

Encounter: Mistress (Darkest Desires)
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Mistress

Butterflies took flight in my stomach as I pushed open the door, and my breath caught at the sight of a slave on his knees, his head bowed. Same as with the first time, a subtle shift in the room's ambiance made me all too aware of him, the hints of his musky aftershave and male scent flooded my senses.

Tearing my gaze from his broad, tanned shoulders, I noted the overhead chains and dangling cuffs. "Good evening, slave," I said, my voice lacking its usual bite as I strode toward him.

"It is, Mistress."

His olive oil like tone swept over me, and I locked my knees to keep them from shaking as I crowded into his personal space. What was it about him that roused my body, my thoughts, and my dreams? Unlike the first time I'd met him, no anger overrode my response to his masculinity. I wasn't sure what to make of that fact.

"Stand."

He rocked back on his heels and rose in a fluid motion. He must have practiced the action over the week since I'd see him last. Inside, I smiled at the thought he wished to please me.

"Why are you here?" I heard myself ask rather than bark out a command for him to lift his arms.

His head tipped up until his hazel-green eyes peeked through his long, blond lashes.

The oxygen from the room seemed to zap from the air, and I fought to breathe as he studied my face. "To please you."

I lifted one brow as though unmoved even though I wanted to melt at the sincerity and longing in his voice. "Well." Stepping back, I slid my gaze down

over his pecs, the dips of his abs, the luscious V leading to the thick cock jutting from between his thighs. "I see you're hard for me and we haven't even started."

"Yes, Mistress." His attention remained on my face, unnerving me.

"Eyes down, slave."

He obeyed without a word.

"Arms up."

While I usually kept skin contact to a minimum, I found my fingertips sliding over the soft skin on the inside of his wrists while cuffing him. Every caress sent a burst of butterflies through my stomach, and I clenched my jaw against the shivers wanting to slide down my spine.

Arms raised, his biceps appeared twice as large, his lats muscles creating a lovely V-shape down to his narrow hips.

I retrieved the spreader bar, and turned to find him watching me again.

"Eyes on the floor, or I'm going to have to punish you."

A ghost of a smile tilted one side of his mouth, and his body tightened, goose bumps raising across his skin.

"You like that idea."

The damn smile remained, dimples and all along with desire in his eyes.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Kinky pain whore," I mumbled to myself while grabbing a blindfold. "If you can't keep your eyes down," I whispered while leaning close enough for my breasts to caress his chest, "then I'll have to cover them."

His smile disappeared as I tightened the blindfold around his head.

A deep inhale of his delicious scent, and I let my breath escape quietly past my lips. Without his gaze on me, I would be able to concentrate.

I kicked his feet wider, the chains overhead clanking as he shifted to accommodate the spreader bar. Once his ankles were shackled tight, I returned to the toy table and retrieved my favorite flogger. The cock ring lay beside it, and inner lip between my teeth, I grabbed that and a packet of lube as well.

I had touched men's cocks while sceneing before, but only because it was expected -- not because I'd wanted to.

Slave's breath sawed in and out of his chest as I tore open the packet of lube and readied the silicone ring. At the first touch of my hand on his hard cock, his body jerked and a whoosh of air blew past his lips. "Christ," he whispered past clenched teeth as I worked the ring down over his length. He groaned as I fitted it around his tight balls.

"Have you ever worn a cock ring before?" I asked, moving around his shaking body.

"N-no."

I let loose with my flogger, and he sucked air through his clenched teeth -- one of my favorite sounds. "No, what?"

"No, Mistress. I've never worn a cock ring before."

I bit back my smile. "It will make you extremely sensitive, but your climax belongs to me, slave. Don't you dare let go until I say so."

Another strike, and he tensed, ripples of goose bumps pebbling over his skin again. He groaned and dropped his chin to his chest.

I whipped down across his thighs, stripes of red rising to the surface. He stopped tensing before the sixth landed, and by the tenth, he leaned toward me. A blush spread over his skin, the sheen of sweat covering his body gleaned in the dim light.

He was fucking beautiful in his response to the pain I gave him. Satisfaction flooded me, and I smiled with every lash of the flogger.

Slave slumped in the chains, the strain of his body weight pulling -- probably none-too-comfortably -- on his wrists. I set the flogger aside and moved to stand in front of him.

Sweat darkened the silk of the blindfold across his forehead, and I tugged it off, dropping it to the floor. Puffs of breath escaped his parted lips. Eyes closed,

he swayed like one lost in their own little world, his gorgeous cock straining and dripping.

The urge to lick the droplets of pre-cum dropping to the floor took me into his personal space, but I bit my lip and moved around him again.

Lashes lined his back, ass, and thighs. A deep breath fortified my self-control, and I reached out to pet my good slave. He winced as I soothed the red, velvet skin beneath my fingertips.

"You've pleased me tonight, slave," I murmured, trailing my fingers along his hip bone as I came to stand in front of him. A moment's hesitation and I took his cock in my hand.

"Ungh..." He groaned but didn't lift his head.

Pre-cum slickened his cock, letting my fingertips glide down his length with ease. His hips bucked into my hand, the chains clanking with his deep moan.

"Such a good slave," I purred, grasping his balls in my other hand.

More sweat beaded on his brow, and he sucked his lower lip between his teeth.

"Do you like my hands on you?" I asked, squeezing harder.

"Y-yes, Mistress."

I wanted -- needed to see his face while I worked his cock for being such a good sub. "Look at me."

Slave lifted his head, passion-hazed eyes taking a while to focus on my face.

I squeezed his balls and slipped the cock ring off of him.

He gasped, doubtless the full force of blood rushing through his cock and balls tingling like needles.

"Let go for me," I whispered against his ear, my chest pressed against him. "Come."

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