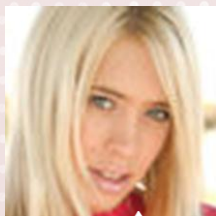




**Holiday
Enchantrix eBook**

**With submissions from
LDW/Enchantrix Mistresses**

**Created By:
Princess Andi**



A Message from Princess Andi:

Holiday Greetings!

This book is a small token of my appreciation for being a part of the Enchantrix Empire and LDW community. I would like to thank all the Mistresses that contributed a story. I also want to thank Ms. Delia for her help in putting the e-book together. Without Ms. Delia and the other Mistresses, this e-book would not have been possible. Each Mistress has a blog and I encourage you to visit their blogs and enjoy what they write there as well.

I also want to thank you. Thank you for making what I do so much fun.

I hope you enjoy the stories written by each of the Mistresses and have a very happy and exciting New Year!

Enjoy!

~Princess Andi~

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Mistress Alexandria is Naughty but not so nice this Christmas

<http://www.phonesexmasturbation.com>

<http://www.ruinedorgasmphonesex.com>



A Christmas Story: A Dominant Diva

You sat waiting at the table, drumming your fingers nervously. We had talked a few times but this was the first time we were meeting face to face and you were feeling a bit uneasy. What you wanted, what you had begged me for was about to come true and yet you wondered if you were ready.

The door chimed and you looked up, your mouth going dry as you saw me walking into the coffee shop. I had a presence. That was the only way to describe it. Both men and women turned their heads as I walked towards you.

You stammered and introduced yourself and I just crooked my finger and turned and walked out. Of course you followed. The game was about to begin.

The car ride only took minutes and soon you were being led into my dungeon. As you looked around at the leather implements and equipment, you wondered what was going to be used on you. The St. Andrew's cross? The pommel horse? Maybe even the chains that were hanging in one corner of the room. You didn't have much time to process everything though. You were stripped of your clothing and shoved into an icy cold shower. You emerged, standing dripping wet in front of me, your penis shriveling from the cold.

I arched my eyebrow at you but didn't say a word.

This was all part of the game.

I tossed you some lube and on command you squirt some on your fingers and began to stroke your cock, trying not to let your teeth chatter. Your hand slid on your cock as you stroked, letting those first surges of pleasure wash over you.

The act of masturbating is such a turn on to you isn't it? One or two strokes you are raring to go. But you know that's not how this game is played.

Every touch brings you closer to orgasm and you look up at me for guidance. I shake my head and you remove your hand from your cock, letting yourself catch your breath. In these few seconds of denial, you manage to get a better look at me.

To you, I am a Goddess and a Masturbatrix. I control you, your cock and your orgasm.

You cannot stop gaping at how stunningly beautiful I am. Your eyes are drawn to my luscious lips and you hope against hope that a word will pass my lips. But you know it won't. Today you are being denied everything you want, even the small pleasure you would get from the sound of my voice.

I pull you towards the pommel horse and you lie on top, your dick getting squished against it. It's painful but you do not cry out. Instead you bit your lip as you feel me lube up your ass. There is a pulsing need inside you right now to cum and you wonder if you can stop the game and just be allowed to cum. But this is barely the beginning and you haven't deserved it yet.

A moan escapes your lips and you press your face hard against the pommel horse, hoping to prevent another. You bite your tongue as I move my fingers in and out of your ass, teasing and torturing. The sharp spank I give your ass causes you to wince and yet you do not complain.

Suddenly you are yanked off the pommel horse and sat on a small stool. In front of it is a round machine with tubes sticking out of it. Each tube has a metal casing of sorts at the end and you can barely register what it is before you are hooked up to it and the machine is turned on.

Instantly you know you won't be able to hang on.

It's a milking machine, like the ones they use for cows on the farm except this has been outfitted for the size of a penis. Instantly there's a sucking motion that squeezes and releases your dick. You ask me to turn off the machine because you know that your orgasm will be coming soon.

The powerful suction of this machine is bringing you closer and closer to cumming. The feeling is like nothing you have ever experienced before. This little game was supposed to be intense but this was on a whole other level.

Your mind was foggy with lust and you wondered if there was going to be a trick involved. It didn't seem likely that you would be allowed to ejaculate so quickly. You knew there was a whole afternoon of torment ahead of you.

The machine hummed as the metal tube jacked your cock off. You were so caught up in your own bliss, that you weren't even paying attention to me anymore. You were focusing on your impending orgasm. You got closer and closer and just as you were about to cum, the suction was yanked off your dick and pain flashed through you.

Your dick deflated and you looked down and realized why. I had taken over for the machine in stroking your cock but not the way you wanted it. Instead, I was using steel wool to abrade your dick and cause tears to come to your eyes. Every scrape against your cock caused you to yell out and you begged me to stop, telling me that you had enough.

I gave you a few more strokes and then looked at you. You were a sobbing, blubbery mess. You knew it wasn't going to be that easy. After all, there is all this equipment that you haven't tried out yet.

This is the game you wanted and you are getting it.

I pull you up, ignoring your painful cries and push you towards the shower. Time for another cold one. And then we start all over again. Happy Holidays from Mistress Alexandria

Freda is a sexy, silver fox!

<http://silverfoxphonesex.com/>



Freda Gets A Hunk:

It was a beautiful summer day and I was in my backyard tending my roses when my eyes were distracted by a sparkle of light bouncing off of something in my neighbor's yard. I took a step forward and saw young Jake lifting his silver hand weights. His muscular chest was shining with sweat and his biceps were bulging. He was 21 now and I'd had the pleasure of watching him develop into a very handsome young man. He and I had a friendship of sorts. He helped me move my lawn furniture in for the winter and out for the summer, I offered my motherly advice when he needed some words of wisdom, but today I had something else in mind for him to move in and out today. I took a few steps to the left and from there I could see his well grown package resting beneath his little red Speedo swimsuit.

In a flash his eyes met mine and we both smiled.

"Would you like a cold glass of lemonade, Jake?" I hollered over the fence.

"Sure, I'd love it, I'm just finishing up here," he replied. He set the weights down, wiped his face on a towel and then with a great leap he jumped over the fence right into my backyard. "You're looking radiant as usual, Ms. Freda."

"Oh you're such a sweetheart, Jake"

He bent down to kiss my cheek and I touched his strong tanned back. It was hot and a little sticky and it reminded me of touching my lover's back after a hot lovemaking session.

"Let's sit on the blanket in the shade," I offered.

"Your yard always looks so beautiful." He said, after taking a huge gulp of lemonade.

"Your body always looks beautiful, too." I said with a wide smile.

"Are you wanting anything in particular from me today?" He asked with a grin.

He knew what I wanted when he heard me whisper yes. He reached for me and pressed his lips to mine. His wet warm mouth opened and he started eagerly sucking on my waiting tongue. He smoothed my hair, and then gently lifted my dress and I felt his strong hand caress my thigh. He gave me tender kisses down my neck while he skillfully unbuttoned my dress. This is when my pussy started getting very juicy. His hot cheek rested briefly on my breast and then he asked if he could undress me. Such wonderful manners!

In a few seconds I lay there nude, on the blanket beside him. He slipped out of his Speedo and his huge cock bounced before my eyes.

"I really need this!" He growled. In an instant his tongue was parting my silvery pussy hair and he clamped onto my swelling pink clit. My breath came in gasps. I clutched the blanket beneath my body as he massaged my titties. He nursed at my clit until an orgasmic rush took over my body and a gush of pussy juice squirted on his face.

"Now you can call me pussy-face," he whispered. We kissed and he placed my hand on his throbbing cock.

Call me to hear the rest of the story.

Mistress Sloane Loves Holiday Games!

Blog: <http://www.femdom-domain.com/>



"Do you want to play a game?"

I'm quoting directly from that of the Wiktionary (<http://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/fetish>) that states the definition of the word 'Fetish' is as follows:

"Fetish (plural fetishes)

Something which is believed to possess, contain, or cause spiritual or magical powers; an amulet or a talisman. [from the early 17th c.]

Something sexual or nonsexual, such as an object or a part of the body which arouses sexual desire or is necessary for one to reach full sexual satisfaction. [from the early 19th c.]

(US) An irrational, or abnormal fixation or preoccupation. [from the 19th c.]"

Fetishes are to me at least, are as essential as spice is to food. Necessary! Having a fair amount of my own, some of which I've blogged about, my heel and lingerie fetish, my fetish involving toys, most particularly that of strap ons, these things are as natural to me as say....breathing. Now for the sake of time and the patience of the readers here, I'm only going to discuss one today.

While most might have guessed my absolute end all be all fetish would be Telephonicophilia, which is talking dirty on the phone and finding it sexually arousing, you would've guessed wrong. That's number two though, so you're close! No, my number one top most favorite of all of those wonderful fetishes out there is that of erotic tease and denial. It does things to me that nothing else can even come close to.

Nothing is more stimulating, sexually arousing, makes my panties damp quicker than the art of teasing a man's cock, coaxing it right to the edge of no return and then slowing down, allowing it to calm somewhat, though not so far as to lose the erection, though if I'm completely honest, that's fun too!

Having that man in front of me, hearing him, all of those sinfully naughty sounds he makes while stroking and the gasps, shudders and moans that follow after I slow him and then escalate him and slow him once more, until I decide whether I shall let him explode or not is my version of the most fabulous orgasm inducing, grit my teeth and slip my hand into my panties to have my own happy ending faster and more intensely, as none other.

I first found this game when I was 15 with my boyfriend at the time and it was out of fear of being caught rather than for the fun of it, that we did this. Oh such tremendous memories! I continued to explore it, used it as a game the older I grew and the need to avoid being caught lessened. The more I learned, the more I returned to my very first true love. Tease and denial. I've honed my skills over the years, added some of the elements that are most required to make a man ready to scream aloud with anguish and then scream again, as he has one of the most powerful climaxes he's known.

You might say...I'm a master and this is my art medium. A man's cock to use and tease and deny as whim strikes me. As insatiable as I am, I'm always ready to play and all cocks are welcome. Speaking of games, masters in tease and denial and all the fun those things entail...Mistress Delia one of LDW's most seductive mistresses has a challenge for you strokers out there! Are you up for a game? Go ahead...contact her. You'll thank me later!



Mistress Delia Meets Jack

I had met her through an Internet personal. I was a submissive guy who was searching for someone to make me her play toy. She was looking for the toy.

I had been submissive for as long as I could remember. In my early years, I had felt strange, and alone. This wasn't normal, was it? There must be something terribly wrong with me, I thought.

Then I met Delia.

She was upfront about wanting an intelligent submissive, and we seemed to be on the same page, looking for the same things. We set a time to meet, and when I asked her how long I should expect to stay out, she said, "Be ready to stay very, very late. You never know what might happen."

I pulled into the parking lot of a large shopping center, and a car flashed its lights at me. I pulled up next to it, and got my first look at Mistress Delia. She was more beautiful than I had imagined. In her eyes, I could see a devilish wickedness. As she rolled down her window, she threw me a beaming smile, "Hi, you must be Jack." she said.

"And you must be Delia. I'm very delighted to meet you." I replied.

"Come into my car. I'll drive." I did as she asked. She was dressed in a white silk blouse that amply showed off her cleavage, and gave me a glimpse of the black leather bra underneath, leather skirt, stockings and patent leather high heels, all in black. Mistress Delia looked over at me, and put her hand on my thigh, "I'd really like to play with you tonight," she announced. I licked my lips nervously, "I'd like that," I answered, and got a big smile in return.

"I was hoping you'd say that," she put the key in the ignition, and started the car. Her demeanor became more like a superior addressing a subordinate; a Mistress speaking to her slave. "We're going to go to my place, and I'm going to use you, make you my slave, my slut, my whore. The rules are simple. You will address me as Mistress or Mistress Delia at all times. You will do anything I ask, when I ask it, or you will be punished," she smiled evilly. "Your safe words are yellow - for slow down, and red - for stop." Her mood lightened, "I promise you, Jack, I will honor those. Don't be afraid to use them."

"Yes, Mistress Delia," I answered softly, and suddenly we were at her place, and then inside.

I quickly took off my clothes, and in short order, stood before her, completely naked, my rock hard cock jutting out, eyes downcast. "Come closer," she said, and reached down and placed a collar around my neck. "This is a

training collar, slave. You will wear it whenever you serve me. It signifies your submission to me, and my ownership of you."

As she stood up, towering over me, I caught my breath as I stared at her. She stood naked before me, except for the black thigh-high stockings and a pair of knee high leather stiletto heeled boots. Her coral colored nipples stood out proudly from her breasts, stiff and engorged with blood.

She smiled wickedly, as she stepped forward, grabbed my cock and squeezed, "Like what you see, bitch? "I have decided that I am going to take your ass tonight." She brought me to the bedroom, placed me on the bed, and moved out of my view.

Next, she stood at the end of the bed, and looking between my legs, I could see her, a strap-on dildo hanging between her legs, a squeeze bottle of lube in one hand. "I'm going to make you my bitch," She squeezed some lube into her hand, and then began stroking the dildo, "I'm going to take your cherry." She climbed up on the bed, kneeling in between my spread legs. "It's a small dildo, not much larger than a medium butt plug," she said, as I felt her spreading lube around my anus. I gasped and moaned, as she pushed first one finger, then a second inside of me. Delia smiled "Yeah, moan like the whore you are."

I could feel the head of her cock at the entrance to my ass. "Look at me," she ordered, "Keep your eyes on mine. I want to see the lust in your eyes as I take your virginity." She began pushing, slowly but steadily, "Relax, pet, let it happen." The dildo invaded me, inexorably, and I let out a long, low moan, as it slipped inside of me. Once the head was inside, Delia was able to sink the rest of it in without any problem.

She began slowly, but her pace soon quickened. Every time I would start to close my eyes, lost in the sensations of fullness and pleasure, she'd snap at me. "Keep them open, bitch. Keep your eyes on mine." Soon, she began to moan. "Oh, that feels sooooo good. My cock keeps banging into my clit," she said, smiling. "Oh, God, yes Mistress," I moaned.

Her moans were getting closer together, and her skin was starting to flush, her strokes on my cock getting faster, my need to cum, and hers, more insistent. "NOW! CUM WITH ME!" she screamed, as she buried the dildo deep in my ass and her orgasm overtook her. Cum spurted from my cock and all over me. She laid there for a moment or two, all her muscles tense as wave after wave coursed through her. Then she seemed to deflate, and just lay on top of me, breathing heavily. "Oh... Oh... that was...amazing," she said haltingly. "Are you ok, pet?"

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, "I'm much more than all right."

"Good," she sighed, as she lay down next to me, her head resting on my chest, "I definitely think I'm going to keep you."

Ms. Layla is a Sensual Angel

Blog: <http://tellyourfantasy.com/>



Sensuous Angel

I had seen her around the job site, some sort of a consultant I think. Most days she wore Blue jeans a nice top and some fashionable boots. She filled those jeans so well. We exchanged glances from time to time, she would always smile and hold eye contact a little longer than comfort would allow, and then look away. This went on for several months, some days she was there some days she wasn't.

Last August I had to attend a trade show in a Chicago. I have been doing these shows for years and thought this year would be like the rest, predictable. Boy was I wrong! As I waited to be seated for dinner in walks Ms. Layla. There was an awkward silence, a few exchanged glances; it was obvious we recognized each other. Taking control of the conversation she said "We've met before haven't we?" Answering nervously "Yes, we worked on that project in Philadelphia." Of course.... "That's where I've seen you before. I'm Layla she said, I'm Dave I said as I took her small hand in mine. "I guess we're here for the same show."

Chatting comfortably, I couldn't take my eyes off her; she was stunning in her very feminine black silk dress that held her curves perfectly. But it was the sparkle in her eyes and sweetness of her smile that made me melt. The waiter came to show me to my table. I didn't want to leave her. "If you are on your own this evening I'd love to have you join me" I said holding my breath praying she would accept my invitation. "I had almost given up hope that you'd ask" she said flirting back. I gently took her hand and we followed the waiter to our table in the back of the dinning next to a large picture window that looked out over the city and on to Lake Superior. We could see the reflection of the buildings shimmering on the water.

We talked about everything. It turned out we had so much in common, we even both had the same kind of dogs waiting for us at home. I think it was just before desert arrived I realized she had reach cross the table and was holding my hand. I felt like I knew her for years, She caught my gaze and held it; I was swept away as I listened to her stories of travel, business and fun. I could have stared into her eyes forever.

After dinner we moved to the lounge and ordered a couple of drinks. Soon we we're sitting so close, I had to rest my arm on the sofa back behind her. I can't recall what I said but she laughed so hard that she rested her head on my shoulder as her giggles faded. My arm closed over her shoulder. She looked up at me, her lips only inches from mine, our eyes locked and in a seamless instant I drew her to me and pressed my lips to heaven. Her lips parted and I felt her tongue tease my lips and coax mine out to play. All too soon it was over; I drew back and looked at her again. "I'm sorry I don't know what came over me. You are just so wonderful." I said as I tried to compose myself.

She smiled that mesmerizing smile and said "That is quite alright, I played a part in that myself."

I summoned all my courage and asked her if she'd like to join me for a night cap in my suite.

Layla paused for moment and looked down. I was so afraid I had blown it, pushed it too far. Then she looked up out of the corner of her eye bit her lower lip and nodded before softly whispering "Yes"

Soon I was fumbling with my key card trying to get the door to room open. With my arm around her waist I showed in and told her to make herself comfortable while I open a bottle of wine.

I sat down beside her on the loveseat and we sipped our wine, the conversation was not flowing as well, the raw tension between us was thick. Soon I took the wine glass from her hand and set it on the coffee table. I looked into her eyes and kissed her softly on the lips and then her chin and slowly moved to her ear. As I held her close, her breast pressed against my chest. My God she felt wonderful in my arms. Then whispered "Layla....I need you, would you allow me the privilege of making love to you tonight?" I pulled away and gazed at her waiting for her response. She smiled stood and nodded as she took my hand and lead me to the bed.

She turned away and asked me to help her with her zipper. My hands felt like I was wearing boxing gloves as I tried to slide it down her sculpted back. As she turned around she slowly lowered her dress and let it fall to the floor. I was in the presence of a goddess. Her golden hair flowed down over her shoulders and on to her magnificent breasts. Her nipples hardened in the breeze from the window. Her hips were perfect and curved so nicely. She wore just her silky panties and a smile. Sitting her on the edge of the bed I knelt and gently massaged each foot tenderly. As I looked up the moon light was shining in the window behind her enveloping her in a soft glow. She spread her legs a touch and I caught a brief whiff of her arousal. She scooted back on to the bed and motioned for me to join her. I stood and like a school boy getting lucky for the first time was naked in a flash. I crawled up beside her, kissed a line from her navel to her neck, then pressed my lips to hers and kissed her with more passion than I could ever remember having. Her finger tips traced their way over my body as my hands wondered over her beautiful form. Our kiss never broke, our tongues intertwined. My hand found its way down between her legs and under to band of her panties....She spread her legs more, her back arched and she moaned softly as I tenderly stroked. Our kiss was growing more passionate as our bodies intertwined. The next instant she grabbed me, pulled me close and rolled on top of me. Sucking my tongue deep into her throat we both reached that amazing moment together. I don't think I've ever had such an intense orgasm. Afterward I held her tight and soothed her, stroking her hair. She curled up tight with her head on my shoulder. She gave it a little squeeze, looked up at me and asked in her sweetest voice..."Just you wait until morning..." and fell asleep in my arms. All I could think of was how lucky I was to have found such an angel.

Princess Andi Loves to Give Gifts

Blog: <http://cuckoldphonesexcalls.com>



The Office Gift. A Cuckolding Story

We've been together for a year and you are worried.

What once was fun and exciting has now devolved into boring and trite. As we sit across from each other at the table, you know that you aren't pleasing me the way you should. It started when you noticed how I would look at men as they walked by

Women always say that guys check out girls all the time but women do it too. And you observed me staring at a man or two as they sauntered past. But it didn't stop there. The subtle flirting began with the waiter, the pizza guy, anyone I came in contact with.

You knew I could get any man I wanted. I was just one of those girls who had the ability to have men flock to her. It wasn't just the looks although my long blonde hair and waifish figure definitely helped. I had a strong confident personality and was brimming with sexuality.

You tried to be more adventurous in bed but I just wasn't interested. You knew that I was bored and you wondered how long it would be before we broke up.

So you decided to put a plan in action.

It all started a few days ago when you were thinking about what it would be like if I slept with another man. You knew it would be upsetting and difficult yet at the same time you were slightly curious. Would I act differently? What would I say?

As soon as the thought was in your head, you couldn't be rid of it. You thought of it constantly, imagined what it would be like to have me be touched and kissed by another man. You found yourself stroking your cock, jerking off frantically at the idea of it. And that's when you made a plan.

There was a friend of yours in the office. You had hung out a few times and he was definitely a ladies man. He would be perfect. The plan was to have him come over to the house and proposition me. You had decided that you wouldn't be there but rather at a coffee shop around the corner. Despite your fantasy, you weren't sure if you could watch.

And there was something enticing about being left to your own devices, wondering what was happening. You approached him and he was incredulous at first but quickly agreed. The time and date was set and you wondered if you should warn me ahead of time. You were close to telling me many times throughout the day but instead you just told me that you had a present for me.

Of course I was excited. You headed out to the closest coffee shop and waited. Five minutes passed and then ten and you knew he would be arriving at the front door, surprising me. What would my first reaction be? Your cock began to harden as you imagined the whole scenario in your head. As the minutes ticked by, you knew that something was happening. After all, your cell phone was on and there was no call. That meant that everything was a go.

You sat and drank your coffee, looking nervously at the people around you. No one would suspect that you are waiting here while I get the fucking of my life. Your hands began to tremble as you shifted slightly in your seat. You were desperate to masturbate but you wanted to wait until you had gotten word. The phone rang then, startling you out of your deep thoughts. You answered and heard me say hello, my breathy voice indicating that something had happened.

“Thank you for my present.”

You mumble “You’re welcome” and then ask if it’s time to come home yet.

You hear me chuckle as I tell you no. This game that you started is going to take all afternoon. He’s such a perfect screw that I have to have him over and over again. I start describing in detail what he is doing to me and you are sitting there, stone faced, your eyes darting around the room.

Your cock is as hard as steel now and I am only spurring you on.

“Have you stroked your cock yet?”

“Nnn...no but I’m going to.”

“Well don’t let yourself cum. I want to be there for that. And baby? This is the beginning of a whole new world.”

You hear the dial tone in your ear and hastily stand up and make your way to the bathroom. You just need to hold your cock for a moment. You push into one of the stalls and unzip your pants, your hand finding the shaft of your cock. It feels so damn good and you want to stroke and come over and over again.

But you aren’t allowed.

And while we never had a dominant relationship before you realized that things are changing. All because of a naughty plan. Your mind is filled with even more naughty fantasies as you wonder what punishments I could have in store if you fail.

You stuff your cock back into your pants and head back into the coffee shop. You had better order something else.

It seems like you are going to be here for a long, long time.

Princess Andi, the Wicked Cockteasing Princess Toys with you

Blog: <http://princessphonesexblog.com>



Wicked Cockteasing Princess Toys With You

You saw me laughing and giggling at the bar and your heart leapt. You tried not to stare as me and my friends were chatting and having a great time. You fiddled with your drink, shaking your head at the waiter who asked you if you wanted anything else.

You did want something, but it was nothing that you could have.
You wanted me.

You listened closely, trying to decipher the conversation. You only heard snatches but managed to discern something or other about a princess beauty pageant. That explained the gorgeous dress.
You sat there for hours, nursing your drink, watching as my friends left one by one until I was all alone. Now this was your chance. You swallowed nervously and approached me.

“Hi.” You stammered.

I nodded in reply.

“Can... Can I sit?”

I smiled slightly and told you sure. You sat down beside me and before you knew it, the words were tumbling out of your mouth.

“You are so beautiful. I’ve been watching you and I just wanted to say I think you are so gorgeous and pretty and if there’s anything I can do for you... I mean... maybe we could...”

I giggled at your enthusiasm and leaned a bit closer, giving you an excellent view of my cleavage.

“We may be able to work something out.”

You shook with excitement. Was this really happening? Beautiful women did not let you come home with them. You knew she was way out of your league but she said yes anyway!

Your mind began to race with possibilities and your cock grew hard. You were so excited and yet nervous at the same time. What if you didn’t live up to her standards? After all, she probably screwed hot guys every day and you were not hot.

But you had to take a chance.

There was something about her. Every movement was an enticement, every word an invitation. As she stood up from the table you followed suit, ready to follow you wherever she wanted you to go. Surprisingly, she made her way to a private back room, nodding at the bartender as she passed him. You followed, wondering what was going to happen next. The private room was outfitted with plush couches and round tables.

You took a seat and waited for what was going to happen next.

“I think you should take off your clothes.”

You nodded excitedly, hoping that I was going to do the same. You stripped down to your underwear and waited for me to do the same. But I made no move to take my clothes off. Instead I made you take your underwear off and stand in front of me naked.

You knew that this was going to be a little different. Most people start off with some kissing and then they tear each other’s clothes off and have sex. Instead, here you were in the back room of a bar, buck naked and waiting for me to do something.

It was very unusual.

“Aren’t...aren’t you going to take your clothes off?” You asked.

I just laughed.

“My clothes don’t come off. Only yours do.”

“But aren’t we going to...”

“Oh, I get it. You think you are good enough to have sex with me. That’s why I love to tease guys like you. You are so easy to reel in. I knew you were staring at me the whole time. Every move I made; the laughing, the bending over, that was all for your benefit.”

“Why?” you asked pitifully.

“Just because I wanted to have a little fun tonight. Now why don’t you stroke your cock for me? You can do that right?”

You were confused and a bit angry. You weren’t going to have sex tonight. Instead you were brought here just be toyed with and used. You had never met a woman before who liked to use men like that. Your first impulse was to put on your clothes and head out the door but something stopped you. A feeling of pure arousal. Being used as a toy was actually an appealing thought. And having this strong, dominant woman tease you make your dick as hard as steel. Yes, you were out of her league but maybe, just maybe if you did what she asked, there might be a chance.

At least for her to show off more of her beautiful body.

“What should I do?” you asked.

I smiled wickedly.

“Stroke your cock for me please.”

You began stroking, reveling in the intense feelings of pleasure. It was such a turn on to be put on display like this and that just spurred you on. Every so often I would tell you to stroke a different way or to stop and take a break.

Every word from my lips whipped you into a frenzy. You wanted to cum, to feel that orgasm surge within you. If you couldn’t have me, then were you at least allowed to have that?

You struggled to maintain control as the minutes passed.

“We are going to be here all afternoon.”

Your eyes widened. A whole afternoon of masturbating without cumming? It wasn't even possible.

“Don't worry, this private room has been reserved for us. Now stop stroking your cock and bend over. I want to get a good look at your ass.”

You bent over, putting your hands on the couch and spreading your legs. You hadn't heard me move when you felt my hand slapping your ass.

“There are so many things that we are going to do together. You don't realize but you are going to be my new toy okay?”

You nod, understanding what this means. From the moment you saw me laughing with my friends, you knew deep down that this was all you could expect.

And you loved the thought of it.

I leaned against you, my cleavage pressing into your back and causing your cock to jerk.

“By the way, you are paying for the room.”

Princess Andi Enjoys a Tiny Man's Enslavement

Blog: <http://princessphonesexblog.com>



. **Giantess Finds a Tiny Man**

It was like that movie. The one where they shrunk down to tiny people and had to escape. Except that this was real. You tried to understand your surroundings but it was like everything was out of focus. You could only do one thing. Keep walking.

As you walked, you realized that you were near a building of sorts. You wondered how it was going to be possible to flag someone down. Perhaps everyone was as tiny as you were. That question was answered quickly when a looming figure came into view. This woman marched right by, leaving your jaw hanging and your boots quaking.

Everyone here was a giant!

As you explored the town over the next few hours you realized that in fact, everyone was a giantess. It was all long, lean women who seemed as tall as the sun. You couldn't figure out if they were giants or if you had just been shrunk down.

You kept walking and didn't realize the gorgeous giantess woman up ahead until it was too late. You looked up to see a foot coming down onto your head and you let out a scream. The foot drew nearer and you screamed "Help me!"

The foot stopped about an inch away from your face.

You squeezed your eyes shut and hoped that this wasn't the end of you. The thought of being squished like a bug under someone's foot...

You felt yourself being lifted in the air. As you opened your eyes, you gasped. You were staring at the most beautiful woman you had ever seen. She had long, blonde hair that fell over her ample breasts. Her body was to die for and she was so hot that you were salivating at the mouth.

What a person to rescue you!

You stood on the palm of her hand and tried to puff yourself out and seem taller. But it was no use. To her, you were just a bug that she almost stepped on. As you shifted from foot to foot you realized your cock was erect, because of being in the presence of a beautiful woman of course.

But it wasn't just that. Knowing that she could put you down on the ground and stomp you into nothing sent a perverse thrill through your body.

"Well, well..." she said. "What are we going to do with you?"

You began to babble then, offering anything and everything in exchange for her keeping you. Because you knew now that's what you wanted. Better being with one giantess than wandering the streets alone. And her wicked smile was enchanting.

She nodded in response and without warning, shoved you into her pocket and began walking. It was dark and you began to climb, hoping you could reach the top and get some air. Luckily she was wearing jeans and that material was easy to scale.

You finally made it to the top and peeked over the side, gulping in the fresh air. She was moving at a fast pace and looking at the sights around you just made you feel dizzy. So you hung on and hoped for the best. When she finally stopped, you opened your eyes. You were indoors now, perhaps in her house?

Her fingers reached for you and you had to scramble to avoid your head getting squished. As she lifted you out, you knew you were going to be covered in bruises tomorrow. She set you down on the table, chuckling a little at your disheveled appearance.

"So you are going to do anything, right?"

You nodded, wondering what 'anything' really meant.

A few minutes later, you discovered it meant being stripped down naked and laughed at. In fact the gorgeous giantess couldn't stop, laughing so hard that tears rolled down her cheeks and splashed your head like water balloons.

When she had finally calmed down, you were soaked. And your dick was rock hard.

Of course she took notice of that.

"Why are you turned on?" she asked.

You struggled for an explanation. You had no idea why you were turned on either. I mean, she was gorgeous. That must be doing it. You explained yourself and she smiled, pulling off her top and revealing her ginormous breasts underneath. They were heaven.

You wanted to crawl and climb all over them. You wanted to suck and lick each nipple and feel yourself squished between them. Your cock dripped precum and you began stroking furiously, not caring that she or

anyone else was looking.

“So that turns you on, does it?” She said smiling. She picked you up and deposited you on her left breast. “Now get to work.”

You let go of your dick and began climbing her breast. It wasn't fast enough for her though because in an instant you felt like you were choking to death. She had squeezed her two tits together and you were in the middle being smothered. When she let go, you had to hang on tight so you wouldn't fall.

“I said, get to work.” Her voice was slightly menacing and that only made you want to stroke that dick even more. But instead you began to climb over her breast until you reached the nipple. Then you used your whole body to stimulate it until a purr of delight escaped from her throat.

“I'm going to keep you.”

You looked up in anticipation. This is what you had wanted.

“I'm going to make you my tiny slave for the rest of your life.”

It was too much, hearing those words and you came without even touching your dick. You squirted all over her breast and then slipped, falling down her stomach. You gamely tried to hang on but you couldn't. You were falling...falling all the way down and you closed your eyes, waiting for impact. You would be squished and killed for sure.

Instead you landed on a soft pillow that the gorgeous giantess had grabbed. You opened your eyes and saw her staring down at you. You were definitely in big trouble now.

You wondered how she was going to punish you.

Whatever it was, you knew you would be begging for more.

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