

MY MASTER

*A Best Kept Secret
exclusive*

12 short passages of lust and desire



Punish Me

'Daddy, please, I'll be better for you, your little girl can do better.' My words come out in a muffled mess, my hands constricted with the cuffs as I bend over the desk.

He stands behind me, suited in his Armani, faceless, wordless. The time for making things right was over, he had to punish me, my master had to set things right.

I'm wearing his favourite piece. his favourite gag, leathered up to the hilt as he drapes the riding crop across me, admiring my position.

My ex never wanted to degrade me, to demean me in the bedroom. And yet as I bend here for him, rubbing against his pants, I feel so fucking sexy, so fucking empowered, so ready for anything he gives me.

'Talking is done.' He grunts and places his palm on my backside, giving it a sharp tap before dragging my piece to one side to expose more of me. Silence descends on the room as I brace for his next move, he's circling me like a predator.

'You'll learn to worship me one day. You know that right?'

I nod quietly, mesmerised by his huge frame in front of my face. My lungs taking in whatever air they can grab. He smiles and moves behind me again.

'Now I think I know where to start.' The leather of the crop rips into my flesh and I jerk forward to lessen the blow. But he cracks me with another slap with his cupped palm.

'I want you squirming and bruising all night.'

Three vicious strikes tear at my skin, his momentum is only building as I feel the first tinges of real pain, the first throes of violence intended to punish me.



Tease Me

'Oh baby, what are we going to do with you?'
He sits across from me in the chair observing my flailing movements against his silk. My hands are bound to the headboard, the cuffs clinging against the metal as I wriggle with the anticipation of his sexy body lunging against me. A smouldering look takes him as he looks me up and down, his left hand stroking down his leg and towards his throbbing girth. The anticipation is getting all too much as he palms himself, gripping around the base and keeping his eyes locked on mine, moving it in a twisting motion up and down, up and down. A loud moan leaves me as all the pent up desire to touch him starts building up again. Suddenly he stands up from the chair, his rigid length standing with him,
'You know what happens when you're bratty. You get put on a few days of denial and daddy teases you. That's the way it has to be.'
He crawls on top of me, his member barely centimetres from my pooling mess down below. As my teeth dig into my lips he chokes me and inserts one finger into me, agonisingly slowly, letting me adjust to the new sensation. My mouth opens involuntarily as all the time waiting has me gagging to take him, right here and now. But I know what he has to do, I know how I have to listen properly to my master. He pulls the dripping excitement out of me and drags his finger along my belly and breasts, wetting my nipples before sliding it into my mouth. His steely shaft tip brushes against my opening as he lets me taste my teeming desire, his gaze not leaving mine the entire time.







Hold Me

My master cradles my neck gently as his other hand goes to my lips his fingertips dabbing the pleasure against me as I try to subdue my own building waves of ecstasy. His hips rock into me from behind in the most exquisite rhythm and his hot breath lines the back of my neck as he whispers naughty promises in my ears. Firm pumps collide into my shaking core reminding me of his power.

His hand slowly caresses against my heaving breasts as I feel him murmur into my hair, deep and emphatic groans leaving him in perfect timing with each perfect thrust into me.

He holds my body against his chest. The thud of his heart reverberating against my back.

"You're close aren't you baby?"

I nod and recoil through gritted teeth as I can't resist any longer.

'Hold me.'

He obliges me further, his arm completely swallowing my neck as he crashes into me, sending shocks to my system. It was tender yet at the same time increasingly aggressive, he was so skilled with his movements that even this pace was driving me closer and closer to my tipping point, my eyes fluttering and my teeth gripping my lip as the first shudders take me captive.

Teach Me

'You're learning so well my little girl.'

We sway under the bright lights, me on my knees and him reaching down to my head height, his hands cupping my chin and keeping all focus on him and his towering frame.

'I think some light collaring will suffice.' Hmm. I like the sound of that.

'Teach me Daddy.'

He gently and lovingly strokes my bottom lip with his thumb, my eyes glued to his as I feel a red hot sensation taking over me.

Suddenly and without the slightest bit of warning he grabs me by the throat and throws me down on the bed, his firm grip keeping me in place, my impish nature wanting to rebel but I'm well and truly submitted here.



'You're going to look so pretty with it on for me. All red.'

My wrists ache against his solid grip as his firm abs lay across my stomach, his hot breath drafting across my neck and his forearms bursting with each protruding vein.

'Just wait until I get your chastity belt on you too. You've been touching yourself so much recently, I think you need to learn a little restraint again.'

I smirk at him my desire to disobey just creeping up ever so slightly. He flashes me a dark look and grips me harder before lightly slapping me and tugging at my neck.

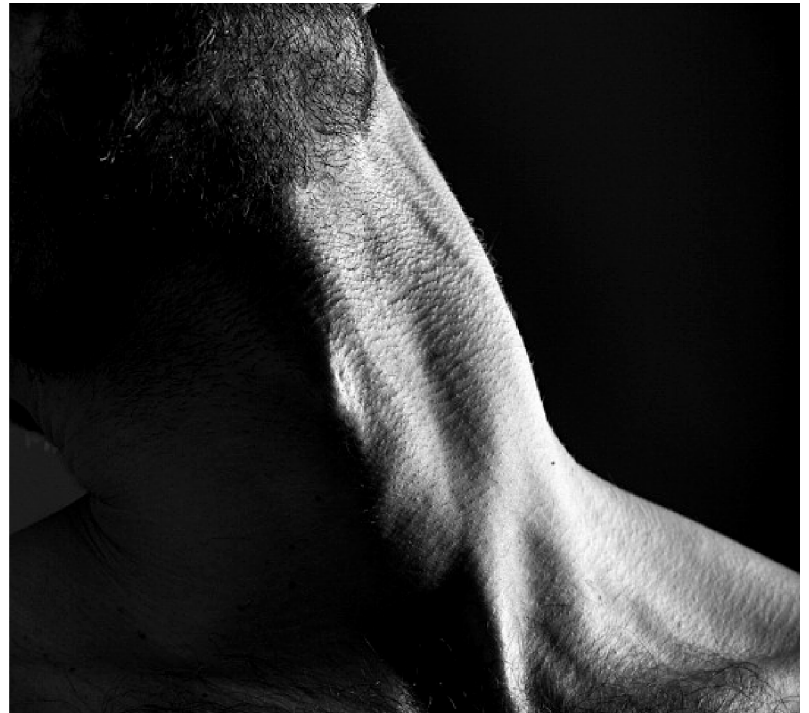
'Little girls have to learn to stop being so bad all the time, don't they? What am I going to do with you?'

I'm subdued once again, shrinking away from being a brat, eager to taste the first touch of leather on my skin and to be lead exactly where he wants to lead me.

Restrain Me

He has me leashed, my rear completely battered and scarred from his long afternoon session alternating between the vibe and the merciless spanks. My neck is feeling it, sore from the exertion of every impact. As I murmur and tremble against the pillow, I feel him unsheathe himself behind me. He grunts and drapes his bulging tip against me, stroking it. 'Oh my god, you are so fucking tight baby girl.' My jaw is slack as I struggle to accommodate him. His girth spreads my opening and leaves my juices spilling onto the already messy sheets below. He had had to restrain me but I can sense he is in a more forgiving mood now as he strokes my hair tenderly. Just like that, he starts rocking his hips slowly against my fleshy cheeks, pushing me deeper into the mattress, my sensitive clit brushing against his soft sheets. 'I want you to take me slowly, there's no point rushing that orgasm is there?'

I shake my head and look back at him, sweat dripping from my forehead and frenzied lust in my eyes as he returns his smouldering look, his eyes never leaving mine as he keeps the exquisite pressure on me very firm. 'Sir, you treat me so well. I love being your good girl all restrained like this.' I purr at him, twisting in the leash. 'You're doing so well for me. I know I'm a lot to take, just bite your lip or the pillow if you have to. I'm going to make you cum like this. You know that don't you?' A long groan of anticipation comes out of me, completely involuntarily. He responds in kind, drilling his hips into me even further and grinding against me with just his lower body moving, his slick chest and stomach straining with every blow to my twitching body.







Kiss Me

Pulling me into him closer, he lathers the soap across my arms and shoulders, making sure no spot is missed. He is tender with me, gentle after a furious and exhausting evening of lovemaking.

I giggle and squeeze the pouf in my hands, more bubbles and suds dripping over onto the shelf of his chest.

'You look very pretty under running water you know that?' He grips my lower back and stares unflinchingly into my eyes.

'I had no idea Mister Foster, please tell me more.' My gaze is firmly aligned with his as I squeeze another layer of soap onto his neck and thick arms.

'Very sexy and eager for far more.' There are very hot intentions hiding behind that voice.

'When you say far more what did you have in mind?' I flash him a cheeky smile and squash my breasts together to draw his attention to them.

'Kiss me.' He commands. I toss the pouf aside into the tray and clutch around his neck, standing on my tip toes to meet his lips. The steam envelops us, beautifully hot water rushing over my skin as he grabs my throat and ravages my lips, tearing and tugging at them lightly. Our eyes are still open the whole time, creating a stunning erotic effect that has me spellbound. His hands are busy behind my back, massaging and rubbing the oils and suds into me. I'm far too distracted to notice more as he lifts me up effortlessly into his lap. I try to take a glance down and notice he is firmly erect again, pulsing almost as he grabs it with his free hand and he slides it inside me one inch at a time. The feeling is indescribable, I can only throw my head back and let my mouth fall as he moves me back and forth on his thick shaft below the water, playing with me.



Seduce Me

My dreams are the most vivid they have ever been, I'm free to caress him, to imagine my fingernails digging into his taut muscles, to imagine his glowing stare bearing into my soul and undressing me. To imagine him standing naked before me.

My reality is frustrating, endless nights until he returns, constant suitors trying to win my affection. Kind and noble men, all perfect for any other girl but not for me, not for the deviance that lies in me. I prefer the fit of degradation to the shape of gentle love.

My fantasies are unspeakable to anyone else but him, only he knows the depraved wishes in my heart, only he can bring out, only he can make me a little girl whenever he wants to, only he can deny me whenever he pleases.

I wait for the day he is here to seduce me, I wait for his temper to flare, for his patience to thin and for his body to pin me and I yearn for him to make me beg for what I need. I await the special mix of his touch, both electrifying and tender. I wait for him.





Love Me

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he wraps his arms around my hips and squeezes me, adorning my belly with sweet kisses.

'I gotta get to work. You really think Makayla is going to be happy about me showing up late for the third time this month? I can't say the car broke down again.'
As I speak, he quietly admires my full figure, moving his hands across my curves and murmuring in his throat.

'You're calling in sick today.'

'With what?' I raise my eyebrows and give him a mild look of apprehension.

'Oh just tell her you caught the love bug.'

I giggle and wriggle my breasts against his taut chest muscles, catching a glimpse of the striations across his abs leading down to his boxer shorts. The more I looked at him, the more work was becoming a massive distraction to what I really wanted. His well-defined arms continue moving all around me, massaging me and cradling me, letting me know he is calling the shots.

'Baby. How I am going to do that?' I'm becoming his little girl word by word and falling into the sexy trap. His hands continue fondling me and his eyes are wandering over every inch of me as his mouth latches onto my tender nipples and lazily makes its way to my collarbone and neck. I know he does love me, but watching him so enamoured with me, so ready to tear into me is stirring something deep within me.

'After you're sweating and panting on my chest after you scream my name as many times as I want you to, you can dial and tell her then.'

Work could wait.



Taste Me

'Fresh out of the shower, I wrap the towel around my hair and walk into the bedroom, I bump into him and he immediately throws me down onto the sheets.

'Daddy, is everything okay?' He puts his fingers to his lips and his mouth quickly start eating up all of the space on my chest and stomach, his hot breath and fragrance making my nerves start to tingle. He rips my panties down to my ankles in one savage movement and I am all too aware of what mood he is in.

'Taste me.' I yelp as his busy hands explore my inner thighs and his lips latch onto my engorged clit.

My hands root in his hair, the water dripping down my breasts continuously as I get impossibly flushed. His eyes connect with mine in the first shimmers of the sunlight as his tongue laps against me in a smooth and delicious motion. Its heavenly, the best he has ever used his mouth on me. Its going to make me erupt so quickly if he keeps it up.

'Daddy I want to cum so fast, please, make me cum.'

Grabbing both ankles, he levers his body into a stronger position and attacks my pulsating slit with all his fervour. I look down to see the absolute mess he is making of me and the visual of him flicking my clit and working his fingers in and out combined with the sensation is just too much to take. A long series of moans and shouts start to leave me, both hands locked on his head as the wet sounds echo against the walls.

'Fuck, my little girl is going to make a mess of my sheets isn't she?'

I whimper and nod, powerless to do anything. I look into his eyes and choke my orgasmic cries as I feel a river dripping out of me and just as my breath leaves me, my body begins quivering and my lungs give way as I scream and bunch the sheets in my hands with my hips shooting to the ceiling.





Disrobe Me

I apply the final light touches of olive oil to my skin and put the baking soda back down. My teeth are looking good and I'm feeling sexier than ever in the soft robe, like I've just stepped out of a jacuzzi at the Ritz. Out of nowhere he barges into the bedroom, shirtless and wearing his Levi's, he looks incredible and he's carrying an extremely masculine energy. I can feel it from half the room away.

He has that intensity in his eyes a desire to completely disrobe me and take what's his. 'Damn. You look fine baby. You know it's impossible for me to keep my hands off you when you wear that all loose for me.' I smile and blink a couple of times as he steps directly in front of me. His hand undoes the knot in one swift motion, leaving me naked and breathing extra hard. 'On all fours for me.' Yes sir.



He grips the back of my hair firmly, burrowing his way up to the nape of my neck and holding tighter there. His pelvis ricochets into mine at a slow tempo, the impact echoing around the bedroom. I know exactly what mood he is in, he's prepared to show me exactly what Daddy can do. I moan without any restraint, letting my teeth sink into my soft lips as he speeds up and cracks me on my ample backside.

'Fuck, you're so beautiful baby girl, look at you. Do you have any idea how badly I've wanted this all day long?'

I'm speechless as he continues his furious assault from behind, pumping his hips into me in a heavenly motion that has me struggling to not roll my eyes into my head and I'm beginning to glisten his enormous length. I know exactly how he likes to treat me in this position and the anticipation alone of my reward has my heart exploding in my chest.

Tame Me



The night has barely begun and I'm wearing his Christmas present, a ropey piece designed for all manner of wicked bondage.

'This bending over for me is cute and all but I think I prefer things when those hands can't do anything to stop me.' He growls.

He slaps me viciously and follows up with three whips of the flogger in exactly the same spot.

He holds me by the hips admiring the crimson mark he has left on my skin, caressing it slowly as I try to choke down the emotions.

'Papi. mierda.' I'm breathless. I know how strong he is, but his aggressive streaks never cease to catch me off guard.

He's a dangerous man, no question about it but all the will to resist the trappings of a life with him, the temptations of the diamonds, the furs and the primal fucking is too much. I've had my bite and now my need for the brutality cannot be caged again.

He tuts as he strokes the rope leading between my legs, wiping my arousal on the first mark he has left.

'Against the wall for me.' It is a command, he's not asking.

I lean against the wall and put my arms up. Our lips collide in a flurry of passion as he slowly buries his tongue into my throat. He tastes divine.

He clips the handcuffs into place and for the first time in the night I glimpse the gun in his back pocket, next to a big knife.

'This is good. This is where Papi needs you. Let's get those nipple clamps and that vibrator. I'm going to ruin this naughty pussy. It's going to really satisfy me seeing those big brown eyes in despair and ecstasy when I make you cum all over my floor.'

I can't stop looking at the knife. Every few seconds my eyes flitter to it and he notices. A devilish grin controls him, he's going to have it up to my throat as he vibes me, I know it. The sweat trickles down my legs as I whimper. He's going to tame me. To show me the true nature of becoming obedient for him.





Soothe Me

I cry onto his shoulder, every moment with this man meant everything to me, he is my oxygen, my air supply when I feel like I have none.

It had been weeks since he had come out of the hospital after being hit with the stray bullet. But all the memories of almost losing him come flooding back at once.

'Daddy's got you.' He breathes into my ear as my arms drape around his neck and his forearms hold me tightly in his lap.

Every stroke on my back is there to soothe me.

Smooth palms run up and down my spine and I think back to our first afternoon together. The first time we made love in the sweltering Caribbean heat, him, the complete Adonis, as he laid on the bed waiting for me to come back from my swim. The first time I knew everything between us was more than just a physical connection, more than just erotic satisfaction, it was spiritual bliss with him.

'I want to be with you forever, you know that.' I sniffle and sob lightly, trying to muster my calm and settle my thudding chest as he brushes the hair from out of my eyes.

"I know. We are going to be . I'm not leaving you ever again. No more of that life. I'm out.' My skin becomes instantly volcanic as I hear those words. It was over, finally.

The moon spans out over the far horizon through the window, as the hushed tones of the wind float on by, there is nothing but bliss when I'm in his arms, nothing but safety when I hear his words, nothing but all the warmth I need when my love is with me.







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