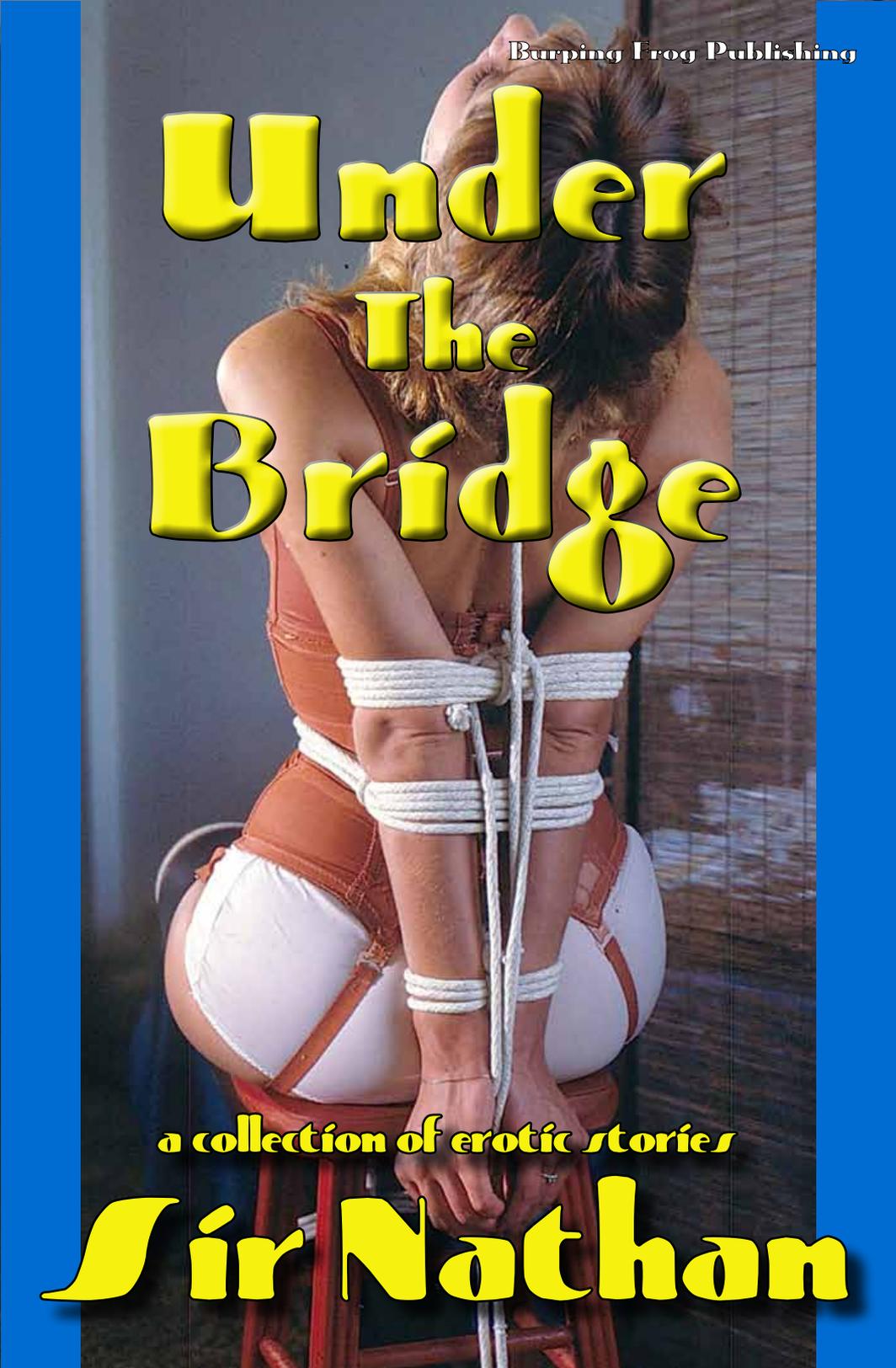


Burping Frog Publishing



Under The Bridge

a collection of erotic stories

Sir Nathan

Spent

I had teased her mercilessly. Almost every hour I'd called her.

I had just asked her if the sound of my voice still turned her on. She cleared her throat and in a quiet voice said that it did. I had her brush her fingertips over her nipples to check whether they were hard. She did and said they were. I smiled and hung up.

When next I called I asked her why my voice turned her on. She replied that she loved its depth and tone, and that listening to me never failed to give her butterflies. She admitted she had been thinking about the sound of it for the last hour. I told her to pinch her nipples gently. She moaned softly into the telephone and I hung up again.

When I called again I could hear the eagerness in her voice. I said I thought someone was getting excited. She agreed she was. I had her squeeze her thighs together and tell me what she had been thinking about. Breathlessly she said she didn't know. I said that wasn't good enough and to separate her knees. She sighed plaintively and said, "Yes, Sir." I told her to answer the question and I listened to her breathe down the telephone line as she fought to answer. "I-I've been thinking about p-playing, M-Master," she whispered. I smiled and made her sweat. I loved how she stuttered as she became excited. It was utterly adorable. I finally broke my silence.

"Playing?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

Her breath shortened. "P-Playing with myself, Master."

“Perhaps you mean ... *solitaire*?” I asked teasingly. I heard her swallow again. I love what ‘dirty talk’ does to her. It’s so much fun.

“I mean, m-masturbating, Master.”

“I see,” I said, lowering my voice. “So you mean, playing with your *cunt*.”

“Yes, Master,” she rushed, breathing hard.

“Say it.”

“Playing w-with my c-cunt, M-Master.”

“Good girl.”

I hung up.

An hour later I called her again. I talked about the weekend. I asked her if we had plans. I asked whether we had time to visit my mother. She answered but she sounded a little desperate. “Are you all right, pet?” I asked, smiling.

“Yes, M-Master.”

“I have to go.”

“Ohh ...” she moaned in frustration as I hung up the receiver. I was enjoying this *far* too much. I chuckled. By now she would have realised I was calling almost on the hour. I left it an extra fifteen minutes before I called her back.

“Hello, pet.”

“Thank you for calling me so many times today, Master.”

“You are welcome, little one,” I said, as if distracted. For a moment I listened to her soft, halting breath. I knew she was wondering if I had to leave again. However, she also knew the importance of silence and not to fill it unnecessarily. I finally asked, “Are you wet, Ally?”

“Oh ... yes, Master,” came her quick reply. I could hear her smile.

“You have a wet cunt.”

She gasped then replied quietly, “Y-Yes, Master.”

“Say it.”

“I-I have a w-wet cunt, Master.”

“Are you still in your nightie?”

“It’s after midday, Master!”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Oh!”

I hung up.

This time it was an hour and a half before I called her back again. I was enjoying myself. She probably thought she was in trouble.

“Hello, Allison.”

“Oh, Master. I’m so sorry. I didn’t think before and I just-”

I interrupted her. “If I ask you a simple question, I expect a simple answer. I do not expect the simplicity of the question to be pointed out to me.”

She gulped. “Yes, Master. I’m sorry.”

“Apology accepted. Now pinch your nipples and squeeze your thighs together.”

Her breath quickened. “Y-Yes, Master.”

“When I hang up, you will go and get your nipple clamps and put them on, tighten them to medium, and not remove them for any reason until I call back. If you are not in shorts and a t-shirt already, go and change now. Nothing else. Clamps under the t-shirt.”

“Yes, M-Master,” she breathed.

I hung up.

I called her back just before I left work for the day. I smiled as I pressed the numbers. It had only been twenty minutes. “Hello, my pet.”

“Oh, Master. Th-Thank you for calling back.” *Now* she was desperate.

“You are welcome.”

“I h-hope your day is g-going well, Master.”

“Hold up your t-shirt with your teeth. Take off the clamps.”

“Y-yes, Master.”

In moments her breathing became laboured as her bunched up t-shirt was held in her mouth. She was breathing fast through her nose, right into the receiver. I imagined her unscrewing one of the clamps and in a second she gasped.

“Good girl,” I said. “Now the other one.”

“Mmm ... MMMMmmm ...” she protested, right on cue.

“Good girl. Caress them.”

She moaned as she did so.

“Drop the shirt. Pinch them gently through the material.”

“Ohh ...”

“Tighter.”

“Ohhhh ...”

“Lift them up a bit.”

“Oh, Godddd ”

“Let go.”

“Mmmmm ...”

“Caress them.”

“Oh, Master. They’re throbbing and hot.”

“And hard.”

“Oh, yes, Master. So hard ... Mmmmm ...”

“Squeeze your thighs together again.”

“Ohhh ...”

“How wet are you?”

“So wet, Master.”

“Dripping?”

“Y-Yes, Master.”

“Your cunt is dripping.”

“M-My c-cunt is dripping.”

“Good girl. I have to go. I’ll see you soon.”

“Please, no, Master!”

“What is it?”

“Please Master, please, please may I play?”

“No. Wait until I get home. Then, if you ask nicely ...” I let the implication sink in. She would have to ask face to face.

She swallowed and in a small voice replied, “Y-Yes, Master.”

“I’ll be home in forty-five minutes.”

“Y-Yes, Master.”

I hung up.

Ally had outdone herself. When I entered our home, I was pleasantly surprised by the sight of so many candles, and by the soft music wafting through the house from the lounge room. I decided then and there that I would have to tease her more often. The scent of a delicious dinner wound itself around my senses as I dropped my briefcase in the walk-in wardrobe and changed into jeans and a t-shirt. I washed my hands and face before making my way to the kitchen. Ally greeted me with a kiss on my cheek and asked if my day went well. I chuckled and replied that it had been delightful. Small talk ensued and I studied her as she put the finishing touches on our meal. She caught a couple of my looks and smiled back. Ten minutes later we were eating.

After dinner I loaded the dishwasher, turned it on, and returned to my recliner to read while Allison showered. Throughout dinner I had said nothing about our phone calls. The persistent light blush in Allison's cheeks told me she was still thinking about it, and turned on. While we ate, I almost relented, but I wanted to tease her some more.

When she returned from her shower I looked up, resting my book in my lap. She stood between my recliner and the couch, hands clasped behind her back, waiting for instructions. She had put her t-shirt and shorts back on. "Wouldn't you have felt more comfortable in something else, little one?" I asked.

"I um ... I didn't know ... what to ... um ..."

"Ahhh ... I hadn't asked you to change, had I?" I asked, smiling up at her.

"No, Master," she replied. Her bottom lip was getting a work over.

"Good girl."

"Thank you, Master," she said, bowing her head.

I returned my attention to my book, smiling to myself. Noticing the music had ended, I glanced across at the stereo system.

"Would it please you to listen to something light in the background, Master?" she asked quietly.

"It would," I replied. "You may amuse yourself on the couch

when you have done so, little one.”

“Thank you, Master.”

She was the expert when it came to music and she had excellent taste. She chose something classical then sat chastely on the edge of the couch across from me. After a while she began flicking through a magazine. She even hummed to herself and twirled an errant tendril of the hair framing her face. But nothing held her attention and I noticed that she kept glancing at me. Barely fifteen minutes had passed before she had finally worked up her nerve. I smiled as she whispered, “May I please play now, Master?”

“Sure, little one,” I replied, continuing to read.

“Th-Thank you, Master. Thank you.” She stood and made to leave.

“Where are you going?” I asked, looking up from my book. She stopped in her tracks and turned to me.

“T-To the bedroom, Master,” she answered quietly, standing still and looking down at the floor.

“I did not say you could leave the room to play.”

She bit her lip again. “Forgive me, I just thought - “

“It’s all right, Ally,” I said softly, interrupting her. “Just ask the right questions.”

“Y-Yes, Master,” she whispered, her eyes flicking up to mine. As she continued, she broke into a naughty grin. “I-I like p-playing for you, M-Master.”

I closed my book and placed it on the coffee table, relaxing back in my chair. “Why?” I asked, smiling back at her.

“B-Because it t-turns you on, Master.” Her chest began to rise and fall more noticeably as she stood before me. Her nipples hardened and pressed against her t-shirt. She wrung her hands together as she looked up at me in desperation.

“Yes?” I asked, smiling at her.

“M-My toys are in the other room, Master,” she whined.

“*Your* toys?” I asked, feigning annoyance.

“Um, I mean, the toys you gave ... I mean ...” Her head dipped again and she spoke quietly. “Y-Your toys, Master.”

“I see. Did you ask if you could use my toys?”

“N-No, M-Master.”

“So,” I smiled, “You assumed that because you asked if you could play and I agreed, that you could leave the room and play with my toys.”

“Y-Yes, Master.” She blushed scarlet.

“You are a naughty girl, aren’t you Allison?”

“Y-Yes, Master.”

“Sit.” She sat back down on the edge of the couch. “While you are sitting there, I want you to think about what you want little one. Be specific, honest, and forthright. *Open*. Understood?” She nodded. I repeated myself a little louder. “Understood?”

She looked up at me. “Yes, Master.”

“Take off your clothes.”

“Master?” she asked brightly, her smile returning.

“Well, I did say it was all right to play, didn’t I?”

She smiled hopefully. “You did, yes, Master.”

“Then take off your clothes,” I repeated, smiling.

“Um, okay.”

I leaned forward and picked up my Jamieson’s, taking a sip and watching her carefully. Allison had a lovely body. Of course she worked at it. Because of her body type, and her daily gym regimen, she was slender and toned. Her skin was very pale, blushing readily and marking easily. Her yellow-flecked green eyes nicely offset her long, dark auburn hair. Tonight it was in a ponytail braided down her back, with a little left out to frame her face. I liked it like that.

Allison peeled her t-shirt over her head. I smiled when she looked at me and bit her lip once more. I let my eyes appreciate her lovely breasts. She knew how her nipples looked. They were crinkled and screwed into tight little balls of sensitive pink flesh. In the flickering candlelight, they cast dancing shadows across the generous curves of her breasts. Her chest appeared airbrushed with a dusting of coral-coloured paint. Her cheeks reddened as she undid the catch at the waistband of her shorts.

I sipped again as I watched her. As I was starting to harden,

I adjusted myself in my jeans. A little smile curled at the corners of her lips and I realised she had noticed. I winked. She blushed again as she rocked her hips, sliding her shorts down over them, then down her legs and off. She shuddered a little as she took a deep breath, preparing to speak. She licked her lips.

“Master, w-would it please you to have your naughty girl play with some of your toys?”

I smiled. “Much better, little one. Yes, it would. But allow me to choose which ones.”

“Y-Yes, Master,” she replied. I watched her for a moment. The skin of her chest had turned from light coral to slightly darker blotches. I watched as she swallowed and smiled eagerly, her eyes dancing.

I put down my glass and stood, rounding the coffee table and standing before her. I gathered cushions and placed them strategically at the end of the couch. Leaning down to kiss her forehead, I placed my hands on her shoulders and guided her into a reclining position, facing my chair. With both feet still on the floor her body was bent awkwardly. I lifted her right leg with one hand behind the knee and the other around her ankle, then made a wish and spread her legs, placing the sole of her right foot on the couch.

Ally's chest was rising and falling more rapidly now, and she blushed more as she attempted to close her knees. I smiled into her eyes and she gasped as I pushed her right knee against the back of the couch. “Leave them like that.”

“Yes, M-Master,” she whispered.

I took her left hand by the wrist and placed it on her left breast, then took her right hand and placed it on her pussy. “Just gently, okay?”

“Y-Yes, Sir.” Her eyes closed and she mmmmed softly as she began slowly caressing herself.

“Hey,” I said, getting her attention as I rose to my full height, smiling down on her.

“Um ... Y-Yes, Master?” she asked, halting her movements.

“You are absolutely fucking beautiful. So stop worrying about

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