



LIZZIE LYNN LEE

Wicked
GAME

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Wicked Game

The cuff made an audible click when Paige handcuffed Craig's wrist to the bedpost. He looked surprised, but only momentarily. A saucy smile was plastered on his face when he caught her intention. "I didn't know you were into kinky stuff, Paige."

She responded with a glare. "There's a lot about me you haven't yet discovered, babe."

Craig wriggled his handcuffed wrist. He wasn't going anywhere. "Well, I have to admit, I like it so far."

"Shut up. You should remember, you're my bitch tonight."

Craig whistled. "Yes, ma'am."

Paige basked him with a sneer; she wasn't amused by his quip. She bent down and cuffed Craig's other wrist. He made an urging sound, looking excited. She rolled her eyes. Men. It seemed they always got turned on with "out of the box" kink.

After checking both bonds, making sure Craig was completely under her mercy, Paige unbuttoned his pants and undressed him down to his socks. His granite-hard erection stood proudly out from his blond thatch.

She couldn't help but admit that Craig had the most amazing cock she had ever seen. Nice, thick, with the perfect length too. Not too big to ride, just perfect to be fucked. And he seemed to know how to use it too. She could even say he was talented with his cock. Maybe that's what gave him that over inflated ego. But that didn't matter

now, because she was going to teach him a lesson. No man dissed Paige Black and got away with it.

She hadn't started this game, but baby, it was on now.

They had only been going out for two weeks. He told her he loved her and everything was going great. Craig seemed to be a great guy and he was everything Paige had ever wanted in a man. She even suspected that Craig was the one.

Then, all of a sudden Craig turned elusive. He seemed to be having second thoughts about their relationship. He didn't return her calls, giving lame excuses canceling their dates. She didn't know why he changed. Had she done something wrong? Paige had asked about it but the bastard wouldn't give a straight answer. If she did something wrong, Paige would have preferred him to tell her to her face. Jerk. He didn't know that she, too, could play the same game.

He watched her take out a can of whipped cream from the mini bar. "Oh, shit."

"Rule number one, darlin'," she reprimanded him curtly, "no speaking unless you are told. I'll have to punish you if you dare break my rules."

Craig's mouth opened and closed, not daring to squeak another word. But he couldn't help moaning when Paige iced his hard cock with the whipped cream. She gave the tip a lick, eating off the sweet cream. "Oh," he groaned aloud.

Her hard glare silenced him. He stayed silent when Paige licked him from base to tip. Nice. Slow. Giving his cock thorough attention. His breath labored as her tongue danced on his hard shaft, pirouetting under the ridge of his swollen tip. His cock shivered. Its owner panted. Perhaps the treatment was more than he could take.

Paige swallowed her amusement in silence. She clamped his shaft and gave him nice, lazy strokes as she iced his balls with more whipped cream. She lowered her head and licked him there. Craig groaned like a beast. She teased him with her tongue, eating him clean. Craig fidgeted. Her treatment drove him closer to edge of coming. His skin was so hot, he felt feverish. Sweet-salty ocean flavor flooded her mouth when she deep-throated him, a mix between his pre-cum and the remnant of the whipped cream.

Inarticulate mumbles escaped his throat as she took him deeper, swallowing him to the base. She sucked him, slowly at first, then hard as if her life was depending on it. Craig howled, forgetting that he was supposed to be silent. Paige didn't bother to reprimand him, mostly because she needed to hear him yelling, completely out of his mind.

She wanted to show him what a great lover she could have been, if he wasn't half-heartedly dating her. She'd been reserved during their two weeks together, restraining her kinky desires and expertise in bed, simply because she liked him too much. But now Craig would see her for who she really was, a mistress of desire who would wipe his mind blank by the time she finished with him.

"Babe, oh, babe," Craig mumbled, sounding tortured and pleased, drunk with lust, "You're killing me. Oh God, you're killing me."

Paige sucked harder, her hand kneading his balls. He writhed. Panted, squirmed like a worm under the baking sun. No, she wouldn't show him mercy. Not after what he did to her. Without pausing her suckling, Paige gave his balls one last squeeze, then ventured lower, slipping a finger between his ass cheeks, finding his anus.

Without a shred of modesty, Paige pushed her finger into him. Craig jumped, his back arched, maybe feeling violated. Paige didn't care.

"Fuck!" Craig startled. "Babe, what are you doing?"

She didn't answer him, but continued giving him a finger-fuck. He cursed, but didn't object, and if he had, she would have ignored him anyway. She wriggled her finger, rubbing the virginal walls of his man-cunt, trying to find his prostate.

Paige found his secret a minute later, after a brief exploration. If Craig hadn't been shouting so hard, she would have found it sooner. The swelling, no bigger than an almond, was at her finger's depth. She rubbed harder, tickling him, applying enough pressure that she knew too well from her past lovers, would make a grown man cry.

Craig trashed, bucked, cried with a series of halted sobs in his throat. He quivered from head to toe, skin burning. Paige arranged her breath carefully and took his cock in at an angle, fucking him with her mouth with the same rhythm as she fucked him in the ass with her finger.

She thrust once, twice, hitting him in the mark of his sweet spot. Craig tensed, and with a sudden force, he came with a scream. Jets of a never-ending cum filled her mouth and throat. Paige drained him, down to the last drop. When she released him from her mouth, his flaccid cock was a testament of a mind-blowing aftermath. Craig looked dazed, unable to speak.

Paige smiled. She crawled on the bed until her face leveled with his. "So, darling, how did you like that?"

It took him a minute to work out an answer. "That was incredible," he confessed.

"I bet it was," Paige nodded mockingly. "And that's only one of the little tricks I know that I haven't shown you yet."

His eyes flew wide. "No shit."

"Yes, shit." Paige made a cursory glance to his crotch. "But I think you've had enough excitement for one day."

"No," he panted, wriggling his cuffed wrists. "I could come again."

Paige laughed. She was surprised to find her voice come out silky, so wantonly wicked. "I don't know, darling. I've got a headache."

Craig's face flushed. He had said the same thing when he cancelled their date the last time. "Babe, is it because -"

"I need to go home." Paige slid off the bed to get dressed.

"Babe -"

"Here's the key to your cuffs." Paige put the key on his stomach. Craig stared at it as if it was a piece of offensive material that would burn his eyes if he looked at it too long. There's no way he could reach it and free himself from the cuffs. "If you can't get it, I've already arranged for somebody to check you out in an hour. And in the meantime, darling, I want you to think how foolish you are, to have stomped me with cold feet for the last couple of days. I could have rocked your world. And more."

Craig stuttered. "Paige, I'm sorry."

"Talk is cheap, babe." Paige left.

Craig left messages on her answering machine later that evening, apologizing and asking her when he could see her, but she didn't intend to see him anytime soon. She wanted him to be as miserable as she had been.

Probably more.

Paige loved this wicked game too much.

About the Author:

Lizzie Lynn Lee was a guitarist, receptionist, executive assistant, tarot reader, boutique owner and graphic artist before she discovered writing is her dream job. The advantage is she can do it in her pajamas and socks. She's an incurable chatterbox, heavy metal aficionado, book worm, digital enthusiast and a night owl since most of her stories were done in the wee hours of the morning because of her caffeine-induced insomnia. These days she still plays her guitar whenever she gets bored, staring at her computer's screen or plotting the most elaborate scheme of world domination. Fortunately, she has a chronically short attention span.

She loves to hear back from her readers, so drop her a line at:

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