

Changeling Flash Fiction: Master's Wish

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Master's Wish

Master ordered me to wear beads today. They're the smaller ones, small enough to wear all day but still big enough that I never forget they're there. I'm trying to work, but it's hard to think about anything other than the spheres inside me. Every time I move, every time I clench my asshole, the beads shift, the movement maddening. I squeeze and release, almost rocking in my chair. God, I want to come.

I look up and see Master watching me, not smiling but not frowning. He looks... amused, in a way. He approaches me slowly and I can't help but watch the way his muscles move beneath his tanned skin. From his black boots to the stern-set jaw, I want to lick and taste, to worship every inch of his body I'm allowed.

Stopping in front of me, he smirks and reaches out to pinch one nipple. I hiss and buck, my breath leaving me in a rush when he twists the nub of flesh sharply between his thumb and forefinger. My cock throbs, the ring around it biting into my sensitive flesh, keeping me hard and needing. Master smiles fully and tilts my head back, bringing his lips down onto mine in a possessing kiss.

I arch, desperate for his touch as his other hand moves down my stomach. His fingers dance over heated flesh, then along the shaft to pinch the tip closed. I scream into his mouth, caught between pleasure and pain, nails digging into the arms of my

chair. When he finally releases my lips, I lick them and plead silently with him, begging him to do whatever he wishes.

“And what does my slut want?” he asks, fingers sliding down.

“You, Master.”

“Such a cock-slut you are.”

I whimper and nod, tongue out and mouth open like Master wants. I don't speak, but he knows my answer. My gaze is locked onto the thick meat in front of my face, Master's fingers making it bounce, taunting me mercilessly. I want to taste him, want to lick the clear drops oozing from the moist slit of his cock.

Master's other hand comes up to caress my tongue and I moan, unable to respond. His fingers are long, moving back on my tongue until I'm sure I'll gag. Then he pulls his hand away and cups the back of my head, slowly but surely drawing me closer to my prize.

“No lips, no teeth.”

He likes it this way sometimes. I lick the glistening tip of his prick, suddenly flying on the salty-sweet juice. I'm desperate for more, desperate to take him in completely; but I've been forbidden. So I do my best--licking the crown and shaft like a giant, meaty popsicle. The scent of leather and skin fills me, Master's musk strong, overpowering. I want to drown myself in it.

Master rumbles his pleasure and I smile. His pleasure is mine, and the sound of his deep-throated groan sends shockwaves through me. Without warning, he thrusts his prick inside.

I swallow as quickly as possible, struggling not to gag. I've taken his entire length before, so I know I can do it again. Closing my eyes, I take deep breaths through my nose and relax my throat. He slips further in, the head bumping the back of my throat now. Sweat prickles along my skin and I fight the urge to back away. His fingers tighten in my hair, holding me captive.

“Every good slut knows how to do this,” he reminds me.

I don't nod, but he knows that I know. With the massive girth of his prick filling my mouth, I can only breathe and hold on.

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