

Encounter: Always

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Always

"Do you wish to play, Pet?"

Wendy stared at her feet. The stilettos she wore mashed patterns into the thick black carpeting. Did she want to play? *Hell yes*. She bit back the enthusiastic answer and nodded once. "Yes, Sir."

Peter Pan tipped her chin. She shivered at his touch and the ferocity in his eyes. "Good. Arms out."

Her heart hammered against her ribs as he tapped something behind his back. He'd promised her a new toy, but hadn't given her a clue as to what the toy was. Whatever he kept in the hand she couldn't see had to be something special. She held her arms out and continued to look into his eyes.

"What's your safe word, Pet?"

"Butterbean."

"Good girl." Peter moved his hand from behind his back. "I believe you asked for this." He held up the surprise -- a navy blue corset with thick cuffs sewn into the sides. He'd have access to her ass and boobs and she wouldn't be able to argue.

Her nerve endings buzzed and her pussy creamed. She'd always wanted such a corset. Wanted to use it with him in command.

Peter fastened the cool silk around her torso, fitting her into the garment. The ribbing gripped tight to her midsection. She gasped, but held still.

"You like?" he murmured in her ear. He eased one arm down and wrapped her wrist in the elastic binding. "The color suits you." Peter took her other arm and encircled her wrist with the cuff. He kissed her shoulder, leaving a love bite. "So beautiful."

He left her in front of the mirror and stood behind her. Part of her wanted to squirm under his appraisal. His gaze roved over her reflection, up and down her body. He adjusted the platinum band about her throat. The shiny metal glinted under the soft light.

Peter took her hand and led her from the mirror to the bed. He sat down and patted his thigh. "Across my lap, Pet."

She hesitated. The corset, though pretty and quite functional at restraint, made it damned near impossible to lean over without fumbling like a fool. She wobbled on her heels and sat down next to him. He'd punish her for not following his order, but then again, the punishment was sometimes better than a reward for cooperating.

"Pet?" Peter crooked his brow. "You disobey me." He helped her to a standing position. "Which would you like for punishment? The bench with or without the flogger?"

Either way her ass would be red for the next week. "Without, Sir." She leaned over the cushioned bench and shook her hair from her eyes. "Crop, please, Sir."

Something rustled in the drawer behind her. She knew the sound well. Peter had to be searching for just the right toy to use for her punishment. Wendy wriggled her hips, ready and waiting for the spanks. She fought to keep her hands flat against the lower swell of the corset, rather than clenching.

Peter dropped to one knee before her. "Up a bit."

He took one nipple in his mouth, sucking hard on the sensitive skin. She bit her bottom lip and moaned. Once he got her nice and taut, he placed a clamp on her nipple. The rubber padding did little to reduce the pinch.

"Yes?" Peter tugged the chain on the clamp.

"Yes, Sir." Wendy rounded her back enough to present her breasts.

Peter smiled and suckled on her other nipple. The weight from the chain, combined with his assault on her breast kicked her arousal into high gear. He attached the second clamp, then presented her with the weight -- a stainless steel teardrop. He kept eye contact with her as he hooked the teardrop onto the chain.

The teardrop gently pulled on her nipples. Her lips parted on a gasp. "Thank you, Sir."

He offered her the crop. "Kiss it."

Wendy did as told, kissing the patch of leather. Peter nodded. "Exquisite." He stood and disappeared from her sight, but she knew where he'd gone.

"You're so wet." Peter dragged the handle of the flogger along her pussy then tapped her asshole. "Mine."

She pressed her lips together to stifle the whimper.

"Pet?" The leather of the crop slapped hard against her ass cheek. The sting shot straight from her bottom to her brain then exploded in her groin.

"Thank you, Sir. More please, Sir." Wendy closed her eyes and reveled in the ricocheting pleasure pain.

The swats rained down on her ass and the back of her upper thighs. She raised up on her tiptoes, granting him more access.

"Yes, Pet." The crop bit into her skin. "So fucking beautiful with your ass nice and red. You're open to me and belong to me. Mine." He slapped her ass hard, then dropped the crop at her feet. Peter massaged her heated flesh with the tips of his fingers, leaving kisses in his wake. "Pretty and pink."

"Thank you, Sir." Flutters started in her belly. They hadn't had sex and yet she could come if he asked, she was so close.

Peter hummed and rubbed cooling lotion onto her bottom. She rocked into his touch, mesmerized by his song and his tenderness.

Just as quickly as he'd started he stopped touching her. Wendy stopped looking at the floor and turned her attention to where he'd gone. Peter squatted next to her.

"Peeking?"

She jerked to the sound of his voice. The tips of her ears burned. "Yes, Sir."

"Good." He massaged her asshole with his finger and stood. "Taking you here."

Wendy nodded. He owned every part of her soul. He also had his crotch a whisper from her lips. She craned her neck to nuzzle the bulge in his leathers.

"Yes, Pet." He threaded his fingers into her hair. "You know what to do."

Yes, she did. Wendy tugged the zipper on his leathers with her teeth. His cock popped free from the constriction and bobbed before her. She suckled him into her mouth and laved her tongue along the thick vein of his dick.

Peter's sharp intake of breath and his ragged thrusts spurred her on. "Fuck," he growled. "Stop."

Wendy froze. She loved this part of the game. She might be the one in the cuffs, but he sat right on the edge of climax. He let go of her hair and withdrew from her mouth. He caressed her cheek then took his place behind her. The head of his cock throbbed against her asshole.

She whimpered. "Thank you, Sir."

With a smack on her butt, Peter pushed past the tight ring of muscle and seated himself deep in her ass. The pressure combined with the residual sting sent shockwaves of pleasure through her veins. She groaned and pushed back against him. She fisted her hands and gritted her teeth. Anything to keep from coming too early.

"Good girl." Peter grabbed her hips. Instead of sweet, slow thrusts, he thrust hard into her. "Fuck," he bit out. "Didn't want this to be over so..." His actions turned frantic. He growled. "Fast."

"Love you." His fingers bit into her skin as he yanked her tight into his groin. "Fuck. Come for me."

“I love you, Sir.” Wendy shuddered and the last bit of her restraint crumbled. The orgasm took over, leaving her trembling. She whimpered and fought to catch her breath. Peter slumped over her and buried his face in her neck.

After a long moment, Peter nuzzled her throat. “I love you, Wendy Darling.”

“Love you, too, Peter Pan.”

He withdrew from her ass and tugged her into his arms. Peter sat down on the bed with her on his lap. “You’re right,” he whispered and removed the nipple clamps. “We really did initiate all the furniture in Neverland.” He unfastened the cuffs around her wrists and wrapped her in his embrace.

Wendy rested her head on his shoulder. “Best way I could think of to spend our anniversary.”

“Always and forever.”

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