

Provocative and sinfully delicious - Dark Angel Reviews

Jude Mason

Come, explore with me...if you dare!



~ Ann Begs For Slavery

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She sat waiting. The chair pressed against her nylon clad thighs grown slightly damp with perspiration. Gazing nervously around, once again, amazed at how ordinary it all looked. Men and women sat waiting, patiently for the most part. Some reading pocket novels or newspapers, while others looked out onto the long field. She squirmed, just a little, the dress much too short to be comfortable. The tops of her stockings were barely covered by the hem, as long as she sat quietly. That was proving to be an impossibility. The white sandals felt tight around her toes as she re-crossed her legs. The heels uncomfortably high and each time she flexed her calves she felt the tightness a little more.

Her belly tensed, bladder once more needing to be emptied. To her feet and to the ladies, again. Tottering on high stiletto heels, quickly into the stall, panties dropped. Sitting, she thinks to herself, for the umpteenth time, 'Why, oh why am I doing this?' A trickle of urine splashes into the bowl. 'Four drops and I'm done' she

grimaced. 'I'm going to be a wreck before I even meet him.' Drawing in a ragged breath she dabs at the silken folds of her freshly shaven pussy then rises. Panties pulled up, stockings smoothed, her dress demurely tugged as far down her thigh as possible. Flush, then out the door leaving the sanctity of the ladies for, what? Not really sure, but not willing to let go.

Then, a plane. Her heartbeat sounded loud in her own ears. Seemed to fill her throat, almost choking her. 'I can still back out, he's not here yet, he hasn't seen me.' Fears and insecurities raced around inside her head threatening to overwhelm her. Hands clammy, her fingers tangled together for a last struggle. 'Yes, I want this, so much, for so long.' Her eyes shut, the desire in her took over and she inhaled deeply. Letting the air out, ragged but smoothen as her lungs emptied. 'Yes, please let this be right. Let him be my Master.' Her mind reached for and eagerly accepted that thought.

The plane touched down, her life changed at that moment. Her shoulders straightened. Her breasts thrust out, nipples tensed and ready. For what? 'Whatever Master wishes,' her inner answer was correct. The pale peach dress swished against her thighs as she moved to the window. The tight bodice accentuated the roundness of her unfettered breasts. Elongated points of her nipples clearly visible, the small rings etched in the silky material.

Hands clutched tightly on the windowsill. The plane taxied around the end of the field then turned towards her. It appeared to be aimed straight for her. Her heart hammered against her ribs. One last shuddering breath, as it came to a halt. Eyes closed, feeling her last free moments intensely. Stretching, then straightening her body. Hands drop to her sides; she opened her eyes in time to see the door of the plane open.

"Yes," a weak murmur. Eyes focused on him, his face, finally comprehending his words. Fear and desire twist her gut. She waited not daring even to breath. Sweat trickled down her sides, nerves drawn tight. He reached for her shoulders, gripped firmly, pulled towards him. Arms encircling her, caressing, protected. Her face thrust into the softness of his beard, smells of his bacci.

'Answer me now, please stop this torment. Want me, take me, I'm yours

already if you'd just have me. Have been for weeks, I knew it, but you, man that you are... answer me' Mind won't quit. His breathing was steady and deep against her cheek. Soft beard caressed face and neck. His hands moved down long slender arms. Drawing them back, breasts pushed forward, nipples begging. One hand cupped the firm cheek of her bottom, stroked the satin belt that framed. His mouth at her ear, blowing warm tobacco scented breath then speaking.

"I accept you as my slave Ann. You're mine now to do with as I wish. You please me Ann, now I'd like you naked. Stand in front of me and strip." Voice husky with passion, fingers lightly trailed over her body. Gooseflesh crawled along her spine, her own breath harsh. Releasing her, a slight pressure indicating she should rise.

She stood as slave now, proudly owned, belonging to him. Hands slid down her sides then reached up again to present her breasts to him. Turning, caressing thighs, fingertips danced over the swell of her bottom. Bent to unfasten the buckle of each shoe, calf muscles taut. Feet spread slightly for balance. First one then the other sandal removed, then stood by her feet. Garters unfastened one by one. Looking back, over her shoulder at him, cheeky grin. Hands to stocking tops, rolling them, caressed the soft flesh downwards. Thigh, knee then calf, her bottom flesh wobbled when she balanced to remove one. The other mirrored the caress, removal. Almost naked she stretched. Arms high overhead, back arched, bottom wiggled to tease him. The last garment, the satin suspender unhooked, sprung free, dangled from slender fingertips. Stockings sandals and suspender a small pile of seduction.

Deep breath drawn in, then turning she looked at him. Seated, naked and grinning his hand around the shaft of his erection. Slowly stroking, letting her want... Her pussy drooled the nectar of her desire, her thighs coated nicely.

"Kneel Ann, between my legs, here." Dropping quickly before him, knees spread, his too. She leaned forward eagerly, hands reached for him.

"No, not yet. Your hands mustn't come forward. Just your mouth." Fingers firmly clasped behind, not daring to let go for fear of taking him in hand. Mouth descending again, tongue flicked, taking that first taste. Never to be forgotten or

relived. Along the shaft, just behind the head, eyes closed to focus, to savor. Gasp, his sharp intake of breath surprised her. Tongue slid around the head feeling the heat of him. Sucked in, mouth filled with sponge like head. Tongue, found then explored the slit at its tip. The first drop of his essence taken, rolled around in her mouth. Tongue swirled around, touching, tasting more of him. His hips moved under her, gently thrusting. His legs spreading, allowed her room to explore and learn. Testicles, round and firm pressed against her chin, pubic hair tickling. Deeper, his shaft slid into her mouth, touching the back of her throat. Swallowed. Tightness around him, the head entering. Her tears trickled down, cheeks wet, face flushed. Wanting to empty him, taste his precious juices. Tongue flicked over tightened testicles each time she gulped him in. Shaft throbbing, balls tensed against his body, under her chin. Moving her chin from side to side, wrinkled skin pressed against her. Groaning, man noises, back arched. Her face held tightly between strong hands as he erupted. spurts of warm salty cream filled her mouth and throat, shaft jerking. Lips against his crotch, the soft hair pressed against her nose. Each jet she swallowed hungrily, wanting more. Knees pressed against her sides, held her. Gasping, then a sigh to let her know, he'd done. Grunt of satisfaction, hands loosened, her mouth still on him. Tongue swirling, cleaned him. Not wanting to miss the smallest morsel of taste. Softened slowly, prick slipped from her lips, his hands on her face. 'Now me, please!' Mind screams in need, want.

"Lovely Ann. I'm tired. It's been a long day, I'm to bed. Stand up and turn around." Voice soft, gravel gone now tired is all he is. Ann struggled to her feet, pussy still wet, dripping. Turned so her back was to him, fingers still tight together. Rope, around her wrists to bind and protect his property. Keep her from touching, enjoying his pussy. Aching pussy, swollen and so ready.

"Spread your knees. I know you Ann, you'll be squirming so I'll help you behave." Groaning, but knowing he was right, she spread for him. He left her pussy dripping. His bag gave up its final toy, the spreader bar. Short, but all he needed. Dowling, small holes at each end and rope, held her knees apart.

"To bed now," not waiting he was soon under the light covers. Lying back he

watched her struggle towards him. Breasts swaying from side to side, she blushed. Staggered, ungracefully towards the bed. Smelled of sex and hating him for making her suffer. Indignation, heat of desire and aching with lust she stood at the side of the bed.

"Please Master." She began, not sure of what she begged for. 'Let me lie with you at least, rub against you in the night. Damn you, I need fucking, oh lord I need touching so badly. Just thinking about it makes me ache more. Clit is throbbing.'

"Ann, climb in here beside me, on your left side. Quick, snap to it girl." Tired and wanting to sleep he soon tied the small bit of rope dangling from her wrists, to the bar between her knees. Between the plump cheeks of her bottom, rubbing over her sensitive rosebud. Each movement was torture. Soft rope teasing, body wanting, he pulled, testing. Leaned towards her, beard brushing her face. His lips touching hers, soft, hand behind her head pulled her mouth against his. Tongue takes her, slid between her lips, devouring her. Then gone.

"Sleep Ann. You're to keep below my waist. If I wake and find you above it, you'll be punished. G'night pet." Released, unsatisfied and denied.

Struggling, she wriggled herself to lie at his crotch, facing him. Smelled him and very soon heard him softly snoring. The taste of his juices, strong in her mouth, stayed with her all night. Sleep was long in coming, but finally, the ache in her belly eased and she slumbered.

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"Wake up Ann, this isn't a holiday. Lazy woman, I'm hungry and there you lay sleeping." Eyes snapped open, body struggling to rise. The bonds had kept her in place. Her body ached from the enforced restraint. She felt raw, her anus sore and as she realized her position, she also realized that she had to pee.

"Master, please. Damn, I need to pee." Ann mumbled, still buried under the covers. His body close, sleep warm and smelled wonderful, her face touching his leg. Turning slightly, she kissed his thigh, pulled at the hair with her lips. His hand wrapped in her short brown hair. Squealing in pain, she was dragged up to his shoulder then kissed hard.

"Need to pee do you? Well, seeing as I don't want to sleep in a wet bed you'd best get up and go pee then hadn't you." He pushed her away, but left her bound. Urgency made her struggle to her feet. The rope between her cheeks rubbed. 'Ugh!! Damn him, hold it don't fight so much or you'll start. Only a few feet you can do it, damn."

Entering the small bathroom, hobbling as quickly as she could. Turning, groaning, frustration and embarrassment the rope tightened. The flow started before she'd sat, splashing, 'oh damn, feels so good to let go. The rope's going to cut me in half but I don't bloody care.' Sighing with relief, the piss rushed over her clit reminding her. Renewed the heat and excitement.

"Come on Ann, I'm waiting."

"Yes Master," sobbing, she tried to hurry the flow. Finally it slowed then came to its end. Unable to do anything about toilet tissue she gulped then stood. Inner thigh wet with piss, face crimson. Emerging she hobbled back to him. Relaxed and sleepy eyed he watched her.

"Turn around." Hands on her wrists, knots unwound. Knees next, freed from the bar. Sighing, stretching once released, he looked on. His hand caressed where he could reach. Grasping, pulling her onto the bed. His erection pulsed beneath her. His fingers found then pushed into her hot wet sex. Groaning, close to orgasm she whimpered. His hand in her hair pushed her face to the bed. Kneeling behind her, shaft held then driven deep into her. Stroking deep and hard he used his slave for the first time. Tight and hot, her pussy pulled at him drawing the cum out of his balls. Hands on her hips, he slammed into her. Quickly he pushed deep, his eruption filled her. Her own orgasm denied yet again. Throbbing deep inside her tunnel, the sticky cream filled her.

Sobbing, her body wracked with desire she screamed, inside. Knowing her orgasm was to be earned. Desperate to find release she shuddered when he pulled free of her. Sagging slightly, she remained as he'd left her. Waiting for his request. Pussy dripping.

"Coffee, black, no sugar. Then go and shower Ann, you smell a bit ripe." Softly spoken, the words cut. 'Of course I smell ripe. You've had me so damn horny and

not allowed me to come. If only I could rub my legs together. Please you beast let me come.' Almost screamed at him. Biting her lip to keep quiet. A deep ragged breath, then, compliance. Rising to her feet, shaking slightly. Her body flushed, pussy swollen the lips deep rose colored and wet.

"Wait." One word. Halted and knowing what he had planned. Yes, the spreader bar. Once more she was hobbled by it, her sex left unsatisfied. Heart beat faster just from his touch. Wanting him to slide his hand up. Pinch her clit, just one time. Sure she'd climax if he only would.

"All right coffee now, and you shower." His hand spun her. A soft slap to her bottom urged her on. Awkwardly she moves about the kitchen. Water brought to the boil, coffee in the filter. Soon the smell permeated the small cabin, his large cup filled.

He lay and watched his slave struggle to obey him. Cup in hand she managed to get it to him without spilling any. Looked a bit odd, but he enjoyed it nonetheless. Then, to the shower. He allowed her several minutes. Then, cup in hand, he entered the small room. Sat on the toilet, he worked on his coffee while watching her clean herself.

"Don't you dare come Ann or I'll beat you black and blue." Soft-spoken words. Gasping, her hands leapt away from the center of her sex. He pulled the curtain open to see her more clearly.

"I like you wet Ann. You're coming with me tonight, on the plane back home. My home. We've got a lot to do today, well not that much really. Sell your truck, pack, sooner or later today I want you again." So matter of fact. She stood gaping. He'd decided, as was his right. Coffee done, he stood, put the cup on the toilet then entered the shower.

"Well, I need cleaning too, don't just stand there gawking." With trembling hands she cleaned him. Shoulders, chest, feeling his heart beat under her hands. Down to his belly and further to his groin. With soap slick hands she toyed with him, stroking shaft then caressing lower. Between his legs, cupping the loose sack, drawing it forward then reaching behind to tease the bud of his anus. Twirling fingers round, and then back to stroke the lengthening shaft of his prick.

"Enough, out with you. We have some things to do before you get your wish. Out you get now." Her hands tightened on him, refusing to release the shaft. Stroking him, ignoring the command, she continued to excite him. He allowed her to arouse him for a moment. Then his hands in her hair drew her up.

"Enough I said. Get out now. I want you in the other room, in the middle of the room. Bend over the back of one of the kitchen chairs, your hands on the front of the seat. You will stay there and not say a word." She'd thought to make him so horny he'd have her again. Her rebellion would cost her. She knew it. Expected it and deep inside wanted it.

The bar made it difficult to get out of the shower but she managed. Sobbing, her body still ached with desire. She was soon bent over the indicated chair. Hands grasped the seat tightly. Belly stretched over the back, her bottom pointed upwards. A clear target for whatever he wished.

Time stretched for her then. Time to think of her decisions, her Master and her choice to become his slave. Pussy was wet, wanted filling and all she could do was wait. All she wanted to do was be here. Footsteps approached from behind her. Soft pad of his naked feet.

"You've been disobedient Ann. You know I can't allow that."

"Yes Master. I know and I beg punishment. Please teach me to behave." Barely loud enough for him to hear. 'I need to be tamed, do it now or I'll leave you' her mind taunted. With soft ropes he bound her to the chair. Each wrist was wrapped then secured to the corner of the seat, elbows to the sides of it. The spreader bar removed, tossed aside while he bound her legs. Spread wide then roped to the legs at knee and ankle.

"I'll teach you Ann, you'll learn well to behave." The whistle of the whip as it cut the air. Fire streaked across her flesh. Breath expelled, no sound coming out. Her head jerked back, butt clenched in agony. Descending whip connected again bringing another line of fire burning her tender flesh. He waited then, allowing her to inhale deeply. But before she could scream he struck again. She never managed to scream, throughout the entire beating. Her bottom and the tops of both thighs were red striped with welts. He gauged her just right, not allowing her

to beg him to stop until he wished to hear her. Controlling the timing as well as the depth of her pain, he punished her. When he'd had enough and her bottom looked like it had been branded he stopped.

Shuddering sobs erupted from her. Agonized shreds of noise finally escaped from her, then, she cried out.

"Master I beg. Please I'll be good. I've learned. Please this girl begs Master." Her voice was hoarse from crying and trying to scream. No longer trying to escape, the ropes had burned into her wrists. He allowed her to beg, for a short time.

He found the vibrator she'd brought and used it to torment her. Her begging turned to whimpers of desire. Pussy was wet. Needed attention desperately. He slid the plastic toy over the wet folds of her sex then concentrated on her clit. Her flesh quivered under his ministrations. He brought her to the brink of climax twice before leaving her. The vibrator turned off, lying on the chair in front of her face. Her juices once more trickled along her inner thighs but she remained quiet.

He touched her then, intimately and deeply. Her heat surprised him, excited him. His erection had once again grown, prick standing at attention. Standing behind her, his shaft held firmly in hand, he rubbed himself against her. Pussy wrapped around him, eager to suck him into it's depths. The sensitive crown against her clit was almost too much for him. Entering the head into the hot soupy tunnel he groaned with pleasure. Slowly inch-by-inch he slid in. Her pussy gripped and pulled at him. His hands on her hips reminded her of her sore bottom. Him, of his Mastery over her. When he'd reached her depths he held firmly in place feeling her muscles tensing around his shaft. Then, much to her horror he pulled out.

"Your mouth now. Give me your mouth." Ann turned her head and saw him, erect and dripping with her juices. Leaning as close to him as she could she slid her tongue over the head. Lapping at him, eager to once again taste the cream he spewed. He held himself in check, just allowing her to taste herself on his glands. Then he pushed himself in, slowly he fed her his shaft. He used her mouth to masturbate himself then. Holding her hair he pumped in and out of her mouth till he felt the sperm churning. Testicles tensed then pulled tight, the shaft filling with

his cream preparing to spurt. Breathing deeply then with a gasp, he pulled her mouth onto him. His belly pressed against her face. He held her there till he was spent, then releasing her he sat down.

He half sat half lay looking at her. Watching to see what she'd do. Her head had dropped and he could hear her gasping. He was pleased with her. She'd taken the punishment well, even though he'd thrashed her very severely. Something she'd remember. Hopefully not to be repeated soon, he mused.

After a short rest, he retrieved a small bag from his effects. Digging through it, a small tube of ointment appeared in his hand. Tossing it onto the bed he dressed. Under shorts, socks, jeans and shirt found their way around his compact form. Carefully then, he anointed her bottom and thighs. The heat was still present, the cream would ease some of the pain. Then he unbound her. Legs first, then arms and wrists. She almost fell when she tried to stand. Dropping to her knees before him, she lowered her eyes.

"Master, I beg to be taken with you. I'll behave. I'm yours and have been for weeks at least. I've known it but been afraid of it. I know now that there's nothing to fear. Please Master take me home with you." Firm and sure, she spoke to him. His smile would remain for some hours at least.

"Dress yourself Ann. Stockings and suspender and your prettiest dress. We have some work to do. Our flight leaves at 6:00, we have packing and your truck to sell before then. Hurry up girl or do you want another bout of punishment?" He was joking but she took no chances. Jumping to her feet, she was soon dressed as he requested.

He was still grinning, when an hour later they left the cabin. She carried his bag, and he opened the door for her. Her own clothing was in with his now, not as many as she'd brought, some not to his liking had be left behind.

A new life begins for them both.

The End

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Jude Mason – Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare

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