

A vertical chain hangs from the top of the frame. Attached to the chain is a black collar with a buckle. Below the collar, the chain continues down. To the right of the chain, a black tassel hangs vertically. The background is a solid red color with a slight gradient.

Kitty Luv

BeDtime Stories for the Master

12

BDSM Short Stories



12 Adult BDSM short stories. Graphic sexual situations. Explicit language.

BeDtime Stories for the Master

by

Kitty Luv

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WARNING

This book contains sexually-oriented material that may be offensive to some people. It is not suitable for persons under the age of 18. By buying and/or reading this book, you certify that you are at least 18 years of age or older, or the appropriate legal age required for your municipality.

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Introduction

A little over 10 years ago, I haphazardly entered into the world of BDSM by way of a season-long relationship with a Dom. I was vaguely familiar with what that community represented but had never ventured into it. This D/s relationship fizzled (in the physical sense) within a year but flourished in all other respects and is still very much alive today. Thoughts and ideas are usually best expressed when two sane, consensual and safe adults feel free enough to do so.

Over those years, I wrote several scenes which I later put into short story format specifically for my D. In 2015, he encouraged me to let these adult short stories see the light of day. The stories and the characters described herein are completely fictional and are not to be construed as representing any person or persons. Any similarity to an actual person, persons or events is merely coincidental.

I chose not to create “named” characters but rather concentrate on the physical aspects of each. Just as in the elusive world of sexual kink, I prefer that the stories float your mood into “sub or dom space” without restrictions or inhibitions.

I hope you find these 12 stories entertaining and arousing. I enjoyed writing them.

Kitty Luv

The Master and the Monkey

She was waiting for him to call her. He'd been gone just long enough for her to forget some of his facial expressions but not long enough to forget how his cock felt as he rammed it inside her that last Sunday morning they were together. That was 20 days ago.

He was merciless, brutal, and almost savage as he climbed her spread buttocks to get the last centimeters inside her. She smiled at the memory just as she smiled as laying there under him, moaning in rapture. A true slut she was- a real "cock monkey", as he called her.

She loved everything about him- his energy, his steely blue eyes, muscular body and his strong hands. They had an incredible grip on her whenever and however he took her- by the throat, by the hair or from behind. She lived for the way he'd hug her until she thought her lungs would collapse after each and every scene. And how he would ferociously press himself inside her. But most of all, she loved how he'd make her gag on his cock. Hence her other "pet" name was born.

Sometimes it would start slowly and tamely enough. A little sucking on his head, then rolling her tongue up and down his entire thick shaft, kissing his balls and the insides of his thighs- the entire time on her knees. Slowly, his hand would find its way to the back of her head, his fingers entwining her medium length dark hair. He'd yank her head back and instinctively she'd open her mouth, taking all of his cock into her mouth and throat for as long and as far as she could.

Sometimes, she'd get comfortable enough to start moving to the rhythm of his hips. But mostly, she'd gag on his member. He would let her escape for air. After a few recuperative seconds, his shaft would again go back in the same way- all the way down her throat and rasping her windpipe. It felt as if the tip of his cock would burn a hole in her throat. That's how hot it got in there. She would try to look up at him

but it would take too much concentration away from her breathing and mouth cooperating with each other.

She thought about all this as she waited on his call. She was stroking her newly sprouted pubic hair while she reminisced. He loved to pinch and slap her clit- not just with his cock but with his hands and teeth too. He always used the right amount of pressure- not too unpleasant and not too soft. It was just enough to illicit that sound between a whine and a moan.

She languidly got off the sofa, her thong caught in between her labia and not bothering her in the least bit. She thought to mark her calendar to call the spa in the morning. It was a 10-day wait to get in for a professional wax job in the one horse town she lived in. Most other times, she'd do the deed herself as those wax kits had improved over the years.

Flexible as she was, she still could never cleanly wax that taint area. This is where a second set of hands were always needed. At \$100 for an appointment, it would be perfect and ready for Master's return. He preferred her this way.

Thinking about getting her posterior waxed reminded her of something else that was much more pressing- getting ready to take his cock in her ass. She had had anal sex decades before with her first husband. It was not a good experience save for one time she was so polluted on champagne she relaxed enough to actually enjoy it.

She was more inclined to give it up to Master. She adored him and really wanted to please him. When the reality set in and it would happen however, it was obvious her eyes were bigger than her hole. Even his finger made her wail her "safe word" like a punk. Maybe this was something she could read up on while he was gone.

Anxiously longing for his call, she headed for her bedroom. The previous 3 hours at the local disco dancing herself into a sweat with friends didn't tire her at all. Nor did it settle any of her restlessness. All she thought about in the spinning globe lights and lame 80's music was his glorious blondish, thick cock. And *his* perfect round white ass.

She laid in her bed for a few minutes remembering a promise she'd made to herself. She wouldn't seek ANY relief in any form until he got back. 5 days down and 15 more to go. Could the little cock monkey hold to her promise?



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