

Jude Mason

Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare!

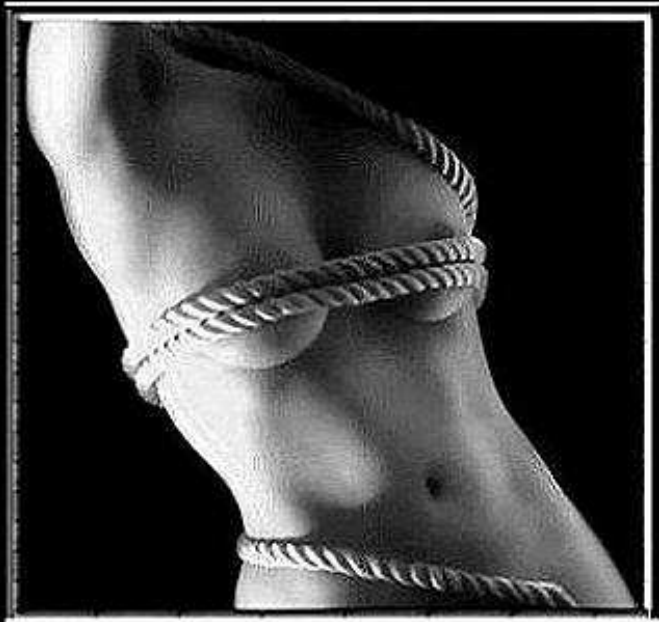
Flashers

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Photo by Jaeda DeWatt

Bound

'Bound' © 2001 Jude Mason



"Be still, don't move a muscle," he growled. "God, you're so beautiful like that." Her eyes masked, wrists held high above. The rope wound around and over the curves of her body. Pulled taut, then a warm hand caressed the under-curve of her breast. The rope pulled again, that tiny bit tighter. Nipple grabbed by the hemp; pucker.

"Too tight?"

"No sir!"

"Perfect. You are incredible my love."

Warm breath caressed her neck. His hands wandered her flesh. Lips joined; teeth and tongue explored. Gasping, struggling to remain still, her body betrayed her. Bound, she trembled under her Master's touch.

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Rapture

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Wanting You

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Awakened suddenly, the bed empty beside me, wanting you. Memories of our coupling and the hollow left by your body, right there. The flat of one hand moves across it, the other slips between my still damp thighs. Swollen and sore from the battering of your your body, my pussy yearns for more. With the softest of touches I caress the folds

of my sex. A gentle pressure, the cupping of my hand and we'll wait. My fingers aren't yours. Aching to feel the heat of your body. Your lips and hands, your sweet touch. I want you.

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~Flasher~

photo is by 'Unknown'

Flasher is by Jude Mason



Naked he stands, eyes straining to see through the tinted glass. Stepping closer, his hand wrapped around his shaft, he watches and fantasizes of the woman next door. The veins are pumped full of blood as he caresses himself, aching for a glimpse of her. Movement in her window; the drapes drawn aside and she's there. Clenching his fist tighter, the come climbing his shaft. His thighs tense as his pleasure takes control, his balls churning with lust. Fisting himself hard, one lurching step forward -- his erection touches the window. Gasping, he erupts, his climax trickles down the glass.

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Your Seed

by Jude Mason



Photo by Unknown

Tongue tip slips out touching, barely skimming the underside. Just there, that sweet spot that excites beyond reason. Pulsing beneath me, inhaling the familiar scent of you. Mouth watering as I see the droplet of nectar forming at the tip. Twirling around savouring the slick saltiness of it. Breath catching as I take you in. Soft wet mouth enclosing and suckling, feeling the ecstasy approaching. Gasping, fighting for control but as always a delight to lose the very control you fight for. Gagged gulping gulping breath explodes from within your breast and I swallow. Your seed is mine yet again

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Oh Yeah!

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Photo Unknown

*"Come 'ere baby, on your knees"
"Like this?"
"Yeah, just like that. Now come closer. You like my ass?"
"You know I love your ass."
"Show me, pull my panties down. No hands; use your teeth."
"My teeth?"
"Yeah, just your teeth. Now"
"Okay. God, you're gorgeous."
"Stroke your cock for me, yeah that's it."
"You're gonna make me come."
"You better not, or I won't let you touch my ass. You want that don't you?"
"Ah... Mmphhh..."
"Do it... Oh that's good, I wanna see your cock dripping..."
"Ah phuck... Thamn!"
"Bad boy, now you can't touch. Watch my fingers..."*

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SOBAYAMA

BNFLP #109



Meeting

by Jude Mason

The tapping of her heels on the rain slick pavement signalled her approach. Breath indrawn then held, I waited anxiously for her. I knew she'd dressed in that tight skirt I loved to see hugging her plump round ass. Come here my lovely, into my waiting arms. My mind reeled with her nearness. Yards away, then mere feet. Her confidence was evident in the firmness of her gait. Swiftly stepping out, I took her arm and spun her to land against me. My breasts flattened against her back as I leaned to kiss the nape of her neck. Shudder. Sigh.

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The End

About the Author

Jude Mason's imagination frequently leads her astray, and she eagerly follows while trying to keep out of trouble, or at least not get caught. For those of you who know her, you'll know that's not always easy. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pick-up, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the dominant male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy, whose only desire is to please. As diverse and as richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic situations.

If you'd like to keep up to date on what she's up to, visit her website at www.my-haven2001.com

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To have your name added to my mailing list, please email me at: Jude_Mason@my-haven2001.com or fill out the form [HERE](#)