It was a few minutes to ten in the evening and she was almost ready. The floor-length black slinky dress that left almost nothing to the imagination was perfect for what she had in mind.
Her hair was loose over her shoulders and a simple necklace was all she wore around her neck. Critically observing her reflection she hoped that he’d like what he saw.

She checked the time, slipped a pair of black stilettos on, took one last look in the mirror and left.

He was downstairs waiting for her, and the look he gave her was more than enough to tell her she’d done well. She smiled as she got in, leaned over and kissed him hello; an innocent peck on the cheek.

“Is that how you greet your master?” he asked a slight smile playing on his lips. She grinned in answer and moved a little closer, “let me try again,” she whispered as her lips touched his. “Happy birthday,” she whispered as she broke away and sat a little straighter.

She could feel his eyes on her body, and she shifted a little. The slit up her dress rode higher up her thigh giving him a perfect view of her leg from mid-thigh to ankle. She wriggled a bit, trying to get comfy; usually she sat with her left leg curled under her, leaning her side against the seat. "they never make dresses that are practical," she complained, she felt cold air blow between her legs and remembered that she'd deliberately not worn any panties, she'd also left her bra at home.

He noticed the thin material covering her breasts and the unmistakable sight of her nipples, hard and obvious through her dress. She was talking at random and it was hard enough to concentrate on the road with the distraction that she posed. Her scent, the light perfume she wore, and the fact that he knew what the dress was hiding made him want her.

The fact that she seemed oblivious to the effect she had on him made it worse. She was talking about something she'd read and all he could think about was ripping her dress off her and taking her right there.

"Babe, are you wearing panties?" he asked, interrupting. She looked at him with wide eyes and a smile that gradually got bigger, "nope," then she added "seemed completely inappropriate to wear anything under this dress tonight."

He couldn't help but laugh, and caress the soft skin of her thigh. That silenced her very effectively. His hand slipped higher and she instinctively parted her legs. He could smell her scent, the unmistakable sign of how turned on she was. He knew she'd be wet, as soon as he'd guessed she wasn't wearing any underwear he knew that she would be wildly horny. He also knew that the simple gesture of touching her would flip the switch.

She was looking at him through glassy eyes, a look of complete trust and undisguised lust. He knew that look, the parted lips, the rise and fall of her chest. "Damn it Addie," he said with a grin, "the evening's not even begun yet."

She sighed as he took his hand away, "it's not fair," she mumbled as she tried to rearrange herself into a semblance of self-control, "all you have to do is come near me and all I can think about is..."

"I know. Now, sit up straight and fix your dress. We're almost there."

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He pulled into a dark corner of the parking lot, and held her door open. She smiled and thanked him, needing his support to balance on her knees that had turned to jelly. "you look gorgeous" he told her. She blushed and smiled with undisguised happiness, tucking her hand through his arm and letting him lead her to the door.

Once they were seated she sat up straight, crossed her legs and behaved herself admirably. No one could have guessed what she was thinking about. She smiled at the waiter who brought them their menus, and pretended to be interested in it.

"Could you choose for me?" she asked after a few minutes of leafing through it, "I can't think straight, and you know what I like."

"What's on your mind stopping you from choosing your own meal?"

She blushed, unwilling to say anything in public that could be overheard, glancing around and making sure no one was listening. Content that no one could see then where they were secluded, let alone hear them she leaned forward and whispered: "you know."

"Nope, I don't." he said with a smirk.

She giggled, "You’re going to make me say it aren't you."

He shrugged, and she grinned, "fine. I'm all hot and horny since I come within 10 meters of where you were. Hell I was wet while just thinking about tonight. Now I'm all melting and my mind wants to think about nothing else but what you'll do to me later." she paused, leaned closer across the table and continued in a low, throaty whisper, "I'm only hungry for one thing, and it's not on that menu."

He ran his thumb over her lips and stroked her cheek, "patience little one. Good things come to little girls who obey their masters and do as they're told. Now, pick something to eat, you'll need your strength for later."

She squirmed in her seat, whispered a quick "yes Master" and kissed his thumb that was still against her mouth.

When they'd ordered and the wine had been brought to their table, he'd asked the waiter for an extra glass of ice and bottled water.

Addie sipped her wine and looked questioningly at her master who said nothing until it had arrived. Once the waiter had left, he told her to take an ice cube and rub it up and down her thigh to her pussy till it melts. Her eyes opened wide but she obeyed without a word, "no moaning," he ordered as her lips parted. Once it had melted he told her to take another one, and this time hold it between her pussy lips until it melted. She wriggled on her seat, clenched her hands, licked her lips and tried not to let on what was happening between her legs.

"it's cold," she whimpered as she fought to control herself. "it's hurting me"

He hushed her gently and told to keep it there. "have some wine" he said, watching her intently,

She gulped it down and braced herself against the table. "It’s burning Sir," she moaned.

"I know honey. Push it inside you baby. I want your hole to burn for me"

He watched her as she tried to discreetly push it inside her. She half stood, angled her hips a little, pulled the slit of her dress higher and pushed the ice cube up into her steaming-hot hole.

He loved how obvious she made it. "I'll be sitting in a puddle by the time this is done," she said matter-of-factly. "You're always sitting in one kind of puddle or another, this will make little change.

He gave her more wine and could tell she was starting to feel it.

"I want you to coat an ice cube in your juices then suck it," he told her. She obeyed instantly, popping the whole cube into her mouth and sucking it.

" Now pull down the top of your dress, let the straps fall off your shoulders and slowly let me see your boobs."

She obeyed, not caring about the people or lack thereof. All she wanted was to indulge in this game. She let the straps fall off her shoulders, and slowly pulled the neckline down inch by inch until her nipples were visible. They were both hard and she looked at him, glassy-eyed and completely compliant. "Play with them," he said, and she rolled them between her fingers, pinching them. "Rub some ice on them" she obeyed, taking an ice chip and rubbing it over her nipples.

"Good girl, now cover yourself up. Dinner is coming."

She looked at him in a daze, and then slowly began to pull her dress up, fixing the straps on her shoulders and trying to look normal. She felt hot, like her core temperature was boiling and her body was melting. She barely noticed what was put in front of her; her wine glass had been replaced with water. She took a few gulps and tried to settle her breathing.

She had a hundred things to say but the amused look in his eyes was enough to tell her that he knew it all. She licked her lips suggestively and picked up her knife and fork.

Her breathing betrayed her, and the way she stroked her neck absent-mindedly.

"that was..."

"hot" he said with a smile, referring to their little game that had been interrupted. "I loved how obedient you were."

"am" she corrected with a smile and a touch of her usual playfulness, “But totally unfair,”

“You enjoyed that little bit of exhibitionism, didn’t you?”

She grinned and he could see her eyes gleam, “yes,” her answer was simple, yet the weight it carried was understood to them both.

“If you’re good, and eat everything on your plate maybe I’ll let you play some more before dessert,”

Her reaction was typical of her, a little wriggle as a new burst of juices worked out of her already wet pussy, a gasp as she felt the little jolt of electricity course through her at the mention of something new and kinky, and “thank you,” said flirtatiously, yet sincerely.

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"Still horny little one?" he asked when the dishes had been cleared. He'd given her back her wine as long as she drank slowly. She looked at him, eyes burning and her expression one of intense longing, "no" she said with a smile, "that's an understatement,"

"tell me all about it,"

"I need you Sir,"

"I know pet, tell me what it feels like now."

"I want to show you." she said rubbing her neck, and pressing her fingers to her lips.

"I'll strip you down and fuck your brains out the minute I have you alone, but right now, indulge me. We aren't going anywhere till I hear what's on your mind."

Her mind hadn't processed anything after "strip and fuck", the throbbing increased and she started to speak.

"I need you, Sir,” she said, still wriggling on the chair. He could feel her legs rubbing against one another and against him. "I just need you. I feel like I'm about to explode. It's torture being so close to you and yet without touching. I want to be bad, to be naughty and slutty. I want to strip for you, expose myself to you. I want you to see my heat, my passion... How crazy my lust for you makes me."

She was breathing heavy and yet her eyes were clear.

"That's my naughty little slut. So you want to strip in public?"

"If it pleases you Master"

"It does please me, but not now, my pet, come here,"

She got up and knelt in front of him, he undid her necklace and fastened a collar around her neck instead. "Stay by my feet until I give you permission to get up."

She nodded and rubbed her cheek against his knee. "Better?"

"Yes Master" she whispered, resting her head against his thigh, not caring that they were in public or what anyone would think if they saw them. She needed physical contact, and he had allowed her that privilege.

He gently pried her lips open and touched his fingers to her tongue, letting her lick and then gently suck his fingertips. Her moans sounded like a purr, and when her dress slipped down revealing the tips of her hard nipples he didn’t tell her to cover up.

A waitress came and took their order for dessert, trying hard not to stare at the woman sitting between the man’s legs with her head dangerously close to his crotch.

He fed her little bites of dessert off his fork and played with her hair, pulling it a little when he wanted her to open her mouth.

She was content to kneel at her Master's pleasure. He would tell her to hold out one of her nipples and to let him rub ice on it, he told her to pull up her dress and let him see her ass.

He let her touch his cock just to feel how hard he was.

As much as he loved having her kneeling for him so submissively, he told her to sit next to him, open her legs and show him how wet she was. Her pussy was radiating heat, he could see her clit throbbing. She opened her thighs wide, "I think we could make you even wetter." he said gently putting something in her hand. It was a tiny vibrator. "you know what to do. If it slips out, I'll be disappointed and you will not be allowed to cum for a week.

Avoiding his disappointment was a much greater motivation than no orgasms for a week. She took it from him, opened her legs wider and felt him watch her push the little device into her pussy. Once she'd rearranged her dress he switched it on. She jumped and yelped in surprise before blushing and apologizing for her behavior.

She tried not to grind against the chair. Tried to relax and let the vibration from her pussy travel throughout her whole body. Her eyes were glued to his, "if I told you to cum right now, would you?" Without hesitation she moaned "yes Master,"

"in front of all these people?"

"If it pleases Master."

"if I told you to cum quietly, without making a single sound, could you?"

She hesitated, "I - I'm not sure, Sir."

"I want you t try." he said firmly.

She nodded and promised to try to be quiet.

"Good, now lift up your dress,"

She did as she was told, the slit made it easy to expose herself, "now open your legs wide, and remember what I told you about letting the vibrator slip out of you."

She spread her legs as wide as she could on the chair, hooking her knees on the corners and bringing her hips forward.

"Now rub your pussy for me,"

Obediently she put her hands between her legs and slowly began to stroke, her eyes told him how horny she was, her breathing betrayed her lust, she moaned low in her throat and her head tilted back against the back of the chair.

"shhh no sounds," he reminded her, pressing a button to make the vibrator inside her turn up a notch, she rubbed harder and faster, her cheeks reddening, he pushed it to a higher setting, her hips were lifting off the chair, her back arched so only her neck was touching it.

"Now stop." he commanded.

She obeyed his command immediately, but he could see how difficult it was for her to do so. The look on her face was priceless. Frustration was etched into her features, her fingers clawed the chair, her hips were grinding against her seat. Her legs were still open and she was trembling. "Master," she choked, "please..."

The vibrator was still humming on its lowest setting inside her.

"shhh, I want you to calm down a little, close your legs." she did as she was told. "Good, now lick your fingers." Obediently she licked her fingers and sucked the tip of each.

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The drive back was quiet, she was curled up in her favorite position, the slit in her dress was up by her hip, and falling away to barely cover her ass. Her legs were bare, up on the seat bent halfway under her. Her side was pressed into the seat and her eyes were half-closed. She hummed, and the vibrator hummed. He kept a hand on her thigh, and her hand covered his. "did you enjoy tonight?" he asked, she murmured agreement, moaning as she moved slightly, "Did you enjoy it, Sir?" she asked, looking at him intently. "yes," he answered squeezing her thigh.

“You behaved perfectly.”

She giggled, “like a very proper young lady, didn’t I Sir?”

“Oh yes.”

“You’re a perfect slave,” he told her with a smile, “I didn’t think you’d come and kneel, or be prepared to strip or orgasm like that.”

She lifted his hand to her lips and kissed it, “I wasn’t lying when I wrote and said my oath, Sir. I will not disobey an order, I will always trust you, I know you will not hurt me or cause me harm. Nothing else matters.”

She smiled and put his hand back on her thigh, a little higher than it had been originally, he could feel the vibrator at work inside her.

“You really are a perfect little slave,”

“Besides, it is your birthday, I’d be a really crappy sub if I didn’t do exactly as you wanted.”

It was his turn to smile, “just you wait till I get you home with a locked door behind us,”

She shivered with delight, “will you fuck me, Sir?”

“no,” he said. “That is an understatement.”

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The second they crossed the threshold and the door had closed behind them he slammed her up against it, his hands pinning her shoulders to the door, his lips claiming her mouth. She wrapped her arms round his middle and pulled him closer to her, pushing her pelvis up against his. He pushed the straps of her dress off her shoulders and exposed her breasts, pinching them roughly. She gasped and he pushed his tongue further into her mouth.

He’d been dying to get his hands on her, the way her nipples had reacted to the ice cubes he’d told her to rub on them, the way they glistened – the same as they did after he’d sucked on them had been torture, this was what he’d wanted, to take what he wanted after denying himself all night.

Her mouth was warm and so wet, her tongue flicking against his. He cupped one of her breasts with one hand while cupping her pussy with the other. Her smooth lips were parted and he’d never known her to be so wet. Her inner thighs were coated and her scent was over-whelming. He wanted more than anything to be inside her, but he wanted her to wait. He wanted to push her to the brink.

Tearing away from her he made short work of her dress, almost ripping the zipper that was down her left side and let it fall to the floor, “that’s what I have been wanting to see all night,” he told her, drinking in her body. The high heels elongated her already long legs, her obviously wet pussy, her heaving chest, those lips that were made for kissing and her eyes … no trace of control, only lust, desire and submissiveness. He picked her up, walked to his room and lowered her to her feet. “lie on the bed,” he told her as he undressed.

She couldn’t take her eyes off him, her need was hotter than anything she’d known before, feeling as though she would fall apart if he didn’t come to her. “open your legs,” he said as he unbuckled his pants. He’d never seen her so wet, his mouth watered at the sight, the vibrator’s cord was still sticking out of her, and he knew how close to the edge she must be. “I’ll let you cum tonight, baby, just not yet.”

He saw her eyes widen when she saw his cock, she licked her lips and the look she gave him was all he needed. He fetched a can of whipped cream from where he’d stashed it, shook it and told her to keep still. Then he piped perfect swirls of cream onto her nipples, covering her breasts, he piped another few swirls down her body and finally between her legs. “keep those thighs open,” he told her. The sight of her was mouthwatering, wearing nothing but her collar and her high heels, covered in whipped cream and trembling with need.

Slowly he licked the cream off her breasts, sucking hard on her nipples. Her back arched as she pushed her chest up, her moans that hadn’t really subsided became louder, he bit down on her nipples and kneaded her breasts roughly, squeezing them hard. He licked down her body, tasting her skin and the sweetness of the cream. Her thighs were straining, and she was holding her breath, anticipating the second he’d push his tongue into her and lick the cream out of her pussy.

He kissed the insides of her thighs and stroked the outsides, reaching under her and cupping her ass, squeezing it and playing with her hole. She was moaning and begging by then. He continued to kiss her thighs, her pelvis, licking up the remnants of the cream yet completely avoiding her pussy, switching the vibrator to a different setting sent another jolt through her.

She was writhing and the sheets were bunched up in her fists, she was pleading incessantly, words that made no sense mixed in with moans and cussing.

He sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her towards him, “good girls don’t cuss,” he said, now fetch the paddle and bend over my knee, “naughty little girls with dirty mouths should be punished.”

“please Master, I’ll be good, I promise I will. I didn’t mean it Sir. I …”

He stroked her cheek and kissed her softly, “you’re just a horny little bitch and you want your master’s dick.” She nodded.

“I know, now, fetch the paddle.”

She did as she was told, meekly fetching it from where it hung on the wall, the cream was spreading on her inner thighs and was visible on her pussy lips.

She bent over his knees, her pussy pressed firmly against his thigh. He ran his hand over the tight flesh, the soft skin and the perfect roundness, he slapped her with his hand; hard.

She didn’t make a sound but the way her ass jolted and the red mark his hand had left was satisfaction enough. He slapped her again and again, finally she started to moan, her ass rising up to meet his hand at first and then the paddle. Her ass was turning a beautiful pink color, and heat was radiating off it. When he’d counted 50 on each cheek he stopped and told her to kneel in front of him.

“how did that feel, my little slave?”

“painful Sir,” she said meekly, with traces of her tears still on her cheeks yet bright red cheeks, matching her ass “but I deserved it.”

“good girl, now come lick up the cream from your pussy,” he told her, indicating where her pussy had been pressed against his thigh. Obediently she licked it up, her juices mixed in with the cream, she kissed his thigh and bent down to kiss his feet, “Master,” she whispered, with her lips mere inches from his instep, “yes, my slave?”

“I only wish to please you, Sir.”

“I know, little one. Now kneel and show me how you suck your master’s dick.”

Immediately she crawled between his legs, sat up on her knees and parted them. He put his hand on the back of her head and twisted her hair round his fingers. He turned the vibrator up as high as it would go, she moaned loud and licked the tip of his cock, kissing it softly, her hands wrapped around the base and stroked while she licked his balls. She was moaning uncontrollably yet tried to focus, licking his dick, taking the tip into her mouth and sucking slowly at first and then harder. He pushed her head down and held her there feeling her throat working.

Then he let her up, and told her to lie on the bed, “now show me your pussy.”

She opened up her legs and he saw the whipped cream melted into her juices, putting his hands under her ass he lifted her hips and tasted her.

She almost screamed at how good it felt, his lips clamped on to her pussy and sucked hard on her clit. Her eyes rolled and her body quaked. She felt him pull the vibrator out of her and push his tongue into her hole, licking her hard. “On your hands and knees, baby,” he told her.

The bright pink cheeks were perfect, he stroked them, parted them and pushed his dick all the way into her pussy in one go. She screamed that time, and he felt her muscles clamp down around him. She was so hot, so wet, so perfect. He pumped in and out of her hard and fast, feeling her flesh yield under him, he pinched her nipples and rubbed her clit until he felt her cum, then he pushed deep into her and came inside her. She was trembling and breathing as if she’d run a marathon. Gasping for breath.

She licked her juices off his dick and snuggled into his arms still rubbing her body against his, “still horny, my little slut?”

She murmured a drowsy “I’m always horny, Sir,” and rubbed her cheek against his chest. “then rub your pussy for me now till you cum again.”

She giggled and lazily hooked her leg over his, sliding her hand between their bodies and slipping her fingers into her wet pussy. He could feel her movement and watched her expressions, her eyes were locked on his and he played with her nipples. She felt him getting hard and grinned at him, switching her attention to his cock, stroking it with fingers still coated in her own juices. “I want you inside me,” she whispered.

“I want your ass,”

She rolled onto her tummy and lifted her hips up a bit, spreading her cheeks, she smiled at him, “what master wants, master gets,” she said.

He entered her, and lay his entire weight on her back, just feeling her engulfing him. She wriggled a little underneath him, and he figured that she’d slid her hand between her legs. “don’t cum till I tell you you can,”

“yes Sir,”

He pushed a finger into her mouth for her to suck, and slowly moved inside her, in and out with little thrusts, just enjoying the feel of her flesh opening up for him each time he pushed into her.

She loved the feel of his body on top of hers, his weight, the way he was penetrating her so deeply, barely moving, she sucked slowly on his finger while she lazily circled her clit.

He slowly began to pick up the pace, until his balls started slapping against her ass and she’d started moaning. She increased the pace of her rubbing with his. "cum now," he told her as she felt him empty his load inside her at the same time she squirted and came in a mind-shattering orgasm. Still inside her, he rolled them over, wrapping his arms around her and kissing her neck. “I squirted,” she whispered sleepily. "i wanted to see that," he said kissing the back of her neck. She smiled into the pillow and drew his arm tighter around her.

He slid his hand between her legs and gently pushed his fingers inside her wet swollen lips, just holding them there. She sighed happily, murmured “happy birthday Sir,” and fell asleep.