

CHAPTER ONE

Dominating Harold

I discovered an online dating service, and a knack for Domination. My shrink said I was acting out my anger from my husband's death and the subsequent events. All I knew was that it felt good to be in control for once.

My Beautiful Mistress,

I must say my mind is constantly having delicious thoughts of You, and I find myself wanting to read Your words and just feel your presence. It is amazing!

It is when I am standing in the shower, that these thoughts and desires surface. You inspire me to daydream and fantasize.

I nervously send this e-mail for it addresses a fantasy that I have had for some time now, and I am not sure how you would take this, but You asked for a look into my deep dark submissive soul, and trusting You, I shyly submit these words...

I imagine being in the shower with You, my beautiful Mistress, my back to You in deference to Your nakedness...and imagine Your soft voice say, "Turn around and face me, Harold."

I do, and I imagine Your radiant presence there before me, naked and looking so very beautiful, with an aura that indeed seems quite impressive. I feel I must drop to my knees and bow my head in reverence to my Goddess.

You then tell me to look up at You ... the water is cascading down upon me as I look into Your beautiful face. Your smile seems to indicate that You have something in store for me.

I ask if You need anything and You say quietly that I shall help to bathe You. I jump up immediately to do as I am told, for I am Your obedient servant. Although I am taken aback again by the beauty of Your naked body – I try to concentrate on my task at hand. You giggle a bit, then smile at me as You glance down and see my erection. Then, reaching down, You take my balls in Your hand, and squeeze ...telling me that I must be

a good boy. You laugh when You witness the fact that it only makes my erection grow harder.

I must take my mind from the sensual curves and silky smooth feeling of Your skin as I begin to lather up the soap. You whisper, "Wash Your Mistress, Harold."

I step close to You and find my erection touching Your flesh, and it makes me moan with pleasure, but I know I must try to stay focused on the task at hand. I begin to soap Your silky, smooth skin; my hands rubbing, caressing, and cleaning every inch. The touch of Your skin under my fingertips is heavenly, and in that moment, I wonder if I have died and gone to heaven! The feeling of the sensual curves of Your body, the firmness of Your beautiful breasts, just being there with You is more than I dare dream. Such an exquisitely beautiful creature, and to be able to serve You in this manner, so close and intimate – I am so thankful just to be here with You.

When I am done with the front of Your body, You turn around and I see the sensual curves of your back, and Your marvelously shaped buttocks facing me – how can I not become more aroused?

You tell me to drop to my knees – I do so immediately! You order me to clean Your legs and Your firm and shapely buttocks. "You may use your tongue," You whisper. I obediently and happily do as I am told. I edge closer to You and I find You so very delicious, my tongue sliding across Your pale flesh; tasting, licking, cleaning, then probing Your sweet tight hole with my tongue dipping inside. My body quivers with delight...my hands caressing Your beautiful hips ... my tongue slipping in and out of Your warm tightness, then travelling downward.

When You turn around, I am struck with a feeling of regret, so very intense for I loved being able to touch You in such an intimate fashion. I am momentarily saddened. My head bows, but I feel the touch of Your hand as you reach down and raise my head, and it lifts my spirit.

As I look up into Your beautiful eyes smiling down on me, Your gaze falls upon my excited member. You instruct me to begin to stroke myself, but not release, which I am glad to do for You as I am so very aroused, that obeying You has become my breath of life.

Then to my amazement, You say, "It is time for your shower, my sweet Harold."

I look up at You, unsure of what You might mean, yet You are smiling as You lift Your leg and place it on my shoulder, opening Yourself to my gaze. Then in that moment, You let loose Your golden stream. I can't believe this is happening, and even more confusing to me is that my erection grows harder, truly throbbing as Your liquid flows over my body, down my neck and across my chest. The warmth flows and the feeling of arousal at the erotic nature of this is so incredibly intense, the intimacy we are sharing is rapturous. I feel the warm spray as it runs over my throbbing manhood! My body

suddenly spasms; a great wave of pleasure begins to flow through my entire length. Your voice commands me, "You must not cum, Harold."

Although it seems my orgasm is ready to erupt, my hand slows, stroking my wet organ, sliding along the entire length of my shaft, lubricated with Your warm fluid, but I manage to stop. The intensity of my aborted pleasure causes my whole body to quiver, demanding release. I beg You, "Please let me cum, my Goddess."

You simply shake Your head saying, "You must continue to clean me."

My head drops dutifully and my lips touch the soft flesh of Your beautiful feet. My tongue begins lapping Your calf, cleaning all the salty liquid from Your lovely legs; my mouth travels upward, licking and tasting Your sweet flesh, as I continue to the intersection of Your firm thighs, toward Your wonderful mound. I then pause momentarily, not sure if I should go further.

"Make me cum, Harold," You demand as You tug on my hair.

"Yes Mistress," I reply as You pull my head toward Your wonderfully sweet wetness. My tongue begins licking over the surface of Your mound, then sliding inside, Oh how I want to please You, Mistress! I try my best, until I feel Your body begin to quiver, Your hands clutching at my hair, pulling me closer with such urgency.

I grasp Your hips as Your orgasm washes over Your body just like the cascading water flows in the shower. I feel Your hands grasping my hair and lifting my head up to face You. Lifting my eyes, I am staring directly into Your intensely beautiful eyes.

You smile as You say, "More," and I gladly go to work again, pleasuring You with my tongue. My head bends down toward the now creamy wetness of Your sex, my senses bombarded with the sweet clean fragrance of You. My tongue lightly grazes the sweet flesh at the lips of Your treasure. My body is shaking; I can't believe I am in this moment. You taste so very pleasing, so sweet and delicious; I could never get enough of You!

My tongue begins exploring once more, probing deeply into the very depths of Your sweet center. My soul hungers for the taste of the sweet juices of Your arousal, which flows into my mouth; my head diving between Your luscious thighs, tasting the flowing juices; licking tenderly all around Your mound, exploring all the exciting crevices in and out of the swollen recesses of Your aroused sex.

My mouth begins searching for Your clitoris, finding it and feeling it grow larger, and become harder as my tongue caresses it tenderly. then taking it between my lips and sucking gently at first, then, lightly flicking my tongue over the firm hardness there, causing You to let out a deep moan. I increase the tempo of my sucking as I feel Your body responding, writhing as I grasp Your buttocks, tightly squeezing to steady You; Your hips begin to move rhythmically as my tongue continues licking Your aroused clit, harder and faster, tenderly taking it into my mouth in a sensitive kiss, my teeth lightly biting.

I'm sucking faster and harder, my tongue dipping inside of Your moistness. I get excited by the amount of Your juices flowing, evidence of Your intense arousal, and my tongue plunges even deeper inside of You. The fragrant aroma, and delicious taste of Your sex, thrills me, and I want more. My lips and tongue work feverishly to satisfy You. I need to satisfy You!

I begin to feel Your body's reaction and I sense Your approaching orgasm; a loud moan escapes from between Your lips, then Your body stiffens. I can feel it quivering as it spasms with the rapturous ecstasy of Your orgasm as my tongue plunges even deeper, wanting to taste all of You. Your juices are like the sweet nectar of ripe fruit!

I whimper as I feel the tiny thread of my control snap, and I bury my face into Your pussy with fierce abandon, knowing it is too late to hold my orgasm back. You adjust Your posture slightly and Your toe rubs down from the head of my erection. "Cum, Harold!"

My breath releases as the orgasm rages thru me, my face buried within Your sweet sex as Your toe rubs the cum from my release all over my shaft and balls. I fear I can no longer breathe, but I do not care; I would die happily having known this moment with You!

As my body and breathing return to normal, I feel You release my head and brush my hair from my eyes. Holding onto the wall, You raise Your dainty foot, now coated with my cream, to my mouth. "You missed a spot, Harold."