

## Sample Text Taken From 'Partners'

I tried to make it beautiful for her and paid the hotel staff to have it ready for us when we returned. And as we step in, I'm glad that I did so. This is hardly the classic dream of a young girl's first romance, but perhaps I can give her a convincing substitute....

Candlelight washes its golden glimmer over her face, the light like embers in her fiery hair. Flickering shadows cast depths into the space that would not normally be expected in a hotel bedroom.

*Now.... seduce her.*

*How did you feel, all those years ago, when she guided you through your first time.?*

Charlotte stands before me, her expression a little.... adrift.... Holding her by the waist with one hand, I stroke her face with the other.

"I'll tell you what's going to happen now, Charlotte. Because this is your first time, you don't know what to expect. No matter what you have seen in movies or read in books, you just don't."

She's trembling, but I don't think it's from fear. Rather, it smacks of the quiver of arousal.

*Does she understand that....?*

I continue. "I am going to undress you, quite slowly, because I am going to enjoy that. I saw you naked at the auction, but I didn't like it, seeing you treated like goods. This time I want to undress you carefully, to enjoy your body and for you to enjoy it too. If you would like to undress me too, partially or completely, that's fine, but you don't have to if you don't want to. Are you with me so far?"

I hold her face in my hand, making her eye meet mine as she chews at her lip. After a moment, she nods.

"After that, I want you to lie down on the bed and to be comfortable. You should be completely relaxed. If you like, I can turn the heating up or down for your comfort. Would you like me to make it warmer or cooler?"

Her head shakes slowly from side to side. Her eyes are still wide and her pupils oscillate between points and discs.

"Alright. If you change your mind, tell me. Once you are comfortable, I am going to massage you, kiss you and enjoy your body. Then I will open your legs and kiss you between them. I will lick and suck you. That should arouse you to orgasm."

*Has she ever...?*

"Have you ever had an orgasm, Charlotte? Perhaps by doing it yourself?"

"Ummm, I'm not sure. I don't think so."

*She doesn't think so?!?*

**lol!** *Perhaps replace with a chuckle in the odd places I've used this in thoughts?*

*Ah, Jade-Eyes, then you haven't....*

I can't help but chuckle, but as I breathe, I scent her. She's arousing at my words. And as I look at her, her pupils are enlarging and her lips are parting.

*Bingo...!*

"If you're not sure, then the answer's 'No'. When you orgasm, there is no mistaking it."

She looks glorious. whether she knows it or not, her body is responding to me. All I have to do is keep her from being afraid of me.

*Don't be a Dom....*

*.... Not **too** much anyhow....*

"That's very good." I smile. "I am going to be able to give you your first climax. But hopefully, not your last."

Almost as I watch, her arousal is flowering, blooming, unfurling....

"After you have climaxed...." I continue, ".... I will penetrate you and will have my own climax. By then you should be aroused enough that your body will be ready for me and it won't hurt you at all. Do you understand all that?"

She's flushing, a bloom of pink rising up her neck over skin now gleaming with perspiration. And under the fabric of her blouse, her chest heaves as her breathing grows heavier.

She nods, now looking more as though she anticipates what is coming; is looking forward to it rather than dreading it....

"Good girl."

My hands clasped softly to her face, I draw her in. I want to kiss her. but more than that; I want her to kiss me back.

I press my lips against hers, brush into her mouth with my tongue, trace her outline with the tip. She's quivering and the perfume of her arousal is strong now, but still....

.... she doesn't seem to know what comes next....

Can she really be this unworldly?

*She knows what it means to be gay.... but she doesn't know how to kiss?*

*Is it all fear? Or something else?*

I pull away. "Don't be frightened. I promise I am not going to hurt you. I want this to be wonderful for you."

"I'm not frightened, Master, just excited I think...."

"Listen to your body." I say. "You're a grown woman and even if *you* don't know it, your body wants this, wants to be touched. Let yourself go."

She's gasping now. I kiss her beautiful body, down the neck and throat, her breasts; and as I stroke over her hair and her shoulders to her belly and hips, she is a-quiver.

Her nipples are pebbled within her blouse. I nibble softly at them through the fabric of her clothes and as she moans, softly but unmistakably, my balls tighten and my cock stiffens.

How can I not smile? This beautiful innocent *wants* me. She may not, yet, understand how or why, but she wants me....

I had suggested the dress for her, but (perhaps in a spirit of rebellion?), she wore blouse and skirt. And now, slowly, carefully, I unbutton the blouse. As it falls away, her eyes widening once more, I reach around her to unclip her bra, to leave her beautifully bare-breasted for me. Her breasts, large enough to be a little pendulous, swing free, the nipples bronze in the candle-light.

She's flushed and sweating, and as her eyes drop below my waist, "You're alright, Charlotte. It's perfectly normal. You are aroused. Listen to your body. It has a lot better idea of what is happening than you do. Just let it flow."

Her eyes meet mine, and then, with an air of inevitability, drop once more to the bulge in my pants.

"It won't bite you." I say. "It *is* going to fuck you, but not until you're ready for it, which isn't yet."

.... *Oh, God, touch me, Girl....*

I take her hand, guiding it downward. "Touch me. I'd like you to, and I think you will like it too."

Her hand, guided by mine, moves tentatively down, but she jumps as my cock twitches under her touch. Then.... she moves with more assurance, smiling a little as her fingers caress the outline of my shaft, exploring me.

As her confidence (in me?) grows, so does mine in her. Pressing my erection against her, I reach to unzip her skirt, slide it down to leave her in black lace panties and no more.

And for the first time, she volunteers a movement, her fingers lacing up over my chest, roaming, caressing....

"Take my shirt off, Charlotte."

She unbuttons me, with a clumsiness that argues complete inexperience, but as my shirt falls free, I see her nostrils flaring as she scents me. And clearly, she wants to touch, but hesitates....

"It's alright, Charlotte. Touch me if you want to."

Her eyes and lips and fingers roam me; my chest and belly, my shoulders. She traces the outline of my nipples, curls fingers into my body hair. She kisses my skin, then suddenly, withdraws, flushing.

*Give her free rein....*

“It’s alright, Charlotte. If you want to do it, then do it.”

I try to encourage her, my hand to the back of her head, guiding her into me, without trying to seem to force her. I want her to *choose* to touch me....

She kisses again, then her tongue tip laps at my skin as she tastes me....

And now arousal spears through me, sharp and exquisite. It is ecstatic, but I gasp, trying to keep my control.

*Jeez...!*

“Fuck, Charlotte! I hoped this was going to be good, but....”

Grabbing her at the shoulders, I pull her to me. “Ye gods, Girl! Do you have any idea what you’re doing to me?”

And she looks once more shy and uncertain, upset. “I’m sorry, Master. I didn’t mean....”

Laughing, I take her chin in one hand. “That’s *not* what I meant. You definitely *do not* need to apologise. I’m just realising that I’m lighting fires that may take some quenching.”

*Give her some payback....*

*Show her what she gets from this....*

She looks startled as I drop to my knees before her. “Your turn now.” I say. Support yourself on me; your hands on my head or shoulders, whatever you need.”

Clearly baffled, she simply stands there. But as I move to the vee of her thighs, bathing her sex in the heat of my breath, she wails and, staggering, snatches at me with her hands, pulling at my shoulders and hair.

“Gently, Girl.” I say, as I stroke between her thighs at the moist heat of her panties. “Open your legs a little. Let me at you.” She’s moaning and staggering, and as I feel at her folds through the fabric, her head flinging back, there is a warm gush and a spreading stain.

“Master, I’m sorry, but I can’t stand up properly.”

*Gotcha, Girl....*

I stand and sweep her up, dropping her onto the bed where she lands, gasping and sweating.

Her excitement is quite unmistakable now, even if she doesn’t know it herself, and for a long moment, I hesitate, looking down at her....

*Is she ready...?*

*.... for more....?*

“Are you still nervous, Charlotte? Still scared?”

There's nothing to her but eyes as she looks back up at me, shaking her head. For a further long moment, I stall, wondering, then....

I start to unbelt my jeans, to release my straining erection. As my pants fall to the floor and I step out of them, all I can see on her face is Desire....

I'm not sure if she knows or understands, desire for *what*...., but I'm happy to show her. As her eyes travel my body, naked as I stand over her, my penis twitching with my heartbeat, her lips part, and her flushed and perspiring face tell me all I need to know....

And she reaches for me. I have to suppress a smile. She's reaching for my cock....

*Slowly.... Jade-Eyes. Slowly....*

I shake my head. "Not yet," I say, "not for your first time. I want you ready for me."

She flops back onto the bed, with almost a sulky air....

*Disappointed...? Don't worry.... You'll get the lot very soon....*

"Madam," I say, trying not to laugh, "do as you are told. I am in charge here. And.... you will enjoy it the more."

Her expression washes between laughter and embarrassment. "Raise your arms over your head, Charlotte." I continue. "Clasp your heads together."

She obeys, looking puzzled as she does so.

"I am not going to restrain you in any way today, Charlotte. It might frighten you. But, take that position. Later, you will be tied and restrained. Today, simply hold the position. Imagine that I have hand-cuffed you that way."

She's looking a bit wary now, but I think we are at the point of no-return. I slip a hand between her knees, easing them apart. "Open up now. I'm going to tongue-fuck you."

As she obeys me, there is another surge of her pungent perfume....

*She's flooding....*

*Does **she** want me, or is it just her body speaking?*

.... and as I see between her thighs, she's soaked; her juices flowing freely over her pussy-lips and along her thighs.

*Beautiful....*

I pull up a pillow, shoving it under her hips. I want easy access, to be able to fully reach her, to pleasure her as she deserves. I'm not too gentle as I tug her into position, but she seems to be beyond worrying now....

Another pillow under her hips, and it's forcing her to arch, to make her fully aware of her position, her exposed pussy, her displayed sex....

"Good girl. Lie back. Relax. Just let me take over now."

And now, naked, spread and displayed for me, I have her, for her pleasure and mine. My balls writhe and tighten and I could happily plunge into her right now, shaft her and shoot....

.... but that's not what I want to do.

I want her to climax. I want to taste her orgasm as she comes into my mouth.

She's panting now; I'm not sure if it's anxiety or arousal.

*She's still scared. She's trying hard, but she's still worrying....*

*Easy now.*

But she's aroused despite herself. Hips raised, thighs spread, her vulva is open and visible. Her pussy and lips are swollen and red, glistening with her flowing juices.

*Calm her down, Man. Talk to her....*

"You're beautiful Charlotte. I know that you don't know how beautiful, but trust me, you are. And I'm going to make you cum, and scream for more. I'm going to fuck you until you know that you are beautiful."

Her eyes meet mine; those amazing green eyes. Set against her skin, not pale now but pink with sexual heat, and her brilliantly copper hair, as I hold her gaze, her pupils expand from pin-pricks to saucers....

*That's it Jade-Eyes.... There's nothing to be scared of.... Relax....*

And I lean in to taste her, drawing my tongue over her in a single, slow, smooth stroke, from her beautiful glistening pussy to her hardening clit.

And she screams....

And it's not the scream of a woman who knew what to expect.

*Yes, you're the genuine article aren't you? You've never felt that before....*

She's writhing and twisting on the bed, her arms thrashing as her hips jerk and buck.

*Time for a little restraint I think....*

I seize her at the wrists, not trying to hurt her, but to control her.

*I've paid for this. We're doing it my way Jade-Eyes. I expect your obedience....*

"Very good, Charlotte." I murmur to her. "But did I tell you to move?"

She sags back against the bed, her expression contrite. But her eyes are wide, her lips parted and she's panting as she speaks.

"No, Master. Sorry, Master. I'll be good."

"That's better. Why don't you hold onto the bars of the headboard. Perhaps it will make it easier for you to be obedient."

As she looks back at the metal bars of the bedhead, I see it register with her that this has been chosen for more than edging a mattress....

*Ah.... Jade-Eyes.... the image of you, tied and spread-eagled for me....*

*But not yet....*

She's trying to be obedient, grasping the bars behind her with each hand.

*I'd love your Submission....*

Your **real** Submission....

*But I'm paying for this and.... are you a Sub?*

"Good girl. Feel free to move your legs to make yourself comfortable. If you swing them upwards, it will be easiest for me, but you can rest your feet on my back or shoulders if you want to."

Setting myself between her thighs, I adjust her position a little, lifting her at the knees. I want to be comfortable. I want to savour this whole experience, this delectable, beautiful, virginal girl.

She moves, her hips angling to present her pussy to me....

"Is that better, Master?"

*Ah.... you're getting it now....*

"Perfect. Now, lie still while I tongue-fuck you."

When did I last see an unfucked pussy?

Have I ever?

I'm not sure, but we have all night, and I take my time with her. There's no need to go plunging in, and I enjoy opening her with my fingers, exploring her swelling folds. She's wet and becoming wetter, and her nerves seem to be abating.

Slipping back the hood of her clit, it stands to attention for me, bright red and begging to be sucked....

*Pace yourself.... take your time....*

And as I finger and stroke her, she shudders and whimpers. Angled back, she's not looking at me; I think lost in an internal world.

*Lovely sounds.... You'll make others for me in a while....*

*How does she taste?*

I slip a couple of fingers inside her, coating myself in her juices. Her cunt quivers around me at the penetration and her breath catches. Her head lifts, I think to see what I am doing, and her eyes meet mine, widening once more as she sees me sucking my fingers clean.

She's lemony and fresh, scented of musk and a trace of the rose perfumed soap that's in the bathroom.

"You taste wonderful, Charlotte." I say. "Soon you will taste of me, when I come inside you, but first...."

*She doesn't know what she wants....*

*So, it's for me to take her measure....*

*How hard can I make you scream, Jade-Eyes?*

I breathe over her, laving her cunt and clit and vulva with warm breath, and again she squirms, her moans growing louder.

Her pussy is in full flow now. I think she's as aroused as she's going to be without something more direct from me.

Wrapping my mouth around her clit, sucking as gently, I mouth at her with the softest part of my lips. She bucks and screams and I seize her hips in a firm hold.

*Too much?*

*Yes, too much.... Tone it down....*

The tip of her bud is too sensitive, but I find a delicate tender spot between the root of her clit and the soft skin of her pussy which I probe and work with the tip of my tongue.

With my hands grasping her at the hips, I spread my fingers to feel at her belly muscles. Every quiver and pulse transmit through to me and I can gauge her reaction to everything I do as she becomes louder and more noisy, her moans turning to wails.

Taking time for my own enjoyment, I lap at the wet heat of her now hot and engorged pussy. She's flooding....

*Shouldn't have any problems when I'm ready to get inside her....*

*Jeez, but I'm looking forward to having my cock in there....*

The pillow I used to support her hips is barely necessary now; she's arching and straining and her weight abruptly transfers to her feet across my shoulders as her body tenses.

She's on the build to climax. Her whole body is vibrating and her wails are becoming louder.

My angle is awkward for it, but with my mouth capping her lips and clit, I finger-fuck her, spreading my fingers to stretch her in the way that women seem to enjoy so much.

For a moment, she freezes, poised on the edge....

*There she blows....*

.... and she judders into orgasm, screaming.

Taking a breath, I plunge my tongue into her, as deeply as I can, swiping out inside her against pulsing muscles. My face pressed in hard against her, I extend the moment as long as I can while she howls and thrashes against me.

Her grasp on the bed-head forgotten, her fingers and gripping into my skull, she rides the wave, until....



“Stop! Stop! Please, Master....”

I withdraw, pulling in a deep lungful of air and wiping her delicious juices from my nose and chin.

Legs dangling over the edge of the bed, she’s still in orgasm, her eyes squeezed closed, whimpering as she shudders and twitches. I smile as I watch her hands, waving in the air as though she’s trying to grasp hold of something, not knowing what to do with them.

Slowly, her cries die down, and her gasps for air diminish to mere heavy breathing.

*I think we can call that a success....*

I feel outlandishly pleased with myself.

*I don't think she'll forget that in a hurry....*

*I certainly won't....*

Her eyes flicker open, staring at the ceiling at first. She’s clearly completely spaced out. Sitting beside her on the bed, I wait for her to descend, to return the same planet as me. Eventually, her eyes flick to me, pupils huge, black in jade.

“So, you enjoyed your first orgasm?”

She nods, then twitches....

*A bit of afterburn?*

*Even better....*

“Yes. It was wonderful, Master.”

She looks utterly languid, relaxed back against the sheets. Her skin is sheened in perspiration, her hair spread in a fan of flame around her. Her breasts and stomach are still flushed and, her legs still draped over the edge, thighs parted, I can see her sopping pussy....

*Waiting for me....*

*Time to be fucked, Green-Eyes....*

My cock twitches, wanting to be inside her, and my balls are tight and pressured. Her eyes widen as she sees my readiness and a trace of fear flashes across her face, quickly masked.

*Be easy with her....*

*.... but she's ripe....*

“Stay there.” I say. “Just relax. Your body is as ready for me as it’s ever going to be.”

Still pillow-raised at the hip, she arches back as I ease her knees wider, positioning myself.

The tension’s back with her, and she’s trembling again....

*Arousal, or fear?*

My cock eases against her, twitching deliciously as it brushes against the heat and wetness of her clit and lips. The head pressing to her entrance, she tensions....

*They always tell girls this is going to hurt the first time....*

*.... but why should it, if they're prepared....?*

And I lean in, wrapping my arms around to support her a little, draw her in closer. I stroke her beautiful hair, kiss her.

“Shhh...Calm down. It's alright....”

And slowly, carefully, I guide myself inside her, but only just. My cock-head pushing against her inner muscle, I push in, then withdraw, penetrate and withdraw, a little deeper each time, opening her.

As I enter her, she arches, drawing in her breath. She's whimpering, but I don't think I'm hurting her. It sounds like moans of pleasure as I fill her.

She's tight and warm and slick, and her pussy grips me as I penetrate.

*God, but that's good....*

It feels incredible. And she's not trembling now, her tension dispersed. With me fully sheathed inside her, she's showing no signs of distress or discomfort. Instead, she's panting again, her pelvis quivering against me.

*That's it Green-Eyes....*

I increase my rhythm, watching her all the time, but she rides with me. Stepping up the pace, I thrust harder, and then harder again....

And suddenly, she seems to *get it*....

Her hips swing up, her legs wrapping around me as she contours herself to my body, and now she rocks with me, matching me as I plunge into her. Yelling and shouting, almost laughing, she rides with me, inviting me in further, harder, deeper. It must surely be hurting her, but she doesn't seem to care, urging me on, welcoming me as our bodies collide.

Her eyes open, seeing me. I'm rising to release, but retain enough self-control to speak.

“Are you alright, Charlotte?”

“Yes, Master, I'm fine.” Her smile is broad, her face lit with joy and lust and laughter. She reaches for me, open-mouthed to kiss me, her hands around my back and shoulders, nails digging in.

The tension in me climbs, that pressure/heat/electric that tightens the balls and stiffens the cock and sets the heart pounding. It's coming and there's no stopping it.

And dropping my head to her chest, groaning, I spurt and spill into her. My climax is explosive, exquisite, and like nothing I've ever had before....

.... before, gasping for breath, I simply drop down onto her.

.

.

*A gentleman takes his own weight....*

Lifting my bulk from her, I withdraw and then roll to lie beside her.

I want to sing, but instead, I kiss her, her chin held between my fingers.

“Charlotte, thank you. That was unforgettable.”

She’s still smiling. “Master. Thank *you*. I was so nervous. But, you made it, just so....”  
She’s awkward for a moment, hesitant. “Can we just lie here for a few minutes? Is that okay?”

*It surely is Jade-Eyes. What more could I have asked of you....?*

“Of course it is. We’ll just enjoy the moment shall we.”

I hold her in a loose embrace, our naked bodies still entwined.

Incredibly, I’m feeling an emotion I’ve not felt for years, had all but forgotten....

.... *tenderness.*

*How long is it since I felt like this?*

*Years....*

*Decades?*

“No regrets, Charlotte?”

“No, Master. None.”

*She must be tired. Give her the chance....*

“That’s good. Now, we have six days ahead of us. Would you like to sleep now?”

“Yes, I think I would.”

Indeed, her eyes are drooping already.

“You do that then. I have some phone calls to make.”