

Game Play

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Synopsis

Discover just how far a group of people will go to fulfil their ultimate desires. This collection of erotic short stories is just a moment in time in several lives, including a lesbian couple who receives guidance from an unknown source. A misogynist, who uses women in the way he believes they deserve, only to finally realising the true meaning of 'fire in the loins'...

These are games that carry elements of risk. Could you play games in a similar vein? Are you willing to put your well-being in jeopardy in order to achieve your kicks? There's only one way to find out.

A Change Of Heart

To her, the mixing of two of her greatest pleasures was what life was all about. She loved the feel of fruits massaged into her skin; the juices running down her body and mingling with hers.

But yet, what turned her on more was the knowledge that her Master was there with her, watching her every move. He loved to feel her excitement, stimulation and loss of control.

Darkness shrouded the room; the only available light coming from a few candles. The flames cast shadows up the walls.

Christina sat in her favourite armchair in the centre of the room, naked. Her skin shone with the juice of a melon that she had rubbed in and she waited for the next instruction.

She couldn't see him and that's how she liked it to stay. He gave husky, whispered orders from various parts of the room. He teased her and she revelled in the power that he held over her body.

She closed her eyes and breathed in, savouring the sweet smell of the fruit in her nostrils.

Again, she waited.

"Place your feet up on the chair and allow your knees to fall to the side."

Christina obliged, her pussy opening up wide revealing the soft folds within. She ran her index finger from the entrance to her pussy up to her clit, lubricating every crease she could find.

Beside her lay soft fruits and hard vegetables, but she wasn't interested in them. If he decided he wanted her to use them then he would be the one to tell her, until then all she could do was wait.

"Take the banana, peel it and using one end, squash it over your body."

Christina's long fingers grasped the fruit as if she was holding her Master's penis. Each step she followed, she carried out. She imagined her lips sucking the banana. She longed to savour the texture of its length and width.

The fruit's soft flesh felt good on her skin. She manoeuvred the banana in small circles over her body, not missing a single piece of bare flesh. An open window provided warm air. The combination of both sensations made her skin tingle and tighten.

Her whole front covered in banana, she brought her sticky fingers to her lips. She knew he was standing in the shadows, enjoying everything she did. He was hard now, his cock pushing against his trousers and he mentally begged her to release it.

They played this game on a regular basis but this one felt different tonight. Would he allow her to be the Mistress instead, take control of him for a change? It was a little fantasy she had, the chance to be the one issuing orders.

But, she had to be careful never to reveal her deepest desires. As his plaything she wasn't allowed that kind of freedom, a rule she signed up to follow when she first met him.

But yet, it was there, had been for some time now; developing over the few years they'd been together.

The banana dried hard glueing the underneath of her soft boobs to her breastbone. She longed to free them but had an idea that he also had plans for her and the browning fruit. Inside she felt full, penetrated by a thick cock. But, no, in truth, she had bonded together with mashed up banana. She tried to shift in her chair. It felt uncomfortable.

Silence had entered the room and she had failed to notice it immediately. Because she was too busy indulging in the feelings within her own body, it had escaped her. Her cleaned fingers ran down from her boobs to her trimmed pussy, teasing and caressing. Her nipples hardened in response and she moaned to herself.

She closed her eyes, becoming lost in the sensations in her body and the stillness of the room. Against her skin, the air felt heavy, weighed down with something she couldn't explain. It felt restrictive on her eyelids and no matter how much she tried she couldn't open them.

An image of her Master filled her brain, standing before her, tall, semi-naked and as hard as

a rock. Was she dreaming that he finally needed to take her? Could she be wrong in recognising the headiness of desire that seemed to be radiating out from him?

He'd wanted only for her to act out his fantasies. They soon became hers. But, he had never once laid a finger on her. She had been unsoiled by human hands. Only penetrated by a variety of fruit and vegetables. She'd never even been kissed.

Her eyes snapped open...

And, yes, he *was* there. Just as she'd imagined he would be. The urge to kneel down at his feet was overwhelming. He'd taken the relationship to a new level and she had no idea where it was going to end up. What did he want her to do?

Her heart beat hard and fast as his eyes met hers, in eagerness for his next verbal order. But, he surprised her again by indicating with his body what he wanted her to do. Without taking her eyes off of his, trembling she got to her feet. Dried bits of banana fell to the floor and her movements pulled against the fruit.

She gasped as the fruit tugged at her skin but didn't attempt to remove the offending scabs. She couldn't yet know what he intended to do with her or for her, so she just moved that little bit closer to him.

He placed his hands on her shoulders and bent forward so that his lips touched her forehead.

His lips travelled down over her nose, cheeks and lips. Then he continued down over her chin, neck and finally her breasts. He cleaned her skin of the dried banana and her nipples jutted out hard in response. The feel of her Master's tongue and lips on her quivering flesh felt better than she could ever have imagined.

He knew exactly where and how to touch her knowing her better than she knew herself. Her Master continued his journey exploring and discovering what she had to offer.

Her pussy tingled with the anticipation of the probing of his lips and tongue. She hoped he would anchor her to the ground long enough to finish her to completion.

“You taste divine, but then I always knew you would.”

His voice had taken on a husky tone and it had the same effect on her body as his hands and tongue. Just as he was nearing the centre of her being, he stopped.

Disappointed, Christina moaned in frustration. Her Master laughed softly in response but pulled away just the same. In his mind he wanted more than just to taste her; he wanted to be *in* her and then finally to *become* her.

To wrap his entire being around her was his ultimate goal and it had been his wish as soon as he'd first laid eyes on her. To him, she was perfect. Innocent, pure and possessing a desire to obey. Without warning, he scooped her up into his arms, his cock ready for the final act.

She placed her legs around his waist entwining her ankles, everything else forgotten. She wondered if this could be her chance. Wasn't this time different anyway? Hadn't he already broken the unspoken rules of their relationship?

She could feel his hardness pressing into her body and she almost came on the spot. It felt hard and smooth. Whilst he held her tight, she teased him, not allowing him access with his cock.

He continued to thrust his hips forward, becoming more and more frustrated as he did so. She knew she was pushing the boundaries of his control but she couldn't help herself. He pulled her closer towards him and preventing her from moving away.

She leant forwards so her lips were close to his ear.

“The tables have turned, Master. Now it's my turn.”

She never imagined the reaction that it would invoke. In that split second, he'd released her, dropping her to the floor. Christina landed on her butt, yelping with the pain and surprise.

The moment, she had voiced her intentions, their relationship bond had severed. They each wanted and needed different things.

Frustrated, The Master gave her an angry look. He then turned on his heels and left.

She never saw or heard of him again.

A Forgotten Love

“Stevie, have you seen my blue tie anywhere?”

Stevie looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. She mimicked Alistair's, voice and facial expressions whilst staring at herself. No doubt, he would turn the bedroom upside down hunting for the thing.

She didn't even bother replying; there was no point. Alistair would find it. He always lost things.

Their relationship was sound but sometimes, just sometimes, things got on top of her. Sex was good if a little stale and she often found herself wishing or needing that little bit more to spice things up.

Alistair, though, seemed contented with things. It was at these times that Stevie found herself contemplating leaving.

“I found it!”

Alistair's triumphant voice made Stevie cringe. She wasn't worried about it at all. She was just impatient to get going to the student reunion held in the centre of London later on that evening.

It wasn't the fact that they may meet up with 'old friends' that interested her. She wanted to let herself go; rekindle the spark they once had and just have fun.

Alistair came in at that point and leant against the door frame whilst he adjusted his tie. He watched his lover for a few minutes before coming up behind her to wrap his arms around Stevie. He pressed himself hard against Stevie's back so she couldn't fail to feel the stiffness in his loins.

Stevie moaned, and shivers ran down her spine as Alistair's lips explored her neck. Her lover wanted a quick romp before they left for the party. She was happy to tease and frustrate him, needing him to be desperate for her.

His hands came to rest on her pussy. Stevie couldn't help but lean back into Alistair as he massaged her to life. She enjoyed the attention for a few minutes but had to move away. She turned around to face Alistair and held his face in her hands.

"Later...much later..." she whispered.

Music pounded out across the street as Stevie and Alistair pulled up in a taxi. The party was in full swing and Stevie was itching to get mingling with the gyrating bodies. People were hanging around outside the entrance as she and Alistair sauntered in. Curious glances came their way but no one ran up to greet them as they made their way to the bar.

They both ordered a pint of lager and leant up against the bar to watch the mass writhing in front of them. Stevie could recognise a good many of them but no one that she would have liked to reacquaint herself with.

At University, she had found some attractive but their personalities let them down. They spent their spare time front of the bathroom mirrors. They preened; loving themselves more than their girlfriends.

Alistair had begun to sway in time with the music and he had moved closer to Stevie. He tried to encourage her to join in with him. He had his back to her and rubbed his hips and bum into Stevie's groin. A small smile of satisfaction and desire came over his face as he felt his lover respond.

What neither of them was aware of, to begin with, was a different set of eyes watching their every move. These eyes were fascinated, intrigued and turned on.

Alistair felt a pair of hands on his hips then moving down to his crotch. They caressed and massaged his penis until it threatened to burst out of his trousers. His body temperature

began to rise. The whole room was full of people; but all he wanted right now was for Stevie to take him right there and then.

Stevie stepped up the erotic dance she was performing. But, it wasn't the only thing that had crossed her mind...

In University, she had been aware of her attraction to females. It had never come to anything but in reality they had never gone away. It was a tingling desire that lay dormant whilst she satisfied her heterosexual needs. Even during her first kiss with Alistair she'd wondered how a female's lips and tongue would compare.

A man had satisfied a different longing in her; one she never wanted to replace. But the craving for a woman's touch arose to the surface once more.

Stevie managed to convince Alistair that it was a good idea to bring back a strange girl to their home. It was purely for selfish reasons, of course. The girl's name was Serena. A name that Stevie could only vaguely remember.

Serena, remembered Stevie, though. She had always been curious about her. Yet, she had never made a move, giving her up entirely to Alistair.

Alistair had never tolerated interference from anyone. Once he was in a relationship, all bets were off. He'd been a possessive guy. Serena could never believe that their paths would cross again. Especially as the guy was still in tow.

Alistair showered, and Stevie took the opportunity to get to know Serena. She found it confusing; she craved a woman, but she also felt feelings that were alien to her.

Would it destroy what she had built up with Alistair all these years? Or would it just make her appreciate what they had as lovers even more?

Stevie was gazing at her with come-to-bed eyes, indicating that she wanted her to crush her lips to hers. Serena placed her hands on Stevie's shoulders and pushed her back onto the bed; Stevie didn't resist.

Serena replayed the vision of the couple. It fuelled the passion running deep through her veins.

She slowly undid the buttons of her blouse, feeling like a child once more. Breathing hard, every intake of air, forced her breasts tight against her camisole. She bent down and placed her lips on Stevie's delighting in the softness of her mouth.

“You are so beautiful. Better than I ever imagined you to be.”

She continued to kiss her from her lips to her breasts, tentatively flicking her tongue as she went. Stevie grasped the ends of the camisole and indicated that Serena should remove the garment. Serena's breasts jiggled as Stevie lowered her arms back to her side. She rested her hands on Serena's forearms.

Serena licked her lips and moved Stevie's clothing upwards before her mouth claimed Stevie's right nipple. As she sucked and nibbled on the erect bud, her hands began the slow journey to Stevie's jeans.

Alistair returned from the shower, skin hot and damp, a towel draped around his hips. Stevie and Serena were already naked. He watched the gentle hands of Serena caress the soft skin lying beneath her. Her bum waved provocatively in the air encouraging Alistair to join in. His cock hardened in response to the erotic sight before him.

Serena's lovemaking became frantic; the room felt stifling hot and it smelt of sex.

Her own pussy was wet and oozing juice as her mouth tasted and explored Stevie's sex. In one fluid movement Serena bodily moved Stevie up the bed so that she was resting on her knees on the edge.

At that point Alistair wasted no time.

The room became filled with moans of pleasure and grunts. Stevie arched her back as Serena's tongue filled her completely. Alistair's tongue and lips explored Serena's rump. They were locked together.

Alistair ran his hands over Serena's back as he entered her pussy. He rocked back and forwards already feeling the urge to climax building. He had no idea how close to orgasm the other two were but, selfishly, he didn't care.

As it happened, as he pumped his seed into Serena's body, it triggered off a chain reaction

in the bodies below. Soon, they were a mass of convulsing flesh as, eventually, the ripples of orgasm finally faded away.

As they lay spent on the bed together, Alistair extended his hand over to Serena. He introduced himself.

“It’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance!” she responded, with a cheeky grin.

In the middle of the two, Stevie rolled her eyes.

Dying Embers

As Jason entered the bar, he made frantic moves to adjust things within his trousers. It hadn't been long since his last conquest but his morning glory hadn't abated. He was desperate for some release. It was the only reason why he'd decided to take a trip into town on a week night.

It was an itch he needed to scratch most of the time. A quick pull never fulfilled his desires. He loved the feel of a woman's soft skin whilst he pounded away inside her.

You couldn't beat the scent of a woman on heat. He marvelled at how crazy they behaved when he showered them with attention.

Wanton whores that's all they were; probably didn't receive enough love at home. They were all lustful, dirty, sex crazy sluts just ripe for the picking. It had earned him a reputation as a womaniser and, though some called him a misogynist, he didn't care.

In fact, he tried to live up to the label as much as he could. Besides his conquests never complained – not that he stayed around long enough.

He made his way over to the bar, scanning the bar for a potential target.

Then he saw her.

She oozed a confident sexuality as she leant up against the bar, a poise that was just waiting to be shattered. Her flaming red hair cascaded down her shoulders, the red dress clinging to every curve of her body. Long, red talons twirled a cocktail stick in her drink.

She hummed absent-mindedly. He had no idea that she had been watching his every move, from the fumbles in his trousers to the scanning of the room.

It was if she was waiting for him as much as he was searching for her.

He wandered over to her, admiring her femininity, her style and her grace. She made no indication that she knew he was there. He leant at the bar next to her and signalled to the bar man that he was thirsty.

The barman plonked a Bacardi and Coke on the counter, spilling the dark brown liquid in the process.

Jason took a deep breath. Incompetence.

“Busy in here, tonight, isn’t it? So, what brings a beautiful lady like your self out to a dive like this?”

Reaching out he placed his hand on her arm. It felt strangely hot to his touch yet, he didn’t withdraw. Could it be that she would be this hot in bed, he wondered? He imagined how her hot pussy lips would feel surrounding the length of his cock; how they would drive him wild. He so loved dominating the sluts he picked up. To give them what they deserved, made his life feel complete.

The woman produced a cigarette and lighter from out of nowhere and proceeded to light up. With one breath, she drew long and hard before blowing out a long stream of smoke in front of her.

Jason carried on with the one sided conversation. He figured at some point the little hot vixen couldn’t fail to respond.

“I have to say that you are looking stunning and I would love to get to know you a little better. Can I perhaps get you a drink? What do you say, honey?”

Jason’s eyes ran up and down the length of her body, taking in every curvy inch of her figure. He started fantasising just what he could do with her. His cock hardened and he licked his lips in anticipation of the taste of her juices. He longed to tweak her nipples to stiffness, pinching them until she gasped with the pain.

“How about a glass of Champagne, my shout? You deserve only the best, my sweet.”

Jason was aware that she wasn't impressed with any of his suggestions. Beautiful and hot in looks and feel but cool headed at the same time. An unusual mix. Well, he wasn't about to give up.

“How about I take you back to my place and show you a good time?”

So clichéd he knew but it usually worked. He'd had terrific success from using the oldest chat up lines in the book. Women were such simple creatures. He used that to his advantage.

Jason was confronted with the woman's back, long and silky, with the dress forming a perfect V. He loved it when they played hard to get. It made the chase that little bit more exciting for him; not so assured. Yet, he was so confident that he would get this prize at the end of the night. No doubt about that.

Turning away he contemplated his next move. So, this one wasn't as easy as all the rest. She wasn't falling for his dashing good looks or his confidence. Perhaps he didn't flash the cash enough for her. Oh, he'd plenty of gold diggers in his time. It didn't bother him in the slightest, really, if it got him the pussy at the end.

He didn't want to turn back towards her again, not yet. He didn't want her to think that he was desperate. He wanted her to be desperate for him.

Silently she spoke to him, "*Come with me.*"

Jason looked up.

She spoke again, "*Follow me.*"

That voice, a husky, sultry voice that sent shivers down his spine. Her voice hardened his cock, and tightened his balls.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of the red haired beauty, slipping out a side door. Without hesitation, he followed her out in to the darkness...

He followed her into a dark hotel, a place he'd never come across before, down a road he didn't recognise. Red carpets adorned the walls and the floors and the whole hotel was so quiet. Without a touch or a word from her, he followed her up the long staircase.

She led him to a room situated at the far end of a long corridor.

A soft, silk-covered bed, dominated the room. Two wine glasses were filled to the brim with red wine. Dim lighting, completed the scene. Jason wondered if they'd even get a chance to sample the wine. Would her red, full-bodied lips taste as fruity as he believed the liquor should taste?

A firm hand pushed him onto the bed and the red vixen straddled his hips. Her thighs clamped hard around him to prevent him from moving. She caught hold of his arms and pinned them to the bed. Her face was now inches from his. He couldn't feel or smell her breath. It was odd. Her chest rose and fell but no air seemed to pass her lips.

As he watched, she removed her dress. Now she knelt before him naked. Her heavy breasts, with dark nipples, jutted out at strange angles. He didn't have time to wonder why. Rising from her position astride his thighs, she began to remove his trousers. His erect cock sprung free, the head already glistening.

Her long nails grasped his cock, causing Jason to take a sharp intake of breath. She didn't appear to notice his discomfort as she ran the outside of one of her nails up and down his shaft. A small drop of blood merged with the red of her nails.

“So many women, in so little time,” she whispered. “It must be time for a little rest now.”

Jason laughed.

“It's most certainly not, honey. It and I can go for years yet and it's all ready for you. Why don't you climb on and see?”

To his surprise, she parted her legs and slid down on his cock. To Jason she didn't seem to be the kind of woman to obey. Throughout this little game, he had never felt he'd had the upper hand with her. He could see every woman he'd ever fucked inside of her.

Jason wasn't surprised to find that she did have a hot pussy. His cock burned as her vaginal

muscles gripped him tightly. Despite the intensity of the heat in his loins, Jason never lost his desire. He wanted to give this bitch the ride of her life.

Harder and harder she rode him until he thought his balls would burst. With each rock of her hips, Jason's cock burned that little bit more. To begin with the heat increased his lust for her; now it was beginning to become intolerable. She leant forward, resting her hands either side of his chest as he grasped the bed in pain. The fire in his loins mirrored the burning in her eyes.

Mentally, Jason wanted her to stop for just a minute.

In desperation, he tried to pull away from her but she had him firmly between her thighs. Jason was desperate to see the effect that her passionate love making had had on his cock. Had it withered away completely, burned to a crisp? Would he ever be able to make love again? The thought filled him with horror.

When she moved away, however, relief flooded his body. His cock was still in one piece; bright red in colour, though, but still in working order. He relaxed back down on the bed, laughing silently to himself.

What an amazing woman, a fiery lover and a stunner to look at! What on earth had he done to deserve this, to deserve her? He watched her as she got up from the bed and busied herself around the room.

He lifted himself up on his elbows and removed the rest of his clothing. It was only fair that he should also be naked. He continued to admire her beautiful figure from afar. Her breasts jiggled as she worked and the soft lighting clung to her skin like a garment of silk.

His trepidation resurfaced, when he noticed what she held in her hands. He'd seen this *thing* before and had always refused point blank to have them used on him. He could never understand the attraction of strap-ons at all. In the hands of this little sizzling minx, he worried even more. He had no need of one for her so it could only mean one thing...she wanted to violate him.

For the first time that night, Jason looked for a way to escape. She might be an absolute exquisite beauty but he would not allow her to penetrate him.

That just wasn't going to happen. Not in his lifetime. He looked desperately around the

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