

J. RIVERS

The  
Girl  
on the  
Train

A T3DDYTALK SHORT STORY



# The Girl on the Train

J. Rivers

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~My Mate

~The Little Ones

~Just Another Number

~I Will Find You

~Ace of Hearts

~Creatures of Hyfern\*

~To the Person in My Attic\*

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~Neglected Cheat

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Notice: the following is a work of fiction and is to be treated as such.

Trigger Warnings for *Mind Control, Non-Consent, Mild Pet Play, Kidnapping, and First Times*.

This story contains scenes of a sexual nature between women.

With that being said - please, enjoy.



## The Girl on the Train

I'm on the train back home, from yet another pointless 'networking' gig for work. I've never been to one that anyone actually seemed to enjoy before, but this was the worst.

There's only so much you can do when it comes to advertising piping, in any case, but how my boss thought that I could possibly cross-promote it with top-shelf 'homemade' cat food is beyond me. Now a top-notch cat feeder, sure...but the fucking food? He must've been smoking the good stuff to think that was remotely possible.

Though, now I come to think about it, it was more likely a punishment for turning him down, yet again.

No matter how many times I make out with other women around him, he still seems to think that all lesbians secretly yearn for cock. I even found a fucking 'mind control' spray in his office that he bought from the gods only knew where the other day. When I saw it sitting on his desk, he actually smirked at me in a way that had every warning bell in my head blaring in alarm. I wasn't about to let that fucker spray me with whatever the hell was in that shit, and so as soon as he got up to take a call in the other room, I swiped it. When he came back and saw it had gone, he opened his mouth to no doubt yell a blue streak at me. What happened next was born of pure reflex and way too much crappy late-night TV.

I held it up and sprayed him full-on in his face. I couldn't help it. It was reflex.

I don't know what I'd expected to happen, but it wasn't seeing the irate, rage-fuelled look melt away to be replaced by a blank passivity that chilled me to my core. He stood there, blinking and looking at me as if he could wait an eternity just to hear me speak. Holy crap I thought. It actually worked.

He was staring, standing there limply, in his own office, and it was beginning to feel rather awkward. Trying my best to fill the sudden silence, I blurted out the first thing that came to mind. "Stop flirting with me," I said as sternly as I could. He nodded.

What, the fuck?

I told him to touch his nose. He did. I told him to make a noise like a sheep. The ensuing bahh was quite spectacular. Laughing triumphantly, my eyes lit with mischief and inspiration struck.

The man was a prick. No one liked him. But if I said anything too obvious, it would be traced back to me, and at the very least I'd have some explaining to do. Explaining that would probably end with me being sectioned. Subtlety was my best plan of attack. Smirking, I told him that he was secretly obsessed with ABBA and when he nodded again, a frown formed as he contemplated what I'd just said.

Now you have to understand; my boss was a man who prided himself on being the 'alpha'

in every room. He chased anything in a skirt and had to out-macho everyone in a suit. The very idea that he could possibly know the words to, and boogie along with, Dancing Queen just filled me with an inner joy that I couldn't put into words. Making sure to cover all my bases before I let myself get sucked too far into the mental image of him decked out in a disco-era glittery suit, I added, "You're never gonna buy any more of this spray, or anything like it again, understand?" He nodded, appearing more than a little chastised. "And forget that it ever existed in the first place."

Job done, I left the office wondering what the hell had happened to my life.

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The next day when I received my assignments from a junior intern and not my boss, I glanced at the draw now containing the canister with a little less scepticism than before.

When he didn't bother me the day after that, I knew something was up.

Slowly, I walked as quietly as I could to stand in front of his office. Pausing outside the door, I heard it. "Money, Money, Money." He was fucking listening to ABBA.

I must have looked like a cartoon when I got back to my desk. My hand trembled as I reached for the draw and ignored the increasingly curious enquiries from Carl, who sat across from me. Slipping the canister into my bag, I finally rose and faced him. I had no

idea what I looked like, but Carl flinched back into his chair when he saw my face.

"What the hell's happened?" he hissed.

"Joel was listening to ABBA in his office," I said in what even I recognised as a stunned monotone. Carl couldn't possibly understand what was going through my mind, but his face suddenly mirrored my own.

"What the-"

"I know," I said. Both awe and dread passed over my fellow cubicle monkey's face as he turned the idea around in his head, trying to make it fit. When it didn't, he lapsed into a kind of stunned silence.

It was all over the office by the end of the day.

By the next Joel was glaring at anyone who even dared to meet his eye.

The day after, I received my assignment to go and meet the cat food lady.

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The air conditioning finally came on in our carriage, and I heard a quiet sigh of satisfaction from the young lady sitting next to me in the window seat. She had a body like a dancer who'd just rediscovered carbs - all long, lean limbs and petite waist that led to curves that made me cross my legs every time I saw them.

I was clutching my purse to me like it was a lifeline. The sight of her as I'd taken my seat five stops earlier had driven all reason from my mind. Any thoughts about the God awful event I'd just attended, had evaporated and been replaced with a kind of yearning that I'd only ever read about in books.

After half an hour, I felt like I was going crazy. Desperately I searched through my bag for something to distract myself with.

My hand hit the little metal can I'd placed in there the day before.

It was then that the thought reared up from the back of my mind. "You could have her. Keep her; she could be yours forever. Just spray her. Tell her she belongs to you. Tell her

to do whatever you say." I felt my pussy clench with desire.

I looked at her bespectacled face, so innocent as she read through her latest assignment for whatever course she was doing at University. Even the slight frown that creased her brow as she tried to figure out what her professors wanted her to understand was heart-melting. I imagined her making that face as she looked up at me, mouth glistening with my juices and I'm not ashamed to say my panties were in dire need of incineration by that point.

I could have her.

Before I knew it, I'd wrapped my fingers around the spray and was clutching it so tightly that I was shaking. It looked harmless enough. I could just pretend to have missed

with my new perfume. My hand steadied as my finger slid towards the nozzle.

It was so tempting.

My apartment was big enough. With what I earned I could afford to feed two...and it wasn't like anyone ever came over to my flat to begin with.

Yes, she would be mine.

Before I could stop myself, I pulled out the spray, aimed it at her face, and 'spritz' the deed was done.

She didn't yell. She'd breathed enough of it in for it to have an immediate effect and she was

now staring at me, just like Joel had, with blank confusion written all over her face.

I leaned in close to her ear, expecting her to flinch away, but she remained frozen in her position.

"You belong to me. You'll do whatever I want you to and will not answer to anyone else. From now on, your name is Kate, and you want nothing more than to please me by obeying my every command," I whispered.

I don't know what made me do it, but when I drew away, I saw her nodding calmly.

My heart was racing.

We sat there watching each other; her blue eyes gazing into my brown until the ticket collector arrived.

"Sorry to interrupt ladies, but I need to check your tickets," he said jovially.

I reached into my pocket, and he grinned down at the obvious delight oozing from my every pore.

"Off on a bit of a honeymoon are we?" he asked as I handed him the little orange card.

"You could say that," I answered and couldn't keep the look of satisfaction off my face as I dropped my other hand to rest on Kate's knee. The conductor smiled back.

"And you, Miss?" He asked Kate, who I only now realised hadn't reacted to a word he'd said.

"Kate, honey," I told her, covering for the lapse. "Show the conductor your ticket."

Blushing, she reached into her purse and held up the ticket for him to see.

"All's good," he said as he read her card. "Have a lovely trip."

"Thanks, you too," I added as he made his way down the carriage calling, "Tickets from Cheltenham please."

Kate was still blushing when I turned back to her, and I realised that she was looking at my hand. It was resting on her thigh, just below her skirt.

"That look suits you," I said, and she ducked her head.

There were two quiet chimes from her phone. She'd placed it on the backseat table rest a half-hour before. I looked over and saw a message from someone called Alex pop up on the screen.

"Give it here." I held out my hand, and she placed the phone in my palm without hesitation. I tapped the screen, and the passcode box appeared. "What's your code?" I asked her quietly.

"3725," she whispered. It was the first time I'd heard her talk and her voice was just as sweet as the rest of her. Not high enough to be childlike but nowhere near as husky as my own. She clearly hadn't spent her teenage years smoking away her allowance.

I tapped the numbers into the boxes, and Kate's whole world opened up before my eyes. It turned out that her real name was Catherine and Alex had been asking her about her Physics assignment - that was apparently due in on Wednesday. I opened up her contacts list and found surprisingly few people on it. Most importantly, there was no one listed as Mum or Dad. Double-checking, I discovered that there was no Mother or Father either.

"Is Alex your boyfriend?" I asked casually, and she shook her head. "Just a friend?" She nodded. "Do you have a partner?" There was no one with anything that looked like a pet name in her phone, and I couldn't find any incriminating photos either.

She got that crease in her forehead again, and I realised my mistake. "Before you met me, did you have a partner?"

"No," she said quietly, shaking her head.

I stroked small circles against her thigh, and said, "That's good. No one to get upset about me finding my beautiful pet." I didn't think it was possible, but she blushed an even darker red.

"Yeah. Yeah, that is good," she whispered.

"Will anyone call if they don't hear from you now that you belong to me?"

"My friends probably," she replied after some thought.

"No family?" I asked curiously.

"No," she said. "I live alone."

"Well, you're safe with me from now on, and we'll make sure your friends don't worry about you," I reassured her.

"Thanks," she said, and a dreamy smile crept across her face.

I turned her phone onto silent, locked it and handed it back to her. "I need you to put this down the side of your chair as if it had fallen out of your pocket. That phone belonged to Catherine. You're Kate now, so you don't need it anymore."

"That makes sense," she agreed and slipped it securely in place down the side of her seat before turning back to me. "You think I'm beautiful?" she asked, an almost surprised tone to her voice.

"I think you're the most stunning person I've ever seen. It's why I chose you to be mine." I brushed my thumb under the edge of her

skirt, and she inhaled slightly. "You're beautiful. One of a kind."

"And yours," she added quietly.

"And mine," I echoed with satisfaction. She shivered and hesitantly put her hand on top of my own. "You're such a good girl," I purred, and she laced her fingers through mine.

"Thank you," she breathed.

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We stayed like that for the next few stops; me rubbing her leg and her playing with my fingers. We were both getting used to the new reality that I'd so recklessly plunged us into

when the tannoy announced that we were two stops away from our destination.

While we'd travelled, I'd been forming a plan of action and now was the perfect time to start putting it into place. I withdrew my hand from her thigh and once again opened my purse. Taking out the carrier bag that had held my lunch, I handed it to her.

She took it without question and looked at me, waiting for further instruction. Gods, she was perfect. By now, we were one of only three couples in the carriage, and the other two were sitting at a table seat, well out of earshot of us. Even so, I leaned in close to her as I gave her my next set of instructions.

"I'm going to need full access to you at all times, my sweet. I want you to go into the

toilet and take off all of your underwear. Once you've taken it off, put it in the bag, make sure you put your outer clothes back on, and make yourself presentable then come back here to me. Do you understand?" Blushing furiously, she nodded her assent. "Good girl. Now go and do as you're told."

She stood and worked her way past me into the aisle. Clutching the bag to her, she wove her way down towards the bathroom, looking like Bambi as he was trying to take his first steps. Her skirt moved beautifully with the rocking of her hips. I couldn't wait to see what she looked like without her bra on her way back.

Five minutes later, I found out. With her eyes firmly fixed on the floor and her hand in a death grip around the handle of the plain white plastic bag, she cautiously made her

way up the aisle once again. I watched, spellbound as her round breasts swayed with the motion of the train. Her nipples were erect and poking through her tight t-shirt. Her long brown hair fell in front of her face, and it was clear that she was doing everything she could to hide herself from the view of the few remaining passengers on the train. Without a word, she slipped past me and into her seat, shakily handing the bag back to me.

I looked inside and saw a matching set of white lace lingerie neatly folded at the bottom of it. She was full of surprises.

Placing my hand back onto her knee, I watched as her eyes widened in shock. Slowly I slid it up her leg and wasn't surprised when she reflexively tried to close them against me.

"You don't deny me access to you my pretty pet. I can touch you wherever I want. You're my property, remember?" I said gently, making sure she knew I wasn't chastising her, merely instructing. She let out a small whimper but opened her legs to give me full access. "Good girl," I soothed and brushed my fingers against her pussy for the first time. She gasped and held onto the arm of her seat tightly.

I took my time, leisurely stroking her outer lips with the pad of my finger. She was unshaven, and from her reactions, it was clear that she'd had little to no experience in the sexual arena. That suited me just fine. I knew a good waxer, and I relished the thought of training her to perfectly suit my needs.

I decided against doing more than stroking her like this for now. Apart from anything else, there was only one stop until we were leaving

the train, and Kate was whimpering softly enough for my liking. Any more and the guys down the train would've had a great story to tell their friends when they got home.

I watched her as she gasped and rocked, trying her best to come to terms with the new sensations I was making her feel. Her nipples had fully peaked, and I knew for sure there'd be a wet patch in her seat when we left.

Still stroking her, I asked, "Do you have any luggage with you?"

"Yes," she moaned, appearing thrown by the seemingly random question.

"Is it the bag above us?"

"Yes."

"OK. Our stop is the one after this one." I checked my watch. "We'll be there in ten minutes." I slipped my finger in between her labia and felt the wetness there. She moaned again and leaned back in her chair.

By the time the announcement of our stop came over the tannoy Kate was a wreck and I couldn't wait to get her home. Reluctantly pulling my hand away from her sex, I licked my fingers clean and stood up to pull her bag down from the rack. She remained sat in place, panting and flushed.

"This is our stop. Follow me." Looking like she never wanted to move again, she nodded and stood, trembling slightly. I leaned in and

kissed her firmly on the lips. "You look glorious, my dear."

Carrying both of our bags and making sure that Kate was following me, it was my turn to stumble down the aisle. Waiting for the train to come to a halt by the doors, I entertained myself by mentally running through my plan, making sure everything was perfect.

Eventually, the train stopped, and with a grinding hiss, the door open button flashed. Luckily the person waiting to get on was impatient and pressed it for me when he saw that my hands were full. With a whoosh the summer air hit me, and I made sure to thank him before very deliberately stepping down, ensuring that he didn't have the chance to barge past me. Kate followed silently behind, doing her best to keep her skirt from blowing in the breeze.

Eventually, we reached my car, and I ordered Kate to go and sit in the passenger seat while I put our belongings into the back. Phase one had gone off without a hitch. Now for phase two.

As I slipped into the driver's seat beside her, I ordered Kate to lift up her skirt and spread her legs so that I could see her. Appearing mortified she did as she was commanded and I hummed in satisfaction at what I saw. Her lips were swollen, red with arousal and glistening wet.

"Tuck your skirt into your belt. I want to be able to see you all the way home. Oh, and put on your seat belt. I don't want there to be any chance of that beautiful body getting damaged."

Kate made a small squeaking sound as she complied.

The drive home was anything but boring. I took every opportunity I could to tease Kate's exposed pussy, and I revelled in her reactions. She was so responsive and embarrassed so easily that I never wanted to stop. I found myself thinking ahead to all the things I could do to her once I had her safely home.

It felt like an age, but when I finally pulled my car into my spot at the back of my building, I breathed a satisfied sigh of relief. I had arrived, and I had the best present ever sat quivering and horny next to me.

"We're home. You can unhook your skirt now."  
She did, looking as if she couldn't decide whether or not to be relieved. "Follow me," I

instructed and got out of the car to retrieve our bags. She did, and before long I'd led her up the three flights of stairs and along the corridor to my apartment.

I let us both in and after dumping the bags and locking the door behind us, led Kate through to the main room.

My apartment was small, but it suited me perfectly. The main room was a kind of lounge/kitchen that had double glass doors on one end instead of a window. The doors led through onto a large wooden, private balcony that overlooked some genuinely spectacular country hills.

The smell of blossom and grass, along with the bird song and sheer feeling of open space that had swept over me as I'd been shown the place

had caused me to put down a deposit on the spot. I was having this apartment, and no one was going to stand in my way.

When Kate saw the view, she appeared equally as stunned as I'd been. There were lambs on the hills right now. Days before Kate's arrival I'd spent happy hours watching them quietly playing as their Mum's grazed, without a care in the world.

"What do you think?" I asked as I wrapped my arms around her waist. "This is your home now."

"It's beautiful."

"Humm, I thought so, too, when I first arrived. There was only one other thing that I needed

to make it complete, and now I've found it." I kissed her neck and felt her shiver. "My very own pet." I began to lift her t-shirt up her body, and she let out a shocked gasp but couldn't stop me.

"There's no curtains," she said as I lifted her arms above her head.

"Who's going to see you? The sheep? Besides," I caressed her skin "You're just as beautiful as that view, so if anyone does somehow see, it'll just make their day. There's no harm in being naked in your own house now, is there?"

When I slipped her top off of her, she immediately crossed her arms over her chest, doing her best to try to hide her nakedness. Allowing it, for now, I unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the ground.

"Take off your sandals," I instructed and watched as she dropped to the floor to do just that. "And Kate." She looked up at me, green eyes oh so expressive. "Don't cover yourself again. I like to look at you, and I can't touch you if you try to hide yourself from me, can I?"

She hung her head. "No, sorry."

"That's quite alright, just don't do it again." I waited until she'd removed everything she was wearing before walking to open up the doors onto the balcony and letting in the fresh country air. "Come here," I ordered, and she reluctantly followed, looking very much like she would've preferred to be hiding in a corner. The warm air had nevertheless caused her nipples to peak once again, and I couldn't help but lean forward and suck one into my

mouth when she was close enough. Hearing the noise she made was almost reward enough, and I let my hands roam over her skin as I sucked and played with her breast.

As I took her ass cheeks into my grip and squeezed gently, a pleased sigh escaped her. Reaching around, I dipped my finger inside of her wetness briefly, and she let out a little gasp of surprise before I withdrew and went back to exploring her body. Her skin was soft and, framed perfectly as she was in the evening light streaming through the open doors; I was having trouble believing this was real.

She was gasping, overwhelmed by sensations and the newness of it all. I couldn't resist any longer. Dropping to my knees, I moved her legs apart and licked along her slit. She tasted so sweet. Pulling her against my face, I began

to suck and lick in earnest. I'd made sure she was ready for this the entire journey back, and it wasn't long before I had her crying out, all thoughts of shame abandoned as she came, standing in my doorway, exposed to the world. I licked her through her aftershocks and then rose to face her again, carefully slipping two fingers into her as I did so. She looked utterly shell shocked and grabbed onto my shoulders to keep herself from collapsing. She didn't appear to have noticed that her legs were still spread wide and were trembling delightfully.

I kissed her as I slowly moved my fingers inside her sex. She could taste herself on my tongue as she opened up for me. In this moment, it was clear to both of us that I possessed her, body and soul, and that she wasn't going to fight it any longer. She moaned shamelessly and pressed herself against my hand.

Chuckling I broke the kiss. "Someone seems happy," I joked, and she somehow managed to blush, even now, as she continued to move against me. "Tell me," I said as I moved the heel of my hand away from her clit, to grab her attention. "Was that your first time with another person?"

Almost whining from the lack of contact, she whimpered, "Yes."

I continued to move my fingers inside of her, and I felt her legs begin to shake in earnest. "Wonderful," I breathed. "I want you to remember this feeling Kate. Remember how it felt when you came. Remember how turned on you are right now."

"OK," she gasped.

"Whenever I touch you, you're going to slowly start to get turned on, just like this. It's going to build up inside of you." I could feel her clenching in pleasure against my fingers, and I crooked them so that they ran over her g-spot every time I moved. Kate groaned again, filling with desire but unable to find relief. "I want my pet to enjoy being played with and stroked." I pinched her nipple, and the satisfied mewling sound that came from her lips set a roar of triumph resounding through me.

Forcing myself to focus, I said, "I want you to listen to me carefully, Kate, because what I'm going to say next is very important, do you understand?"

"Yes," she breathed.

"There's one thing that you desire above everything else, and when you think about it, it brings you happiness. Doing it turns you on as nothing else can, and it's the only thing that will ever make you feel truly satisfied, right to your core."

"Yes, Mistress, what is it?" she asked. She'd used the term completely unprompted, and I gloried in it.

"Licking my pussy. Making me cum by using your mouth on me." I watched her shudder as the words sank in and she writhed on my hand.

"Yes, Mistress." She was practically begging.

I added, "You must ask permission to eat me out." Foreseeing the potential ravaging that lay ahead. "If I say no, then you don't ask me again that day."

"Yes, Mistress," she whined. "So I can ask you questions, Mistress?"

I smiled and pressed harder against her g-spot as a reward. "You may."

"Please may I come, Mistress?" she begged.

I beamed down at her and pressed my hand fully against her clit. "You may," I said triumphantly.

Within moments she was falling onto me, her orgasm taking over her body completely. She clung to me as she shook and rode out the all-consuming waves of pleasure that were washing through her.

This time, when it was all over, she did collapse against me, and I moved her to lie on my sofa, and laid her head in my lap. Looking down at her, I stroked her hair gently, wondering how I'd gotten so lucky.

After a while, her energy returned enough for her to ask softly, "Mistress, what's your name?"

I realised that I'd never told her. I'd been so caught up and focussed on her that I hadn't thought about that. "Rina," I said in an equally gentle tone.

"Rina," she repeated, experimenting with the sound. "Mistress Rina. I like it." She rolled over and looked up at me. "I like you too, Mistress. I really do. I want to make you happy."

I think my heart almost broke with joy when she spoke those words, and my voice cracked a little as I said, "I like you too, Kate. You've made me very happy."

She smiled at that. Her whole face lighting up at the thought. Then something crossed her mind that caused the joy to drain away. "I've never done anything with a woman before," she confessed. "I don't know how."

"That's perfectly fine, my dear. I enjoy teaching. You're so very expressive. I know you'll learn fast. You'll be a delight," I reassured her, wanting her smile to return. It did and along with it came a fresh determination that I hadn't seen before. I was curious but kept quiet as she built up the courage to say whatever it was she was thinking about.

Eventually, she asked, "May I?" she cut herself off before she could finish her question, but pushed past her embarrassment. "May I, go down on you?"

I'd done it. She was perfect.

Oh, how I wanted to say yes. I wanted to scream it. I wanted to feel her strong little tongue against me so much it hurt.

Instead, I found myself saying, "Are you sure you've got the stamina right now? Once you start, I'm not going to want you to stop for a while, and I know from experience how long it can take to get someone off the first time you try." Besides, I was in the mood to feel her lazily lapping at me all night, and I needed to make sure that, after what we'd just done, she wasn't liable to collapse. "Be honest with me, my pet. I can't take care of you if you don't tell me the truth."

She ducked her head, not meeting my gaze. "I don't know. I just know that I want to. You told me that I did and now I do. I want it so much. I can't get the idea out of my head. It's almost like a physical need."

It was the most I'd ever heard her say and I could hardly think past the roar of YES in my mind, but somehow I did.

"Humm, that makes me so happy to hear, you have no idea. I want you just as much, my sweet little girl, but I'm not going to have you start until you've rested, because trust me, once you start I'm not going to let you stop for a long, long time."

And she didn't.

We stayed like that, silent and basking in the glow of the evening for at least half an hour. She grew steadily more and more aroused as I stroked her skin and I smirked down at her, letting her know that I understood; and that I liked seeing her like that, which in turn made her squirm that little bit more.

I contemplated finding her a collar. Something delicate but strong and that wouldn't easily be removed. I'd seen some that were shaped bands of metal, fastened together by beautifully engraved heart padlocks. Running my finger over her neck, I imagined it in place there and purred inwardly at the image. The silver of the metal would match her complexion beautifully. I imagined attaching a lead to it and having her follow me around the house, or fastening her to the sofa leg and ensuring that she wouldn't be able to go anywhere until she'd brought me to a truly spectacular number of orgasms.

In the end, it was that that broke my self-restraint.

I lifted her head and stood up. Making my way into my bathroom, I grabbed an old towel and a floor pillow as I returned. Unfastening my own skirt, I watched Kate as she puzzled through the logic of what was happening. She didn't say anything, but when I removed my French knickers, she looked incredibly hopeful.

Signalling for her to sit up I lay the towel down across the fabric of the sofa and placed the floor pillow between where my legs would be. After making myself comfortable, I ordered Kate to kneel on top of it. Before I knew what was happening, she was staring up at me, almost vibrating with anticipation at my feet.

I cupped her head in my hand and said, "You can lick me now. Go slow at first, explore. Pay attention to how I react so that you know what

feels good and what doesn't. Take your time. This is going to be a marathon, not a sprint."

Nodding, she leaned in until she was so close I could feel her breath against my bare skin. Tentatively she stuck out her tongue and licked from the base of my sex to the tip in one broad stroke.

I couldn't hold back the sigh of relief. I was in heaven. Looking down at the beautiful, naked woman kneeling before me, I decided then and there that she was never going to leave.

I watched as her hips swayed. She was trying to surreptitiously rub her legs together, doing what little she could to relieve her hornyness. I reached down and ran my fingers through her hair, moaning as she found a sweet spot and concentrated on it.

For her first time, she was doing well. Gripping her hair a little, I moved her head to show her exactly where I wanted her. There was no resistance. Her eyes were closed, and she looked like she'd found Nirvana.

I lay back and let the pleasure wash over me. I never wanted it to end. Feeling the way her hesitant flicks changed into long, loving strokes that circled from my hole up to my clit and back was intoxicating. She was like a drug, and I knew that I'd never, ever get enough of her.

As her confidence grew, so too did my need. I gripped tighter to her hair and was thrilled to find that she moaned happily in response. Panting now, I forced her head to where I needed it to be and set her to work. She

sucked, licked, circled and hummed until, with an all-consuming cry of bliss, I came.

It was the most powerful orgasm I'd ever experienced in my life, and it didn't stop there. She kept on worshipping me with her tongue and so after the first burst of pleasure had ended, the second came crashing in. My hips bucked up against her as I rode out the waves that were wracking me to the very core. Nothing could have prepared me for this. The rush of power and pleasure I was feeling was beyond anything I'd ever imagined. All manner of images were running through my mind.

I imagined her strapped to my bed, writing as I fucked her for hours with different toys. I thought about having her tied up, legs and arms stretched wide, on full display against the lounge doors. I imagined her filled with a custom plug in her vagina and a vibrator

strapped to her clit. I'd watch her squirm for hours, unable to escape the ecstasy I was giving her. Or I'd leave her strapped there while I was at work and set up a remote camera to a live feed for my phone.

Lunch breaks were suddenly starting to seem a lot more appealing.

"Fuuuck!" I called out as I came again and she moaned against me, trying her best to lap up all my juices. I was going to have to find a way to fit her under my desk at this rate.

"Mistress," she gasped in between strokes. "I need to touch myself. Mistress please."

"Do it," I panted. The thought of her fingers working away at her own pussy, caused me to

clench tightly. "Don't come though. Your orgasms belong to me."

"Yes, Mistress," she whimpered, and I saw her hand disappear between her legs. The groan of relief that she made against my sex was almost too much. She never missed a beat as she buried her face into me and rubbed her fingers against herself.

I don't know how long we stayed like that. Her pleasuring me and sending herself to the edge again and again. All I know is that by the time I told her to stop, we were both near exhaustion.

Gasping for air, I had her crawl up onto the sofa and lie down, legs across my lap. She was twitching with need but could barely move to do anything about it.

We lay there until I could muster up the energy to turn on the TV. I chose a channel that was playing endless reruns of friends and zoned out. Occasionally I stroked Kate's leg just to listen to the noises she made.

After a while, my strength returned, and I pulled her closer to me. Her pussy was now within reach, and I stroked her as I watched the show. She deserved a reward for all her hard work. Now it was my turn to learn about her body.

As we watched Chandler and Joey have their apartment robbed, I found out that she preferred having two fingers inside of her as she came.

When Monica lost her job, I discovered she had a sensitive spot just to the left of her clit that caused her to call out my name whenever I stroked it. And when Ross had his sandwich eaten, I learned that it was possible to make her orgasm as she laughed out loud.

This was heaven.

Eventually, I realised that we hadn't eaten any actual food and after a short discussion, I settled on Pizza.

Half an hour later, I reluctantly put my skirt back on to answer the door but by then, we'd more than earned our reward.

The squeal of delight that Kate let out when she saw that I'd gotten her her favourite

topping had me grinning from ear to ear and the pleased little moan when she took her first bite had me wanting to drag her into the bedroom all over again.

I couldn't comprehend desiring anything more than this. My future stretched out ahead of me, and in every scene, I saw Kate by my side. She would be there with me, bound and moaning my name three months from now. She would be there as I had her riding the new sex machine I'd buy her for her birthday, and she would be there as I laid her down to sleep in her very own custom cage, right by my bed.

My life was as close to perfect as it was possible to be, and, I knew, it was only going to get better from here.

