relaxed as I pushed in and soon the head fully penetrated him.

"How does it feel?" I asked.

"Strange, Mistress," he replied, his voice strained and peppered with whimpers and moans as I fed a little more of my hardness into him, "but good, so good. It feels so big."

"Good boy, it's half way there now."

"Oh, God," he moaned, "I don't know if I can take any more, Mistress."

"You can, sweet boy, don't worry." I stroked his back with one hand and pressed a little deeper. He whimpered. I really wanted to ram my cock into him. The pressure of the cock inside me was driving me mad. I need to relieve it, but more so I needed to make this first time special for Rob. So I paced myself.

My skin was tingling all over with the erotic tension. The air was saturated with the muskiness of sex and I inhaled deeply as I pushed in further and pressed the curve of my tummy against his back.

"It's all in now, baby. I told you you could take it. I'm going to fuck you now, boy, I'm going to take your anal virginity. Are you ready, boy?"

"Yes, Mistress," he moaned through gritted teeth. "Fuck me."

I started slowly and the push and pull of the plastic inside me, combined with the sight of my plastic hardness stretching out that cute hole, drove me wild with arousal. Rob was a whimpering mess. He was pushing his butt back towards me like a seasoned slut. Soon I was driving my cock into him hard and fast and he was begging for more.

"Fuck me, Mistress, oh fuck me, oh yes." He wasn't making any sense. He just babbled and begged as his orgasm mounted from the pressure of my cock on his prostate. I had a mini orgasm with each thrust of my cock. My pussy throbbed and pulsed as my clit vibrated with the ferocity of our fucking.

"I'm going to come," he cried. I'm not sure he was informing me or announcing his surprise. But I answered.

"Come for me, Rob, come for me." And he did. I heard his groan and felt his body spasm and I stilled my thrusts.

"Fuck," he panted and I bent forward to kiss his back. Slowly, I withdrew my cock and fell to the bed beside him. He had collapsed onto the sheets and I joined him. I curled my body

next to his. My cock poked him in the hip and I ran my hand up and down his back.

“Wow, that was intense.” He smiled and I detected tears in the corners of his eyes.

“Are you okay? I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“No, no, not at all,” he reassured me, “I’m just a bit, well, overwhelmed really.”

I knew what he meant. I was overwhelmed, too. I was overwhelmed by the need to hold him tight and to never let go. I was grappling with the realisation that I loved a man I had met only a matter of hours ago.

“Kelly,” Rob said, “I’m going to have to go, you know.”

“I know,” I sighed, “I’ll miss you.” I regretted the words as I blurted them out, but was surprised and delighted by Rob’s reply.

“I’ll miss you too, Kelly, I really will. We must meet again.”

“Yes, we really must.” I replied and watched as he stood and pulled up his pants. He fastened his jeans as I untangled myself from my fake cock.

“I’m so glad I met you,” he said as he pulled on his leather jacket.

“So am I.” I smiled. This was awkward. I didn’t want to let him go, he didn’t want to go.

“Kelly, I’ve had such a good time.” He reached forward and rubbed his hand up and down my arm. “I’ve never felt like this with anyone else. Kelly, you’re special and I want you to know that. I want to say more, I want to say something really foolish but I’m afraid you’ll laugh at me.”

“I won’t laugh at you,” I reassured him, “tell me.”

“I think, well, I’m pretty sure that, well, I love you.”

I smiled and pulled him into my arms. I kissed him then. Not hard and demanding like a Mistress, but soft and yielding like a woman in love.

“I love you, too,” I replied as our lips parted, “I don’t know how, I don’t understand it, but I do.”

“Good,” he said, “very good.”

“Will you come and visit me soon?” I asked, feeling needy and shaky underneath the ecstasy of the mutual exclamations of love.

“Yes, I will. You’ve got my number, right? Ring me, and I’ll arrange to come see you in Manchester.”

“Soon?” I asked.

“Yes, soon, Kelly. Very soon, I promise you.”

“I’ll hold you to that.” I smiled, and squeezed him to me in a hug. I buried my head in his neck and drank in his leather, citrus musk and the exciting tang of our sex on his skin. I wanted to remember it. It was a unique picture of this moment, more precise than a photograph. More intimate, too.

“You’ve got a few more minutes before you have to go, don’t you?” I whispered into his neck, very aware that only moments before I had looked at the clock and seen the hand creeping towards midnight.

“Oh, Kelly, I wish I could say yes...”

“How long does it take you to get home?” I interrupted and placed kisses over his jaw line, onto his cheek and pressed harder against him.

“A couple of hours. At this time, shouldn’t even take that long.”

“You’ve got time, then.”

“I’ve got a job at seven AM, love. It’s now nearly midnight.” He moaned as I took the lobe of his ear between my teeth and gently nibbled. My hands slid down his body; one cupped his arse, the other stroked over the hesitant bulge at the front of his jeans.

“That gives us ‘til five am, then.” I purred.

“I need sleep,” he said. “It’s a complicated job.”

“Are you tired?” I pulled his zip down and his hand came to rest on top of mine, stopping it in its tracks.

“No, not now, but...”

“Please, Rob, I need you, I need you right now. Don’t leave me yet.”

“Kelly, I want you, I want to stay, but the job...”

“Please.” I looked directly into his eyes and begged. I didn’t want him to go. I hated feeling so needy, but I couldn’t help myself. I couldn’t bear to lose him so quickly after such a

revelation. I would find it hard to let go of him at all, but right at that moment I wanted desperately to make the moment last.

"I guess I can sleep after the job." He pressed his lips back to mine.

"Thank you," I mumbled against his hot lips, "Thank you so much."

I continued to peel down the zip at his fly and was encouraged to feel hard, warm flesh beneath it, eager to escape and fill my hand. I slipped the button from its hole as his hands roamed my dress-covered body. He grabbed the lower edge and pulled it up. I let him manoeuvre me as he removed my dress and then my bra. With each lost garment, we stepped further away from the door and closer to the bed. I felt the bed hit the back of my knees and I collapsed on to it. Rob, half dressed, fell on top of me and shook his trousers away in the process.

It felt good to have his hot, hard weight above me. It felt comforting and arousing. I lay back and surrendered to his kiss. We scrambled further onto the bed together. I had no idea if we were across it or lying the right way or upside down. I'd lost all track of direction. All I was aware of was the heat of his hands on the flesh of my large breasts, his lips on mine and his scent enveloping me in a sensual hug.

"You're such sweet temptation," he moaned, then switched to using his mouth on my neck. Nibbling and biting, rough and demanding in a way I normally am with him. It turned me on. "I can't get enough of, you, Mistress," he gasped. I felt my body zing with arousal at such endearments. I was torn between wanting to feel his lips drop lower and wanting to hear him say more. In the end, he satisfied both desires.

His lips scorched a trail along my collar bone and onto my chest. He nibbled and kissed his way to my breasts. His body rested naturally between my thighs. He cupped my bosom with his big, warm hands and feasted on my nipples. He nibbled, sucked and bit gently on them, until they strained with arousal and I squirmed against him.

"I want to worship you, every inch of your beautiful body," he crooned, "I cannot think when I touch you, Mistress. I can hardly breathe for the need to feel and taste and please you."

“You please me. Oh fuck, you please me and then some.” I groaned as his lips slipped and skidded over the gentle curve of my stomach. I did not feel uncomfortable with his attention there, on the least liked part of my body. His lips blessed every scrap of skin they touched, sanctified it, made it feel special. I could not hate my stomach while he adored it.

Then his face was between my thighs and his fingers were teasing my slit from top to bottom, prying my sticky lips apart to reach the honey pot within. As I captured the fresh musk of my own arousal permeating the air, I felt a long, slow lick from his tongue swipe up the length of my slit. I lifted my hips and spread my thighs wantonly as he leisurely lapped at my pink, swollen cunt.

I no longer thought. I felt. I felt every lick as he eagerly lapped up my juices. I almost lost my mind when he focused in on my aching clit. He sucked and licked, lapped and lavished it with love and attention until I screamed and sobbed out my release. I barely took a breath before he was on his knees between my split thighs, pressing his cock into my still-spasming cunt.

I enjoyed being fucked. I enjoyed being out of control, for a while. I accepted his adoration eagerly. As he hunched his body over mine, I grabbed onto his arms to encourage him to fuck me harder.

“Yes,” I crooned, “Fuck, yes.” I thrust up as hard as he slammed into me. We met and parted in a rough, erotic rhythm, both of us gasping, cursing and moaning out our love. As his pace quickened and the muscles in his body tightened and prepared for orgasm, I opened my eyes. In that moment, I drank in the beauty of him, before the ecstasy in my body pulled my eyelids closed. The orgasm building inside of me broke and bathed his pounding penis with my hot juices.

“I love you, Kelly,” he gasped and thrust his orgasm into me. I felt his cock twitch as he bathed the insides of my pussy with his cum.

“I love you, too,” I sighed and kissed the top of his head as he lay on my chest, panting. I held him tight, knowing that in moments I would have to let him go; temporarily at least.

“Right,” he said, after much kissing and many caresses. “I’m going to put my clothes on again. Can we try and keep them on me this time?”

I playfully yawned and stretched. “Yeah, I need my beauty sleep now, anyways.”

We laughed easily as he slipped on his clothes. I still didn’t want to see him go, but I took comfort in the fact it was only a temporary separation.

“Goodbye,” he whispered, and left a soft, caring kiss on the top of my head as I sat on the edge of the bed. I rose and kissed him hard on the lips.

“See you soon,” I replied cheekily,” boy.”

“See you soon, Mistress. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

We clung together a minute more, kissing and basking in the comfort of the moment. He might walk out of my door and away from me temporarily, but I knew I had a dedicated sex slave. One who would do anything to get back to me as soon as he possibly could.

“Wait ‘til I tell Carol,” I chuckled to myself. “I told her so!”

* * * *

I slept like a log that night. I was tired, I was happy and I was loved.

It was lonely as I woke in a cold bed the next morning, with only the lingering scent of Rob and our lovemaking to keep me company.

After a hearty breakfast, I decided to leave the hotel and walk. I walked down to the front, the smells that soothe me barely registering through my loneliness. *Isn’t it strange how things can change so quickly?* I thought to myself, *I’ve lived alone for years, happy in my own company.* One night with Rob had changed that. Suddenly I felt incomplete and desolate without him.

As I walked along the beach, the sand crunching beneath my feet, the wind whipping at my cheeks and carrying the smells of the sea to my nostrils, I decided what to do. I had his address and I was sure he’d be finished on his big job. It was nearly

lunchtime after all, and if he hadn't? Well, I would just drive back to Scarborough. No harm, no foul.

I walked back to the hotel and jumped into my car. I punched his address into the Sat Nav and drove. I didn't think, I didn't feel. I barely even smelled the plastic friendliness of my car as I drove. I was amazed by how quickly the two hours passed. I drew up outside his address, behind a van. When I got out of the car and moved to knock at the little terraced house's red door, I saw the van had Rob's details emblazoned along the side. He was in.

I hesitated only a second before knocking. I needed him.

"Kelly?" When he opened the door his face showed confusion. I drank in the light, clean smell of his home and the familiar scent of his body. "What are you doing here?"

"I've come here to fuck you." I announced and walked into his arms and his house. My lips found his and suddenly my senses returned. I heard the thud as he pushed the door shut and I felt his hand clamp down onto my arse after it was free. I smelt metal and damp from his work overalls, combined with floor polish and masculinity as we turned round and round into his living room. I opened my eyes for a moment and saw his looking back at me.

"I can't believe you're really here," he gasped between kisses.

"I was just thinking about you."

I reached my hand between us and felt the bulge under his overall.

"Yes, I can tell," I chuckled hoarsely as I stroked him. He hardened further under my touch.

I began to pull at buttons and he ran a hand under my t-shirt. His fingers burned their heat into my skin, the memory of his touch etching itself there for later recollection. I pulled the last button free and shook the overall off his shoulders. He was clothed beneath it, and I murmured in frustration against his lips, which were still fastened to mine. We could not make them part for more than a few seconds before they stuck together again, like soft, plump magnets.

My hand sunk once more to his crotch and opened the fly and button I found there. I pushed the trousers down, along with

the boxers beneath, and dropped to my knees. I buried my face in his crotch. I licked and sucked at his balls as I inhaled his unique musk.

“Oh, yes. Fuck, Mistress, you’re so good to me.” His words urged me on, his hand gently resting on my head. It comforted me as I licked up from his tightened balls to his cock. I took my time. I licked, nibbled and lay tight-lipped kisses up and down his shaft until he was moaning incoherently. Then, I stopped.

“My turn.” I grinned and pulled off my T-shirt. I popped off my bra, my fingers heavy with lust and finding the catch difficult. He helped guide the material off my arms and pushed down my trousers and knickers while my tongue traced patterns along his neck and shoulder.

He gently guided me to my right and pushed me resolutely down onto the warm, cotton sofa.

“Lick my cunt,” I commanded and thrilled to see him drop to his knees, without a moment’s hesitation. He crawled forward until he was between my thighs. He leant in and pushed my thighs wide with his work-worn hands. His head lowered tentatively and I felt a soft flick of his tongue tickling at my pussy lips.

“Come on, boy. Put some effort into it.”

He lunged into me, parting my lips with his tongue and driving the tip into me. I yelped as he fucked me with his tongue. He sucked up my juices with noisy slurps and ran his rough tongue over my clit as I clasped his hair in one hand and lewdly spread my cunt lips for him with the other.

“That’s enough,” I panted as the arousal became too much. “Fuck me.”

I pushed him back to give myself room. I turned round and knelt on the edge of his sofa, my legs spread, my hands gripping the back. I turned my head and looked at him.

“Come on, boy, fuck me with that sweet dick of yours. Please your Mistress and fill up her cunt.”

“Yes, Mistress.” His voice was rough with arousal and his entrance into my body was equally rude. He pushed himself inside me with one, hard thrust, forcing my body forward and scratching my sensitive nipples against the fabric of the sofa.

“Yeah, fuck me, boy, fuck me hard. I want to come all over your cock.”

“Yes, Mistress.” He banged into me with such force, the sofa moved.” I want you to come for me.”

I clung with one hand, holding myself up against his erotic onslaught. With the other, I sought out my clit. I rubbed it gently and felt the orgasmic spring tighten immediately.

“Fuck, Mistress, I’m going to fill you. Can I come inside of you, Mistress, please?” I groaned at his submissive words and rubbed harder at my clit.

“Yes, yes, come inside me, Rob. Fill me now.” I gave him permission to fill me as I flooded his cock with juices. My pussy contracted in an intense orgasm.

He roared again as he emptied into me. I remembered the last time he’d roared, in that alleyway, fucking me quickly at my command.

“Fuck, I needed that,” I groaned as he slipped from me. I collapsed onto the sofa. He sat on the floor beside me and laid his head on my thigh.

“So did I. I didn’t expect to see you at my door.”

“I know, but I couldn’t stay away.” I blushed a little then, as I realised how impetuous I had been.

“I’m glad,” he replied, and kissed my thigh gently.

“Will you visit me, soon? I do believe I can’t get enough of you.”

“Yes, I will. I only ever work ‘til one on a Saturday and I have Sunday off.”

“So you’ll visit me next Saturday?”

“Of course,” he replied. “It’s only a trip over the pennies. I’d fly the length of the world to get to you, Mistress.”

“I know.” The words stuck in my throat, overwhelmed by emotion. “And I’m glad”.

He turned, climbed to his knees and kissed me. I enjoyed the warmth of his lips, drank in his scent and the muskiness of the air around us.

“I love you,” he whispered, soft and full of emotion.

“I love you too, sweet man. I can’t get enough of you.”

“I hope that never changes,” he sighed. I stroked my fingers through his hair.

“It won't, darling, it won't. I would not find another sex slave as eager, handsome and pleasing as you if I spent the rest of my life looking.”

He blushed and chuckled nervously. “Thank you, Mistress. This is all new to me, but I like it and I want to please you so much.”

“And that is all that matters, love. That is all that matters.”

“Now, do you think you could let me get some sleep?” Rob yawned. “I need my beauty sleep too, you know.”

We laughed, and went to bed. Together.

About the Author

Victoria Blisse is a mother, wife, Christian, Manchester United fan and erotica writer. She is equally at home behind a laptop or a cooker and she loves to create stories, poems, cakes and biscuits that make people happy. She was born near Manchester, England and her northern English quirkiness shows through in all of her stories. Passion, love and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her busy life. If you want to know more about Victoria and her books please check out her website at <http://www.victoriablisse.co.uk> Victoria loves to make new friends, so if you're on Myspace pop over and say hello: <http://www.myspace.com/victoriablisse> Or send an e-mail to her at Victoria@victoriablisse.co.uk .