

The Invitation

By : Desiree Addams

Alexi receives a mysterious invitation that lands her in a world that she never imagined. It's still in progress.
Needs to be tweaked. It was in response to a Halloween writing challenge on another writing site.



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The long awaited day had finally arrived. Expectantly, I readied myself for the evening's festivities. Sweeping my long, raven hair up into an up-do, I left a few whispering ringlets to frame my face and neck.½

½

I stepped back from the full-length mirror to assess the image that stared back at me. I spun around watching the dress flare out and to see how I looked.

½

Looooking goooood....

½

I ran my hands over my body front and back feeling my curves and smoothing the dress. I stepped outside and pulled the door closed, locking it behind me.

It was a cool, crisp October evening. The autumn breeze fingered the ringlets in my hair lightly messaging my neck. Dressed to the nines, in a beautiful fuchsia, halter-neck corset style party dress I waited patiently and a bit apprehensively for the Limousine to arrive.

As the invitation stated, precisely at 9:30 pm, the black, 10-seat, millennium shaped, Lincoln limousine pulled into my drive.

At least I'm going in style, never been in a Limo before.

An older, stately looking gentleman stepped out of the driver's side presenting his hand to me. "I am your driver. Your invitation please."

As requested, I handed it to him, my hand shaking as I placed it in his palm.

His eyebrow quirked and his mouth twisted in a sinister grin. "You are shaking my dear." He paused to read it. "A little fear is good for the soul. Makes life more exciting. This way, Alexi," he said as he opened the door, and ushered me in.

½

I wondered silently why he said such a thing but brushed it off. He must just be trying to make conversation and put me at ease. It didn't work though. Not exactly what I would say to try to put someone at ease.

½

He grasped my arm and steadied me as I lowered myself into the backseat. It was quite a sight, unlike anything I'd ever seen before. My jaw dropped. It was exquisite.

Wow! What a sight, the marble bar, mirrored ceiling, twin tvs and dvds, stereo system, fibre optic lighting and a soft leather interior.

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ï½

This Drayton character has exceptional taste for sure. But I wonder how he came to invite me? I don't even know him. Maybe it's one of those 'getting to know your community' parties.

Donning a half-smile, my chauffeur said, "The Master's been waiting for you."

ï½

"The Master?" I choked. "He can't be serious. He doesn't really expect people to use that title when addressing him does he? Master Drayton? A bit medieval if you ask me."

"Yes, Alexi. He is to be addressed as Master Drayton," he breathed in a low hiss.

The butterflies in my stomach had turned into bats. "Waiting for me? Why?" I really wasn't sure that I wanted to know the answer. This was all beginning to sound a little strange but then again it was Halloween. This could all be part of creating the atmosphere - part of the show - a way to set the mood.

"You will soon see." With that declaration, he closed the door and returned to the driver's seat. The dvd player powered on and a welcome message played on the screen.

ï½

A gentleman with a soft but commanding voice appeared with a demi-mask covering his face. "Welcome Alexi. I am Master Drayton the owner of Drayton manor and the host for this evening's festivities." The camera panned out showing the eerily decorated room for the evening's party. "Welcome to the party room of the manor." He gestured with a flourish backing off to the side and opening his body to the room. "This promises to be the best party yet. I'm certain it will be a party you will never forget."

ï½

He continued to line out the activities for the evening taking me on a virtual tour of the party room. The welcome video ended and the player switched off. Coming out of my trance I heard a chorus:

ï½

Let's play master and servant

Let's play master and servant

It's a lot like life
And that's what's appealing
If you despise that throwaway feeling
For disposable fun
Then this is the one

Domination's the name of the game
In bed or in life
They're both just the same
Except in one you're fulfilled
At the end of the day...

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-Depeche Mode

ï½

Never heard this one before. Odd taste in music. What kind of song is that? I wondered. Why did he choose this song? He must really be getting into his character for the evening. My friends will never believe this. This is all so surreal already and I haven't even made it to the party yet. This promises to be one hell of a great party!

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Chapter 2: Drayton Place

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Chapter Two - Drayton Place

Winding our way up the drive to the front door of the Manor, I was astounded by its old world architecture and the elegant stained glass windows.

Stopping the Limo, the driver stepped out and came around to my door. Opening the door, he offered me his hand, helping me out. Hitching my arm into his, he escorted me through the massive front door. Once inside I was handed the mask and instructed to put it on. Not wanting to disappoint, I did as I was told.

The mask was beautiful shiny satin, fuscia colored with well-placed feathers and jewels. I was then handed a studded leather collar that matched the mask. Now that's strange, a mask and collar to match my dress. What are the odds?

Rolling the collar around in my hands, studying it, I asked nervously, "What's this for?" not really sure I even wanted the answer.

"It is the matching collar. The Master has requested that you wear it also."

Fondling it with my fingers, "A bit odd, but ok," I quipped still debating if I really wanted to put it on.

Distracted by the lack of party noise, "Where is everyone?" I asked sheepishly noticing a conspicuous silence in the old place.

"I'm not at liberty to say, Alexi. The Master will answer all your questions."

Before I could pull my hand away the driver snatched the collar from my palm and quickly wrapped it around my neck, latching it securely.

My pulse pounded in my ears. I tried to remove the collar but I couldn't. It now became apparent that things weren't quite right. I wheeled around blindly bumping into the door. Try as I might I couldn't budge it. It was locked solid.

"Let me out of here! You can't keep me here!" I screamed continuing in vain to try to pull open the large mahogany door. It stood silent keeping me from escaping into the night.

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Still trying frantically to make my escape my curiosity overwhelmed me. I had to know. "Where is everyone?" I asked sheepishly noticing a conspicuous silence in the old place.

"I'm not at liberty to say, Alexi. The Master will answer all your questions. This way please." Reaching behind him, he pulled a long, ornate chord and a bell sounded. "Sorry, Alexi, you are not allowed to leave."

"What? Not allowed to leave? Watch me!"

Not accepting the futility of my efforts I continued in my efforts to escape. I cursed myself under my breath for allowing myself to be sucker punched. The signs were there, I just ignored them thinking they were all part of an act, something to set the mood and atmosphere for the evening. How wrong could I've been?

"Don't fight it, Alexi," my escort responded in a voice dank with resignation.

Turning to face him, I glared at him. "I'm no one's prisoner. I will leave if I want to!"

He gave me that I-wouldn't-try-that-if-I-were-you glare. "I'm afraid that's not possible. Just relax and do as you're told. There is no point in trying to escape."

Still straining madly to open the door, I felt a hand come to rest firmly on my shoulder. A velvety voice breathed in my ear, "Alexi, you will listen to me now. This is not suggestion." His deep commanding tone reached my inner core causing me to shiver and grow wet.

Now I didn't hear anything. Where the hell did he come from?

Turning to face the voice I spat, "And just who the hell are you?"

His eyes narrowed through the slits in the mask. His disapproving glare made me tremble.

As my eyes began to focus I recognized him. It was Master Drayton! He'd stepped out of the video and here he was! But what is all this?

Gripping me firmly by the shoulders he asserted, "That is no way to talk to your master, now is it?" His lips curled in a beastly grin. There was something in his demeanor and tone that told me on the deepest level I was his for better or worse.

I couldn't see the upper half of his face, but his eyesâwow. They were the most beautiful shade of blue and so hypnotic. They seemed to see right through me, like they were pulling my deepest secrets from me. They looked like deep pools of clear blue water, so intense. A girl could get lost in those. Snapping to, my eyes searched his for a sign that this was all just a practical joke. "Okay, the jig is up. The joke is over." I squeaked.

"It is no joke, I promise you. You answered the invitation," He admonished, glaring resolutely into my eyes with an arresting stare that was quite unnerving.

My pussy gushed and my clit throbbed. I hoped that he didn't sense what was happening with me but I had this feeling down deep that he was reading all my body signals. Even those I did not want him to. I was so afraid but so aroused. It was just too weird.

Oh, shit! Just what the hell kind of trouble have I gotten myself into now?

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Writhing nervously beneath his bestial grip, my voice shaking, I blurted, "What the hell kind of party is this?" My legs were so weak I thought they would give way, steadied only by his firm grip on my shoulders.

Without hesitation he countered, "This is the Master's Ball. Tonight I reveal my new pet." He quickly reached up and grabbed my hair twisting it and pulling my head back, immobilizing my head. He cocked his head and stared down at me smiling.

Swallowing hard, I choked, "Your new pet? Just what do you mean by that?" My mouth was dry and my knees shook. I felt his other arm reach around my waist pulling me closer to him.

His grip tightened pulling my struggling body into his as I thrashed helplessly in his unrelenting grasp. Releasing the grasp on my head, slowly he traced the index finger of his free hand from my cheek down to my throat and paused. Hooking the ring of the collar with his finger he hissed, "You, my dear are my new pet," giving it a sharp tug. "You will do as I say or be punished, therefore, the collarâs pet. It's there to help ensure my control and as a symbol of my mastery over you."

My stomach flipped as the words dripped like hot honey from his lips. I felt weak and afraid. I took a deep breath to try to calm myself. "No fucking way. That shit is not happening! Your mastery over me? Your control? You have to be kidding!" I spat defiantly trying to mask my fear and to keep him from sensing the heat pooling between my thighs.

"Too late, it is a done deal." he growled bringing his face in closer to mine. He stared down at me in deafening silence reveling in his conquest.

My heart pounded hard against my chest. Jerking desperately, I tried to escape his grasp. His grip was firm. Again he grabbed my hair as he wrenched me in closer to his powerful body pulling on the metal ring of the collar. He drew my face even closer to his and held my face in his hands pressing his mouth hard onto mine. He kissed me hard and deep through my protesting lips and pulled my head back to look up at him.

Still reeling from the tongue thrashing he'd just given me I gathered up all my strength and shot back, "It didn't say anything about this on the invitation. Just who do you think you are?"

He released his grip on my hair and on the collar, stepping back.

It was then that I noticed just how tall he was, at least 6'5". I scanned him from head to toe assessing his obviously well formed frame. His shoulders and chest were broad, but not too much so. His black silky stretch shirt was tucked into his matching black pants revealing his well-muscled abs. His thighs pressed tightly against the legs of his pants. His whole body was powerful, yet sleek and well formed.

His hair flowed way down past his shoulders draping in silken waves over them. It was long, dark, thick and wavy in contrast to his alabaster skin. His features were masculine and strong and his eyes were clear blue and penetrating. His lips were luscious, full and tinged red.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he cooed as a devilish grin touched his lips. "I neglected to send instructions with the invitation. I guess I'll have to punish you for that little oversight, pet." Producing the RSVP form from his pocket he handed it to me. "You signed the Service Agreement. I just neglected to tell you that it was written with invisible ink. To answer your question concerning my identity, I am your master, that's who."

My hands now trembling noticeably, I took the paper from his hand and opened it. Gazing down at the letter in my hands, its intent was made all too clear. "Oh, shit! This can not be real." My chest heaved and my voice

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cracked.

R.S.V.P.

Agreement of Service

I, Alexi Winters hereafter referred to as slave, agree to serve Master Raven Drayton, hereafter referred to as Master, for as long as required of me.

I understand that Master accepts (or will take it forcefully, if need be) the submission of my will unto his for proper training to service him according to his will whenever and however he sees fit.

The satisfaction of his wants, desires, and whims are my responsibility to satisfy as his slave. I will do so without hesitation or be punished. I will be trained to be pleasing to him at all times. My time, talents, and abilities are all now his subject to his use and control. They are no longer mine.

My body now belongs to Master for his fulfillment and pleasure. He will have unfettered use of my body any time, any place, and in front of anyone.

I, slave, agree:

To obey his commands.

To serve him completely and fully as he desires.

To speak only as directed and when.

To surrender to him and his will completely and fully without hesitation.

To turn the satisfaction of my perceived needs over to him knowing that he is the sole judge of whether or how these shall be satisfied.

I surrender myself to him to do with as he sees fit, whether to punish or pleasure, the choice is his alone. I have no further rights in these matters.

I submit to Master Raven Drayton under the terms stated above on this the 31st day of October in the year 2006.

Alexi Winters

Slave Signature

Master Raven Drayton

Master's Signature

Again his eyes narrowed, blazing with erotic desire. "It is very real. It's all right there in black and white. The contract is clear as crystal, my dear. I am your master and you are my slave."

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Still staring in disbelief at the contract, my stomach knotted and my knees became weak. I started to tremble noticeably now. I threw the paper onto the floor.

"I see that my pet is shaking. A very nice response indeed. Fear is good. It will make my job easier." He reached around and quickly secured a chain to my waist.

"W-what's that for?" I said tugging with my fingers at the chain around my waist.

Click.

Without warning he hooked a chain to the collar and gave a sharp tug. This was all happening so fast. I couldn't respond fast enough.

Jerking fearfully, I pulled back trying to escape. "What the fuck is this for? Take this thing off of me!" I screeched twisting and pulling trying to break his grasp.

Pulling forcefully on the chain, "I can see I have a lot of work to do. Come along," he demanded in a voice dripping with carnal self-satisfaction.

Whispering under my breath, "Sadistic, son of a bitch!"

"Thank you, so nice of you to notice," he purred.

Not expecting him to hear my accusation, his straight forward declaration made me tremble in terror.

Oh shit. Sadistic?!?! I'm in a whole lot of trouble now.

My mind spun out of control. I cursed loudly, pulling sharply against the chain. "Let me go! This is kidnapping!"

"I was hoping to not have to do this, butâ!" He pushed against my body knocking me off balance and forced me to the ground.

I could feel his hard cock pressing against my ass. He gyrated against me as I lay pinned helplessly beneath him. My ass tingled feeling his cock pressing insistently against me. I choked back a moan trying to hide my obvious arousal.

He straddled my prone body and grabbed my wrists latching the cuffs to them. He turned around his legs still straddling me. I felt him clamp restraints to my ankles.

My blood ran cold. I shivered harder my fear and arousal playing one against the other confusing me beyond belief. I didn't know whether to be afraid or arousedâcouldn't separate the two.

"Now, my dear you will listen and do exactly as I say." He secured the wrist and ankle shackles to the chain around my waist and locked them securely in place with blinding speed. "Come with me." Again he tugged hard pulling me down the long, ornate hallway.

"Where are you taking me?" I enquired timidly.

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"The training room. Now be quiet."

Stunned by his abruptness and not knowing exactly how to respond, I fell silent as he directed me to a room on the lower level of the Manor.

The chains on my ankles brushed against the floor as I followed behind him, reminding me that I was going only where he allowed. I had no choice. I tried to pull back and to free myself, but it was no use. I was his now and under his control.

Chapter 3: Attitude Adjustment

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Chapter Three - Attitude Adjustment

As we entered the room, he demanded, "Sit," pointing to a straight back chair against the wall. Bewildered from the events of the evening so far, I fell into the chair.

Trying desperately to appeal to him to release the restraints, I held up the cuffs. "Are these really necessary?"

"Yes, they are. Now, it's time to go over the rules." His voice was stern and uncompromising.

"Rules, what? Let me go!" I screeched.

"You're in no position to argue. Now be quiet and listen." Pacing back and forth across the floor he slanted me a commanding stare. "One, when I ask you a question, you will respond Yes, Master or No, Master. Do you understand?"

"I do understand, but I won't do it!" I exclaimed loudly.

"My, my we have a ways to go yet, don't we? Second, when I tell you to do something, you will do it immediately or suffer the consequences. Understood?"

"Fuck you!"

"What a nasty mouth you have on you. Time to wash your mouth out." Pulling me up from the chair by the wrists he picked me up and turned me to face him as he turned and seated himself in the chair. "Kneel, now!"

Standing in front of him with my knees locked, my arms crossed, and a determination to defeat him, I refused his command.

Without saying a word, he rose up from the chair. Glaring into my eyes, he tugged sharply on the chain, forcing me off balance. Pushing down on my upper back he ordered, "Now, on all fours - hands and knees." He seated himself back into the chair and demanded, "Crawl to me. Do not try to get up."

Astounded by his forcefulness, obediently, I crawled to where he was seated. I stopped a few feet from him, staring frightfully into his eyes. Jerking on the chain he commanded, "Closer. I want you right here between my legs."

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Following his command, I crawled to the chair right between his legs and stopped, shaking.

Grabbing me by the face, he raised me to my knees. Lifting my chin up, he demanded, "Look into my eyes. Do you know why you are being punished?"

Still unsure about the predicament I found myself in, I stammered, "N-n-o."

"You are being punished for your disobedience and for talking back to me."

"W-w-hat are you going to do to me?"

Unzipping his pants, he pulled out his throbbing cock. "I am going to wash your mouth out. I will take great pleasure in cuming in that hot throat." Forcefully grabbing the back of my head, he pushed it downward, "Open your mouth."

Quickly jerking back, I begged, "But pleaseâHow can you do this?"

"Very easily, bad girls with vulgar mouths need to be taught a lesson. You are my slave and you will do as you are told. Now open." As his lips curled into a sinister smile, I gasped in horror, as his fangs flashed "Oh, my you are a vâ!"

"Yes, Dear, I am a vampire." Narrowing his eyes, he hissed, "Now, stick your tongue out and lick it."

Fearing the repercussions if I didn't obey, I did as he commanded. Opening my mouth, I ran my warm, wet tongue from the base of his dick to his pulsing head. Rimming the underside, I skimmed my tongue over the opening, licking teasingly, as I took his engorged head into my mouth. I whimpered fearfully around him, trying to calm myself and do as I was told.

My helplessness and fear made the tingling in my own body now reach a fever pitch, I just didn't understand, but couldn't and wouldn't ask. I was now in control of a demanding vampire with no way out, struggling to do my best to service him as commanded.

Grasping my shackled wrists, he commanded me to use my hands and make it good or else. Carefully, I caressed his hardened sack with my hands. I gently encircled my long, black fingernails around it. Finding my way to a most sensitive spot, I stopped to push gently with my fingertips, feeling him expand in my mouth.

Fisting my hair, forcing my mouth further onto his hard cock, he paused momentarily. "Listen and do exactly what I tell you. Understood? If you understand, moan for me."

Knowing that I had no choice, I moaned, humming softly, feeling the throb of desire pooling in my hot pussy.

Mmmm-aster?

"Relax and take it deep into your throat," he commanded as he pushed my head farther onto his hard cock.

Feeling the pressure of his throbbing cock on the back of my throat, fearfully, I tried to pull back.

Twisting my fisted hair, holding my head in place, he demanded, "Do not try to pull away. I will not allow it. Just do what I tell you."

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Erotic desire spread like wildfire throughout my body. Yearning longingly and knowing that he meant business, I did as I was told.

"As you do me, I want you to look into my eyes. Do not try to look away." He twisted my hair even tighter, pulling back on it.

Trying to ease the pull, I raised my head slightly, gazing up into his blazing blue eyes, my lips still wrapped firmly around pulsing cock. Releasing the grip slightly on my hair he hissed seductively, "Now, time for my bad girl to get her mouth washed out. Suck me now."

Obediently, I slowly and deliberately slid my hot mouth up and down the length of his throbbing shaft, staring submissively into his eyes. Feeling his throbbing vein on my tongue, my desire became even stronger.

He locked his eyes to mine, erotic pleasure radiating from them. Withdrawing his rod slowly, he let it slide to just in front of my lips. Releasing one hand from my hair, he presented his engorged head to my lips, "Take only the head," he breathed raggedly.

Forgetting momentarily, I looked down. With his free hand he again twisted my hair, pulling back. "I told you not to try to look away," He panted.

Obediently, I opened my mouth taking in only his pulsing head, continuing to gaze into his eyes.

Sliding his hand back slowly, he pushed my head down further, little by little, feeding me more of his swollen cock. His commanding stare burned into me as a wicked smile spread across his face.

Trembling with carnal desire, my pussy throbbed, feeling the strength of his swelling cock in my mouth preparing to pump my mouth full.

"Take it, now." Forcefully pulling my head back about an inch he shoved his cock further down my throat. Suddenly I felt my throat fill with a thick, hot liquid. I twisted, trying to pull back, but his grip was firm. "Swallow. Do not fight me," he commanded in a domineering tone.

Still struggling, I swallowed as his hot cum filled my throat.

"Good girl!" He gasped as he released my head, pulling his cock from my mouth.

His cum was hot and sticky in my mouth, dripping down mouth, causing me to swallow again.

Chapter 4: Simone

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Chapter Four - Her "Sacrifice"

"Stand up." He ordered rising from his chair.

Weak-kneed, I pulled myself up onto my violently trembling legs, my juices pooling between my trembling thighs.

Reaching down he unlocked the restraints on my wrists and from my waist.

Pulling me into his voracious body, his strong arms surrounded me, clamping me firmly. Grabbing the back of my neck, he pulled my lips to his smothering them with a hedonistic kiss that made my body blaze with desire. Sliding his free hand up my back, he grasped the zipper, pulling it down in one smooth tug.

Trying to pull back, forcefully he jerked me closer. "Do not resist me. I will not tell you again."

The tone in his voice caused me to freeze in my tracks. Once unzipped, he slid the thin fuchsia straps from my shoulders pulling the dress over my heaving breasts, down my waist, dropping it into a silken puddle at my feet.

"Step out of the dress." The command was stern and demanding, leaving little doubt of his full control.

Bracing myself on his shoulders, I did as I was told. Quivering with lustful fear, I stood before him.

With sadistic pleasure, his eyes traced my quivering body from top to bottom.

"Nice...Strip."

In a quiet, trembling voice, I questioned, "W-w-hy?"

His response was quick and firm, "Now."

My hands now shook uncontrollably. Slowly, I released the front closure of my lilac, floral design bra, releasing my plump breasts and hardened nipples. Still trembling, I reached down, unclasping each garter, pushing the belt over my hips and down to the floor.

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Knowing now that he had the upper hand, I stood there waiting for his next command.

"The panties too, Dear."

Reaching down, fearfully I grasped the elastic on the matching panties. I rolled them down over my hips, dropping them to the floor.

"Stop now," he commanded. "Leave the stockings and the heels on."

Tightly grasping my hands he led me to what looked like a table with a black velvet cloth draped over it. "Up on the altar, now."

I froze.

Twisting my arms behind me he forced my shoulders onto the altar, delivering a series of stinging slaps to my vulnerable flesh. I writhed under his beast-like strength, trying to move out of his reach, but his grip was like steel. Holding me in place, I felt him press himself against me. Leaning in close, he admonished, "Do we understand each other now?"

Stunned by the quick, sharp discipline, I choked, "Y-yes, Master."

"That'ssss it. Don't you feel better now?" he hissed in sadistic pleasure.

Sensing that it was merely a rhetorical question, I answered in the affirmative, so as to avoid any further 'misunderstanding' to my already stinging flesh.

Thrusting suggestively against my ass, he released my wrists and backed away. Shaking, I turned to face him. Immediately, he picked me up and placed me on the altar.

Squirming from the spanking I'd just received, I placed my arms on either side of me, lifting myself slightly to try to relieve some of the sting.

Picking my legs up, he placed them on the altar and pushed me onto my back. Without warning he positioned himself over my now naked, trembling body straddling across my waist. His hard, demanding body pressed against me as he brought my arms up over my head, strapping my wrists into place. I could feel his erection pressing hard into my body.

Looking up, I noticed the mirror on the ceiling directly above the altar.

Oh myâ ;

Pressing even harder into me, he brushed his fevered lips from my neck down to my hardened nipple, capturing it in his warm mouth. Though terrified, my body responded to his lustful assault. His other hand lightly traced the length of my body to my throbbing clit, stroking it quickly. I undulated toward him, trembling in terror mixed with overpowering lust.

Sensing my escalating excitement, he climbed down from the altar and quickly strapped my legs in place, bent at the knees.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, or so it seemed, appeared a very beautiful, naked, shapely, well-built female. Her breasts were perky and round, with erect, pink nipples. My eyes traveling downward, I noticed her narrow

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waist, and long, shapely legs that met invitingly at her furry pussy.

"This is Simone. She is going to prime you for me while I watch."

"She's going to what?" I squeaked.

Sauntering over to where I was, she stood just between my shackled legs. "I'm going to take you for a trial run," she purred as she licked her lips, running her hands up the sides of my thighs.

"What?"

"I'm going to eat you, of course," she responded flicking her tongue at me. Moving her hands to my inner thighs she slid a finger into my slick opening. Slowly withdrawing it, she brought her finger to her mouth sucking my juices seductively from her finger.

"Simone, do not let her cum. She must learn to wait for my command. You get her ready and I will finish her."

Neither one speaking another word Master Drayton motioned for her to begin.

She knelt down at the end of the altar, peering at me from between my outstretched legs. As she slowly raised her body, I tried to close my thighs.

"No, you don't," he hissed as he reached over my body, prying them back open.

Kissing the inside of my trembling thighs, she brushed her warm mouth over my fur, sliding her hot tongue in between my wet lips and lightly over my hardened clit.

With her long, slender fingers she separated my slick lips. Taking my swollen nub between her long fingernails, she pinched it lightly, rolling it around in her fingertips. She inserted her fingers into my hot cunt continuing her passionate assault. She fucked me rhythmically with her fingers as she slid her tongue lightly over my swollen lips, capturing my clit lightly between her teeth, thrashing it with her tongue.

As she continued her relentless torture, sensing I was getting close, she gave my clit a quick lick. Removing her fingers, she gave my wet pussy a sharp slap.

I groaned with licentious desire, yearning for more.

Crawling up further on top of me, she kissed and licked her way up to my painfully erect nipples. Taking one nipple into her mouth, she sucked it and circled it slowly with her tongue as she took the fingers of her other hand and lightly rolled and pinched the other one.

The fiery tingle from the pinch shot straight down to my aching pussy. Unable to control my responses, I moaned for more. I trembled lustfully as I watched her from the mirror overhead, mercilessly teasing my shackled body while he kept my legs open wide staring at my wet, pink pussy.

Making her way further up, she pressed her lips against mine giving me a deep, passionate kiss that left me breathless. I could taste my essence as she kissed me long and hard. She then brought her breast to my mouth, pushing her firm nipple to my lips.

Lost in the heat of passion, I suckled her nipple into my mouth. Teasing it with a fast, furious flicking motion

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she undulated toward me. Sensing her arousal, I moaned longingly in response. I could feel her tremble with excitement.

"That's it girl. Suck me," she commanded, reaching down between her legs as she rubbed her clit.

Removing her nipple from my mouth, she straddled over my face, lowering herself to just above my mouth. "Do me girl."

Reaching down, she opened herself to me. I could smell her arousal and see her engorged clit. I ran my tongue around the inside edge of her swollen lips, dancing a figure eight around her swollen clit.

"Eat me now girl. Do not hold back," she demanded breathlessly.

Lowering her body further, I plunged my tongue into her, darting in and out in rapid motion. As I tongued her, she rocked her hips back and forth, her full breasts bouncing in cadence with her thrusts.

"Do not stop, now. More, girlâ I am going to cum," she moaned her as I fucked her with my tongue.

Sliding my tongue back, I rammed it into her hot pussy. Writhing and moaning, her body danced on my tongue. Now fully engulfed in the moment, I slid my tongue back to her engorged clit, taking it playfully between my teeth, sucking lustfully.

Rocking harder onto my tongue she trembled, her juices covering my lips. "Ram it, girlâ Now. Use that tongue."

As commanded, I rammed my tongue into her.

"Ohhh, that's it..." She writhed and rocked harder as her body exploded, her cum now flowing onto my tongue and over my face...

Backing down my body, she traced her long, slender fingers down the length of my quivering body, "Good girl. You have done well." Sliding off the end of the altar, she kissed and licked my wet, swollen pussy lips. Standing up, she licked her lips as she spun around, leaving the room.

Chapter 5: Her "Sacrifice"

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Chapter Five- Her "Sacrifice"

Writhing in painfully erotic expectation, I pulled against the restraints. The feeling of the leather straps holding me down only added to the lustful pleasure I was experiencing.

Slanting me a feral glare, he circled the altar. Gazing hungrily at my struggling body, he purred, "Hmmmâ what shall I do to you now? Answer me."

"Master, pleaseâ whatever you desire."

"Good choice, My Pet."

Producing a black candle, he lit it. As it started to drip, he held it over my trembling body. Still circling my naked, struggling form, he watched as I writhed and moaned, completely under his control. "What a beautiful sight, my naked slave writhing for me. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Master, I am yours. Pleaseâ !" I moaned breathlessly.

His eyes smoldered with desire as he traced his tongue seductively over his lips. "That's it. You understand now don't you?"

Blazing with brutal desire I panted, "Yes, Master. I understand."

Seeing him about to drip the hot wax on my body, I struggled fearfully against the restraints.

"Mmmmâ Relax. I will not burn you." Holding the candle over my body, he drizzled the hot wax over my struggling body. The warmth of the wax and the feeling of the restraints holding me firmly in place nearly sent me over the edge.

Sensing my escalating excitement he admonished in a heated tone, "No, no. Not yet, My Pet. You can only cum when I tell you." Reaching behind him he placed the candle on a nearby table.

"But Master, pleaseâ !" I pleaded.

"You must listen to me," He whispered in a voice laced with carnal intent.

Now on fire with lust I breathed, "Yes, Master."

Chapter 5: Her "Sacrifice"

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Sliding his strong hands along the inside of my thighs, he forced my legs farther apart, exposing my swollen lips. "You can not cum until I tell you, understand?"

"Yes, Master. I understandâbutâ!" I trembled, fearing the consequences, not knowing if I could hold back.

"I will punish you if you cum before I tell you, do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Master. Butâ!"

"No. You will listen to me now." The forceful tone in his voice excited me even further.

"Yes, Master."

"Good girl."

Teasing me with his skillful fingers, he traced them lightly over my wet folds, lightly grazing my throbbing nub. Tracing lightly the path downward, he thrust his fingers into my slickness, sliding them slowly in and out of my overheated body.

My muscles squeezed hard around his thrusting fingers as I arched in response.

"Very niceâ!" His voice dripped with seductive approval.

The raw, burning tension coiled so tightly within me, I knew it was not going to take much more to make me cum. I closed my eyes tightly, biting back my full response as best I as I could. "Master, pleaseâ! I can not hold back much longer."

Quickly withdrawing his fingers, he commanded, "No. Not yet."

Walking slowly around to one side of me, he brushed his fingers across my lips and down the side of my neck. Pausing to feel my pulsing vein, he leaned in close. "I can smell your blood. But you're not quite ready yetâ!"

My heart pounded and my eyes rolled back into my head. I was terrified, but so aroused, wondering what it would feel like when he did plunge his fangs into me.

Returning to the end of the altar, I felt his hands slide down to open me to him. He slid his tongue quickly up my waiting lips. "Now, I am going to eat you, My Dear. But you must not cum until I tell you."

My breathing now quite ragged I breathed, "Y-y-yes, M-m-aster."

As he tongued my aching clit, I struggled harder to hold back pulling hard against the straps. Opening my eyes, I watched helplessly in the mirror overhead. Teasing me expertly with his tongue, he circled slowly around my tingling clit. Grasping it teasingly between his teeth he flicked it quickly.

Twisting my hips, trying still to hold back I pleaded, "Master, pleaseâ! Let me cum for you."

Pulling back just enough to let me feel his hot breath on my slick entrance, "Not just yet," he purred.

Now overcome with erotic desire, my whole body twisted and writhed. I moaned longingly for release. Trying

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to squeeze my thighs together to provide some friction, he reached out with his strong hands preventing me from closing them. "Bad girl, don't try that again," he asserted. "I am going to have to punish you."

"But, MasterâNo pleaseâ!" I cried. I didn't know what he meant and I didn't want to find out, but it was too late.

He walked over to a table and opened a drawer. As he turned to face me, I saw a riding crop in one hand and what appeared to be clamps with a chain attached between them. I trembled as he got closer and swallowed hard.

Dear god he's not going to use those on me is he?

I watched fearfully as he strolled back to where I was bound.

He held the mysterious looking clamps above my face. "Do you know what these are?"

I shook my head no, unable to speak fear choking my voice.

He continued, "You're afraid aren't you? No need, I will not feel a thing." His laugh was unnerving, his glare intense. I trembled seeing the sadistic glare in his eyes. My chest heaved and I closed my eyes trying to calm myself.

"Open your eyes Pet."

I hesitated. I just couldn't open my eyes.

Slap.

Slap.

Slap.

Slap.

I screamed and jerked feeling the sting on my nipples. I quickly opened my eyes to see him standing there his mouth curled in a wicked smile and his eyes staring down at me.

"Now that I have your attentionâ!" He paused still staring down at me his eyes flashing as he licked his lips. He dangled the chain with the clamps in front of my face. "Watch and learn." He leaned down and pinched my nipple applying the first clamp.

I groaned and undulated toward him, the pain racing to my inner core. I didn't know whether to scream or beg for more. Before I could open my mouth to respond, he clamped the other nipple tight. It took my breath away.

"They look lovely on you Pet. Give into the pain. Do not fight it."

Realizing fully that in no uncertain terms, I had better do it his way I breathed in deep, closing my eyes trying to divert my focus.

Feeling his hot breath getting closer, the fire spread from my ravenous pussy outward, across my hips and

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down my backside. His tongue plunged into my hardened clit.

Sensing that I was now precariously close, "Now, you may cum for me," he ordered as he continued to give me the tongue lashing of my life.

"Yes, Master," I moaned. Unable to control it any longer, the command sent my body into an earth-shattering orgasm as my eyes fluttered closed. Still in the throws of the moment I cried out, "Master, please fuck me hard."

"That I willâ!" Impaling me with his rock hard cock, I felt my flesh spread, stretching around his huge head.

A gasping moan escaped my lips. Desiring to feel all of him, I clamped around his large, hard rod as he plunged harder and deeper.

Quickening the pace, I felt him position himself directly over me. Pausing briefly, he ordered, "Look at me when I fuck you."

"Yes, Master." Obediently, I opened my eyes and looked into his. Never before had I seen such intensity and erotic pleasure. My legs shook uncontrollably as he stared directly into my eyes, fucking me harder and harder.

As he stared intently into my eyes still slamming me hard, I felt the tension building again in my body. Panting and moaning, I writhed in painful pleasure under his powerful body.

He pressed his warm mouth to my ear. "Cum now."

Arching up and thrusting toward him, wave after wave of savage pleasure racked my body. I screamed as he bit down on my neck, the orgasmic pleasure intensifying. "Don't stop, Master. Please don't stop!"

Grinding up into me, his cock trembled within me pumping his hot cum into me. I felt his mouth release and the weight of his body pressing against mine. Laying there for a short while, he pulled himself from my body and gathered himself.

Chapter 6: The Great Hall

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Chapter Six - The Great Hall

Reaching down he loosened the straps from my ankles. Walking around to the side of me he loosened the others as well. Pulling me up by the wrists, he commanded, "Now listen carefully. I have other clothes for you to wear. You will put them on. Understood?"

"Yes, Master."

"Stay here." He turned around, walking across the room to a small armoire. Opening it up, he pulled out black satin bustier mini dress with a matching leather collar already attached. Walking back across the room, he handed it to me. "Get up and put it on."

Still weak-kneed, I did as I was told. Putting the dress on, he reached around and snapped the collar into place. I adjusted my stockings and bent down to reach for my panties.

"No, dear, you can not wear those. But you can put the garter back on," he said, handing it to me. Obediently I put it on.

"The party is about to begin My Pet." Pointing me in the direction of a small vanity he said, "Go straighten yourself up a bit. I want you to look fresh for your presentation."

I walked over and seated myself at the vanity. Releasing my hair from the up-do I had come with, I let my long, raven hair spill down over my shoulders. Carefully, I brushed it, bringing out the sheen. With the make-up that was on the vanity, I freshened up a bit.

"Get up and come over here to me."

Getting up from the chair I responded, "Yes, Master," as I walked back over and stood in front of him.

Clasping a leash to the collar he said, "When I take you out and introduce you, you will do exactly as I command. Understood?"

"Yes, Master. I understand."

Pulling on the leash, "Alright, Let's go. Just remember that any disobedience will be met with swift

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discipline."

Leading me back down the hall and up the stairs, we made our way to the Grand Ballroom. It was wonderfully decorated. Fog machines bellowed thick smoke that rolled gently over the floor. The music wafting through the air was haunting and quite enchanting.

Pulling me to the center of the room, I gazed out at a sea of people. I began to shake.

A bell sounded and the crowd fell silent.

"Glad you could all make it here this evening. This party promises to be one of the best ever," He announced as he scanned the audience. "Now it's my pleasure to introduce you to my new Pet. Alexi." Tugging sharply he commanded, "Kneel."

I dropped to my knees as ordered and the crowd went wild. Their enthusiastic smiles all flashed glistening white canines. It was then that I realized they weren't people at all, but they were all vampiresâ

Word of warning - Be careful what you sign.

(This is all that I have of this story as of yet. Working on expanding it)

The Invitation

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