

Master Of The House

Willie sensed the flush rising in his cheeks. Had his family suspected this would happen when they signed him in? Doubtful. Delores spoke the truth. He'd, of late, been stripped of his power—exhausted, and dominated by his family. Though they meant well, wanting only the best things for him, he had begun to feel smothered, longing for a sense of freedom. He stifled a chuckle. Perhaps this serendipitous turn of events might be his good fortune after all, with him gaining the upper hand in the end.

Delores studied his expression in depth and spoke again, a new gleam in her eye. “So, are you ready to begin?”

With an air of humility, Willie answered, “Yes, I’m more than ready to begin.”

“Excellent, we begin now.” Her eyes lit up and she held out the whip in front of her, grasping both ends in her hands as she walked back and forth in front of him once again. “Now, my dear Willie, there’s one subject I want to pursue and that is the one concerning women.” She returned, delivering a soft thrust of the whip against one of his thighs. “You have quite a muscular body, with strong thighs, rippling chest, and a chiseled, handsome face.”

Willie lowered his face in submission, but he was beaming inside. No one had ever commented on his appearance until now. But what she did next turned his cheeks scarlet. With one end of the whip, she caught up his flaccid shaft, lifting it up to admire its appearance.

“My, what a beautiful cock you have! I like the way it flows over that sweet, plump sac of yours.” She reached out and gave his flesh a firm squeeze, rolling the spongy contents between her fingers.

With gritted teeth, Willie silenced a groan. He’d never been touched this way before by anyone, and this woman was bold, with no reservations.

“Tell me, darling, do you ever fantasize about women? Do you have a special someone who makes your heart flutter and your cock swell?”

Her question took him by surprise, and he stood there, dumbfounded, almost losing himself in another dimension. Another swat from the whip jarred him back to reality. “Um ... well ...” He licked his lips, swallowing hard.

“Answer me!” Her tone of voice turned into a snarl. “Do you have a special love?”

Willie cleared his throat. “As a matter of fact, I do have someone special I think about from time to time.”

“I thought so.” She gave him a satisfied smile. “And what kinds of things do you think about?”

Startled by this question even more than the previous one, he had to think a moment. Just what did he think about when he thought of her, this young lady who’d attracted his attention for quite a while now? “I’m not sure. I’ve never given the matter much thought before.”

Delores threw back her head and laughed. “I find that hard to believe. Any man smitten with a woman always has plenty to *think about* when he’s alone without her.” She moved in closer and whispered in his ear, “Even more, any man smitten with a woman always finds plenty *to do* when he’s alone without her.”

He narrowed his eyes. “Plenty to do?” He knew blurting out his comment might irritate her, but he took the chance anyway.