

Scintillating Stories To Inspire Your Bedroom Adventures

It's scintillating story time - a little naughty erotic fiction from your kinky Mistress. May it ignite some insight!

Straight To The Hot Sex!

Creating Anticipation:

Alex woke up ready for sex, her desire pulsing between her legs. Good thing for Paul. Tonight, she'll take what she wants and he'll love every minute of being used. She texts.

"I want you. And you know I always get what I want. I want you hard for me at 6:00PM sharp. Leave the door open. I'll let myself in. Is this clear?"

Alex felt the warmth pulsing through her glistening core as she hit send. A smile spread over her lips when her phone pinged. *"Clear. You know I love it when u take charge. Shall I call u Mistress tonight?"*

Alex wanted something naughtier. She felt like she could devour him and 'Mistress' wasn't enough. *"No, tonight you will meet Nasty Domme. And you had better be hard and ready for her the moment she comes for you."*

Oh, this was fun! She could play with him all day like this. Maybe Nasty Domme should be paid for her services, she thought to herself. *"Yes, Nasty Domme. I will be hard for u. 6PM. Understood."*

Opening Ritual:

The door was unlocked when Alex arrived. She'd been wet all day. She purposefully wore a short dress, no panties, high black boots. All day she suffered with an ache in her groin. All day she thought of taking him. Loud, heavy dub step music filled the space. It was intoxicating.

There was Paul, standing nude, ready, like a good boy. Alex practically ran to him, pushed him up against the wall, hard. She wanted it rough. She grabbed his mouth and pressed his lips into hers. She was hungry, and not for food. She bit his lip as she reached down to his cock. It was hard, but she wanted it harder. *"You've been good, my slave boy, but Nasty*

Domme wants you harder. She wants you so hard you're ready to burst," Alex whispered naughtily in Paul's ear.

Even though she wanted to take him right there, she desired to enjoy his torment. *"On the bed. Touch yourself. Now!"* She commanded. He obeyed. Alex pulled up a chair and watched as he played his own instrument. She loved his body, loved watching him. He looked so strong, so masculine, yet he was her's to command. All her's for the taking.

Body of the Session:

"I love watching you. Do you know how hard it is for me not to come over there and take you right now? You're stunning!" she offered, knowing that he was drinking in her words, providing her with exactly what she wanted - him harder. Alex couldn't stand one more minute. Her eyes had had their fill. Her mouth was watering. *"I think you need some help,"* she teased.

Like a cat, she pounced on the bed, stalking her prey. She engulfed him, taking him fully into her mouth. He moaned, *"I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to have that beautiful cock of yours in my mouth,"* she exclaimed in between sucks. He moaned. He was exactly where she wanted him. She had to have him, right then, right there, just like that.

She lifted her skirt, climbed on top of him, claiming her prize. She put a hand over his mouth. Another held down his arm. She rode him fiercely. *"Don't even think about cumming until I say so!"* She slapped him playfully on the cheek, yet with enough threat that he knew she meant business. Alex leaned down on top of him, her hands around his neck, and she kissed him hard as she moved, consuming him with rough necessity. She allowed her fingers to explore his mouth as she pressed her mouth into him and writhed on him, grinding her clitoris into him.

At last her orgasm came, so fierce it left her undone. But she wasn't finished with him yet. She wanted more. And she would take it.

Clear Ending:

Sweating, panting and heart racing, Alex rolled to the other side of the bed. After three fabulous orgasms of her own, coupled with his grand finale (with her permission of course), she felt satiated.

"You may have a moment to clean up and bring me a wet hand towel," she instructed. Paul came back from the bathroom glowing. He knelt before her and offered up the towel. *"Is Nasty Domme pleased?"* he asked with his eyes gleaming. *"She is very pleased. You are an incredibly irresistible slave. It is good you comply so willingly,"* Alex praised, *"Now that I have had my fill of you, I am complete."* Alex looked into his eyes to tell him that while for tonight she was satisfied, but her appetite would wake again. *"We're complete for now, slave,"* she concluded.

Aftercare:

"Would you like a drink of water?" Alex asked changing her tone to sweet. She took a swig from her glass. Paul nodded. *"Open your mouth,"* she instructed. She held his chin and allowed the water to flow from her mouth into his. Alex playfully pushed him to the bed and wrapped herself around him. *"Hungry?"* she questioned as she took in the warmth of Paul's body. *"I will be, but right now I'm enjoying this."* Alex squeezed him even closer. She'd take care of food in a bit. For now, she just wanted to hold him. Maybe she'd even spend the night.

Movie Night

Creating Anticipation:

The text was clear. Tonight I would be his. My fingers fumbled nervously for my house keys as my mind rushed into flashes of the future. How would he own me tonight? I could feel that familiar pulse between my legs. The anticipation he created in my body just from a text. *"Be here at 7:30. Wear a dress. Be a Good Girl and groom for me. Understood?"*

I replied back that I understood. I would be sure to arrive early and wait until exactly 7:30 to knock. I would wear my new dress, a strappy red one that showed off my great breasts. He always loves it when I show off my breasts. I had a few hours to prepare and I loved this longing.

Opening Ritual:

I knocked at 7:30, right to the second. He opened the door and smiled, "Good girl". I smiled back. As I stepped in the door, he eyed my breasts and lightly ran a finger across my cleavage. "This is pleasing. Now come with me." He took my hand. My knees were weak. What was going to happen?

He led me to his bedroom. "You remember your safe words, yes?" I nodded. He pulled a pair of panties and a vibrator from his dresser. They were black lace. "Remove your panties." I did as I was told, being careful in removing them. "Hand them to me." He inspected them and I felt embarrassed. They were glistening with wetness. He smiled. "Put these on." He handed me the new pair. "When you are wearing these panties you are mine. Is that clear?" I nodded and felt pride in putting them on. "When you are wearing these, you will obey me and my wishes. Understood?" I looked up at him, "Yes, Sir."

Body Of The Session:

Then he kneeled in front of me and inserted a vibrator into a small pocket in the panties. "Tonight you will please me by wearing this," he smiled wickedly as he looked up at me. He kissed me right between my belly button and the line of lace leading to my nether region. I shuddered. He smiled as he displayed the remote control to the vibrator. My pleasure was now at his whim.

He took my hand and led me out of the bedroom. We had always played in his bedroom. Where was he leading me? He grabbed his car keys and I began to get nervous. He wouldn't? Would he?

"It's movie night," he exclaimed as he led me to the car. As soon as I sat down I felt the intense vibration pulse through me. He'd flipped the switch! Then it was gone. He was teasing me, teasing me so badly. It was going to be a long and adventurous night.

As we drove, I wondered if he would leave me so unsatisfied. The vibration didn't come again until we stood in line for the tickets. I jumped slightly and the woman behind me gave me a glare. If she only knew! By the time we were in the theatre I could hardly stand it. I was on the brink of an orgasm when he brutalized me by turning the vibration off again.

The movie he picked didn't matter to me. All I could think about was the vibrator and his ownership of me. "Be a good girl and go get me some water," he announced. As I started to walk away, there came the intense sensation again and I went weak in the knees. It disappeared as fast as it

came. Throughout the film I suffered this tease. I was so wet I was afraid to get up.

On the way home in the car he told me to spread my legs. I did. He slid his hand up my thigh as he drove and it felt like electric heat surging through me. *"Touch me,"* he demanded. I began to touch him through his pants. He was hard. It was clear he was just as turned on by our game.

When we got in the door he attacked...in a good way. But the panties had to stay on in order for my service to him to continue. That was hot. He removed the vibrator, pulled my panties aside and started to go down on me. What had I done to deserve such pleasure?

When he finally fucked me, panties still on, I was lost. I was so intoxicated it was hard to keep riding the waves with him. Orgasm after orgasm, he only took me higher. I was a big wave surfer now.

Clear Ending:

My whole body was shaking as he kissed my belly, thighs and pussy. He started to peel the panties off. Part of me felt like I couldn't take another minute. Another part of me felt mournful. I liked being owned by him.

My panties were now around my ankles. He looked at me, stroking my legs. *"You were such a good girl tonight. I am very pleased by you. Thank you for joining me for a movie night."* And with that he removed the lace from my body.

Aftercare:

He handed me my original undergarments and gave me a glass of water. I took a sip. I slipped my panties on and then my dress. *"Come here,"* he said. I knew I didn't have to now, but I did anyway. *"Lie down with me."*

We cuddled for a bit and he checked in to see if there was anything I needed. *"FOOD!"* I exclaimed. Eventually, we peeled out his bed and to the kitchen where we feasted on random leftovers. It was the best movie night of my life!

Gender Bending

Creating Anticipation:

Sheila knew her husband wasn't your average guy. She liked him like that, too. They'd been playing with more sexual adventures lately and she wanted to give him more permission to own some of his kinky fantasies. So

she took a trip to an online site for men who liked to wear women's clothing. She knew he liked lace, but wanted something she liked too. She spent the afternoon shopping for him.

A week later she had some hot fishnet stockings, black lace underwear, a pair of wicked stiletto boots that could bind feet beautifully, and a steel butt plug. Sheila wrapped the items carefully in a box and placed it on the bed. She left a hand-written card on top.

Dear Marcus,

Tonight I want you properly attired for our adventure. You have been such a good little pet, that you are being rewarded. This gift is for you. Please insert appropriate items where they belong. You will wear nothing but these items. Be ready for me by 8:00PM. At that time, you will present yourself for your collar.

Your Loving Mistress,

S

Marcus arrived home from work to find the package located directly on the center of the bed, delicately wrapped with care. He opened the note and instantly knew he was in for a wondrous adventure.

Opening Ritual:

Sheila entered the room. He was a sight. Pure masculine on top, but down below adorned in the feminine attire she had purchased. He was half man, half woman; and with those shoes there was no way he could escape her. He was already hard. She knew him so well.

She sat on the edge of the bed, his collar in her hands. Marcus knelt at her feet ready to become her slave, her pet, her beloved servant. He felt so good, so alive, so adventurous. Yet, a little shame lingered in his mind. Why did women's underwear turn him on so much? But the thoughts of what was about to happen overrode his shame. He felt the plug and was reminded of the past 20 days. Sheila had been training him to be fuckable!

Sheila took her time placing the collar around his neck. She felt his chest muscles, so strong and masculine. Yet, he would be surrendering to her. The sight of him excited her. As she placed the collar around his neck, she repeated his 5 rules:

1. While you wear this collar, you are my property and I will do to you as I please.

2. You have permission to use your safeword. You may ask a question, but only if you ask permission from me to ask the question first.
3. You must address me as 'Mistress S' and may only speak to me when spoken to.
4. You must look me in the eyes at all times, unless blindfolded or given permission to look away.
5. You will hold your masculine presence as much as possible, even while wearing these garments, until of course I give you permission to do otherwise.

Body of the Session:

Marcus was feeling very excited. While he loved his masculinity, he felt so good having something that usually belongs to a woman on his body. It made him feel sexually alive. Sheila turned on some dark and brooding music. She had such great taste.

Sheila began by tying him up ever so slowly. She enjoyed seeing him so turned on, and so easily. She bound him on his back. His feet flat on the bed, knees to the ceiling, she took the rope and made it so that he was unable to move his legs. She bound his wrists to his ankles. The more constriction he felt, the more Marcus was turned on. His legs were open so she had access to everything. He was helpless to her every desire.

His mind went into his biggest fantasy. He wanted to feel what a woman might feel during sex. His body became hungry for deeper penetration. As if reading his mind, Sheila slowly removed his plug while commenting on what a good trainee he had been. *"I think you might be ready for the main event,"* she cooed. *"You have permission now to sink into your feminine if you wish, to experience her."*

She placed a blindfold on him. Now he could go even deeper. Sheila put on a pair of Marcus' pants. Underneath she donned a comfy strap-on, her favorite one. Now she was feminine on top and masculine on the bottom. She pulled his panties aside. Sheila tapped into to her inner masculine and closed her eyes as she warmed him up for penetration. She teased and toyed with him. She was sure he'd never been so hard. As she penetrated him, he burst out with a pleasurable cry. She'd waited 20 days for this.

Marcus was in rapture. He'd waited 20 days for this, as well. It was worth the wait. He knew the instant she touched his cock that he would cum. He wanted it and dreaded it at the same time.

Sheila couldn't resist pulling his cock out of his lacey undergarments. It was so hard it looked somewhat painful. She wanted to relieve it. Marcus came so hard she was sure that the neighbors could hear.

Clear Ending:

The ropes slowly fell and Marcus stretched his arms and legs. Sheila left him instructions to clean up and then meet her on his knees. Marcus was glowing. Sheila was glowing.

Sheila went to the bathroom down the hall to freshen up a bit and put on a soft robe. He was on his knees by the time she returned. She kissed him gently on the lips, touched his cock and expressed just how pleased she was with him. He smiled with a mixture of emotions surging through him. She slowly removed his collar. They were complete.

Aftercare:

Marcus found himself feeling very emotional. He wanted to laugh. He wanted to cry. He felt ashamed. He felt embarrassed. He felt overwhelming love for Sheila's acceptance of him. They held each other and talked softly about the evening's events. Marcus was so satisfied, yet exhausted.

Sheila listened and made a note to herself to check in with him again in the morning, maybe even the next day. This was a big event. As she drifted to sleep, her husband's arms wrapped tightly around her, she felt deeply in love with him and made plans to let him know just how much.