

HIT THE MARK

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A dominant evening at home.

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His ass was killing him. He had chosen a viscious, relentless woman as his mistress. A woman with a penchant for strap on sword play, an unbelievable pain threshold, and a wicked sense of what mistress meant. She refused to please him and absolutely abhorred most of his efforts to please her. Mark not only loved and adored her; he worshipped at her feet with obsession. She had turned him into a middle aged marionette and the string was his cock. The idiot member sprung and leapt in anticipation at the sound of the mere letters in her name!!# C for clit, it was his paradise to caress it in attempts to win her to him. A for assplay, her favorite game of all sexual olympics. R for Racy, she was a speed demon in bed without shame or remorse. M for men, her lifelong study in which she now held him under her masters degree. E for erotic, sensuality in words and movement that rivaled a stealthy tigress but was belied by her mild appearance and bawdy wit. N for never, she would never be his completely and it ravaged him. Tonight promised to be yet another torment session. massochism in strappy ankle pumps. ohh he salivated just thinking of a strap carressing the beauty mark on her right ankle. she never let him near it and he craved to have one touch of any kind. A surprise was planned, he was warned to wear a suit and look his best for a guest. Terrifying, she knew how to find the hiding places for his worst fears and display them on her wall like the Mona Lisa. He dressed to order.. An armani silk suit, crisp white linen shirt, red tie. The anal beads inserted up to his throat a constant reminder of his devotion to her. He lit candles and doubled the dose of her favorite aftershave hoping to make her swoon. Then waited. Fucking late as usual, the first of many slights and torments. When she finally arrived, she was barely dressed in a linen frock of black so sheer he could outline the cup of her expensive lace bra. See her belly button riding just above a lacy garter, and trace the lines of the straps down to her thighs. She was going commando tonight, dammit! No panties meant no touching! He seethed at her outfit and the man she had following her on an invisible leash. An obvious gay man, gorgeous but effimant padded behind her and walked into their introduction. "Mark this is Richard and he is our guest this evening." carmen purred at him wickedly emphasizing the word guest. "Please bring us some wine and get yourself a beer my love." " yes mistress, he walked briskly to the kitchen and considered adding a dose of poison to the menu. When he returned with the requested beverages the music of sex was playing. NeYo saying Stay with the Real thing. Her favorite song. His cock stretched recognizing her call to it. Richard was naked and lean, his tall frame already laying heavily on her. his dark hair brushing her cheek in a fall hiding their lips pressed together in heated lock. He cleared his throat, pissed at her being licked by this gay beast. The response from Carmen was swift and immediate punishment. Where did she hide her paddles so the were always within reach. She broke from under Richard and was standing behind Mark breathing down his neck faster than a leopard on a gazelle hunt. She had four inch heel height advantage over him. and tapped his bruised ass with her paddle while growling "Bend over darling.I wont tolerate rudeness in our home, or any macho gesturing." He obeyed, his armani slacks wedging painfully at his crotch assuming the position. He ignored Richard but caught the flip side of the toned ass on the couch looking decidedly erect and slightly uncomfortable. She leaned over Mark laying her body on his back pressing her breasts tight enough to feel her nipples through the cups of her bra. Stroked his ass gently finding any sore spots. and when he winced, she swished the paddle through the air a couple of times past his ear for anticipation. Pulled off of him and swung hard like a batting pro landing a solid thwack on the sorest spot. Once more for good measure, and his damn cock was popping to full length in spite of its cramped quarters. "Now for punishment part two my love." "i want you to give our guest Richard the blowjob of his life." Mark glanced away towards the erection on the couch realizing it was a request that would be daunting due to not only size and girth, but his distaste and zero experience smoking a hard on. Carmen continued her instructions. " while i sit here in this armchair enjoying my wine, and stroking my lovely wet pearl." you are going to show me how well you have learned my signature blowjob, the carwash." " When you are done with the final cycle, i expect you to hold every delightful drop in your mouth and bring it to me as your gift to my evening." "you will place your lips on mine and feed me your labor." " any leftover will be swallowed by you and then you will thank me for allowing you to perform for my amusement, Are we clear?" Mark nodded meekly and moved to obey placing himself between Richards thighs at an angle Carmen

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could see clearly and enjoy. His eyes on her hands holding wine and pussy while she watched. Mark began his first exam from serving Carmen

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