

Provocative and sinfully delicious - Dark Angel Review

Jude Mason

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



Jude is pleased to present

~ Masterly Slavery

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The postcard was waiting for me when I returned from work. A beautiful mediaeval castle high in the mountains, framed by the coconut doormat. The familiar buzz of excitement mixed with trepidation consumed me as my trembling fingers turned it over.

'Will it be from Him or a holidaying friend? Please let it be Him.'

The words stared at me.

*TUESDAY
AOSTA
COFFEE AT 19.00 SATURDAY
CODE 'X'*

Master was in Aosta, no need to look for it in the atlas he'd bought me so I could keep track of his travels. We'd stopped there, when he'd taken me with him.

"Need to boost the caffeine level before going up 'the mountain'," David

had quipped. An hour later, we were 'topping up the caffeine' before going down the other side. A warm smile spread through me at the memory, but I also worry about the caffeine.

He'd be home Saturday, the day after tomorrow, waiting for his coffee, that I'd serve at precisely seven o'clock.

'Or would I?' A mischievous grin accompanied the thought.

Code 'X' – High heels. Nothing else.

Just two more days, long days, days full of fervent anticipation.

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Saturday evening. Bathed, perfumed and wearing the white, strappy shoes with the four-inch heels that he said showed my legs to perfection.

"Black's common. White suits you better, Princess," he'd said when he'd chosen them for me in the busy shop soon after we'd met and I'd questioned the colour. I had thought all men preferred black. It was then that I started to realise David wasn't like other men.

I glanced at the clock. It was time to go, I gathered the sheaf of papers from the kitchen table, slipped my calf length raincoat over my naked body and locked the front door at precisely five minutes to seven. Coffee would be served late. A giggle welled from deep inside, impossible to suppress.

My heels clicked on the pavement bordered by the regular little boxes of the modern housing estate. The metronomic sound echoed loudly in the silence of the rural evening, seemingly drawing attention to my progress. I felt conspicuous; nobody would ever wear a raincoat on such a lovely evening. I hoped nobody would see me. I wanted the whole world to see me. I felt different, special.

'My special little treasure,' David's words filled my mind as I turned the corner onto the main road and my whole body tingled. 'Tonight he needs me. Tomorrow he'll want me, but tonight it's NEED, nothing less.' I walked so tall that I felt I could look down onto the rooftops of the pretty cottages that made the little village so idyllic.

'Why shouldn't I be conspicuous?'

With every step my coat, a size too big without the usual layers of clothing, caressed me as I moved within it. Feather-light, sensual messages that teased and provoked like bellows gently warming the embers that would soon be a blazing furnace.

'It's a beautiful evening.'

The gate creaked as though the hinges were whispering hello, and I knew David had been alerted to my arrival. The heavy oak door at the end of the red brick path opened to my touch as I knew it would, and with pounding heart I stepped inside, shed my coat and padded silently through the hall into the kitchen.

On the worktop, everything was ready, even the kettle was just coming to the boil, as it always was. I filled the cafetiere, then my mug with the herbal tea bag, and remembered the day we'd been to London. He'd bought a box of every flavour he could find in the shop, made me carry them home and then write the list in order of preference, which was now stuck to the cupboard door. Tonight his choice was my favourite.

I stood by the coffee table; hands clasped behind my neck as David ignored me. Suddenly, serving his coffee late didn't seem such a good idea.

"You may drink." His eyes never left the papers in his hand as he quietly, softly gave his permission.

"Thank you, Sire." I took a grateful sip, careful to replace my hands after. I knew once permission had been granted it wouldn't be needed again, until the next mug.

He put the papers on the table. It was my report of last time he'd been reading, and started reading the little notelets I'd brought with me. I like the reports he insists on. Full and detailed, they make me re-live each session in my mind while he is away. Allow me to say what I like, or don't, without embarrassment. Force me to bare my soul to him.

'Why is it so much easier to say what you really think on paper than eye to eye?' And I know he takes notice, spends hours planning my pleasure, my thoughts directing his.

My pen, his mind - my pleasure.

"Coffee was late."

"Yes, Sire."

"You know I shall have to beat you?"

"Yes, Sire." Keeping the joy from my voice was harder than any stroke

he'd lay on me later. It had worked - as I knew it would.

"Upstairs."

Upstairs I wait, hands still clasped. Tiny, invisible ants scurry about my skin, lazy ones content to tease my nipples, energetic ones, not satisfied till they reach my pubis to join others, already partying, driving me insane. David's ants.

'How long will he let them party tonight?' I wait.

My pen, his ants – my pleasure.

Footsteps. A creaking stair. The ants, sensing the end of their party, dance with new energy creating impossible frustration.

His hands gently straighten my arms. Delicate fingers brush my skin, quieten the ants, steady my breathing, force the pleasure to burrow deep to escape the intensity of his touch. And then the rope, around my wrists, round and round, cinched tight, pulled high to the ceiling – movement impossible. The rope that excites as it captures, then exhilarates as it releases mind and muscles from the concentration of holding position. Frees the mind to absorb, not fight the energy pulsing within.

"Who's gorgeous, Princess?"

"I am if you say so, Sire." I answer his soft tones while misty eyes watch him pick up the tawse. My tawse, long, black, shiny, supple but hard. The one David had bought for my birthday that had Princess embossed proudly along its length.

My pen, his present – my pleasure.

Then the pain. Hard, fiery pain to sear the skin. Biting pain to tense muscles and snatch breath away. Pain upon pain, intolerable until the coals inside begin to glow, then flare to a glorious fire. A magical fire with flames that lick and caress every nerve, spreading their friendly warmth from the intensity of its heart.

My pen, his hand – my pleasure.

Confusion. It's stopped, the pain begins to ebb. Why? My legs, locked straight tremble. Excitement or.... What? He never stops before he's made my legs buckle. Why now? Through tear filled eyes I search for him, he's gone. Where? Why? I hang from the ceiling. Where and Why irrelevant.

He's back, my eyes question, plead. My heart pounds. My pussy aches with need. In his hand is a vicious looking thing. A round polished wood handle,

leather thongs tied to its end. Eight of them, long and menacing.

"It's a Martinet, Princess. I found it in France and thought you'd like it."

His pen, his find – my pleasure?

My head twisted and turned as my eyes watched him prowling around me. A flick of his wrist and eight serpents flew, each one leaving its venomous bite upon my burning cheeks. Again they flew, curling around my flanks to bite belly and breast.

"What time should coffee be served?"

"The time – Huh – you say – Ow – so, Sire."

"Then why was it late?"

"I – Ow – don't know – Yeeowww – Sire." The serpents interrupted my answers until my knees sagged, leaving me hanging as the venomous bites turned to kisses and the fires raged. The serpents retreated, defeated by my buckled knees. As I knew they would.

Strong arms lift me, lower me onto his swollen shaft, my pussy stretches to welcome the raw, lustful power created by absence and then lost after the first time. My hips buck wildly, drive me onto his thrusts.

My pussy, sod him – my pleasure.

It's over in seconds. Bodies unable to harness the lust of absence unite to fan the flames of passion to new brilliance. Filling the head with more stars than the night sky and more colours than any rainbow. To finally subside into loving, smouldering embers.

Soft sheets, loving arms, naughty whispers.

Heels click, my coat caresses. I feel conspicuous. Tonight he needed me. Tomorrow he'll want me. Tomorrow we'll laugh and play, fill the gaps between distant phone calls. We'll make love - long, lingering, tender love.

Then he'll be gone again.

I'll wait, with report and memories for a postcard.

My pen, his mind – my pleasure.

End

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

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