

## Chapter Two

"You're a drug dealer."

I locked the door before glancing at Linda, who disappointedly had her clothes back on and looked ready to go.

"We're not done." I blew out a breath and strode towards the wine bar, serving myself a much needed glass of red. My left cheek still stung, and I looked up at my reflection, frowning when I noticed the redness on my face.

Linda took a tentative step towards me, her heels clicking. "You sell drugs, right? I mean, that would explain everything. Your houses, your car—that scary man who came in. He was a debt collector, right? That explains why the old man hit you. He's the loan shark."

I twirled the wine around in my glass. "Leave your imagination to your books."

Linda crossed her arms.

Sighing, I placed my glass down and headed to the shelves stacked full of naughty toys. I peeled off my clothes on the way, tossing them on the ground. By the time I reached my toy collection, I was only left with my lingerie.

Linda bit down on her lower lips, glancing between the paddle I had in my hand and me. "I—I think I want to go now."

"Go then." I jerked my chin towards the door. "There's cash downstairs on the living room table. More than enough to grab a taxi."

She was still staring at the paddle. "I can go?"

"Of course."

Her gaze switched, and I could almost feel the heat of her gaze as she looked me up and down. I was wearing a lace lingerie set in midnight black, and it was obvious Linda *loved* what she was seeing.

I raised an eyebrow. "Are you going?"

She was silent for a bit, tackling between logic and emotions.

"Are you a drug dealer?" she finally whispered.

"No."

“You don’t deal with drugs?”

“No.”

“Who was that man that came into the room? Or the man on the beach with you?”

I didn’t answer immediately. If I ignored the question, she might actually leave, which I was usually fine with. But the ordeal with my father had me all riled up, and I had to release my frustrations somewhere. I looked at Linda, at her green eyes, at her red lips, down to her lean, curvy body and at those smooth, long legs.

I wanted to fuck her. I wanted her to scream me out. That would be the only thing that would calm me down.

“My father,” I finally said. “He’s my father.”

“And the man in the room?”

“His lapdog.”

Her green eyes went wide. “Are you in any trouble? Why would—even if he’s your father, he has no right to do what he did to you.”

I forced a smile. “Are you leaving or not?”

She sank her teeth into her bottom lip. “I should. You’re not telling me much, and I don’t really feel safe here.” She sighed. “You’re fucking intense, Clara.”

I placed the paddle back on the shelf, then walked forward. Her eyes went to my swaying hips, and I could see her tensing up as I got right up to her.

“But?” I said, trailing a finger up her arm, watching as goosebumps form along the way.

“But...” Her breathing became heavier. “You’re...”

I leaned forward, nibbling on her ear, and I felt her shudder. “I am...?”

“This is a bad decision—I know this is a bad decision but...” She turned, so she could look at me. “I want you to fuck me. I want you to give me the time of my life.”

“I can do that.” I took her chin, melding our lips together. Linda was tentative at first, sucking softly, but when I parted her lips with my tongue, she gripped my shoulders and deepened the kiss with a low moan.

I backed her up until she hit a wall. She gasped at the contact, but never stopped kissing me. I used the moment to unbutton her jeans and slip my hand underneath her panties.

Wetness greeted me.

“Clara!” Linda squealed when I found her clit and pressed my thumb against the throbbing nub, making slow, teasing circles over it.

“Relax.” I broke the kiss to whisper into her ear. “Submit and I’ll give you what you want.”

“I want...” She tried to kiss me again, but I turned my head away. “I want you.”

“You’ll have me.” I rubbed her clit harder, and when she cried out, I doubled the intensity, slipping two fingers into her tight cunt.

“Clara—oh god” Linda closed her eyes, her lips ajar. I took a teasing bite on her neck and started finger fucking her pussy, alternating between fast and slow while my thumb still played with her clit.

“Please—” Linda gasped, tried to squirm away, but I held her against the wall. “Clara—”

I ignored her pitiful pleas, continuing to ravage her pussy, and when I felt her shudder, I withdrew my hand and backed a step away. Linda would have crumbled to the ground from her weak knees if I wasn’t still holding her up.

“Why did you stop?” Linda complained, her voice high-pitched and whiny. “I was—” she heaved. “I was so close.”

“You cum when I want you to cum.” I trailed a wet finger down her jawline. “Clothes aren’t allowed in this room, my dear. So take them off. Now.”

I let go of her and Linda stumbled to the side, managing to catch herself at the last second. She looked at me, saw I was serious, then obeyed my command. Less than a minute later, my beauty was naked.

“Are you going to...” She nodded at the shelves. “To make me fetch the harness again so you can fuck me?”

I smiled. “How adventurous are you?”

“Quite.” Her blonde hair was a mess around her face, and her makeup wasn’t perfect anymore. The wild look felt wrong on her, but I loved everything that felt wrong.

Leaving her gasping against the wall, I went back to the shelves, surveying my vast selection of tools and taking my pick.

“Linda.”

“Y-Yeah?”

“Your fiancé. What is his name?”

“Josh. Why?”

“What is your sex life like with this Josh?”

“Good.”

I paused to look at her, and she changed her answer.

“I mean, we’re pretty vanilla.”

I went back to my toys. “But you crave the other flavors. You want to try out strawberries too.”

“Am I that easy to read?”

Turning around, I gestured her close.

She eyed all the toys I had on my hands, but she obeyed nevertheless, walking forward with slow, cautious steps. When she was near enough, I took her chin and pecked her on the lips.

She smiled at the sweet gesture, visibly relaxing.

I nodded. “Turn around.”

She turned, and I pushed her blonde hair aside and before she knew what was happening, I secured the black collar around her neck.

“A collar?” Linda felt up the hard leather. “Kinky.”

“Mmm hmm.” I turned her around so we were back to facing each other. As she stared at me, her green eyes wide with nerves, I attached a leash to the front collar ring. It snapped locked with a *‘click.’* “Have you made deals before, Linda?”

She looked understandably confused. “Deals?”

“I want to make a deal with you.” She looked so fucking beautiful with that collar wrapped around her neck, and I couldn’t resist jerking the leash, causing her to stumble forward, yelping in surprise. “I want you to trust me. Completely. Do that, and I’ll give you a weekend you will never ever forget. Does that sound fair?”

“Trust you as in...?”

I handed her another item. “Wear this blindfold.”

She took the item, studying it.

“Shit,” she whispered. But I could tell from her eyes, she liked the idea. Giving me one last look, Linda raised her hands and then covered her eyes, tying a knot behind her head before letting out a cute giggle. “I can’t see anything.”

I pinched her right tit, and she jumped up with a squeal.

“No!” She burst out laughing. “No—oh my god!”

“Come.” Holding the leash, I led my blind beauty across the room. I set the toys on the edge of the bed before guiding Linda to the middle, where I laid her down.

“I’m so wet,” she giggled. “This is so embarrassing.”

“Don’t be.” I got on top of her, then trailed feather light kisses up her body, starting from her thighs, to her pussy, to her lean stomach, to those beautiful tits, up her neck, licking across a vein. Linda gasped from every peck, moaned when I licked her, sighed when I ended my journey at her lips. I kissed her long and slow, savoring her lips and tongue, enjoying the way she submitted to me.

“Clara...” Linda whispered my name out when I pulled back.

“Mistress.”

She turned towards the sound of my voice. “What?”

“When you wear that collar, my name’s not Clara. It’s Mistress.”

“Mistress.” She tasted the word, then broke out into cute giggles.

“Don’t laugh.” To illustrate that, I turned her to the side and delivered a quick smack across her ass cheeks, turning her giggles into gasps. “For the next few moments, you’ll only feel pain. But you’ll love it. You’ll want more.”

Linda spoke out, her voice husky. "What are you going to do to me?"

"You'll see. Well..." I rolled off her to retrieve the toys that I had brought with us. "You'll feel."

I could tell Linda was becoming restless. She kept shifting around, so I clicked my tongue in annoyance and went back to her, pinning both her wrists together and then stretching her arms out above her head.

"Stay still," I snapped. "Your hands stay here. Do not move them until you're instructed to. Understand?"

She nodded in response. Not good enough, so I gave her left cheek a small tap.

"Don't nod. Speak."

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes..." She pursed her lips, then parted them. "Mistress."

I must have heard the word thousands of times by then, but receiving the title from Linda... it hit a little differently.

"Good girl." I let her go and returned to the toys.

"Mistress?"

"Hmm?"

"Do... do you do this often? Bring women home and torture them? I mean it in the best way possible."

"I told you, Linda. I don't do this often. At least with strangers."

"So you have your regulars? Who are they?"

My mind drifted off to my slaves. Phoebe, Camila, and Abigail. All stunning beauties. All crazy in bed. But the reason Linda was with me and not them was simple.

I was bored of them. I had enslaved them when I was much younger, and I have already had my time with them. Over the years, my body grew numb to pleasure—I already experienced everything several times over—and I was hoping Linda could spare me from my curse.

And it wasn't just the lack of sexual pleasure I wanted cured from.

As I grew older, I realized that...

I felt... lonely?

It was crazy to think about. I was surrounded by people every day. But no one understood me. Truly understood me. My slaves were just there to please me, my clients disgusted me, my friends were friends because of my status, and my father only saw me as a tool for his legacy.

I had everything I ever wanted, but I have nothing at all.

"Just... people" I answered her, taking a cup filled full with wax from the small stash of tools I had brought with us. I had already lit the lone candle that was sitting inside and the top layer of the wax was already melting, giving off an aroma of lavender.

"Men or women?"

"What do you think?" I was back to Linda, ushering her to turn around so that she was lying on her tits.

"I think you fancy both."

"Hmm." I tilted the cup forwards, letting the tiniest drop of wax drip through. The reaction was instant. She jerked to the side, then gasped loudly.

"Your hands..." I tied her hands back up. "Stay here."

"Wh-What's that?" She was panting, clearly not used to this sensual play. "Did you drop something on me? It feels hot!"

"It's wax, my dear," I whispered. "Made for play. Relax. It won't burn your beautiful skin."

Other than her breaths, she went silent, her entire body tensing for the next drop. I tipped the cup once more.

"Ah—" Laughter. "Oh wow. That feels..."

"It feels good, doesn't it?"

"I have never done anything like this before. Not even close to this."

“That’s why I’m here.” I scorched her upper back, then the curve of her lower back, and then her ass cheek. Each time Linda felt the wax, she gasped, but her body was getting used to it. She didn’t flinch as much as the first time, and she kept her hands in place.

“So?” Linda asked suddenly.

“Hmm?”

“Do you like both men and women?”

“Turn around.”

She obeyed, and I wasted no time, tilting the cup over her tits. She shrieked, but giggles came through right after. I liked that she laughed a lot. It had been so long since I last had a genuine laugh or even a simple giggle, and it was refreshing to witness someone else do it for me.

“I think men are simple-minded and too predictable,” I said, continuing to pour the tiniest drop of wax over her body. I made sure not to follow a rhythm, delivering pain when she least expected it. “I can tell what they want. Why they want it. How they want it.”

“So you prefer women?”

“Yes.”

“Oh.” Linda was quiet for a few moments. I left her and set the cup away to retrieve another toy.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” I told my blind companion. Usually I would play for much longer, but tonight I was impatient. “Does Josh fuck you hard?”

“He tries to.”

“He tries to, *Mistress*,” I corrected her. “Speak to me properly.”

“Sorry.” She squeaked, then corrected herself. “He tries, *Mistress*.”

“I will fuck you harder than he does.” I stepped into my favorite black leather harness and attached the dildo I chose for Linda. It was large and wide, but it was nothing Linda couldn’t take. I have fucked with worse. “You will feel extremely sore tomorrow.”

She breathed the word out. “Really?”



“Don’t worry.” I secured the bright pink dildo around my waist and returned to bed. “Tomorrow, I’ll treat you extra nice.”

“Shit.” She wiggled her ass. “How big is it?”

“Big enough. Stay still.” I brought the gag to her face, told her to open her mouth wide, then secured the ball between her teeth. She bit into the silicon, now blind and mute. I shifted backwards so I could get a good view of Linda, looking so helpless in her restraints.

But I wasn’t done yet. Turning her around, I secured her hands behind her back, this time using real cuffs, binding her wrist together. I made sure it was tight, but not causing her any discomfort.

As she tested her new restraints, I placed a pillow right beneath her tits, bringing her hips up at the perfect angle.

“Relax,” I purred. “You’re in good hands, Linda.”

She must have said a ‘Yes, Mistress,’ but her ball in her mouth made her words indistinguishable. Moving behind her, I smiled when I saw she had grown even *wetter*. Arousal was already leaking down her thighs, and her pussy lips were so pink, so ready for me to take her.

I set my palms on her ass cheeks, spread them out even more, then slowly eased my hips forward. The second she felt the dildo prodding at her entrance, she let out a muffled shriek, but stayed perfectly still, making it easy for me to penetrate her.

I stretched Linda out and her muffled screams filled the bedroom. She tried to twist to the side once again, attempting an escape, but I pinned her down to the mattress and shushed her, telling her to relax. It took a moment, but her screams quietened down.

My own tension evaporated with hers. I *loved* the feeling of domination, but it was getting stale. My slaves were getting older and my girlfriends were sex addicts who only came crawling to me for cheap pleasure because their partners couldn’t come close to satisfying them like I do.

I only obliged them because I was bored, and I guess my boredom came to a peak because I finally did the unthinkable and left the mansion to head to a random bar, seeking out a woman to fill the void in my heart. I needed someone who didn’t come from my world—the one that was filled with drugs, money, and pleasure. Someone innocent and pure. Someone like Linda.

Papa was obviously not going to be pleased. Instead of banishing Linda away, I did the opposite. But it would all work out. I would not fail Papa.

Though he only gave me a year to fulfill my duty. I was extremely picky with my partners, more-so the men than the women. Men only came to me because of my beauty and my status. They didn't give a shit who I really was or attempted to really understand me. All they saw was a pretty face and they all fell down to their knees, proclaiming their love, showering me with shiny jewelry and bright diamonds, hoping their grand gifts would somehow make me change my feelings about them.

Cheap. Pathetic.

But I had to find a man. I had to prove to Papa that I wouldn't end our bloodline and kill his precious legacy.

"Relax, baby," I whispered, flexing my hips forward, feeding more of the false cock into Linda's trembling body. Her high-pitched shrieks turned into low moans, the pain I was giving her morphing into ecstasy.

"Mmmmm!"

"Shh..." Gripping her fine hips, I continued pressing my own hips forward. Linda was clenching her fists so hard, her knuckles were turning white. The cock was almost fully into her, and then with a sudden jerk, I entered Linda completely.

"MHM!"

I slapped her right ass cheek, forcing a muffled moan out of my pet.

Linda dug her forehead deeper into the mattress and raised her hips a little high, submitting to the fucking I was about to give. Releasing an exhale, I pulled out. Her pussy was dripping so much, creating a small dark pool on the mattress around her knees. It was an intoxicating sight, and I shove the cock back into her, relishing the scream that came soon after.

"MHMM!"

So far, I had been too nice to Linda, but I didn't need to give her mercy any longer. Her pussy was already stretched out and her body was already primed for abuse, so I allowed myself to let loose.

"MHMM!" Her body jerked. Her screams returned. "MHMMMMMMMMMM! MHMM!"

I watched Linda twist and turn from the pain and pleasure. Her hands were trying to escape from the binds, but she couldn't do anything but lie there with her head down and her hips held high as I ravaged her tight pussy hole.

"MHMMMMMMMMMM! MHM!" She shuddered violently. "MHMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

I could tell she was close. Bringing a hand down, I went for her clit, rubbing the hard nub, and within a few seconds, Linda erupted into screams, her body convulsing, her fists fighting against the restraints.

I ignored her orgasm, continue to fuck her on and on. I had Linda in several positions. Missionary. Bent over the bed. Bent over the drawer. Against the wall. Bouncing on my lap. My room was never silent, always filled up with her moanings, her needy whimpers.

By the time I was finally satisfied, Linda was a heaving mess of sweat and saliva. She laid on my bed, still tied up and blinded, her chin drenched in saliva, her thighs still leaking from arousal. Even though I had removed the ball gag some time ago, she had no spare energy to utter even a word.

Crawling to her, I removed the blindfold first, but Linda's eyes were sealed shut. I unlocked the wrist wraps and took her collar off. Linda laid still, a sweat filled wreck, her long hair a complete mess around her. I smiled, satisfied with the night. Taking my lingerie off, I laid down naked and pressed myself against her, feeling our curves melding perfectly.

I could hear her every slow breath, feel how fragile her body was. She was still trembling, and I held her tight, waiting for sleep to take me.

Like always, it took a while, but for the first time in countless nights, the heavy feeling behind my chest lifted ever so slightly. I was used to waking up with a woman cuddled up next to me, but no matter how beautiful or perfect looking they seemed to be, I never felt anything more than numb satisfaction.

The next time I opened my eyes. I knew I wouldn't feel any different about her. About anyone. But I still clung to the hope that one day, something would change.