

Wrong Side of the Bed 1 [Mistress/slave] [fsub21] [TFdomme3242] [lesbian] [PTSD] [historical fantasy] [plot]

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Characters: [Original Characters](#), [Elva \(Wrong Side of the Bed\)](#), [Saoirse \(Wrong Side of the Bed\)](#), [Brigid \(Wrong Side of the Bed\)](#), [Vixen \(Wrong Side of the Bed\)](#), [Lucifer \(Wrong Side of the Bed\)](#), [Cerberus \(Wrong Side of the Bed\)](#), [Maeve \(Wrong Side of the Bed\)](#), [D. \(Wrong Side of the Bed\)](#), [Meranlynx \(Wrong Side of the Bed\)](#)

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Language: English

Series: Part 1 of [Wrong Side of the Bed](#), Part 1 of [Immortal Plane Saga](#)

Stats: Published: 2022-04-22 Updated: 2024-07-09 Words: 89,653 Chapters: 38/?

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by [TalesofAlexandria](#)

Summary

In the early half of the 15th-century outside Killarney, Ireland, a young witch named Elva (she/her) discovered to her horror that hunters somehow managed to penetrate the magic ward that had kept her safe for twenty-one summers, ten of which were spent all alone. She hurried home to her cottage at the center of the expansive veil. Once indoors, though, she heard their voices closing in outside and knew it was too late. Forced to pick between suffering an excruciating death at the hands of the hunters or defying her late grandmother's warnings and summoning a protective demon, she mournfully opened the dark leather-bound grimoire and set to work. During her desperate ritual, however, an innocent mistake sealed her fate and she found herself in a new world at the bedside of a gorgeous, yet irate, succubus (she/her). Did this witch bite off more than she could chew, or could this be the start of an adventure in self-discovery, love, and healing?

Please ask before using my characters.

Notes

Wrong Side of the Bed is a Risk-Aware Consensual Kink (R.A.C.K.) BDSM erotica with a historical fantasy plot, a primarily LGBTQIA+ cast, heavy themes of lesbian romance and coming out, and characters living with severe PTSD. Aspects of this novella contain graphic depictions of violence, death, abuse, crude language, and discriminatory language and behavior, as well as less-graphic mentions of suicide. This may be upsetting to some readers, so appropriate content warnings are supplied before each chapter that contains a known trigger. In addition, readers are given warnings before especially traumatic scenes and are provided with summaries following the break before the less disturbing content continues.

Please ask before using my characters.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Ch 1: A Desperate Ritual [no sex] [ptsd] [cutting] [minor bleeding] [ritual sacrifice]

Chapter Notes

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This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of trauma, cutting, minor bleeding, and unintentional suicide. Reader discretion is advised.

As the waning moon rose in the near dark of twilight, a young woman turned her head swiftly towards a faint glow in the distance, disturbing her frizzy, ginger locks. As she peered through the thick brush of the pine forest, the dim light of the setting sun barely let her make out torches and flickering red flames, followed by the distant shouting of men.

'No... How are they inside the ward?' Elva's eyes widened while her heart stopped as she dropped her foraging basket. Turning swiftly, Elva sprinted to her cottage, hidden only a little further in the woods. The trees and branches seemed to grab her as she ran, snagging her dress and scraping her cheeks while rocks stabbed into her feet with every other step.

Just moments later, Elva spotted the wooden hut; she breathed a sigh of relief before her foot caught on a root, throwing her to the forest floor and knocking the wind from her with a huff. As she raised her head in a daze, Elva opened her eyes to see the cottage in a blur before coming into focus after a moment.

Elva grimaced as she grabbed at the grass and pulled herself back onto her feet to finish her flight, trying her best to disregard the pain in her toes. Practically running into the wooden frame, Elva threw the door open before quickly closing it behind her as she crossed the threshold.

Her trembling legs could no longer support her, and Elva fell to the dirt floor in tears, sobbing as fear overtook her mind. *'Móra, help me...'* Curling her knees up to hug them, Elva wept into her skirt as she remembered her late grandmother. The scorching fire that carried her screams away tickled Elva's skin while the shouts of the hunters that cheered on her demise deafened her ears. Dread filled her mind of the men with torches finding her too and meeting the same horrific fate of ten summers past.

After a few moments, Elva willed herself to stand up slowly and wipe the tears away from her eyes. *'I... I'm not safe here any more,'* Elva sullenly thought as she made her way to a small table of polished pine where her grandmother's grimoire sat on an oak pedestal. As she opened the cover of the leather-bound book, she carefully read over the descriptions of the spells in her native tongue and the strange glyphs that followed.

“Wards... they’re already through the ones in place,” she thought aloud as she flipped through the pages. “Divination... not that I can even read the rites. Potions, no. Healing, no! Where is it...” Elva began to flip more desperately through the pages until she eventually found what she needed.

“Finally! Summoning!” The last passages of the grimoire detailed how to summon immortals, spells that her grandmother had forbidden her from attempting. *‘I’m sure whatever could go wrong couldn’t be worse than...’*

Elva shook her head to clear her thoughts before she tried to focus on the details of the spells and the specific warnings of signing a contract with demons. “I guess I’ll just have to be careful... Let’s see... Fairies... they don’t sound helpful... but maybe better than nothing. The rite is... oh, that’s,” her eyes darted across the glyphs, trying desperately to understand the syntax and flow. *‘It’s only the first one... and it looks so complicated... I don’t know if I can perform that,’* she forlornly thought as she read the details and the complex rite she had to recite.

“Next page, I guess. Elves... a little better; friendlier sounding, at least. What about the...” her breath caught as she tried to understand the rite. “I... I don’t... even know how to read some of these glyphs...” Her head fell as she realized the futility of the task she’d set herself to complete. Before the tears welling in her eyes could fall, Elva clenched her hands and wiped her eyes with her sleeve.

‘You can do this... You have to...’ After taking a deep breath, Elva turned to the next page. “Vampires... No, I,” Elva raised a hand to her mouth as she struggled to read the description of vampire blood contracts. *‘I can’t sign that... I might die just thinking about it... sick at least,’* she decided not to read the rite before Elva hurriedly flipped to the next page.

“Demons,” she whispered as she recalled the warning Móra gave. *‘Please be helpful at least,’* Elva silently hoped as she began to read about the infamous immortal. “Incubi are males, succubi are females... Contracts... consume the magical and physical energy of those they contract through... carnal acts,” she blinked twice as her breath caught in her throat; her chest began feeling warm. *‘What would an incubus...’* As her cheeks flushed, Elva thought about how lonely the last few years were, the feelings and needs she started experiencing that were never satisfied on her own.

Suddenly Elva noticed how hot her face and chest felt and realized her mind had wandered from her task. After shaking her head and clapping her cheeks lightly, Elva looked down again at the open grimoire. “Okay, the rite... That’s... not too hard, actually.” Elva breathed a sigh of relief as she quickly glanced over the rest of the spell. “Okay, components... I have all these on hand. Sigil, I can draw that. Finally, I found something useful. What are my other options?”

Elva turned the page, only to find that the sheet was blank. She blinked twice before her breath caught. “Wait... four summons,” Elva quickly flipped to the next page as her breath became ragged. “That...that can’t be,” The next page was blank, as were the next few until she reached the back cover. “There can’t be **just four!** Maybe I missed one,” she flipped the pages backward. “No,” Elva paused as she reached the previous section detailing healing spells, her hand shaking as she turned the page forward again.

“Four summons... and I can only perform one of them.” *‘The one that has a warning specifically against, of course,’* Elva glanced at the door to her small cottage. The walls felt so close as Elva turned her head, and the small gaps in the door almost seemed to glow with fire. Her heart stopped while her eyes widened before she shut them and turned away in horror. *‘They’re here...’* her

thoughts turned to panic while her legs trembled before her eyes peeked open again. The glow was gone, save for the faint moonlight trickling in.

'I'll take my chances,' Elva thought as she turned the page back to the last summoning. "Demons it is then," she whispered as she began to study the spell and retrieved the components she needed from the nearby shelves and bottles. *'Five candles and cat's eyes around the sigil, feather of a dove, two sprigs of rosemary, lock my hair, and... virgin blood for the sigil.'*

Having collected the remaining materials at the altar, Elva picked up a small knife from the base of the pedestal holding the grimoire. *'Mine should work, I guess,'* Elva thought as she trimmed a few short hairs from her waist-length curls to set aside. Her hand trembled as Elva held it before her. For a moment, Elva stared with unsteady eyes and ragged breaths at her finger before Elva slowly raised the edge to her fingertip.

'It's just a prick,' she thought as she slowly pressed the knife into her skin, failing to draw blood at first. "Come on," she whispered as she gritted her teeth, struggling to pierce her flesh until her trembling hand slipped and pulled the knife across her skin.

"**Ah!**" Elva sharply exclaimed as she dropped the knife; she clenched her hand and closed her eyes tightly to dull the pain. Blood trickled down her hand as her finger burned in searing agony. *'Oh, I-I didn't mean to... cut so deep.'* She took a few moments to collect herself and calm her breathing. *'The sigil, Elva,'* she thought as she pried her eyes open, looking over the design and drawing it out on the smooth table with her bleeding finger.

"There..." Elva said as she finished and walked to the shelves to fetch a wrapping and stop the bleeding. "Ow!" she couldn't help but exclaim as she secured the bandage around her finger and tied it shut. Elva clenched her hand one last time, trying to avoid looking at the blood collecting on the dressing. "Okay," she said as she looked over the altar and placed the components in and around the sigil. After a moment, Elva began to whisper in Wiccacant, followed by the candles bursting into small flames, illuminating the altar.

"That should be everything," she said as she nervously examined the arrangement on the table one last time. "Now the rite," Elva clasped her hands together and closed her eyes before reading the passage. *'Oh, Brigit, help me... and please... let them be gentle.'*

She opened her eyes and began to recite the strange glyphs. As Elva progressed, the air in the cottage began to shift around the altar, flickering the candles and disturbing the pages of the grimoire. Elva paused for a moment to brace her eyes against the newfound wind before she continued the rite.

After Elva spoke a few more words, she found a strange glow forming around the sigil. Gradually, it overtook the light of the candles as a golden mist began to emit from the components that followed the flowing wind. Finally, Elva finished the rite and watched as a heavy, glistening fog burst from the sigil and began to fill the cottage. *'Oh, please tell me this is normal,'* Elva desperately thought as she closed her eyes, waiting for the ever-brightening glow to abate and the wind to cease.

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Content updated October 11th, 2022

Ch 2: Rude Awakenings [no sex] [ptsd] [flashing] [slavery]

Chapter Notes

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This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of trauma, unintentional suicide, forced servitude, and voyeurism. Reader discretion is advised.

Suddenly, the world turned completely black while the air became still. Elva simply stood there, eyes closed; her hands trembled as they clasped each other while her knees began to buckle. Finally, her legs failed then Elva fell to her knees on a soft floor, where she slowly pried her eyes open. She darted her head around, expecting to see the candles on the altar or around the cottage. But she was left in complete darkness, save for an odd, red glow off on the far side of the cabin.

“What... what happened?” she eventually asked herself uneasily, unsure if she wanted to know.

No sooner had the words left her lips did Elva hear a low growl followed by a burst of wind blowing past her on each side; following the air, she saw the faint glow of beautiful purple and pink puffs of light. Her heart felt gripped by an unseen force that halted her life. Her lip trembled as Elva clutched her chest; her eyes were wide open, though too afraid to glance at what had just passed her shoulders. *‘I-is... is this how... I die?’*

In a sudden flash of light, the room became illuminated in a warm, bright glow. Elva recoiled, shutting her eyes and raising her hands to block the remaining light.

“What’s *this*?” she heard the voice of a woman call softly. “A lost kitten seems to have stumbled into my home. And to my *bedside*, no less.” Something about the sweet voice seemed to sing to Elva.

‘Be...bedside?’ Finally, Elva willed her eyes open, though it took longer for her to lower her fingers. Before her was a large bed, she assumed, laid with shimmering, crimson sheets. Confused, Elva couldn’t help but look around and confirm that there was a bed in front of her while she knelt on a lush and intricately detailed rug.

Elva looked to the side as her hands fell and saw that the red glow she had seen before came from under the golden curtains that covered a large window. A blood-red light bled through the tiny gaps, somehow reddening the scarlet of the walls and the reddened wood that trimmed the floor.

Suddenly, Elva heard a deep yawn, drawing her gaze to the bed before her and the woman lying upon it. For a moment, Elva could hardly tell where the red tones of the room ended and where she began. All Elva could see at first was her crimson hair, laying haphazardly across the bed in gentle

waves down to—what she assumed to be—her knees. Under the dense draping of hair, her skin shone in a dull red with subtle tones of brown and gray, covered sparsely by a slim, pinkish robe of plush fabric.

Elva soon noticed the woman's arm was moving, rubbing her eyes as if weary from a long slumber. Her otherwise bewitching face grimaced for a moment before the woman squinted her eye open to reveal the shimmering ruby orb that was her iris. Her arm fell and their gazes met as the woman opened her eyes. Elva looked away shyly as the woman looked at her intently, soon becoming lost in the red locks that fell around her chest.

'That's... ah,' Elva thought as her cheeks began to flush.

"Kitten!" the woman finally snapped with a scowl. Elva flinched at the exclamation, pulling her arms to her side and closing her eyes in a grimace. "Good, the kitten can hear me," the woman stated, somewhat less annoyed, though Elva was too afraid to open her eyes again. "Now, what is this kitten doing in my home so early in the morning?"

"Uhm," Elva finally peeked her eyes open to see the woman looking at her sternly. *'The morning? Your home?'* she thought to herself as she looked around again; it was clear Elva was no longer in her cottage, but as to where she was, Elva had no clue. Unsure of how to answer, she could only ask a question herself. "Kitten?" she inquired, still stuck on her new nickname.

The woman closed her eyes and let out a light sigh before continuing. "Good, the kitten can speak," she said in a calm voice as she opened her eyes again. "Now, could you tell me what happened before you came here, kitten?"

"Came here? Uh, well, I," Elva began to fidget, trying to remember the events that led her to this woman's bedside. "I'm not sure. I was trying to summon an incubus in my cottage when," she paused for a moment as the memories started to return. "All of a sudden... I ended up here. I just," Elva paused again, feeling her throat choke and tears well in her eyes. "I just... wanted to feel safe."

For a moment the woman didn't respond, though her piercing gaze hardly abated. Elva felt herself begin to sweat and tremble. *'I... oh, Brigit,'* her lips trembled too much for her to speak aloud. *'How—did this go so wrong?'* Elva clenched her eyes shut and clasped her hands together, too nervous to maintain eye contact with the beautifully dangerous woman. *'She's going to kill me.'*

The woman quickly released a deep and exaggerated sigh; Elva heard her shift on the bed before she eventually replied, "Relax, kitten. I'm not going to kill you. I couldn't even if I wanted to."

Elva's arms continued to tremble at her sides. *'Somehow... that's not comforting,'* she thought as she slowly opened her left eye. Finally, Elva noticed the soft expression the woman now carried as her head lay almost playfully on the bed, resting gently on her crossed arms.

"So," she finally asked Elva as she tilted her head to the right, "what brought about this kitten's need to summon an incubus?" Her tone was calm, though her eyes were almost cold, almost sad.

"Uh, well," Elva's hands fidgeted as they shifted into her lap. "I...I need help. The hunters," her breath caught in her throat. Elva clenched the skirt of her dress as she tried not to remember the glow of the torches closing in on the cabin, "They're so close to my home and I-I know they'll find me now."

“Why would they hunt you, kitten?” the woman interjected before Elva could continue, her expression unchanged.

“Eh? Why?” Her question caught Elva off guard; the answer seemed so obvious. “W-well, I’m a witch. Ever since I was born, I’ve lived in hiding because witches are being... hunted.”

“So it’s been since long before you were born, little kitten,” the woman replied somberly. Her eyes were sullen now, as if something about her story was personal. “Did you have a coven, kitten?” she inquired as she tilted her head to the other side; her somber look had lessened somewhat. “A mentor, surely.”

‘*Mentor.*’ After a pause, Elva lowered her gaze then raised her left hand to her chest, gently clutching at her heart as she remembered the only family she ever knew. “Móra,” she finally replied with a quivering voice. “My grandmother. The hunters found her,” Elva’s throat caught again, “us... ten summers past. There...there was never anyone else.” Something about admitting that hurt. ‘*I’m... alone,*’ her thoughts echoed what her heart had felt all these years as a tear began to form in her eye.

With another deep sigh, the woman finally replied. “I’m going to be blunt with you, kitten, and this will come as quite a shock.” She raised her head and propped herself up on her elbows, exposing the cleavage in her robe. “You don’t need to worry about the hunters or being alone again. You’re already dead.”

‘*De... what?*’ Elva felt her weight fall onto her legs; the strength in her arms failed as well as her hands fell limply into her lap. ‘*I must have heard her wrong...*’ “I-I-I don’t understand... How,” her voice quivered as her eyes darted in panic; nothing was making sense. “How can I be dead?”

“The ritual you performed called for virgin blood,” she stated as she raised her left arm to rest her cheek in her palm. “Did you use your own?”

‘*My own?*’ Elva simply nodded in affirmation, unsure of what that had to do with her death.

After a moment of silence, the woman’s cold composure broke as a sly grin graced her lips. Slowly, she began to giggle as her head fell into the bed, hiding her expression.

“Wait... Wh-what’s so funny?” Elva asked in a fluster. ‘*What’s funny about me being dead?*’

“Virgin,” she waited to answer until her laughs began to subside and her head raised from the bed. “Virgin materials are sacrificial offerings that need to be clean and unused in previous rituals. If you used your own blood, well, you sacrificed yourself to perform the summoning.”

‘*S...sacrificed... myself?*’ Elva just stared blankly ahead; what she said made sense though it didn’t seem possible. ‘*H-how can that be all?*’ Elva raised a hand to her head to try and still her racing thoughts and darting eyes.

“But I guess,” the woman continued as she propped herself onto her arms, “since you appeared at my bedside, *you* were the one who summoned herself to *me*. Which is not only very unorthodox for a human, but very *rude*, and quite illegal.”

‘*I-illegal? Rude? I...I just,*’ Elva thought before her head fell into her hands. ‘*I just wanted to feel safe... how could I end up dead?*’

“**Kitten!**” the woman snapped a second time, throwing Elva out of her daze.

“Y-yes??” Elva nervously shouted as she threw her arms back at her side and opened her eyes wide. ‘*Am I really dead?*’ Elva pondered as she noticed the woman's piercing gaze. ‘*Because I still feel like she can kill me.*’

The woman started to speak again in a quieter tone, “Regarding your circumstances, you're uncontracted and you've intruded into my home, both of which are serious crimes for a human to commit, even in the Lower Key of Hell.”

Elva blinked twice as she tried to comprehend what the woman said. ‘*D-did she say... Hell?*’

“Since I'm so generous, I'll give you a choice,” she continued, though her disinterest showed when she began to examine her nails. “I can send you to the auction house where all the other humans go. Another demon will take you then you will be their slave for as long as your sentence lasts. Or,” she paused before speaking further to look back at Elva, no longer distracted by her fingers, “you can sign a contract with *me* and be *my* sex slave.”

‘*S-sex slave?*’ Elva sat agape for a moment, overwhelmed by her circumstances and the choice presented to her. ‘*Okay... maybe I should have heeded Móra's warning better, but... am I really dead? This all feels so,*’ Elva glanced up from her daze to see that the woman's eyes were still calm as they looked down at her. ‘*I thought I was summoning an incubus, too. I definitely didn't expect to summon a... succubus.*’

“Is there an **issue** with me being a succubus?” The woman's tone shifted to that of annoyance; her brow furled while a cross look overtook her expression.

Elva's heart stopped as her head popped up and her eyes widened; the woman's gaze seemed to pierce right through her. ‘*Was I talking aloud??*’ She lowered her head in embarrassment, trying to understand what was happening. ‘*No, I...I was just thinking. Is...is she,*’ Elva glanced back up to the red woman to find her expression was still cross. ‘*She's reading my thoughts... isn't she?*’

The woman silently raised an eyebrow in response.

Elva dropped her head in disbelief, ‘*If I'm not really dead... just kill me now.*’

“**N-no!** No!” Elva finally managed to stammer as she returned her gaze to the woman's ruby eyes. “No, there-there's no issue,” she attempted to reassure her as her nervous hands flailed about. “I-I-I just didn't expect such a g-gorgeous woman to be the person I summoned.”

“*Gorgeous*, am I, little kitten?” the woman repeated with glee. Her frown was quickly replaced by a beaming smile, as if Elva's previous comment had already been forgotten. “Trying to curry favor before we've,” her tone turned seductive as she shifted her body to lay on her side, her arms held forward loosely, “sealed the deal, my kitten?” As she settled, the folds of her robe had come loose, and before Elva could respond, the garment opened to reveal her voluminous right breast.

Elva could only stare blankly ahead, mouth agape. She felt a growing heat upon seeing the captivating woman, seemingly sculpted delicately from red clay.

The woman snickered to herself upon seeing Elva's expression. Gracefully, she shifted again to face Elva directly; her face hung far off the bed, so close it almost touched Elva's nose.

'Oh my, she's close now,' Elva thought as she leaned back; suddenly, she became aware of an intoxicatingly sweet aroma as the woman breathed gently on her. "Oh, that's," she said involuntarily as her eyes fluttered; the pleasant smell filled her senses and left her mind dizzy.

"You know, you're quite cute, little kitten," the woman teased, slyly grinning as Elva's face flushed. "I don't think I'd mind having a little thing like you around as my pet," she deviously chuckled as Elva squirmed at the compliment. "So, what do you say, little kitten?" the woman finally asked as she licked her lips.

Stymied again, Elva could hardly respond. *'I was wrong... she's not going to kill me.'* Elva swallowed in nervousness. *'She's going to eat me.'*

"Only if it *pleases* me, kitten," she playfully said as she stared at Elva.

'That's... uh,' Elva's thoughts halted, unsure of how to even react. Silently, Elva lowered her head for a moment. "I," she began to speak nervously before looking back up. "I suppose... I'll sign a contract with you." Elva gripped her hands together in a vain attempt to keep them from trembling.

After a brief pause, the woman's seductive expression broke to a grin before her head fell and hung off the side of the bed as she giggled heartedly.

Elva felt her face flush. "Wait, what's so funny now?" She asked in confusion as she fidgeted in place. *'First my death, now my freedom,'* Elva felt ashamed that her life was being treated so lightly.

"Ahh, relax, kitten," the woman said as her laughter abated. When she lifted her head, her cheeks were aglow with a warm smile that matched the warm look in her ruby eyes. "I'm not going to lock you up in a dark cell for the rest of your unlife; that wouldn't be very fun for you or me. I treat my slaves fairly, I'll have you know," she gently spoke as she began to kick her legs up and down playfully. "Your contract has a safeword you can speak to halt what I'm doing if it makes you uncomfortable, as well as an escape clause from the contract if you find my methods unbearable. And I'm only making you sign a one-day contract."

Elva felt some of the tension in her shoulders relax as she closed her eyes and breathed a cautious sigh of relief. *'Okay, one day... that doesn't sound... so bad, I guess.'* She opened her eyes again and nervously returned the woman's gaze. "So... what happens now?" she asked hesitantly.

The woman adopted a sly grin as she snapped her fingers and summoned a bright array of purple and pink lights out of thin air, accompanied by a low, magical whir. Elva recoiled lightly and watched through squinting eyes as the lights coalesced and eventually faded into a faint object. As her eyes focused, Elva saw that the woman now held a scroll. It was of fine, bright paper and two dowels of light metal; both had intricate knots carved into the finials.

"You'll have this read by seven, *sharp*," the woman said as she handed the scroll over. "We'll discuss if there's anything you need to have addressed or altered, then we'll seal your contract with a collaring."

'S-seven... what? A... collaring?' Elva cautiously reached out to take the scroll, but before she could touch it the woman reached out her other hand in a flash and grabbed onto Elva's arm. With a firm tug, she pulled Elva until their noses touched briefly. *'Oh-okay, she is very close now,'* Elva thought in a panic as she tried vainly to pull herself back from the woman's soft, red skin.

The woman's gaze pierced through Elva as she looked into her blueish eyes. "Call me Mistress, kitten," she whispered before she closed her eyes and pulled Elva into her lips.

Eyes wide, Elva tried to struggle from the woman's pull as she forced a kiss upon her. '*Wait, I-I-I'm not... read—*' Elva's mind started to slow; her heart pounded while her chest burned with a heat she'd never felt before. Her head began to feel hot and dizzy, only worsened by the sweet aroma. As Elva closed her eyes, she leaned into Mistress' pull and started to kiss her back.

After only a moment, Mistress loosened her grasp and retreated her lips. Elva opened her eyes slowly, almost feeling betrayed, as she let go of her arm. "And **don't** wake me up at three in the morning again," Mistress said just before she snapped her fingers.

Still lost in Mistress' eyes, Elva failed to notice any change until a sudden sinking feeling began to take over. Broken from her daze, she looked down quickly to find herself falling into a dark portal, shrouded in a pink and purple haze along its perimeter. Before Elva could manage a yip in surprise, she disappeared into the void, leaving Mistress alone again in her bed-chamber.

Chapter End Notes

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Content updated October 11th, 2022

Ch 3: Hell or Haven [ptsd] [masturbation] [voyeurism]

Chapter Notes

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Elva's sinking feeling didn't last long enough for her to scream, though she had time to shut her eyes as they neared the portal. As her head fell through the darkness, Elva emerged and landed with a gentle thud on a soft cushion.

'What... what did she—!' Suddenly, the contract fell into her lap with a gentle thud. After yelping in surprise, Elva opened her eyes to glance down at the scroll, where she finally noticed the change in lighting and the cold, stone floor.

"Where," Elva started to ask as she glanced up from the floor and found herself in a wide cage of iron bars. Elva could scarcely see anything through the darkness beyond her cell; the wall behind her, made of the same dark stone as the floor, was the only solid wall. She looked upward to find a mystical orb hovering below the dark wood ceiling, casting a warm light on her cell.

'I suppose it's not dark, at least,' she bleakly thought as she looked around and found the only furniture was the slim, pillowed bed with soft, gray sheets she sat on. *'It's more comfortable than the straw bed of Móra's,'* Elva's heart sank as she remembered what Mistress had said about her circumstances.

'If I'm dead,' Elva took a moment to look down at her bandaged finger. As she undid the blood-stained wrapping, she found her finger had healed; not even a scar remained where the gash once was. Elva let her hand fall into her lap in resignation. *'I'll never see Móra's cottage again, will I?'*

Elva felt a tear fall from her cheek onto her hand. As her head fell sullenly, Elva tried to think of what she would miss, but the only memories that came to her thoughts were those with Móra. *'Is that... so bad, then? It was so lonely... and I was so afraid.'* She glanced further down at the scroll in her lap and slowly picked it up. *'At least I won't be so lonely... right?'*

After a moment, Elva finally unrolled the scroll and began to read its contents in the dim light. "Sexual Slavery Contract," Elva began to speak aloud as she read the document. "This agreement is being entered voluntarily, but cannot be broken except under the conditions stated herein, after which certain precautions shall be taken to protect those involved." That sounds comforting, at least.

“Parties involved. This is an agreement between Saoirse,” Elva paused as she read the name aloud. *‘Saoirse... that must be Mistress’ name. “Freedom.” It’s... beautiful’* After a moment, Elva realized her thoughts had wandered as she shook her head before continuing. “Uhm, ‘Saoirse, hereinafter called Mistress, and Elva, hereinafter called the slave.’” *‘I guess she already knows my name. I almost expected it to say kitten, though.’*

“Let’s see... ‘Declaration of con-sensus: Both parties, Mistress and slave, acknowledge to have read, understood, and agreed on the document describing in general what is meant by the term “Sexual Slavery.” Declaration of... lucidity? Both parties state explicitly to enter this agreement fully lucid and aware of their actions and consequences. Declaration of free will: Both parties state explicitly to enter this agreement of their own free will.’” Elva took a moment before reading on to breathe a short sigh. *‘There’s a lot about making sure I accept the terms willingly... I guess that’s a bit of a relief.’*

Elva glanced down to the bottom of the unrolled paper to see the following clause. “Okay, ‘the slave’s role,’” she paused to release a light sigh before nervously continuing. “‘The slave will obey Mistress at all times and will wholeheartedly seek Mistress’ comfort... pleasure... and well-being, above all other considerations the slave may have.’ I can,” Elva paused to swallow nervously, “hopefully do that... What else am I...”

She paused again as Elva unrolled the scroll to reveal several detailed paragraphs. *‘Oh dear,’* Elva gulped uneasily again after finding the following clause started after she unrolled the scroll further. *‘This is... Mistress can’t expect me to remember all of this, right?’* She reflected on her encounter with Mistress and her demanding tone when she gave Elva the contract. She closed her eyes as she released a heavy sigh.

‘I shouldn’t expect her to be so kind,’ Elva thought with resignation as she opened her eyes and unrolled the contract back to the beginning of the clause.

“‘The slave shall derive its pleasures from accepting its part in the contract and will gladly accept the pleasures Mistress provides. The slave further agrees to confess its desires for Mistress’ consideration.’” Elva paused for a moment. *‘So Mistress will be... pleasuring me as well.’* She felt her cheeks grow warm as she recalled Mistress’ kiss at the end of their encounter. *‘That was already so different... what would it feel like if she...’* Elva’s thoughts drifted to the nights alone in the cottage with only her fingers to comfort her.

Elva blinked twice as she finally noticed her mind had wandered and her chest had grown hot. *‘Focus, Elva. You need to have this read by “seven, sharp,” whatever that means.’*

“Next... ‘The slave will strive to remold its habits, attitudes, knowledge, and skills,’” Elva started to slow as she continued the passage, “‘in accordance with Mistress’ desires,’” Elva paused again and dejectedly lowered the contract. *‘What,’* Elva thought as she considered what Mistress might intend, *‘will be left of... me?’* Elva tried not to dwell on that question and slowly raised the scroll back up after a moment.

“‘The slave will seek to learn how to please Mistress better, and will gracefully accept any criticism in whatever form Mistress chooses. The slave unconditionally accepts, as Mistress’ right, anything Mistress may choose to do with the slave, whether as punishment,’” Elva swallowed nervously, “‘for Mistress’ amusement, or for whatever purpose Mistress desires, no matter how painful, unpleasant, or uncomfortable to the slave.’”

Elva felt the color drain from her cheeks as she lowered the contract. *‘That... certainly sounds unpleasant,’* She shivered nervously. *‘Try not to think about what...’* All else failing her, Elva shook her head and raised the contract, trying to focus on the following passage.

“The slave agrees to submit completely to Mistress in all ways,” Elva continued until the end of the passage. “The slave also agrees that, once entered into the Slavery Contract, its body, soul and mind belong to its Mistress, to be used as seen fit, within the guidelines defined herein. The slave agrees to please Mistress to the best of its ability, in that it now exists solely for the pleasure of said Mistress.”

Elva breathed a sigh of comfort as she moved on to the following passage. “Alright, ‘The slave’s veto: The slave holds veto power over any command Mistress gives and may rightfully refuse to obey that command. This can only be invoked if said command may cause permanent harm, or where agreed by both Mistress and slave.’” *‘So, I can refuse some commands... I suppose that’s reassuring.’*

“The safeword: Both parties have an agreed-upon safe word: teardrop. This safeword can be used by either party to temporarily postpone this agreement. The slave accepts the responsibility of using this safeword when necessary, and trusts implicitly in Mistress to respect the use of that safeword.” Elva felt her chest lighten as she breathed a sigh of relief.

“Well,” she said before moving on to the next section, “that all doesn’t seem so bad now. Next is... ‘Mistress’ role: Mistress accepts the responsibility of the slave’s mind, body, and immortal soul, to do with as she sees fit. Mistress agrees to care for the slave, to arrange for the safety and well-being of the slave, as long as she shall own the slave.’”

Elva blinked twice as she reread the end of the passage. “Care for the slave and arrange for the safety and well-being...” *‘That seems contradictory after reading about pain and punishment, but... This all started because I wanted to feel safe. Will I be?’* She looked up at the glowing orb. *‘Can I be safe?’*

After a moment, Elva looked back down at the contract and continued. “Conditions of Lucidity. Mistress accepts the responsibility of the slave’s lucidity and guarantees that the slave will be lucid in times determined by the contract, the slave’s veto, or when the safeword is used. The slave accepts that Mistress naturally releases mind-altering pheromones and aphrodisiacs that heighten relaxation, lower... inhibitions, and increase... sexual desire,” Elva paused as she anxiously thought about the passage. “I’m... not sure how I feel about that.”

She shivered briefly before continuing. “Taking of sustenance: Mistress accepts the responsibility of the slave’s energy as her food to consume as she sees fit, accepts any limitations the slave may have, and agrees not to cause permanent harm while feeding.’ Well, I knew what I was getting into, at least,” Elva commented before continuing.

“Punishment,” Elva scarcely finished reading the clause title before she felt her stomach drop. “The slave agrees to accept any punishment mistress decides to inflict, whether earned or not.’ Oh no,” she nervously added as her spine shivered and her heart stopped. *‘I’m not making it out of this safely... Please, Brigit, tell me it gets better.’*

In her nervousness, Elva glanced past the next paragraph, where her eyes caught something in a list below. “Burning or branding of the body,” she read aloud fearfully; her eyes and hands shook as she contemplated those words. The sounds of screaming and shouting began to fill her thoughts

while the heat of fire began to prick her skin. *'Please...'* she prayed as she looked back up to the paragraph she had looked past.

“Rules of Punishment...” Elva could barely focus on the words as she read nervously.

“Punishment of the slave is subject to certain rules designed to protect the slave from intentional abuse or permanent bodily harm.” Elva swallowed nervously before continuing. *'Please...'*

“Punishment must not incur permanent bodily harm, or the following forms of abuse.”

Her shaking ceased for a second as Elva stared at the paper in disbelief. *'I won't be hurt like...'* The fall of a tear from her cheek halted her thought; finally, the words set in, and Elva began to sob as she gripped the contract to her chest. *'Móra... I'm so sorry—you...'* Elva pulled her feet onto the cot and curled herself up as she tried to halt the screams from her thoughts.

Elva could only sit with her head on her knees for a time as the tears flowed down her cheeks; eventually, the drops abated as Elva started to compose herself. Wiping her eyes with her sleeve, Elva tried to clear the lump in her throat.

'I need to keep reading... Seven, sharp.' Elva lowered her legs and glanced around the paper to find the list where she stopped. “The following punishments are not allowed: blood may not be drawn intentionally at any time, burning or branding, loss of... circulation, internal bleeding, or loss of consciousness through suffocation.” *'I... hadn't even considered some of those... What punishments are allowed?'* Elva read on to see if there was an answer.

“Permanent Bodily Harm... Since the body of the slave now belongs to Mistress, it is Mistress' responsibility to protect that body from permanent bodily harm. Should the slave ever intentionally come to permanent bodily harm during the course of punishment, it will be grounds for immediate termination of this contract... should the slave so desire. Permanent bodily harm shall be determined as: any damage that involves permanent loss of mobility or function, or any permanent marks on the skin, including scars, burns, or tattoos, unless accepted by the slave.”

Elva looked up at the orb for a moment before reading on. *'I guess I should feel comforted... but I still don't know how she can punish me... I suppose she wants to keep me guessing,'* she thought as she looked back down to continue.

“Contact with other people: The slave may not seek any other Mistress, Master, lover, or relate to others in any sexual, submissive or affectionate way without Mistress' permission, but Mistress may accept other slaves or lovers.” She stopped for a moment to think about what she had read. *'So I may... have to be with other slaves... I guess I should have expected that.'*

“Next... ‘Activities not mentioned. The slave is forbidden to engage in any activities not actively allowed by the contract. All rights and privileges not otherwise noted in this contract belong to Mistress, and she may exercise them as she chooses.’ As if I wasn't limited enough already.” With a light sigh, Elva continued to the next paragraph.

“Duration of the contract: This contract is applicable 20 hours per day, seven days a... week, every week of the year until discharge of the slave...” Elva paused for another moment. *'Hours? Will I have time to sleep? Do I... need to sleep anymore?'* She pondered before continuing. “‘This contract will go through several phases to allow each party to fully understand what it means.’ The first trial will last for one day, the second trial one week, the third a month, ‘then the agreement may enter its final and semi-permanent state and can only be ended as mentioned elsewhere in this contract or at the conclusion of the slave's sentence.

“‘Alteration of Contract... This contract may not be altered. When both parties, Mistress and slave, agree fully aware and out of their free will to change the contractual terms of their relationship, they will first terminate this existing contract as described below and afterwards agree on and sign a new one.’”

As Elva unrolled the scroll further, she saw the end after just a few short paragraphs. “Almost done. ‘Termination of Contract. This contract may be terminated at any time by Mistress, but never by the slave, except under special conditions explained within this contract. Regardless of the circumstances of termination, the Mistress will make efforts to secure a new Master or Mistress for them to contract with for the duration of their sentence.

“‘Slave’s vow... I, Elva, of sound mind and body, so hereby relinquish all rights to my Mistress except those granted by my contract. I vow to devote myself fully to my Mistress and trust in her care and protection for the duration of my time in her services.’ Well, that’s not too hard to remember. ‘Date... 6 Av 22531... Anno... Dia-boli..?’ Date? Anno..?” *‘What does that mean?’* Elva decided not to linger too long on the question before continuing.

“‘Mistress’ Vow,’” she continued, “‘I, Saoirse, of sound mind and body, so hereby take possession of all rights of my slave except those authorized by her contract. I vow to care for and protect her as payment for her devotion for the duration of her time in my services.’”

‘Care and protect,’ Elva thought as she rolled the scroll back up, resting it gently on her lap. She closed her eyes and rested her head against the cold wall. *‘It’s only for a day,’* Elva opened her eyes again and looked back up to the glowing orb, setting the scroll at her side. *‘I can make it through this.’*

For an unknown time, Elva sat on the cot with her hands folded in her lap, nervously playing with her toes as she tried not to think too hard about what Mistress might have planned. Fidgeting restlessly, she eventually laid back on the soft bed and felt herself begin to relax finally. *‘It’s so soft, and it smells so clean,’* Elva thought as she closed her eyes; she felt the stiffness in her shoulders start to loosen as her hands rested gently on her stomach.

‘It could be worse, I guess,’ she thought as she opened her eyes again and looked up at the glowing sphere and the dark, wooden ceiling. She laid her right hand next to her shoulder, resting it gently on her hair. *‘I won’t be hunted, tortured, and killed by some ugly hunters, at the very least. I suppose instead I’ll be tortured, used, and pleased by a beautiful...’*

Elva’s heart fluttered before she could complete her thought. She touched her cheek as it grew hot and flushed as Elva thought about her Mistress-to-be. *‘She was... beautiful.’*

Her fingers wandered to her parted lips. *‘That was my first kiss.’* Elva’s body felt hot as she began to fidget her legs together without noticing. *‘Her tongue...’* she thought as she recalled how Mistress teased her. *‘Only if it pleases me, kitten,’* Mistress’ words echoed in her mind. *‘If Mistress were to... how would she... eat me?’*

Elva closed her eyes as her mind drifted; slowly, her hand slipped down from her lips to her neck, where her fingertips gently passed the soft ridge of her clavicle before her palm rested on her left breast. *‘She was...’* she stopped her thought as Mistress’ intoxicating aroma flooded her mind, as well as the sweet taste of her lips and tongue.

‘Gorgeous, am I, little kitten?’ The melodic words once again came to her mind. *‘How could I have let that slip,’* she thought as she bit her lip. *‘She was... gorgeous though,’* Elva added as she

recalled Mistress' nearly nude visage.

Her breathing deepened as Elva's mind fell further into fantasy. Mindlessly, her right hand began to gently grope her breast, while her left slowly slid down her stomach and found her hip. '*If she...*' Elva started thinking as she slowly pulled up the skirt of her dress. As the coarse fabric left her legs, the cool air of the cell sent goosebumps down her thighs.

She left the hem of her skirt at her waist and then wandered to her crotch. Elva gasped and released a light sigh as her fingertips found her sensitive place and rubbed it gently. Her mind wandered to their kiss and how warm the feeling of Mistress' lips on hers made her feel.

Slowly her deep breaths turned into moans, and as she comforted herself, Elva curled her toes and fidgeted her legs together. '*Call me Mistress, kitten,*' Her words echoed in Elva's mind as the growing heat left her breathless. "M...Mistress," Elva whispered carelessly when the pressure brought her moans to light whines.

"Practicing your purr, are we, kitten?" Mistress teased, her voice echoing softly throughout the chamber. Elva's eyes shot open before she quickly pulled her skirt over her legs. After clumsily sitting up on the bed with her back against the wall, Elva found Mistress' silhouette leaning in a brightly lit doorway a few feet in front of her cell.

'*I didn't hear her come in,*' Elva thought as she began to fidget nervously. '*Please don't tell me she's been watching me comfort myself...*' she gulped nervously before finally meeting Mistress' gaze. "How...how long have you been standing there?"

"Since you closed your eyes, little kitten," Mistress replied playfully.

Elva felt her face grow hot with embarrassment as she pulled her knees up to bury her head in her skirt. '*Oh, Brigit, she saw everything.*'

"Oh, it was so *cute*, though. My kitten is falling for me already," Mistress teased as she stepped out of the doorway. The sound of Mistress' shoes clicking as she walked pulled Elva's head out of her knees. "But enough practice, kitten. It's seven o'clock, *sharp.*"

After a few steps, Mistress stopped in front of Elva's cell where the dim glow of the orb revealed her visage. Instead of her loose robe and messy hair, Mistress wore a slim black dress and corset while her hair was bound in a neat ponytail. Elva stared in awe at Mistress as she unlocked her cell.

"Come, kitten," Mistress said as she gently opened the barred door. "It's time to break my fast, and I'm *quite* hungry today."

'*Quite... hungry?*' Suddenly Elva recalled her thought about Mistress eating her. "I... Wo-would that make me the... meal?" she asked absentmindedly with a nervous smile. '*Am...am I trying to get eaten?*' Elva reflected, regretting her question.

"Quite *astute*, my kitten!" Mistress gleefully teased as she stepped into the cell.

'*Oh no, she is really close,*' Elva thought as Mistress stopped directly in front of her. She tried her best to look away from Mistress' chest and cleavage prominently displayed by the deep cut of her dress, and instead stared intently at the intricate lacework of her corset. '*Do not stare,*' she tried to tell herself before she noticed the sweet aroma Mistress gave. '*Oh, Brigit... Don't smell, don't stare, don't smell,*' she began to repeat in a vain attempt to keep her head clear.

“*Kitten*,” Mistress sang to Elva as she lightly pinched her chin and lifted her head. “You’re getting ahead of yourself.” Her daze lessened as their gaze met, and Elva became lost in Mistress’ eyes. “First, I need your contract. Follow me, kitten,” Mistress ordered as she released Elva’s chin and turned to leave the cell.

Slowly, Elva stood up to follow after Mistress. For a second, she sped up to keep pace with Mistress; however, Elva soon noticed that the swaying of her bushy ponytail was giving off Mistress’ scent so much it made her head dizzy. ‘*Oh, Brigit, do I smell her now,*’ Elva began to slow her steps to distance herself from the aroma.

“Stay close, kitten!” Mistress snapped. “I don’t want you getting lost again.”

Elva shyly complied and stepped closer to Mistress. After only a moment, her mind went blank but for the scent of Mistress’ hair as she watched the gentle swing of the ponytail tickle her bare back. Before Elva even realized how much they had walked, the two passed through the doorway, leaving Elva to recoil from the bright light.

Chapter End Notes

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Content updated October 11th, 2022

Ch 4: Collared [no sex] [ptsd] [collaring]

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After a brief moment, her eyes adjusted to the intense change in lighting and Elva found herself in a small, well-lit chamber with bright walls that reminded her of sunny summer skies. As she stepped forward, her feet felt the odd, dark floor, like short grass that was strangely soft.

As Elva looked up she found four glowing orbs—the same as the one in her cell—casting a warm glow on the white ceiling. Finally, Elva turned her attention to the room itself and found that two cushioned armchairs sat opposite each other, while a door on the wall opposite side of the room marked the only other exit.

“Please,” Mistress calmly said as she waved her hand to the armchair on the left. “Have a seat, kitten.”

Hesitantly Elva looked up at Mistress and then at the armchair before slowly stepping forward and lowering herself into the seat. *‘It’s... quite comfortable,’* Elva thought as she held the contract in her lap and settled into the embrace of the plush cushioning.

With a light smile, Mistress stepped forward and took the seat opposite Elva; she gracefully crossed her left leg over the right as she sat down. Folding her hands in her lap, she looked intently at Elva.

“Well, kitten?” Mistress’ soft voice and warm smile felt so disarming to Elva as she stared ahead, almost mesmerized by her beauty. “Have you read your contract?”

The question snapped Elva out of her daze; she blinked and nearly lept back in her seat before responding. “Oh, yes,” she shyly said as she looked down at the scroll. “I did.”

“Do you have any objections?” Mistress asked calmly.

Elva took a moment to think on the various passages before she looked back up to meet Mistress’ gaze. “No,” she finally answered.

“Do you have any questions?” Mistress didn’t hesitate to ask Elva; her expression held more intrigue now.

For a moment, Elva sat with her mouth slightly agape. There was still so much she didn't know or understand, but she couldn't think of where to start.

Finally, Mistress broke the silence. "Well, if you can't think of one right now," she crossed her right leg over the left as she leaned back into the chair, then gently rested her chin on her left knuckle while her right hung under her chest to support her elbow. "How about I start?"

Shyly, Elva closed her mouth and nodded. Though she felt less nervous, she fidgeted her toes in anticipation.

"So, what made you summon an incubus?" Mistress tilted her head lightly.

"Um," Elva took a moment to collect her thoughts before answering. "Well, I needed protection, and Móra's grimoire only had a few summons. I couldn't perform them all or offer payment for the other one I could, so..." Elva lightly blushed as she hesitated to finish her reply.

"So you sought to offer your body," Mistress continued Elva's thought.

'Not so bluntly, but,' Elva reflected as she fidgeted before replying, "yes."

"Yet you still have not really answered my question, kitten. Why an incubus," her tone softened, "and not a succubus?"

Elva took a moment before answering; not only was she unsure herself, but she got the feeling Mistress would be upset if she gave the wrong answer. "I... guess I didn't consider the alternative."

"Are you," Mistress' eyes softened as she lowered her hand from her chin and cradled it under her breasts, *"disappointed by the alternative, kitten?"* she asked seductively.

After taking another moment to look at Mistress, Elva could only blush and shake her head no as she nervously clutched the contract.

Finally, Mistress smiled lightly and closed her eyes. "I'm glad you think so." As she opened her eyes, Mistress relaxed her arms into her lap. "Next question, kitten. What about your life before was so frightening?"

Elva started ahead blankly for a moment. "Um, frightening?" She gulped nervously as she began to hear the sounds of shouts and screams. "What do you mean?" Elva asked, nervous about Mistress' intentions in asking.

"You know I can read your thoughts," Mistress stated plainly. "You compared me to some 'ugly hunters,' I assume the same ones you needed protection from." She leaned forward, unfolded her arms, then reached out her left hand. "May I see them?" Mistress asked tenderly.

Quizzically Elva looked down at her hand before returning her gaze to Mistress' eyes. "You... can do that?"

"As long as I'm touching you," Mistress clarified. "I will only see what your eyes saw and what you allow me to see."

For a short moment, Elva hesitated, then she leaned forward and began to reach out her hand. Before hers touched Mistress, though, she looked up nervously and asked, "Do I have to see them?"

“No, kitten,” Mistress replied tenderly. “I’ll be able to see; please, think no more of their shouts and screams.”

After releasing a light sigh, Elva lowered her hand and touched Mistress’ warm palm.

“Thank you for trusting me, kitten,” Mistress kindly said. She slowly closed her eyes and held Elva’s hand gently. After a few seconds, she said, “I’m so sorry, little kitten,” as her expression grew sorrowful. “You’ve endured so much fear... and you’ve been so alone.” As Mistress opened her eyes she reached out with her other hand and held Elva tenderly. “It’s cruel for someone so kind to experience so much pain in such a short life.”

Taken aback, Elva couldn’t respond for a moment. Her mouth hung slightly agape as she felt tears begin to wet her eyes. *‘No one... but Móra has said such kind things.’*

“I don’t want them to be the last kind things you hear, kitten,” Mistress softly replied to her thought. “I don’t want you to fear me, kitten; fear easily spoils the taste of energy. I find that a slave tastes the sweetest when they are in bliss. I wish for you to look at me with adoration, kitten. Not fear.”

Elva took a moment to wipe her tears with her sleeve. *‘Adoration... that doesn’t sound so bad.’* The sounds of raised voices continued to cloud Elva’s thoughts, though, and she found it difficult to stop her tears.

“Shh,” Mistress gently hushed Elva, “you’re safe here.” Her tone changed for a moment, almost as if she was uncertain of her words. “I promise you’ll never fear the hunters again.”

The moment was long enough for Elva to notice, however. *‘Your eyes...’* Elva managed to push out the screaming as she looked at Mistress’s expression. *‘Why do they look sad?’*

Mistress pulled her hands away and returned them to her lap. “Last question, kitten,” she began as she leaned back into the armchair. Her expression grew cold and collected as she looked at Elva. “What do you feel when you look upon me?”

As Elva pulled her hand away, she blinked twice as she contemplated the question. *‘What do I feel? Well...’* Elva thought as she took a hard look at Mistress. Just when her eyes wandered, Elva became lost in the gentle waves of Mistress’ crimson hair as her ponytail lay loosely next to her legs. As she glanced away from the locks, the side slit of Mistress’ black dress caught Elva’s eyes, and the sleek, reddish skin of her thigh.

In Mistress’ lap, Elva found her right hand resting delicately atop her left. Her nails were short but clean and sleekly painted with black polish; on the fourth finger of her slender right hand sat a strange, silver band that left Elva bewildered. When her eyes moved to the lace and curves of Mistress’ corset, she felt herself grow warm and flushed as she noticed how it accentuated her hips and chest. Elva quickly tried to move on in her analysis before the cleavage in the center slit of Mistress’ dress held her attention.

Suddenly Elva remembered their earlier encounter and seeing Mistress’ robe fall from her breast. *‘Oh, Brigit, those are...’* Elva resisted the urge to shake her head when her face grew hot and swiftly lifted her gaze instead.

The black paint on Mistress’ lips grasped Elva’s attention as it shimmered in the warm light. The gentle curves of her lips as her mouth held closed left Elva feeling a longing—as she raised her

gaze further, Mistress' ruby eyes seemed to glow through their thinly parted lids.

Elva was almost ready to answer when her eyes wandered again, this time to Mistress' ears, which Elva now noticed had a slight point at the upper tips; in her lobes were a pair of black, jeweled studs. *'She's so... strange, but... so beautiful, that all I feel is...'* "Ah," Elva felt her heart stop for a moment before she could answer. "Adoration," she finally replied shyly.

Her eyes softened as Mistress smiled gently. "Thank you, kitten." Elva felt her heart flutter again as she shyly looked away, flustered. "Now, you must have some questions for me, kitten. Please, what do you want to know?"

"Um," Elva tried to think of where to begin as she fidgeted with her feet. After a moment, a question came to mind. "Why... do you keep calling me kitten?"

With a smile, Mistress replied, "Because it pleases me to say, as well as to see how it makes your cheeks flush and your legs squirm, kitten."

Elva tried to hold her legs still in vain, suddenly aware of her fidgeting. She looked away again and tried to think of another question before remembering her circumstances. "So, you told me I'm dead," Elva looked back at Mistress. "What does that mean for me? I mean, I'm breathing, aren't I?"

Mistress leaned back into the armchair before she replied. "Your mind is just as alive as it was when you had a living body, even if you no longer need to breathe. Your body is no longer 'real' and, as such, you can't die again. However, even if your body isn't alive, you can still experience all the sensations you could when you were alive. You can taste, smell, feel pleasure, pain... or experience permanent harm."

After a brief pause, Elva gulped as she recalled her contract and the punishments that were not allowed. Mistress closed her eyes briefly before continuing. "In the Immortal Plane, in Hell, the only rights human souls have are those granted by their contract. 'You are here to serve penance for your sins until you have repented,' as some say. I'm sorry to say that, however unintentional your suicide was, it is not a sin that is quickly pardoned; it carries a sentence of five hundred years."

Elva's heart dropped into her stomach as she felt the color drain from her cheeks. "F—" she started to say but stopped as suddenly, for her words failed her. *'Five hundred years...'* Her head fell while she clutched her chest with her right hand. *'All because I used the wrong blood... I just,'* Elva felt tears of frustration begin to well. "I just... wanted to feel safe... to be protected."

"And you will have my protection, kitten, for as long as you're contracted with me." Mistress pulled herself forward in her chair and gently rested her right hand on Elva's leg. "It's in my contract, and if a demon breaks the terms of a contract, they lose all rights to keep slaves."

A moment later, Elva willed herself to look at Mistress' hand as it softly lay on her. *'Mistress' protection...'* Her chest started to feel a little lighter. As her hand released its clench, Elva wiped the water from her eyes before looking back up to Mistress. Her eyes gazed back at her with such kindness it nearly put her heart at ease. "I suppose... that might not be so bad then."

Mistress gave her a light smile. "I'm glad you feel that way, kitten. Five hundred years is a long time to live with fear. Especially of your Mistress," she added with a sorrowful tone as her smile faded. "Do you have another question?" She asked as she sat upright, resting her hands in her lap again.

Elva took a moment to think before she glanced back to her left again; finally, she acknowledged the door opposite the one they entered. “Uh... What is...” Remembering the room they’d just come from, suddenly Elva wasn’t sure she wanted to know the answer.

“What’s on the other side of the door?” Mistress finished her question anyway. Elva looked back at Mistress nervously before she gave a slight nod. With a light smile, Mistress answered, “Sorry, kitten. You need to be under contract to know what’s in the playroom.”

‘The... playroom?’ Elva blinked twice as she stared at Mistress in disbelief. *‘I can’t imagine what could be so... playful.’*

Mistress chuckled lightly before giving Elva a sly grin. “Trust me,” she seductively said as she relaxed back into her chair, “there will be *plenty* to play with, kitten.”

Not at all comforted, Elva squirmed as she struggled not to think about what might be in the room. When another question failed to form, she finally asked, “So... what happens now?”

“If you have no more questions,” Mistress reached out her left hand to Elva, “then hold the scroll with me so we may say our vows to begin our contract.”

Elva hesitated for a moment before she lifted her contract and gently placed it into Mistress’ fingers. With their fingertips touching as they held the short dowels, Mistress asked, “Do you remember your vows?”

“I think so...” Elva nervously replied, hoping she could recall all the words.

“Let me say them with you then,” Mistress assured her. “I, Elva, of sound mind and body, so hereby relinquish all rights to my Mistress except those granted by my contract.” Mistress paused for a moment for Elva to repeat her words before she continued. “I vow to devote myself fully to my Mistress and trust in her care and protection for the duration of my time in her services.”

As Elva finished repeating, the end of the scroll she held began to sparkle in a shimmering, golden glow. “Well done, kitten.” Elva shyly blushed as she tried not to avert her gaze. “Now, let me recite my vows.”

With hardly a pause, Mistress began to speak with grace. “I, Saoirse, of sound mind and body, so hereby take possession of all rights of my slave except those authorized by her contract.” Mistress paused for just a moment before continuing in an uncertain tone. “Under pain of death, I vow to care for and protect her as payment for her devotion for the duration of her time in my services.”

Slowly the opposite end of the scroll began to simmer in glows of pink and purple, and Elva was left to wonder, *‘Under pain of death... that wasn’t in Mistress’ vows... why would she add it?’*

Before Elva could ponder further, the scroll slowly lifted into the air as the aura intensified until it finally burst into puffs of light. Recoiling briefly, Elva squinted her eyes until the glow faded, where she found the scroll had transformed into a black leather band. As it fell into her hand, Mistress stood up slowly and stepped around Elva’s chair.

“Please, lift your hair, kitten,” she requested as she stopped behind Elva. Nervously, Elva looked back before wordlessly nodding and pulling her hair away from. Looking ahead, she felt her spine shiver as Mistress’ hand touched her neck and gently traced her skin. Soon she felt the smooth leather touch her throat, slowly encircling her neck as Mistress’ hands pulled it closed.

As Mistress stepped back around her, Elva felt the back of the band before she lowered her hair. There was no seal or mark where the strap was once open; it now enclosed her neck in a complete circle. ‘*So... that was a collaring*, Elva thought as her hair fell back down. The feeling of the leather was foreign yet comforting, and something about the act made Elva feel bashful.

Once in front of Elva, Mistress held out her left hand and asked, “Do you remember your safeword, kitten?”

Elva looked at her outstretched hand before reaching out her right. “Teardrop,” she said as their hands touched.

Mistress grinned widely as she gently grasped Elva’s hand. “Good. Then let’s begin, my kitten.”

Chapter End Notes

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Content updated October 11th, 2022

Ch 5: The Playroom [objectification] [bondage] [cunnilingus]

Chapter Notes

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As Elva stood up from her chair and held Mistress' hand, she noticed a sudden change in the air and a fruity redolence added to Mistress' aroma. '*What's,*' she thought as her head started to feel light, '*that smell.*'

"My pheromones, kitten," Mistress replied to her thought with a devious smile as she pulled Elva towards the playroom door. "They work fast when you're... *receptive.*"

Elva took a step after Mistress without hesitation. '*Pheromones,*' she thought as she held Mistress' hand tighter. The word brought to mind something in her contract about relaxation, but Elva couldn't dwell too long on it. Every breath she took filled her senses with a devilishly sweet fragrance. As Elva held Mistress' hand back, she found it warmer than when she'd last touched it, and the feeling was oddly comforting. When Mistress reached the door, Elva watched Mistress almost with anticipation as she grabbed a strange handle and turned it.

Mistress casually swung the door open and stepped through the threshold. As Elva followed after and walked into the new, warmly-lit room, she felt uneasy again as she took in her new surroundings.

The playroom was an enormous chamber with dark-red walls and black wooden flooring that felt smooth under her feet. '*It's so much bigger than Móra's cottage,*' Elva reflected before she looked around and saw the room was filled with foreign furniture.

To her left, she found an assortment of beautifully-carved wooden tables and chairs with golden padding of various lengths and shapes. However, the pieces of furniture on the right side, with red padding and wood that blended into the floor, were entirely bizarre. Just beyond, Elva noticed an array of strange instruments hanging on the wall. Unable to see them clearly from so far, Elva nervously swallowed as she wondered how they could be used.

"Pay no mind to those yet, kitten," Mistress glanced back for a moment as she gently tugged Elva to the left side of the room. Elva exhaled in relief and felt her mind float again as she wandered after the sweet scent.

Letting herself be pulled affectionately, Elva watched the smooth swaying of Mistress' ponytail as she followed her to an open area near the wall. Mistress walked Elva to the center of the cleared space before releasing her hand.

"Stay right there, kitten," she turned to Elva and sweetly looked into her eyes with a slight smile. Elva held her own hand as Mistress took several steps backward, finding herself already missing the warmth of Mistress' touch. Mistress reached a chair near the wall and leaned back, grasping the arms of the chair as she sat down.

Mistress settled into her chair by crossing her right leg over the left, then leaning into the left side with her chin resting on her knuckles while her right arm lay on its rest. When Mistress continued to stare for more than a moment, bobbing her foot rhythmically as her eyes slowly wandered up and down, Elva started anxiously fidgeting in place.

'The way she's looking at me,' Elva thought as she turned her gaze away and raised her hand shyly to her mouth, *'it's like she's undressing me.'* She blushed, squirming as she felt her chest grow warm.

"Quite accurate, kitten," Mistress teased with a mischievous smile and piercing eyes. "But I would like *you* to undress now."

Elva quickly returned her gaze to Mistress, eyes wide as she felt her ears grow hot and her heart pound. *'Oh, I shouldn't have thought that,'* she reflected with a grimace as her spine shivered.

Snickering, Mistress replied, "I find thoughts can be *much* more true to our desires than words. Take off your dress, kitten," she ordered with a quiet voice.

A moment later, Elva closed her eyes and released a deep sigh before she lowered her hand from her mouth and unbuttoned the front of her dress. As the garment gradually loosened, it did little to alleviate the pressure in her chest. Elva felt her heart throb as the lukewarm air tickled her skin.

After taking a heavy breath, Elva peeked her eyes open as she unfastened the last button to see Mistress watching her intently. Her grin was replaced by a slight curl of her lips while her eyes peered softly. Elva felt her heart stop as their eyes met; suddenly, the air felt warmer on her skin and Elva found herself wanting Mistress to see her. She slowly pulled her dress open, revealing her modest chest to Mistress as she rolled the sleeves off her arms.

As Elva's chest became exposed, Mistress released a light moan of approval as she licked her lips. "Stop for a moment, kitten," Mistress raised her left hand from her chin as the top of Elva's dress fell loosely at her waist. "I rarely see such a beautiful sight these days." With a slight grin, she rested on her hand again and added, "I wish to savor the moment."

Elva blushed and turned her head away while she clutched the fabric of her dress. *'B-beautiful? No one has ever called me that before... especially while...'* Elva looked down at herself and heavily flushed as she realized in what manner she was being complimented. As her face grew hot with embarrassment, she lifted her arms to try and cover her breasts.

"Hands down, kitten," Mistress ordered somewhat sternly before Elva's arm could reach her chest. "You're far too pretty; I won't allow you to hide yourself from me."

Elva trembled as she halted her hands. She looked at Mistress with pleading eyes and pouting lips before reluctantly lowering her arms again, resigning herself to being seen by Mistress. With her hands held uneasily at her side and her shoulders stiff, she looked away again and vainly tried to calm her squirming, too ashamed to meet Mistress' stare. A few moments later, Mistress took a deep breath and gave a pleased moan.

"*Very good, kitten,*" Mistress praised Elva joyfully. "Please, continue undressing, now," she ordered with a comforting tone.

Elva looked back for just a moment before nervously nodding and closing her eyes. Her hands felt uneasy as they gradually reached the waist of her dress and gently pulled it down past her hips. As the air touched her crotch, Elva clenched her hands while her mouth curled; with a light whimper, her hands released their grasp and her dress fell to her ankles. Her slim form unclothed, she held her arms to her side in anticipation with closed, quivering eyes, too abashed to look at Mistress while in such a state of undress.

"*Good girl,*" Mistress told Elva with delight when her dress hit the floor.

'*Good?*' Mistress' praise left Elva puzzled but curiously warm. She hesitantly peeked open her left eye to find Mistress looking back at her with a soft gaze and gentle smile.

"Now, slowly turn around, kitten," Mistress delicately ordered as she lazily turned her left index finger in circles.

After a brief moment, Elva shyly opened her right eye before nodding again. Pivoting on her heels, she slowly turned to her right to face away from Mistress. Elva breathed a short sigh of relief for not having to look at Mistress in her undress before she heard Mistress speak again.

"Stay right there, kitten," Mistress said as Elva turned away. Hesitantly, she complied with her demand and stood in place, somehow feeling more anxious with her back facing Mistress.

Elva nervously shifted her weight while waiting for another command. When an order did not come after a minute, Elva started to wriggle in distress, vainly trying to keep herself still. '*Is she just... staring at me?*' she thought as she cautiously turned her head. However, seeing Mistress staring intently at her rear with a devious grin and hungry eyes left Elva regretting her decision. Then, when Mistress licked her lips provocatively, Elva's eyes widened as she blushed and swiftly turned her head again.

Mistress chuckled with amusement. "*Oh, you are just too cute, kitten,*" she added before Elva heard her shoes clicking on the ground. Elva nearly jumped at the sudden noise, then her skin prickled as the proceeding ticks drew closer.

Arms trembling and lips shaking, Elva stared ahead for only a moment before she smelled Mistress behind her. Next, she felt the depression of her twirly hair on her back and the warm touch of Mistress' fingers on her right cheek. Elva looked down to see the red skin of her left hand before her head was gently turned. Just over her left shoulder, Mistress looked down at her with tantalizing eyes and an alluring smile.

"May I share a secret with you, my kitten?" she asked seductively.

"Uh, what secret?" Elva asked back as her eyes wandered down to Mistress' black-painted lips. Her smell was overpowering, and Elva felt her mind become light again while the trembling in her arms

abated.

“I’ve always loved the taste of redheads,” Mistress answered with a devious grin before she closed her eyes and pulled Elva’s chin up to kiss her.

Elva felt her heart leap in her chest; she turned to the side and closed her eyes as she leaned up to meet Mistress’ kiss, pushing up on her toes to more easily reach her soft lips. When Mistress opened her mouth, Elva eagerly opened hers to taste Mistress’ tongue again. Elva released a light whimper as they touched, tasting just how sweet Mistress had become.

‘*How,*’ she struggled to think, ‘*how could she tell how I taste, over how sweet she tastes.*’ Her mind went quiet as Elva raised her right hand to touch Mistress’ cheek back, steadily moaning as her chest pounded and burned.

After a moment—how long Elva could not tell—she felt the warm touch of Mistress’ right hand on the side of her waist. She gasped lightly at the new sensation that made her heart leap.

“So sensitive,” Mistress teased with a wide grin as Elva pulled her lips away to take a few ragged breaths. “I wonder what would happen if I…” she whispered as she leaned down and brought her mouth to the side of Elva’s neck.

Slowly, Mistress opened her mouth and planted her lips gently on Elva’s flesh, leaving her to shudder and gasp deeply before she felt Mistress begin to pull on her skin. With a heavy groan, Elva felt her knees go weak as they trembled beneath her.

Before her legs failed, Elva felt Mistress wrap her arm around her stomach, pulling her back against her. The sudden warmth on her skin and the feeling of Mistress’ chest pressed into her sent Elva’s mind spinning. Elva leaned her head away and held Mistress tightly as she let Mistress kiss her neck. As the pecks moved past her collar, Elva began to moan gently, eyes quivered closed.

A few kisses, Mistress pulled away and gently turned Elva around so they stood face-to-face. Elva’s heart calmed slightly as her moans turned to ragged breaths; she cautiously opened her eyes to look up at Mistress.

“Please,” Mistress looked into Elva’s trembling eyes with a tenderness that made her heart flutter. “Trust me for a moment, kitten,” she asked as she gently took hold of Elva’s wrists and held them in front of her.

Elva looked down at her hands before looking back up to Mistress and anxiously nodding yes.

Mistress held Elva’s wrists together with a smile before releasing her grip. “Don’t move, now,” she whispered as she brought her left hand to her lips. After planting a kiss on her second fingertip, she traced it around Elva’s wrists. When the circle closed, a small burst of light revealed a softly glowing band of purple and pink light.

“Thank you for trusting me, kitten. You may move now,” Mistress told Elva delicately. “*If* you can,” she added teasingly with a sly grin.

The glow drew Elva’s attention to her hands. She looked at the band quizzically for a moment, not feeling anything at all from the strange magic. Though when Elva attempted to move her arms, she discovered that her wrists were firmly affixed in the air.

Elva winced as she pulled on the magical restraints before she realized how futile her efforts were. Her arms already growing tired, Elva relaxed into the bounds and took a moment to catch her breath.

Mistress giggled as she looked down at Elva. “Thank you for testing my magic, kitten,” she playfully said as she hooked her left index finger into the glowing band. With a simple tug, she pulled Elva’s wrists up and raised her arms above her head.

As Mistress released her finger, Elva looked up at the band and found it moved no better than when it was in front of her. Worse still, Mistress had pulled it so high up she had to stand on her toes. Elva struggled to pull herself down for a moment, but with a grimace, she grew tired and let the band carry her weight as she tried to rest the balls of her feet on the ground.

With a wide grin, Mistress heartily cackled as Elva stood eyes closed and panting to catch her breath. “That was a *lovely* dance, kitten,” she teased as she stepped up to Elva, chest to chest. Elva opened her eyes as the soft fabric of Mistress’ dress touched her breasts. She looked up at Mistress with desperate eyes as she glanced between Mistress’ ruby irises and dark lips.

“As much fun as I’m having,” Mistress said as she licked her lips, “I’m getting quite hungry, and I wish to break my fast now, kitten.” She closed her eyes and leaned down to kiss Elva again. Elva’s eyes shut too as she opened her mouth to passionately kiss Mistress back.

Hardly a moment later, Elva felt the warm touch of Mistress’ hand on the right side of her waist. Elva lightly moaned as she tried to keep her hold on Mistress’ lips, but her efforts proved vain as her hand slid up her ribs. Shivering, Elva gasped as Mistress traced her fingers along her skin until her hand came around to cup her right breast.

Elva released a deep, labored groan as Mistress gently groped her. ‘*Oh, Brigit, it feels...*’ Elva thought before the gropes intensified and her mind became dizzier.

“It feels *good*, doesn’t it, kitten,” Mistress teased as she lowered her head to the right side of Elva’s neck. “Let me make you feel better,” she whispered before planting her lips onto Elva’s delicate skin.

With a shudder, Elva released a sharp moan as her head fell away from Mistress and her legs became weak. ‘*Don’t,*’ she struggled to think as Mistress pulled her mouth away, ‘*don’t stop—!*’ Elva groaned harshly again as Mistress planted her lips further down and sucked her flesh once more. Her heart was pounding while her body felt aflame, but Elva was not satisfied.

Almost as if to tease her, Mistress stopped her groping and pulled her head back before giggling. “I can’t touch you in more pleasurable places if I don’t stop, kitten,” she said playfully as her hand wandered down Elva’s stomach from her breast. “Do you want me to touch you someplace more... *pleasurable*, kitten?” Mistress whispered as her hand traced to just above Elva’s nub.

Elva shivered as Mistress teased her skin and tickled so close to where she was sensitive. Eyes still closed, she closed her lips to stifle her whimpers before nodding gently.

“Use your words, kitten,” Mistress ordered as she continued to play above Elva’s hood. “Tell me, ‘I want you to touch me, Mistress,’ and I’ll see if I can make you purr.”

Elva’s eyes went wide for a moment before she shut them and swiftly shook her head. ‘*There is **no way** I can say that aloud!*’ she thought as she felt her crotch grow hot.

With a snicker, Mistress teased, “You’ll be surprised what you’re capable of with a little,” her fingers slid down into Elva’s inner thighs, “*incentive*,” she finished in a whisper.

As Mistress touched the sensitive flesh inside her leg, Elva’s attempts to hold her moans back failed. Her eyelids shook as she tried vainly not to think about her growing need. Finally, Elva bit her lip and opened her eyes, looking at Mistress pleadingly. A moment later, she released her bite and stuttered, “P-please, I want—I-I need you to t-touch me, Mi-Mistress.” Lips quivering and eyes begging, she waited for Mistress’ response.

With a wide grin and elated giggle, Mistress looked into Elva’s desperate eyes and replied seductively, “*Anything* for my kitten.” Her hand slid upwards finally and traced Elva’s lips

With a shudder, Elva let her head fall onto Mistress’ shoulder as her body tensed, a sharp groan escaping her mouth. Her eyes shut tight as she began to thrash beyond her will. Mistress’ fingertips seemed to find places Elva had not discovered herself in her delicate folds. Elva felt like she would melt until Mistress finally traced her fingers higher and reached her most sensitive spot.

‘*Oh, Brigit, it’s...*’ Elva could only gasp for breath through moans as Mistress finally found her nub and casually circled it. The feeling was so much more intense than her own fingers. Elva began to feel weak as the pressure built; her legs quaked while her arms trembled to carry her weight using the band suspending her wrists.

Only seconds later, Mistress retreated her hand from Elva’s bud. Elva shivered and took several ragged breaths through waning whimpers as the strength returned to her legs. She opened her eyes shakily and looked down at Mistress’ chest as she tried to calm the quaking in her limbs.

Once Elva’s moans calmed, Mistress gently pinched her chin and raised her head. Warily, Elva held her expression to meet her gaze. “You seem a little,” Mistress teased lightly as she looked gently into Elva’s weary eyes, “tired, kitten. Do you need me to take some weight off?”

Without a second thought, Elva hastily nodded yes. Her limbs were growing sore while her breathing was still ragged; Elva was thankful to think she would get some rest.

With a mischievous snicker, Mistress started kneeling while grabbing hold of Elva’s right thigh, slowly raising her foot off the ground. As Mistress knelt on the floor, she pulled Elva’s leg up and propped it over her left shoulder.

“More *comfortable*, kitten?” Mistress flirtatiously asked as she looked up at Elva.

“Y-yes, Mistress.” Eyes still closed, Elva gently nodded before she weakly replied. ‘*Finally, I can—catch my breath,*’ she thought as the air returned to her chest; soon, the aching in her arms and the trembling in her legs began to lessen.

After a moment, Elva slowly opened her eyes and looked down at Mistress. Her eyes went wide, however, when she finally realized that Mistress had her face inside her spread legs, staring very intently at her slit.

Elva thrashed in vain to close her legs while her face and chest grew hot with embarrassment, but Mistress held her thighs firmly open. When her initial efforts failed, Elva settled for covering her face by closing her arms together with the slack Mistress provided. ‘*Oh, Brigit, she’s right there,*’ she pursed her lips as she shut her eyes tight.

Mistress heartedly giggled as Elva shielded her face before murmuring something hungrily in a tongue Elva did not recognize.

“Uh—what’s that mean?” Elva somehow managed to ask. ‘*Do...do I even want to know?*’ She kept her eyes firmly shut, already regretting opening her mouth.

“*Oh!*” Mistress exclaimed as if she was happy Elva asked. “It’s a phrase I learned a while ago. I’ve been quite fond of it ever since.” Her voice seemed to flutter as it slowly muted. “It means ‘let’s dig in,’” she whispered as she closed her lips around Elva’s bud.

Elva nearly shrieked. ‘*Oh, Brigit, what...*’ she thought before all she could focus on was how Mistress’ tongue felt as it gently rubbed against her. Her left leg curled and lifted from the ground as her thighs closed around Mistress, somewhat supported by the grasp of her hands. Her quivering arms barely held her remaining weight as Elva gasped for air through deep, labored moans.

‘*Mistress, I-I can’t...*’ Elva failed to finish her unspoken statement before she let out a shrill cry as the pressure in her crotch overflowed. Her body shook and convulsed as heat filled her being. ‘*I-I’ve never—felt...*’ her mind was too overwhelmed by the new sensations to think clearly

What felt like an eternity later, Elva wondered, ‘*Oh—how...how long does this last??*’ She peeked open her eyes, but she could hardly see her arms in front of her through the dark haze over her vision. She could barely breathe but for the gaping pants followed swiftly by hoarse moans. Her mind grew as dark as her vision, and Elva lost herself in Mistress’ touch.

Elva’s mind fell into a trance as her ragged whimpers turned to labored breaths. She only vaguely noticed the heat in her core abate and the release of her wrists as she seemed to float through the air. Suddenly, Elva felt herself stop moving with a calm thud, but she could still neither see nor hear anything beyond the darkness of her mind.

How long her mind floated, Elva couldn’t tell one way or the other, but slowly her coarse gasps turned to deep, gentle breaths. As the fog over her eyes and mind faded, she felt light strokes on the top of her head and vaguely heard someone calling her in a low, calm voice.

Elva blinked a few times to clear her sight, and she finally saw Mistress looking down on her. Her eyes were tenderly peered open while her smile was warm and soothing.

“Welcome back, kitten,” Elva heard Mistress whisper. “Thank you for the meal,” she added with a short snicker.

“Mis—” her breaths left her struggling to speak still, so Elva continued with her thoughts. ‘*Mistress? What...what happened?*’ Elva’s eyes still felt so heavy, while her arms were weak and limply crossed in her lap.

“You had an orgasm, kitten,” Mistress softly said as she stroked Elva’s hair and cradled her on her chest. “A very strong one, in fact. It sent you into a deep bliss and you gave me *all* your energy.”

Elva rested her head against Mistress and wearily closed her eyes. ‘*That must be... why I’m so tired.*’

“You need your rest now, kitten,” her voice remained sweet and seemed to lull Elva into a slumber. “We’ll continue when you’ve recovered.”

“But,” Elva struggled to pry her eyes open to look up at Mistress. *‘But you... only have a day.’*

“And the day will still be here after you’ve rested,” Mistress hushed Elva with a slight sternness, though the gentleness of her eyes never left. “You have no energy to use or give; you need to rest for me, kitten.”

Elva’s eyes grew too heavy to keep open again, though her mind stayed uneasy. *‘I’m sorry.’*

“Sorry for what, kitten,” she heard Mistress ask as she affectionately brushed Elva’s cheek with her fingertips.

‘I,’ despite her apology, Elva’s mind still floated as she pressed into Mistress’ chest, *‘it was so fast... I can do better.’*

Mistress brought her head down lightly on Elva's hair as she delicately shushed her. “You did *wonderfully*, my kitten,” she held Elva’s cheek in her palm. “You were a *very* good girl, and I’m *very* proud of you.” Mistress slowly lifted her head and leaned in to kiss Elva just above her brow. “You need to rest now, kitten,” she whispered as her lips retreated.

“Rest,” Elva murmured as her head fell limply into Mistress’ embrace. *‘That sounds nice,’* finally, Elva’s thoughts calmed and she fell into a deep slumber.

Chapter End Notes

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Content updated October 11th, 2022

Ch 6: Lessons [fingering]

Chapter Notes

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Elva's mind drifted in darkness until the light touch of someone stroking her hair pulled her awake. As she groaned and shifted, Elva became aware of the warm, supple pillow underneath her head and the soft cushioning that hugged her back and legs. Her body felt so light and warm, like she was floating.

“Good afternoon, kitten,” she heard Mistress call sweetly.

Slowly, Elva pried her eyes open to find Mistress looking down at her while she lay in her lap. Mistress gently petted her hair with her left hand while resting her right hand upon Elva's crossed arms. Wide-eyed and feeling her cheeks flush, Elva looked back up at Mistress' smiling lips while trying to ignore the overhang of her tightly-clothed bust.

“Uh, afternoon?” she asked sheepishly, already fidgeting with her toes anxiously.

“The sun had just risen when we signed your contract,” Mistress explained as she gently pulled her fingers across Elva's curls. “Now it's passed the top of the sky, kitten.”

“*So long?*” Elva thought before her eyes saddened; she turned her head away from Mistress' gaze. “I'm sorry, Mi—” her apology was halted as Mistress pressed her finger firmly onto Elva's lips.

“I will **not** hear any more complaints about this matter, kitten!” Mistress said sternly. Elva glanced back to see Mistress glaring at her with pouting lips. “If you apologize about needing to rest one more time, your punishment will **be** to rest until I tell you otherwise.” Her words were sharp, but they held a strange kindness to them that made Elva's heart flutter. “Do you understand, kitten?” Mistress asked as she released her finger.

“Y-yes, Mistress,” Elva hesitantly replied and nodded as she turned to face Mistress again.

At Elva's words, Mistress' frown disappeared in an instant. “Thank you, kitten,” she said with a slight tilt of her head and a warm smile. “You're a very good girl,” Mistress began affectionately stroking her hair again. “Good girls need to rest, or else they can't *play*.”

Elva felt a warmth in the air that quickly spread to her cheeks as she looked into Mistress' softened eyes. *'I'm a... good girl?'* Her heart began to pound; suddenly, Elva noticed the air on her nude skin and recalled what Mistress had done before she fell asleep. In a fluster, Elva closed her eyes then turned her body away from Mistress, curling up to cover herself, however vainly. *'Oh, Brigit, why does that... why do I...'* she buried her face in Mistress' knees as the heat started to spread through her body.

Mistress chuckled as Elva tried to hide herself. "I can see you have quite the energy now, kitten," she teased as she twirled Elva's hair between her fingers. "See what a little rest can do?"

The fire in her chest grew too strong to ignore as Elva rested her nose in Mistress' dress, taking in her sickeningly sweet aroma with every breath. Slowly Elva peeked her eyes open and raised her head from Mistress' lap. *'I suppose I do feel more rested, but...'* her head already felt light as her mind wandered to the feeling of Mistress' lips.

"What happened earlier," Elva said shyly, still too flustered to look back at Mistress, "my—orgasm... is that—normal?"

"Yes, kitten, it's quite normal," Mistress replied, still playing with Elva's hair. "Not everyone has them, but most do when they experience strong pleasure."

'Strong pleasure... that makes sense,' Elva thought as she reflected on how Mistress made her feel. "Are they always so... intense?"

"No, not always. My pheromones are in part to blame, though."

"But," Elva felt the heat spread to her crotch, "they could be?"

Mistress giggled before she responded. "If that's what my kitten wishes for," she told Elva playfully.

Feeling flustered, Elva buried her face in Mistress' legs again and curled herself up. *'Why did I ask that?'*

"You're very curious, and very needy, kitten," Mistress teased as she traced Elva's cheek with the tip of her right index finger. "Speaking of needy," she added before lowering her finger to Elva's chin. Gently pulling her face up, Mistress said, "Your energy has returned, and I confess I've grown hungry watching my kitten rest."

Though Mistress' eyes were softly peering at her, the gentle curl of her lips held Elva's gaze. "You want to kiss me, don't you kitten?" Elva timidly nodded yes as she felt her ears tingle. "Please," Mistress held out her left hand, "sit next to me, kitten."

With little hesitation, Elva took Mistress' hand with her right and pushed herself up while pulling her legs off the long chair. As she sat upright, Elva realized her head felt dizzy from Mistress' warmth, so she brought her left hand to her temple to steady herself.

"Easy now, kitten," Mistress held Elva tightly and grabbed her waist as she saw Elva wobble. Smoothly, Mistress slid next to Elva until they sat hip to hip. "Don't lose yourself before you find my lips," she eyed Elva seductively through narrow slits as she leaned down.

Warmth seemed to spread throughout Elva as their torsos aligned. Elva had already begun to close her eyes and tilt her head upwards before Mistress finished her sentence. ‘*I’m... already lost,*’ Elva thought as their lips finally touched and she tasted Mistress again.

Steadied by Mistress’ embrace, Elva let her hand lazily fall from her head and rested on Mistress’ leg. Her heart throbbing, Elva moaned lightly as their tongues danced. Without a thought, Elva followed Mistress’ lead as she opened her hand to interlace their fingers.

‘*Her hand... it’s so soft,*’ Elva thought as they gently rubbed their palms together.

A moment later, Mistress retreated her lips and released a mischievous giggle. Elva peeked her eyes open to look up at her as the warmth on her lips faded. “My hand isn’t the only part of me that’s soft,” Mistress seductively said as she placed her free hand on Elva’s. “Please, attend to me, kitten.”

Elva looked down for a moment as she felt Mistress and on her hand. “Um, attend?” she asked as she looked back up at Mistress’ smile. “What—do you mean?”

With a light giggle, Mistress took hold of Elva’s hand and raised it off her thigh. “Don’t worry, kitten,” she seductively answered as she leaned back down. “I’ll show you,” she added before kissing Elva again.

As Elva closed her eyes, she nearly forgot about the gentle pull on her hand until her fingertips touched Mistress’ cheek. ‘*Oh! It is soft,*’ Elva thought as her palm held Mistress’ skin. Adrift in her kiss, Elva lost herself in the taste of Mistress’ tongue and the warmth of her body until Mistress gently pulled her hand further down.

Oblivious to the change, Elva’s fingers gently traced Mistress’ jaw until they fell down to her neck. Mistress let out a light moan as Elva’s hand slid down her skin, sending Elva’s heart fluttering. Soon, her fingers reached Mistress’ collarbone; the gentle brush past the sleek protrusion seemed to send a shiver down Mistress’ spine, but Elva could hardly notice. Only when her fingers touched the soft fabric of Mistress’ dress did Elva rouse from her daze.

‘*Oh, Brigit,*’ she thought as her hands slid over the smooth fabric. ‘*It’s so soft,*’ Elva couldn’t help but compare it to the coarseness of the old, handspun dress she was ordered to remove.

“Pay attention, kitten,” Mistress whispered as she pulled her lips slightly away from Elva’s, barely even opening her eyes. “You’ll miss the lesson if you drift off too far.”

Elva weakly peered her eyes open before responding. “I’ll try,” she said before Mistress returned her embrace.

When their lips touched again, Mistress pulled Elva’s fingers to her exposed skin and slid them under her dress. As her hand fell, Elva vaguely noticed the suppleness of Mistress’ body change. Although the shift was too gradual to distract from Mistress’ kiss at first, Elva’s eyes widened as she realized Mistress had pulled her hand atop her breast.

‘*Oh, Brigit, that’s—*’ Elva attempted to pull away in a mild panic, but Mistress held her hand tighter while her lips chased Elva’s. As Elva’s hand groped her, Mistress released an elated moan that sent her heart fluttering. ‘*That’s... soft too,*’ Elva’s eyes relaxed as she felt the warmth building in her chest. Gently, Elva leaned back into Mistress to return her kisses as her head began to float once again.

Following Mistress' instruction, Elva tenderly massaged her Mistress' breast as she softly moaned. Elva's heart seemed to skip a beat with each sound, so much so that she failed to notice when Mistress stopped moving her hand. Unwavering, Elva groped in rhythm with Mistress' moans until, eventually, Mistress pulled on her hand again.

Mistress tugged Elva further down before settling her fingers below her peak. She tenderly closed Elva's index and thumb around the bud, then released a light moan as Elva gently tweaked her sensitive spot. Elva's heart fluttered again at the sweet sound. Wanting to hear it again, she pinched Mistress without provocation, perhaps a little too eagerly. Mistress yelped lightly before retreating her lips when Elva's fingers closed.

"Careful, kitten," she whispered to Elva with peering eyes and a light smile. "My nipples are quite sensitive."

"Oh, I-I'm sorry, Mistress," Elva replied bashfully, worried that she'd upset Mistress.

"It's quite alright, kitten," she told Elva gently. "Would you like to taste them?" Mistress added with an amused smile.

Elva sat and stared blankly for a moment. '*Taste?*' she blinked twice as she glanced down at Mistress' chest. '*I'd never thought about it, but...*' as Elva's mind wandered, she felt her cheeks grow warm; hardly looking back up to Mistress, she sheepishly nodded yes.

With a satisfied grin, Mistress let go of Elva's hands and brought her left palm around Elva to rest on the back of her head. She slowly pulled the top of her dress aside to expose her right breast before tenderly putting weight on Elva's head. Without resistance, Elva let her head be lowered into Mistress' chest.

Resting her left hand on Mistress' corset, Elva turned toward Mistress as her head fell, to which Mistress seemed to turn into Elva. "Mind your teeth, kitten," Mistress whispered before Elva's lips touched her skin. Cautiously, Elva kissed the dark band surrounding her bud, leaving Mistress to shiver.

The sound sent shivers down Elva's spine. '*How... does it taste?*' Elva wondered as she slowly opened her mouth and raised her hand to cup Mistress' breast. '*What...what sounds will Mistress make?*' Gently, Elva closed her lips around Mistress' nipple and traced it with her tongue. '*It... tastes... like her.*'

With a shudder, Mistress gasped as she held Elva's hair. "*Oh, good girl,*" she whispered through deepening moans as Elva's tongue teased her.

The rising and lowering of Mistress' chest entranced Elva as much as her delightful sighs. Elva brought up her legs on the chair and knelt to face Mistress. Better positioned, she began gently massaging Mistress' breast and sucking on her mound, eager to hear more of Mistress' sounds.

Granting her request, Mistress moaned in bliss as Elva pulled on her nipple. The tender grasp on Elva's hair tightened as Mistress pushed Elva's head into her chest. Her head was dizzy, but Elva continued to rhythmically suck as the heat continued to spread through her body. A few moments later, Mistress gently lifted Elva's head by firmly holding her hair, leaving Elva to gasp as her lips left Mistress' skin.

“Very good girl,” Mistress praised as she looked down on Elva with a seductive smile, her chest still heaving with heavy breaths. “I think it’s time for the next lesson,” she mischievously whispered as she placed her hand again atop Elva’s.

After Mistress relaxed the grasp on her hair, Elva brought her hand to her mouth in anticipation. She watched as Mistress carried her hand across the soft lace of her corset until their hands reached the inside of Mistress’ legs. Elva could only stare wide-eyed as Mistress guided her hand into the side-slit of her dress and pulled the fabric off her leg.

Mistress began to spread her legs as her crotch became revealed, sending Elva’s heart pounding at the sight of her slit. “Are you ready for the lesson?” Mistress asked with a wide grin.

Elva nervously looked back up before shyly nodding yes. Something about Mistress’ question was disquieting, but Elva’s heart throbbed as she thought about what was next. *‘I... want to hear more of Mistress’ sounds.’*

With a short giggle, Mistress pulled Elva’s hand between her legs. However, as Elva’s fingertips began to trace Mistress’ folds, her composure quickly broke. Her wide grin was replaced by shuddering lips as her eyelids became heavy. Her cheeks somehow turned redder as her easy breaths turned into shallow moans.

Entranced, Elva watched Mistress’ movements as her fingertips slid through Mistress’ delicate lips. *‘Is this... what I looked like?’* Elva asked herself, her heart fluttering with each deepening moan. *‘What if I touched... her sensitive spot?’* Elva wondered after a moment before her fingers wandered higher.

Mistress gasped and quivered as Elva passed over her nub; she’d ceased guiding Elva entirely, and instead her hand trembled as she tried to hold onto Elva’s. “Oh, good,” Mistress struggled to speak through her whimpers as her head fell back into the chair, “good girl.”

‘I... guess I am,’ Elva could only conclude as she watched Mistress writhe gently to the steady circles around her hood. She placed her hand on the back of Mistress’ head before closing her eyes and leaning in. As Elva neared her black-painted lips, Mistress swiftly returned her grip to Elva’s hair to push her in. Mistress fervently kissed Elva as her hips began to rock; her moans set Elva’s heart ablaze as she tried to maintain her rhythm.

Then, after a few moments, Mistress released a shrill cry as she tightly gripped Elva’s curls, leaving Elva to wince and yelp lightly. Her body began to shake as her kisses ceased, but Mistress held onto her lips. Elva felt her head grow light, but she continued to circle Mistress’ bud until, eventually, her trembling hand gripped Elva away to halt her.

For several seconds, Mistress shook until she finally loosened her grasp on Elva’s hair and pulled her lips away. “Oh, very...very well done, kitten,” she said through labored breaths as her eyes slowly peered back open. “Your fingers,” Mistress let out a short giggle before continuing, “certainly know their way around a clitoris. I think it’s time for the next lesson.”

She eased her grasp on Elva’s hand and gently slid it down her folds. Carefully, Mistress stopped Elva’s fingers just outside her opening.

‘In-inside?’ Elva questioned as Mistress slowly rubbed her two inner fingers across her. *‘I-I’ve never... is it safe?’* she barely had time to ponder before her fingertips were gently pushed inside

Mistress. With a deep gasp, Mistress shuddered as her eyes shivered shut. *'She's warm... and wet,'* Elva reflected as her fingers were pushed deeper in, forcing a sharp moan from Mistress.

"Oh, kitten, I—" Mistress struggled to speak through her ragged breaths as she inserted Elva's fingers to their last knuckles.

Enamored by the expressions and noises Mistress was making, Elva failed to notice that Mistress' hand was trembling and no longer guiding her. *'She... must be feeling good,'* Elva thought as she studied Mistress. *'How will Mistress' face change when...'* she asked herself before slowly pulling her fingers out to their tips.

A deep gasp followed by the gentle peering of Mistress' eyes answered Elva's question. *'I... want to make her feel... better,'* she thought as she gently pushed her fingers back in. Mistress shuddered again while releasing a deep groan, gripping Elva's hair even tighter.

The sudden grasp forced the air from Elva's chest while she recoiled, though soon she inserted her fingers further inside. Mistress' hold forced Elva's gaze to her chest, and as Elva began to pull her fingers out again, she thought, *'How can... I can make Mistress feel... better, can't I?'*

Her hand lowered to the side of Mistress' dress; Elva delicately pulled the soft fabric off her left breast before cupping it gently from above. With her lips only inches away, Elva did her best to massage Mistress' breast while maintaining the rhythm of her fingers. Though, just as Elva began to pull her fingers out again, she noticed something that gave her pause.

'This spot... it's... really soft,' Elva thought as she found a small mound inside Mistress. *'What would happen if I...'* she started to wonder as she lightly pushed to the bump.

Suddenly, Mistress released a deep moan while her body thrashed. The grip on Elva's hair intensified as Mistress pulled Elva into her chest. **'OW!'** Elva couldn't help but think as she winced and gasped for a breath. When her eyes opened, Elva finally realized she was being held against Mistress' breast. *'I suppose that works,'* she thought as her eyes shut and her lips closed around Mistress' nipple.

"Oh, kitten!" Mistress exclaimed through shuddering groans as Elva continued massaging the strange mound. Her hips had begun to rock into Elva's hand while the rest of her body started to shiver. "Kitten, I-I'm going to c-cum!"

'C-come? What does—' Elva began to ask before Mistress let out a harsh moan as her body curled up. Her hands grasped Elva's wrist and hair tightly as she began to convulse. *'Oh, Brigit! She's—'* Elva flinched at the sting on her head; she managed not to bite Mistress through the sudden pain, but she no longer felt in control of her hand's movements. *'She's gripping... my fingers... too.'*

Only a second later, Elva felt her head grow dizzy; when she opened her eyes, Mistress' chest had become fuzzy. Not a moment later, Elva lost the feeling in her limbs as she started falling into Mistress' lap.

"Oh!" Mistress nearly shouted with a moan as she released her grasp and caught Elva in her arms. "Oh, kitten," her voice calmed as she held Elva against her heaving chest. "Kitten, it's okay—stay with me."

'Mistress, I... my head is...' Elva tried to explain as the heat overtook her senses.

“I know, kitten,” Mistress tried to hush Elva through her ragged breaths. “You gave me too much of yourself; you need to rest now.”

“N-no, Mistress,” Elva whispered as her breathing shivered. She pulled her right arm up weakly to hold onto Mistress’ dress. “Not yet... I...I need...”

“What?” Mistress asked when Elva failed to finish. “What do you need, kitten?”

“I,” Elva struggled to turn her head up to look at Mistress. “I need to... cum... like you did,” she muttered shyly.

Mistress gave a pleased sigh and donned a delighted grin. “If that’s what my kitten needs,” Mistress seductively whispered as she turned Elva’s body upright in her lap, “then let me take care of the rest.” Cradling Elva with her right arm, Mistress slid her left hand down Elva’s side until her fingers reached her waist.

Elva trustfully nodded as she looked up at Mistress; her eyes shuddered closed, though, as Mistress’ fingers traced her side and grazed over her hip. Her hand came around Elva’s leg and slowly slid between her thighs, forcing a whimper to escape Elva’s lips as she anticipated Mistress’ touch. When the gentle caress of Mistress’ fingertips came, tracing her lips, Elva released a shivering gasp. ‘*Oh, Mistress, please...*’

“Don’t worry, kitten. I will,” Mistress whispered as she traced her finger outside Elva’s slit. “Are you ready?”

Without hesitation, Elva whimpered and nodded her head.

As Mistress slid into Elva, she released a quivering gasp and tightly grasped Mistress’ dress. ‘*Oh, Brigit... Mistress is... inside me.*’ Elva shook as Mistress’ finger slid deeper in; a harsh moan forced the air from her chest as her legs curled up.

“*Breathe*, kitten. Let it come,” Mistress whispered as she gently pulled back out. With Mistress’ finger curled slightly, Elva’s heart dropped as she passed a sensitive spot. “*There it is,*” she gleefully added before returning her finger to the place.

‘*Mistress, please don’t... don’t stop,*’ her shivering groans and ragged breaths left Elva unable to speak her request.

“I won’t, kitten,” Mistress reassured Elva with a soft voice. “I want my kitten to cum for me. Can she do that?”

“Y-yes, M...Mistress,” Elva managed to say; the pressure in her crotch was growing so strong Elva thought she would burst.

“Good girl,” Mistress praised softly. “Now, you said you wanted to cum like me, but you’re missing *one* thing, kitten,” Mistress teased before she lifted Elva’s chest, touching her lips to Elva’s right breast and gently pulling on her peak.

Elva’s back arched as she cried out; her hips began to rock into Mistress’ hand beyond her control. ‘*Mistress, I...*’ Elva peeked her eyes open for a moment, only to see a blurred blend of Mistress’ red tones. ‘*I’m going to... c-cum,*’ Elva managed to think before her eyes shut again as a shrill groan was forced from her lips.

As a series of whimpers and whines escaped Elva, her body began to thrash and convulse. Elva threw her trembling arms around Mistress' head with what little strength she had. '*Oh, Brigit, it's—she's...*' Elva thought before her mind fell into a daze. The pleasures that Mistress gave her seemed to blend, and all she felt after several moments was the burning pressure coursing through her and the heat of Mistress against her.

Her mind floated seemingly for an eternity; in time, her ragged moans and the shivering of her arms abated. Soon, Elva willed her eyes open and raised her head to find Mistress looking at her with tender eyes and a warm smile.

"Welcome back, kitten," Mistress whispered; her lips were so close Elva could smell the sweet taste in her breath.

"Mis-tress," Elva murmured back before realizing her arms were still wrapped around Mistress. Too tired to lower them, Elva wearily closed her eyes and laid her head on Mistress' chest. "Thank you," she whispered as she rubbed her cheek against the soft fabric of her dress.

After giggling elatedly, Mistress replied, "You're quite welcome, kitten." Elva blushed as she felt Mistress begin gently stroking her hair. "You were a very good girl, and I'm very proud of you, kitten. You need to rest now."

"I," Elva weakly replied without opening her eyes, "I don't want to sleep... just yet."

There was a short pause before Mistress sighed and gave her reply. "If you're not ready to sleep yet, then at least rest in my arms, kitten," she insisted as she settled Elva into her chest, "and let me sing some poetry to you."

"Poe-try?" Elva cracked her eyes open and looked up at Mistress quizzically. "What's that?"

"It's a way to express oneself," Mistress explained as she continued to stroke Elva's hair. "Words are tied in rhythm and rhyme to help convey one's emotions."

"Oh," Elva looked down for a moment to ponder the few books in Móra's cottage apart from the grimoire. "I don't think I've read any."

"You've read more than you realize, kitten," Mistress replied, causing Elva to look back up curiously. "Your grandmother's grimoire is filled with poetry, though it is all written in Wiccacant. Every rite for every spell is written in rhyme and rhythm to weave the magic."

"Oh, I...I didn't know." Elva looked back down sullenly. "I never knew what the words meant, only how to say... some of them."

"Perhaps I can teach you sometime, kitten." Elva perked her head up at the suggestion. "I'm fully versed in Wiccacant, and I can even perform some witchcraft myself."

"That...that would be nice," Elva replied as she settled her head back down.

"But that's a different sort of poetry, kitten. I was going to sing some lyrics of The Poetess."

"The... Poetess?" Elva asked. "Who is that?"

"A renowned poet who lived centuries ago. They were one of the greatest, if you were to ask for my opinion, but... most of their works are lost and forgotten in the living world," Mistress added as

her voice almost turned sullen.

“I had read every one of their poems when they were alive, more times than I could count. Then, when they died... they were sent here, and I met them. They... changed my life. How I miss their company,” As Mistress’ trailed off, she slowed her caresses of Elva’s hair.

Noting the pause, Elva couldn’t help but blush as she pondered what Mistress meant. “Were you... their... Mis—”

“No, kitten, I wasn’t their Mistress,” she softly interrupted Elva’s question. “We were dear friends, though, and... when their time here ended, it broke my heart to see them leave. But, I was young and in love.”

“You,” Elva couldn’t help but lift her head and ask, “were in love?”

“Is that really so surprising, kitten?” Mistress asked with an amused chuckle as she resumed stroking Elva’s locks. “Even demons can fall in love, but even if that weren’t true, I’m not a pure-blood demon.”

Elva blinked twice before asking, “You’re not?”

“I’m a quarter human on my mother’s side,” Mistress explained. “Her mother was human and a powerful witch as well. But she lived many millennia ago, and hardly anyone remembers her name anymore.”

As Elva listened to Mistress’ explanation, she rested her head against Mistress’ body. ‘*There’s so much I don’t know about her...*’ Elva reflected as she struggled to keep her eyes open. “Have... you been in love... more than once, Mistress?” She shyly asked.

Mistress paused for a moment before answering. “Just once more, kitten,” she finally said sullenly.

‘*Why...*’ Elva looked back up once more to see Mistress’ smile was gone, ‘*do you look... sad?*’

“Trade secrets, kitten,” Mistress replied bluntly. “I believe I was going to recite some poetry.” Without answering Elva’s question, Mistress began to sing in some strange tongue that Elva didn’t recognize. The sound of Mistress’ voice felt soothing to Elva nonetheless, and she soon forgot about her question as the tranquil flow of words lulled Elva’s eyes closed. Only a moment later, Elva’s body relaxed as her mind fell into a slumber.

Chapter End Notes

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Content updated October 11th, 2022

Ch 7: Punishment [reluctance] [blindfolds] [bondage] [scratching]

Chapter Notes

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This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of consensual intoxication, reluctance, hair pulling, bondage, sensory deprivation, and scratching. Reader discretion is advised.

“M... Mistress,” Elva murmured in her sleep. “Don’t... stop,” Though her mind was still in slumber, Elva’s dreams were of Mistress and her pleasures. Only after another moment did Elva become aware of a gentle caress atop her head.

“Hello, kitten,” Elva heard Mistress call to her in a sweet voice. After groaning and shifting, Elva pushed her eyes open to find herself resting in Mistress’ lap, lying on her side while facing Mistress’ corset.

Fully awake, Elva blinked several times and tried not to turn her gaze upwards. “Um, hello, Mistress,” Elva shyly answered as she stared straight ahead. ‘*Oh, Brigit, her chest is right there... and her... um...*’ she struggled in vain not to picture Mistress unclothed and the noises she made when Elva touched her. ‘*Oh no, I smell her now,*’ Elva felt her cheeks grow warm and her heart flutter as the sweet aroma filled her senses.

“It’s quite intoxicating, isn’t it, kitten?” Mistress teased as she tucked a lock of hair behind Elva’s ear. “If you’re already this excited, I suppose you’re ready to play some more.”

Elva blinked before she turned her head upwards to find Mistress gazing at her with a pleasant smile. ‘*I suppose.*’

“Sit up on the sofa, kitten,” Mistress ordered in a gentle tone while she held out her hand for Elva to take.

Without turning, Elva pushed herself up to sit next to Mistress, pressing her knees into the cushioned backing. After pulling herself closer, Elva waited with eager anticipation while she looked between Mistress’ eyes and lips.

“You’re very easy to read, kitten,” Mistress seductively whispered as she adopted a slight grin. “It’s one of the many things I adore about you.” After watching Elva blush and squirm, her grin fell back to a light smile as she asked, “You want to kiss me again, don’t you, kitten?”

Elva bashfully nodded yes after a second before she leaned forward expectantly. Though, as Elva closed her eyes, she felt Mistress' finger press into her parted lips. Surprised, Elva opened her eyes to find Mistress staring at her intently with hungry eyes and a devious grin.

"*Too bad,*" Mistress whispered teasingly. "Your dreams have made me quite hungry, kitten, and I'm craving something more," she paused for a second as she lowered her finger and leaned in to whisper into Elva's ear, "*cruel.*"

"Uh, cruel?" Elva asked nervously. '*I... don't like the sound of that,*' she gulped as Mistress leaned back and licked her lips.

"*Oh,* don't worry, kitten," Mistress seductively cooed before she pushed herself off the sofa. "I'll make sure it's quite *pleasurable.*"

Elva hesitantly turned around to face Mistress and pulled her legs off the chair. Before she could stand up, though, Mistress brought her left hand under Elva's chin and tapped her collar. To Elva's surprise, as Mistress retreated her hand she pulled at Elva's neck and, in a quick motion, lifted her off the sofa.

'*Oh-okay, we're—how—*' Elva thought in a fluster as Mistress took a few steps away, tugging her with ease. '*How-how is she moving me... so easily?*' Elva stumbled after Mistress before catching up to her steps.

"Trade secrets, kitten," Mistress answered while continuing to walk. "Pay enough attention and you might see a few more. It's time to visit the other side of the playroom for some," she paused before finishing, "punishment."

"The other s-side?" Elva asked; she looked back nervously to discover they had been sitting against the wall. "P-punishment?" Mistress continued to pull Elva despite her distraction, causing her to stumble forward a step. '*Oh, I...I really don't like the sound of this,*' she thought as she looked ahead and remembered the strange furniture and instruments they were now approaching.

"You'll be surprised, kitten," Mistress replied mischievously without turning around. "Some find they quite enjoy the sensations that come with pain."

"P-p-pain?" Elva nervously clarified as she attempted to halt her steps and collect herself, only to get tugged along as if she had not even tried to stop. "But, I-I, you said a slave's energy tastes sweetest when they're in b-bliss?"

"And there is so much *bliss* in pain, kitten," her voice nearly sang as Mistress turned around and pulled their bodies together. Before she had time to react, Mistress swiftly brought her free hand up behind Elva and firmly grabbed her hair.

Elva yelped in shock and closed her eyes as Mistress forced her head back; her heart pounded while her mind started to feel fuzzy. '*Ah-ah, she's...*' Elva struggled to think as she held her shivering body against Mistress.

"See, kitten?" Mistress teased as she held Elva's hair. "It's quite—*stimulating*—isn't it?"

Her grasp sharpened and Elva let out a brief shriek. "*Ah- it-it's—*" Elva struggled to answer through her increasingly-ragged breaths. A tug on her collar that pulled her neck further out caused

Elva to gasp and halted any attempt at a response. Wincing, she couldn't protest as Mistress lowered her lips to Elva's neck and kissed her prickled skin.

Elva released a shuddering moan as her knees began to buckle, though it turned to a shrill cry as her hair began carrying weight. She lifted her hands to Mistress' shoulders to pull herself up and steady her legs as Mistress moved across her neck. When her grasp tightened again, Elva dug her fingers in as she struggled to keep herself steady.

Then, suddenly, Mistress lifted her head while releasing her grasp on Elva and easing the pull on her collar. After gasping deeply, Elva let her head fall into Mistress' chest; her mind was dizzy, and Elva had to wait a moment before she could open her eyes.

"*Well?*" Mistress asked as she pushed Elva's chin up. "Did you feel bliss, kitten?"

"I," Elva struggled to form her words as she looked at Mistress' smiling lips. "I-I'm not—sure, but I," As her daze fell, Elva's chest had grown hot and she was beginning to ache. '*I think... I could handle more.*'

"Good girl," Mistress praised. With a sly grin, Mistress released Elva's chin and looked down at her left shoulder. Only then did Elva realize her fingertips were still gripping Mistress. She swiftly retracted her hands and shyly held them over her mouth as she observed the light scratch marks embedded in Mistress' skin.

"Don't worry, I'm not upset, kitten," Mistress reassured Elva before she could express her concern. "Though, you have given me a wonderful idea," she added with a devilish smile as she looked back at Elva. "Follow me. I think I know what you need, kitten." Mistress stepped away and began pulling Elva by her collar again; Elva followed with little resistance this time and with more anticipation than dread as the air sweetened around her.

With a few more steps, the pair passed the center of the room then Mistress stepped towards a peculiar piece of furniture; it stood on four legs in the shape of a rounded wedge that almost came to Elva's hip, with a pair of planks that ran along each side that came up to her knees. The piece was of sleek, blackened wood but thick, red padding that rippled as it reflected the warm light covered most of it.

"Please," Mistress stepped to the right side of the wedge while gently pulling Elva, "lie on this for me, kitten." Her tone and smile were disarming, and Elva hardly hesitated to nod and climb atop the structure. As she raised her left knee onto the side, the plump cushioning seemed to hug her leg and her hands as they supported her. Once she was straddling the odd furniture, Elva followed the pull on her collar and laid her chest and arms down on the wedge.

As her body aligned with the wedge, Mistress released Elva and slowly circled her. '*At least it's comfortable,*' Elva thought as she rested her head on the left slope and released the tension in her shoulders.

After a moment, Mistress stepped around Elva and knelt before her while caressing her cheek. "Thank you for being such a good girl, kitten," Mistress whispered as Elva raised her head. Feeling her face flush, Elva anxiously shifted as she tried to maintain eye contact. "Now, be good and stay still for another moment."

Mistress looked to the wall and, with a wave of her hand, summoned an oddly shaped leather strap shrouded in a purple and pink glow. "Close your eyes for me, kitten," she soothingly whispered as

she grasped the object as the light faded. Elva looked at the odd strap for only a few seconds before she glanced back up to Mistress and closed her eyes anxiously.

“Good girl,” Mistress whispered before the strap covered her eyes. Shuddering, Elva waited with anticipation as Mistress pulled the sides around and closed the leather around her head. “Just one more moment, kitten,” Mistress requested as she placed her hands upon Elva’s wrists. She only seemed to hold Elva for a few moments, though Elva welcomed the warm touch as it helped steady her shaken breaths.

“There, all done,” Mistress sweetly said as she pulled her hands away. “You may move now, kitten,” she paused before mischievously adding, “*if you can.*”

Elva opened her eyes first to find the world was completely dark; the leather band kept even the faintest traces of light from her sight. Next, she tried to move her wrists, only to find her arms affixed to the planks. When she reflexively moved her legs, she realized her shins wouldn’t move either.

Mistress giggled amusingly before teasing, “Thank you for testing my magic, kitten.”

Elva felt her spine tingle before asking nervously, “Uhh, Mistress? Wh-why can’t I move?” She started to wiggle in distress as she tried to anticipate Mistress’ intentions.

“I didn’t want you to hurt yourself, kitten,” Mistress replied calmly before gently taking hold of Elva’s hair and lifting her head. “Only I can do that,” she seductively whispered before her grip tightened, pulling Elva’s lips into hers.

Elva felt her mind grow light before she had time to react to the pain beyond a wince. Mistress’ taste was intoxicating, while the firm hold on her hair worsened Elva’s need to fight against her bonds. Another tightening of her grasp left Elva struggling to kiss Mistress back, though the sweetening of her lips drew Elva to continue through deep groans.

After several moments, Elva felt Mistress gently scrape her fingernail on her neck. A shiver left Elva breathless and unable to keep hold of Mistress’ lips.

Mistress moaned approvingly as her finger followed the contours of Elva’s collar. “You make the most *wonderful* sounds, kitten,” she teased as her finger came around Elva’s shoulder. “Don’t forget to breathe,” Mistress added before releasing Elva’s hair. Elva rested her head back down while her body quivered.

Next, Elva heard several clicks of Mistress’ shoes following the light scratch of her finger as it traveled to her side. ‘*Ah, that... that tickles,*’ Elva thought as she steadied her breathing. When Mistress added a second finger and started to trace down her ribs, a shudder forced a gasp from Elva again.

“*Breathe,* kitten,” Mistress whispered without pausing. Her hand had reached Elva’s waist and was nearing her hip when Mistress added another finger to her scratches. Elva’s breaths became slow and labored as Mistress passed a line on her hip that sent shivers down her spine.

Mistress softly praised, “You’re doing *very* well, kitten.” When her fingertips reached the side of Elva’s rear, Mistress finally pulled her hand away.

Elva only had a moment to catch her breath before she felt Mistress scratch her ribs on the opposite side. With Mistress pressing in with all her fingers, Elva struggled for air as her body shook and pulled against her unseen restraints. She felt her head growing hot and dizzy again, and Elva lost herself the flow of Mistress' nails until they reached her hip.

Mistress added her own moan onto Elva's before she released her clawed hand from Elva's rear. Suddenly, Elva felt a warm pressure on her bottom that pushed her into the cushioning. "That's not so bad, is it, kitten?" Mistress asked into Elva's ear as she leaned onto her back.

"It's," Elva struggled to answer; the weight of Mistress pressing her down made it difficult to breathe, while neither her scent nor the feeling of her chest helped clear her head. "It's not... so bad... Mi-Mistress."

"Good *girl*," Mistress whispered as she gently grasped Elva by her left rear. In a smooth motion, Mistress brought her nails back up her side again, delivering a shrill cry from Elva before Mistress ordered, "*Breathe*, kitten."

'*I...I'm trying, Mistress,*' Elva tried to think as her breathing became ragged and her head spun. Mistress had already reached her ribs and grabbed hold of her right cheek. Just as one hand left her skin, the other started trekking up her side

At the following exchange, Elva felt her body grow warm and tingly. With her head spinning, she could hardly tell when Mistress changed sides; all Elva could do was whine lightly as her limbs trembled into the cushions.

Finally, Elva had a chance to catch her breath as Mistress tenderly held her sides. "You're doing *wonderfully*, kitten," Mistress whispered before lifting her chest off Elva's back. "I think it's time for a small reward," she added before placing a hand on her rear and, instead of scratching Elva, slid to her crotch.

As her fingers touched her lips, Elva released a blissful cry while her body began to writhe. It was only another second before Mistress began her scratches again; the path down her ribs was slow, but Mistress dug in her nails deeper. Elva cried out in pain and then bliss as Mistress brought her fingers to her sensitive spot.

With her body trembling, Elva could only succumb to the gentle circles Mistress traced around her hood. When Mistress brought her nails to her hip, Elva shrieked as her body began to writhe while Mistress scraped past Elva's rear and down her thigh.

"Mistress, I...**I**—!" Elva struggled to say before her body began to convulse. Sharp cries escaped her with ragged breaths when Mistress' hand traveled back up to her rear. Pressing herself into the cushioning, Elva rode out the wave of heat traveling through her core. No longer able to discern where Mistress was touching her, Elva waited until, eventually, Mistress' fingers left her skin.

"Good *girl*," Mistress affectionately praised while Elva caught her breath through waning whines. "You endured your first scratching session so well, kitten."

Elva was too dizzy to form a response; her heart fluttered, though, and she tried vainly to hide her face after being complimented.

"I think it might be time to move on from the warm-up, though," Mistress mischievously added as she placed her fingertip on the small of Elva's back.

“Wa-warm-up?” Elva snapped from her daze and lifted her head to look back at Mistress, forgetting the strap covering her eyes. “Wha-what do you mean by—move on, Mistress?” Elva asked, only to regret it immediately.

Mistress replied devilishly, “Oh, *this*,” as her nail sharpened to a tip and began dragging on Elva’s skin.

Elva screeched and clenched herself into the cushioning. She gripped the planks, but it did little to dull the pain. *‘It-it stings, Mistress!’* Elva desperately thought as she was left breathless.

“Let it sting, kitten,” Mistress replied, continuing her path up Elva’s back. “You’ve felt this bliss before, let it come again.”

‘I’ll,’ Elva’s thought was interrupted when Mistress reached her ribcage, leaving her spine to shiver. *‘I’ll,’* her thought failed to form again; Mistress’ finger had turned and slid between her ribs across to her side. *‘Oh, Brigit, I-I don’t know... if I can.’*

“Yes, you can, kitten,” Mistress reassured Elva as the nail traveled down her ribs. Elva released another shriek as Mistress passed over the already tender skin. *‘Breathe, kitten. Breathe,’* Mistress calmly ordered as her finger reached Elva’s waist.

‘Breathe,’ Elva tried to steady her breathing, but a sharp gasp set back her efforts. *‘Breathe,’* she curled her toes while pushing her forehead into the wedge as Mistress continued her path. *‘Brea—’* her nail reached Elva’s hip; with a shrill cry, her body shook as Elva felt her head tingle.

“Don’t lose yourself just yet, kitten,” Mistress said with elation as Elva’s body began to writhe. “Keep breathing,” Mistress lowered another sharpened nail to Elva’s skin.

While ragged, Elva began to take coarse breaths as she whimpered weakly. *‘Mistress, I... It’s...’* Elva sharply moaned as Mistress traveled to her thigh, leaving searing trails across her rear. *‘I can’t... take... much more.’*

“Don’t worry,” Mistress reassured Elva sweetly before she added a third nail and traced back up her leg. “Just a little longer, kitten.”

Elva winced and pushed her head further into the cushion as the nails rounded her bottom. Her breathing was ragged and coarse while her head spun in circles. *‘I... I...’*

“I know, kitten, I’ll take care of you,” Mistress said as she brought two rounded fingertips to Elva’s slit. “Are you ready?” she sweetly whispered while her nails scratched past Elva’s hip.

Elva struggled to suppress a screech into a whimper before she weakly nodded her head. As Mistress slowly pushed her fingers in, a harsh moan left Elva breathless as her body shuddered. *‘Oh, Mistress, I-I...’* nearly distracted from the pain, Elva hardly noticed Mistress lower the rest of her nails onto her skin.

“*That’s* it, kitten,” Mistress cooed as she gently penetrated Elva further. Elva quaked as her back curled into Mistress’ hand, even as her nails scraped down from her shoulders.

‘P...please,’ her fingers were so close to where Elva was sensitive, but Mistress hardly brushed past it as she retracted her fingers and inserted them again. *‘Please, Mistress, touch—,’* Mistress’ nails passed her hip once more, halting her request.

“*Breathe*, kitten,” Mistress shushed Elva as her moans shuddered. “Breathe, and I will.”

‘*B-breathe... Breathe,*’ For the next moment, Elva struggled to steady her whimpers. Mistress kept scratching and fingering her, and Elva grew dizzy as she tried to focus on her one instruction. ‘*Breathe,*’ Elva clenched her hands as she inhaled deeply.

“*One,*” Mistress counted after Elva finally managed to take a breath.

‘*B-breathe,*’ her shudder as she exhaled wasn’t helping, but Elva gasped for more air.

“*Two,*” Mistress’ fingers prodded ever so close to Elva’s bump, as if waiting for one last breath.

The scrape of Mistress’ nails on her thigh forced a shriek from Elva as her voice trembled. Hunched into the wedge, she whimpered twice in a struggle to take a breath before finally gasping deeply.

“*Three,*” Mistress whispered, finally pressing her fingers down onto Elva’s sensitive spot.

With a piercing shriek, Elva’s body began to tremble uncontrollably. ‘*Oh, Brigit, I...I...*’ Elva struggled to think as her hips began to rock into Mistress’ hand.

“That’s it, kitten,” Mistress cooed as she pressed into Elva. “Let it come.”

‘*Oh, I... I’m...*’ Elva could no longer tell where Mistress’ nails were dragging save for a slight tingling. With one last rock of her hip, Elva let out a quivering moan before her body began to convulse.

“*Good girl,*” Mistress praised as Elva dug her head into the cushioning. Her back curled into Mistress’ scratches again as Elva released another shrill groan.

‘*I...*’ Elva’s mind grew as dark as her vision; while her body still thrashed against her bonds and Mistress’ hands, Elva could scarcely tell one sensation from another. ‘*I...*’ Her body shivered as Elva gasped for air while her cries grew hoarse.

Slowly the intense sensations began to fade into a tingling that covered her body, and Elva took several shivering gasps as her trembling began to calm. Elva’s vision went from pitch-black to bright gray as the pressure around her head faded, and she closed her eyes in reflex to the intense light. A moment later, Elva’s body began to float while a comforting warmth enveloped her.

A soothing sound and a gentle touch of her hair were what Elva felt next, but she could only rest her head against the warm cushion next to her. The fog over her mind was still so heavy, and Elva nearly fell into a slumber before it finally began to lift.

“*Good girl,*” Elva finally heard Mistress sing to her. Her heart fluttered as she slowly opened her eyes to find Mistress’ ruby eyes peering down at her. “Welcome back, my kitten,” Mistress whispered as she stroked Elva’s hair again.

Without lifting her head, Elva closed her eyes again and nuzzled her cheek into Mistress’ chest. ‘*I...I’m sleepy, Mistress.*’

“Then rest for me, kitten,” Mistress cooed as Elva’s mind dimmed. “*Rest*, kitten. The night is almost here.”

Chapter End Notes

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Content updated October 11th, 2022

Ch 8: Growth [penis growth] [biting] [sex]

Chapter Notes

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This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of consensual intoxication, hair pulling, teasing, biting, penis growth, and vaginal sex. Reader discretion is advised.

Elva slumbered restfully as her chest rhythmically raised and lowered, lulled gently by soft caresses atop her hair. A soft brush across her ear finally roused Elva from her rest, leaving her to grimace as she stretched awake.

“Good evening, kitten,” Mistress called in a soothing voice, where Elva noticed the warmth of Mistress holding her right hand tenderly.

Slowly, Elva opened her eyes to find herself lying in Mistress’ lap again; her smile was as warm as always, quickly sending Elva’s heart fluttering. ‘*This is... starting to feel... familiar,*’ she reflected as she looked past Mistress’ bust and into her eyes. “Good... evening?”

“The sun has already set, kitten; the blood moon is crossing through the sky,” she whispered back before adopting a sly grin.

‘*Night already?*’ Elva sighed lightly and dropped her gaze to the delicate lace of Mistress’ corset. ‘*That must be why I feel so rested.*’ She brought her left hand up and began rubbing the soft fabric, trying not to think about how much time had passed. ‘*I suppose that means we don’t have much... longer to, ah... play?*’ Elva’s statement turned to confusion as she felt her head and chest quickly grow hot upon noticing a peculiarly fragrant, floral smell that overwhelmed the devilish redolence she already smelled.

“Wha—” Elva already found it hard to breathe over the heat in her body and the intoxicating scents flooding her mind. Elva brought her left palm up to her chest to try and calm her deepening gasps as she looked back up, to which Mistress snickered with an amused grin. “Wha-what’s that smell, Mi-Mistress?” the strokes on Elva’s hair started sending shivers down her spine, but the light curl of Mistress’ lips sent her heart pounding.

“My aphrodisiacs, kitten. They’re quite *aggressive* compared to my pheromones, aren’t they?” Elva closed her eyes and shuddered at the next brush of her hair. “They make your desires feel,” as Mistress’ fingertips brushed over her ear, Elva gasped deeply and quivered, feeling her face flush further before Mistress continued, “*hungry. And,* it seems, like always, you’re quite receptive to my charm, kitten.”

‘*H-hungry*,’ Elva slowly opened her eyes again to meet Mistress’ gaze. ‘*That... makes sense*,’ There was a strange twinkle in Mistress’ irises that gripped her attention.

“I’m glad you understand, kitten,” Mistress sweetly said as she caressed Elva’s cheek with the back of her finger. “You’re a fast learner; one of the many things I *adore* about you,” she added as Elva’s eyes shook closed and her breath shivered.

Mistress gently cupped Elva’s cheek and brushed her thumb against her freckled skin. Gasping lightly, Elva finally noticed something disturbing the skirt of Mistress’ dress just beside her. Elva opened her eyes and tried to turn her head to discover what the cause was, but Mistress slid her hand around Elva’s chin to hold her gaze away. “Uh, wh-what’s that, Mistress?”

“Blood moons carry powerful magic, kitten; had you contracted an incubus, as you intended, you would have discovered that we women are—*different* from men in several ways.” Mistress eased her grasp and stroked Elva’s cheek a few more times. “With the blood moon’s magic, I can,” as she explained, Mistress brought her hand behind Elva’s back and gently pushed her up with a mischievous smile, “*blur* some of those differences, kitten.”

The soft touch between her shoulders sent prickles down Elva’s spine while she was raised; as she sat upright, Elva swiftly turned to look at Mistress’ shimmering eyes before crawling closer. Elva knelt next to Mistress and looked at her glistening lips for only a moment before gently cupping Mistress’ cheeks in her hands.

“Mistress... I,” Elva whispered as her breaths grew deep and her eyes heavy.

“Yes, kitten?” Mistress asked sensually with peered eyes while she placed her palm atop Elva’s right cheek; she shivered while her heart pounded in anticipation at the warmth of Mistress’ skin and the sweetness of her breath.

Elva closed her eyes and leaned in to graze Mistress’ soft lips before pulling back for the briefest moment. ‘*Mistress, I—*’ with a whimper, Elva pushed herself into Mistress and fervently embraced her, ‘*I need... you.*’ Her breaths heightened to moans with every pull on her lips as Elva felt her head grow light from Mistress’ intoxicating taste.

Without hesitation, Elva lifted her leg over Mistress’ thighs and straddled her lap, wrapping her hands around Mistress’ head and pulling her body closer. As their bodies aligned, Mistress brought her hand around and gently petted Elva’s hair as her right hand slid up her thigh.

Elva trembled as Mistress’ fingers softly caressed her skin, and she found herself pulling Mistress’ head into hers to keep hold of her lips. Mistress softly caressed Elva’s hip, then slowly glided her hand up Elva’s torso, passing tenderly over her ribs until she reached her breast. Elva’s head fell away from Mistress’ lips, shuddering at the light touch and panting harshly.

“*Easy*, kitten,” she whispered slowly as Elva’s head fell onto her shoulder. “You’re already a mess and I’m hardly touching you.”

“I,” Elva slowly spoke through her gaping breaths as Mistress softly groped her, “I’m sorry Mistress. I-I can’t... help...” her apology turned to a light whine when Mistress gently grasped the hair above her nape and pulled her neck back. Elva quivered and melted into Mistress’ touch, holding her chest out and her head up while her eyes hung nearly closed.

“*Breathe*, kitten. We’re only getting started,” Mistress whispered as she leaned in to kiss the skin below her collar. Sharply moaning, Elva writhed as Mistress’ lips traveled along her neck; her hips began to rock smoothly, accentuating Mistress’ fondling and the light sting of her grasp.

‘*Ahh... ah, it,*’ Elva’s mind grew dizzy as Mistress firmly sucked her while traveling downwards. ‘*It-it’s not... enough,*’ Elva thought as the heat quickly spread to her crotch and began to overwhelm her.

“Mistress, I—!” Elva softly spoke before she lightly shrieked when Mistress pinched her shoulder with her teeth. Elva’s trembling hands lowered to Mistress’ nape and gripped tightly, pulling Mistress into her body. “*Ahh... Mistress,*” as Elva tried to speak more clearly, Mistress pulled her mouth away to look up at her; Elva could hardly meet her gaze, though, even as she grasped her hair less firmly. “Mistress, I-I need you to... touch me,” she said pleadingly as her body shivered and swayed.

“Touch you,” Mistress teased as she groped Elva more firmly, “*where*, kitten? Am I not already touching you?” she added while gently pulling Elva’s hair.

Elva briefly whined as head fell back before she pried her eyelids open and peered intently at Mistress. “P-please,” Elva whispered as she lowered her arm and pulled Mistress’ hand down from her breast past her stomach; Mistress halted her descent, however, with a sly grin after her fingers went over Elva’s navel. “I need you to... touch me... where I am... sensitive,” Elva begged with pleading eyes as she continued to push at Mistress’ hand.

With a firm tug, Mistress tightened her grasp on Elva’s hair and pulled her head back. Elva groaned sharply at the sting before she felt Mistress give in to her guidance. “*Anything* for my kitten,” Mistress whispered back sensually as she lowered her fingers to Elva’s hood.

Elva’s eyes shook closed as she let out a sharp moan, her hips rocking into Mistress’ touch. As Elva began to thrust more aggressively, Mistress lowered her mouth to the opposite side of Elva’s neck and began to nibble tenderly. ‘*Oh... oh, Mistress,*’ Elva raised her hand to the back of Mistress’ neck and pulled her in firmly. “Mistress, I-I’m—” before Elva could say more, she cried in ecstasy as her body began to thrash, her movement halted only by the grip on her hair.

“*That’s* my good girl,” Mistress pulled away to whisper before leaning down to bite Elva again. Elva gripped Mistress’ hand to push it into her crotch while her fingers began to dig into Mistress’ nape.

‘*Mistress... ahh!*’ Elva’s body burned like never before, fogging her thoughts and blending Mistress’ touches. She could only shake and whine until the waves of pressure coursing through her finally abated moments later when Mistress pulled her fingers away. As Mistress released her grip, Elva’s eyes shivered open to see Mistress smiling at her gleefully.

“*Well?* Was that enough, kitten?” Mistress teased as she stroked Elva’s hair.

“N...no, Mistress,” Elva quietly replied as she caught her breath. “I...I need,” she shivered and struggled to keep her eyes open as she held Mistress’ hand again.

“What do you need, my kitten?” Mistress inquired as Elva paused her request to pant.

Elva shut her eyes and held her head down; the burning behind her groin was only worsening. “Please, Mistress,” as she looked back up, she pushed on Mistress’ arm and guided her fingers past

her nub to her slit. “I need you... *inside* me.”

Mistress’ smile widened as she slowly spread her fingers and rubbed them between Elva’s folds. Elva shivered in anticipation, chest heaving while she pushed on Mistress’ arm. “Of course, kitten,” Mistress whispered before sliding two fingers inside Elva. With a sharp cry, her head fell onto Mistress’ shoulder while Elva threw her hips into Mistress’ hand. As her eyes quivered shut, Elva gripped Mistress tightly to steady her quaking, but to no avail.

‘*Oh-oh, Mistress,*’ Elva struggled to think as she tried to push Mistress’ fingers further in with the swaying of her hips. Her breaths turned ragged while her desperation swiftly grew as Elva felt her Mistress near her sensitive spot. ‘*Please, touch me there... It aches... so bad,*’ Elva begged when Mistress brushed right past it.

“Don’t worry, kitten,” Mistress whispered as her hand fell from Elva’s hair to the small of her back, her finger still slowly entering Elva. “I’ll take care of you,” she added before she pulled Elva into her and curled her fingers. The touch sent tremors throughout Elva and stole the air from her chest; her toes curled back and she wrapped her arms around Mistress to calm her quaking.

‘*Oh...oh, Mistress, don’t...don’t... stop,*’ Elva pleaded as her moans deepened and her body began to thrash.

“*Shh,* kitten,” Mistress calmly hushed as she gently caressed the small of her back. “I won’t. I want my kitten to cum,” she whispered as she began to press more firmly into Elva. “Can she do that?”

Elva hastily nodded before her moans elevated and her chest began to heave. The rhythmic prodding soon forced elated groans from her lips until Elva could no longer hold back.

“*Cum* for me, kitten,” Mistress sensually ordered just before Elva let out a blissful sigh and threw their breasts together.

Elva cried out as her body trembled, succumbing to the heat bursting forth. Tightly squeezing Mistress, Elva’s mind went dark as she pushed herself into the soft fabric of Mistress’ dress and the pleasant pressure of her bust.

As the waves fell, Elva shook her hips less fiercely while her whimpers calmed. Mistress slowly pulled her fingers out, leaving Elva to shudder again as she was left empty. Slowly, Elva opened her eyes and gazed at Mistress, resting her arms on Mistress’ shoulders while she tiredly shivered.

“Are you satisfied *now*, kitten?” Mistress sensually asked as she held Elva tenderly.

Elva weakly whined as she felt her chest continue to burn before she could respond. “*No...* Mistress,” she bashfully replied as her lips curled and her eyes closed. “It still aches... *so badly* inside,” as Elva explained, her arms fell to hug Mistress tightly while her head dropped her head to her shoulder.

“Then let me help you satisfy that ache, kitten,” Mistress whispered seductively as her hand slid down Elva’s back to her rear. Elva gasped lightly as her bottom was firmly cupped and gently lifted from Mistress’ lap; she hardly noticed Mistress pull the side-slit of her dress open until something strange brushed past her bud.

“What—” Elva struggled to ask after the sudden touch made her shudder, “ah, what was that, Mistress?” Suddenly, she was reminded of the protrusion that had disturbed Mistress’ dress.

Though she wanted to see what it was herself, between her weariness and the comfort of Mistress' stare, she could only look ahead.

"A part of me I can only show with the moon's magic, kitten," Mistress softly replied as she lowered Elva's hips again. "Maybe it can scratch that itch you have deep inside," she added sensually with a warm smile and a short giggle.

"Scratch... this itch," Elva whispered while her heart began to flutter in suspense. She looked at Mistress for another moment before closing her eyes and leaning in her lips. '*Please, I've felt this ache before... so many nights... all on my own,*' as her embrace grew more passionate, so did Elva's need to back away to pant deeply before returning to Mistress' sweet lips.

Mistress pushed away for a moment as she lifted Elva's rear. "Then become one with me, kitten," she whispered as she lowered Elva's bottom slightly, resting her part just outside Elva's slit.

"Become... one?" her heart throbbed as Elva gazed into Mistress' caring eyes. "Y...yes, Mistress," she murmured before easing herself down and letting Mistress enter her. Elva sharply gasped while her eyes quaked shut as she gripped Mistress tightly. '*Ohh! Oh, Mistress... It's—you're—*' Elva's mind struggled to think as a blissful feeling of fullness began to envelop her.

"That's it, kitten," Mistress roughly whispered as Elva lowered herself. "Be one—with me," her breaths were becoming ragged while her hips began to rock ever so gently.

Shuddering as the sensations began to shift, Elva's legs began to tremble and falter until she dropped down slightly. When her part passed Elva's sensitive spot inside, she briefly shrieked as the pressure sent chills down her spine. '*Oh, Mistress!*' The quaking in her body caused her to drop further down, deepening her feeling of fullness. '*Ohh... you're so... close... to—!*' Another brief tremor pulled her down, and Elva released a piercing cry while her hips began to quake erratically.

"Kitten! Are you," Mistress reached her arm around Elva and began to lift her bottom, but Elva pressed her hands against Mistress' chest in protest.

"No, **don't!**" Elva nearly shouted after Mistress barely raised her. "*Please... please don't... don't move!*" Elva muttered before her quivering deepened and her head fell on Mistress' shoulder. '*My ache... Mistress, it's right... you're right th—*' before Elva could finish, she began to groan deeply and thrust her hips; throwing her arms around Mistress, Elva dug her nails into her back as the fullness overwhelmed her. Every shake and tremble pushed Mistress against her, adding to the waves flowing over her.

Gasping for air as her moans turned to whimpers, Elva continued to sway as her head floated, desperate to keep reaching that spot. Her vision turned bright as the waves continued, and Elva felt a blissful tingling overwhelm her. '*Oh, Brigit, please—don't let this... stop.*'

A muffled sound brought Elva's mind to focus long enough to hear it repeated. "*Kitten,*" Elva finally heard Mistress tiredly whisper. Though her body still trembled, Elva willed her head up and her eyes open to find Mistress was also panting while her face was somehow heavily flushed. "Kitten, good girl," she spoke wearily. "Welcome—back," her arms were steadily shaking as she held the small of Elva's back.

"Mi-Mistress... I—" Elva tried to speak, but Mistress' hip twitched and pressed into her, causing a pleased cry to halt her words.

“I'm sorry, kitten, but I'm—cumming—too!” Mistress haltingly muttered before her head fell back into the chair and her face twisted in ecstasy. Her hips trembled as her voice cried out, bringing cries from Elva as she prodded. Suddenly, her part began to twitch, then Elva felt a euphoric warmth spread through her core as Mistress continued to moan deeply.

Elva let herself fall into Mistress; her body began to float as her senses filled with a sweet essence. Lightly whining in bliss, Elva rested her head on Mistress' heaving chest. *'Her heart... it beats... so slowly,'* Elva closed her eyes while she listened to the dull thumps as their breathings gradually calmed.

Slowly, Mistress raised her arms and held Elva tightly before wearily speaking in the same foreign tongue she had sung poetry earlier.

“What,” After a long pause, Elva gradually raised her head and pushed herself up enough to look at Mistress. “What does—that mean?”

After several more deep sighs, Mistress raised her head and answered through labored breaths as she gazed at Elva with pried eyes, “Now Love, the ineluctable, with bitter swe—” Mistress' hip twitched briefly, forcing both her and Elva to wince in pleasure as they felt each other move. After pulling Elva closer and resting her head on her shoulder, Mistress gasped and continued, “sweetness *fills* me, overwhelms me, and shakes my being.’ *Ohh*, how-how you *fill* me, kitten,” her voice sang as Mistress hugged Elva tightly.

“But-but, Mistress, you,” Elva murmured before her legs began to tremble, coercing another moan from her lips as she rested into Mistress' lap. “Mistress, you're the one filling **me**, though,” Elva held Mistress back tenderly as she settled her head onto her shoulder.

After gripping Elva tighter and chickling quietly for a moment, Mistress lifted her head to look at Elva with tired eyes and an amused smile. “It's a figure of speech, kitten,” Mistress replied with a haggard giggle as she rested her forehead on Elva's and closed her eyes. “It just means I'm happy, and I'm not satisfied yet.” Slowly, Mistress pried her eyes open and looked at Elva longingly. “Are you satisfied, kitten?”

Elva lightly panted as she rested against Mistress, holding her eyes open to watch the sparkle in her irises. “If I-I say yes—and fall asleep again—will...will it be morning when I-I wake up?” Elva felt her chest grow hot as Mistress held her heart in suspense with her pleased expression.

For a moment, her smile softened before Mistress closed her eyes wearily. “When next you fall asleep, kitten,” she paused with a huff before opening her eyes again, “it will be my turn to sleep.”

“Then I,” before Elva could finish, she thrust her hip sharply and gasped as she pressed her lips into Mistress. *'I'm not satisfied either, Mistress!'* Elva thought desperately as her trembling legs failed to lift herself just right to reach where she needed to be touched. Before Elva could try again, Mistress cried out sharply and swiftly held Elva tighter.

“Wait-**wait**, kitten!” Mistress hastily ordered through labored breaths as her eyes shut and her arms quaked. “Don't move yet. I need a-another moment.” Mistress rested her forehead on Elva's shoulder while her shivering slowly calmed.

Gently relaxing back into her lap, Elva tenderly held her Mistress and watched the gentle rising and falling of her head as she steadily sighed. The smell of her hair and the feeling of her part resting so close to her growing desire left Elva feeling hot and dizzy, though. “Mistress, can you,” Elva held

Mistress tighter as her need grew, “please kiss my neck, again?” Elva spoke her request softly; her heart began to pound as she leaned her head back to present her throat.

Mistress didn’t respond at first, but after taking a deep breath, she lifted her head slightly and raised her mouth near Elva’s collarbone. “Of course, kitten,” Mistress whispered with a grin, her breath tickling Elva’s skin before she leaned in and planted her lips. Trying in vain to keep still, Elva shuddered and whimpered as Mistress began to suck on her skin.

“Mistress,” Elva murmured while her eyes closed and her head fell back; her chest heaved gently as she lightly whined to Mistress’ deepening pulls. When Mistress lingered her next kiss just below Elva’s clavicle, her hips started to quiver. Mistress pulled away briefly as the pair gasped nearly in unison, but Mistress quickly planted her lips back on Elva’s skin without protest.

Elva shook more erratically as Mistress’ kisses became more enthused. The once subtle tugs turned to passionate pulls that held on her skin until Elva nearly squealed; only after did Mistress release her hold and allow Elva to breathe easier. On her next kiss, Elva felt Mistress’ teeth gently touch her before being replaced by her lips.

“Uhm, you,” Elva spoke shyly with unsteady breaths as Mistress looked back at her, “you can bite me again, Mistress. I, uh, I-I didn’t mind,” she nervously held her neck out again, looking down to meet Mistress’ gaze as Elva raised her hands to Mistress’ nape.

Slowly grinning but still panting, Mistress held Elva tighter before looking down hungrily at her. “With pleasure, my kitten,” she whispered sensually before tenderly sinking her teeth into Elva’s shoulder.

With a cry of ecstasy, Elva closed her eyes and trembled as she gripped Mistress. No longer able to ignore her desire, Elva steadily rocked her hips and attempted to push herself higher. Before she could struggle for more than a moment, Mistress lowered her hands to her rear and firmly held her cheeks.

“Let me help, kitten,” Mistress whispered as she momentarily raised her teeth from Elva’s skin. With a gentle pull, Mistress lifted Elva off her lap and began pressing into her.

Elva cried out as she squeezed Mistress’ neck tighter, forcing her fangs above Elva’s chest. With a sharp bite, her voice was quickly overwhelmed by harsh moans as Mistress continued to rhythmically press in with the gentle rocking of her hips. “*Ahh, Mistress... Don’t...don’t stop,*” Elva begged when Mistress lifted her teeth, only to shriek as she placed them on her left breast and firmly grasped the skin above her peak.

“Mistress, I—” Elva’s voice caught as Mistress’ next nibble came quickly and sank around her nub. “I...I’m going to-to—*cum!*” Elva squealed as the building pressure overflowed; her nails dug into Mistress’ nape while her hips erratically shook with the strength she had left.

Elva’s cries slowly waned as a warm tingling took over her body. She fell weak and gently relaxed into Mistress’ embrace, resting her hands on Mistress’ shoulders as her head fell limply. Her body began to float as she became enveloped by warmth, only to have the breath taken from her as Mistress lifted her and began leaving her empty.

“W-wait,” Elva murmured through a gasp after Mistress pulled herself out, “Mistress.” Shivering, Elva clutched herself into Mistress as best she could, “Are...are you,” she could feel Mistress still stiff and twitching against her, “satisfied, Mistress?”

Mistress sighed lightly and held Elva tighter before she finally responded. “You gave me all you can, kitten,” she whispered through tired breaths as she caressed Elva’s back.

“That’s not—what I asked, Mistress,” Elva protested as she lifted her head wearily and opened her eyes. “Are you—satisfied, Mistress?” she asked again before a strong shudder shook her hips, coaxing an elated huff from each of them as Elva’s crotch rubbed on Mistress.

Lightly recoiling as she opened her eyes, Mistress met her gaze with a tired longing. “Not yet, kitten,” she answered in a coy whisper.

“Then, please,” Elva pushed herself up on Mistress’ shoulders as slightly as she could, feeling her part shift from underneath. “Satisfy yourself, Mistress. Or I...I won’t be satisfied—either,” her voice began to tremble as the quivering in her hips against Mistress made her ache again.

After a moment, Mistress closed her eyes and rested her forehead against Elva’s shoulder. Slowly sliding a hand down to cup her rear, Mistress lifted Elva off her lap before turning and bringing her legs onto the sofa. With tender grace, Elva was laid on the soft cushioning as Mistress rested on her.

Mistress took a few labored breaths before lifting her head and peering at Elva with softened eyes. “Are you sure, kitten?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Elva replied while wrapping her arms around Mistress’ head and bringing her knees to Mistress’ hips. “Please, don’t let me sleep—unsatisfied again,” her eyes closed in anticipation as she felt Mistress rest outside her.

“As you wish, my kitten,” Mistress sensually whispered before pressing her hip in, slowly entering Elva as they both moaned out in ecstasy. Elva’s cries, however, quickly elevated as Mistress pushed further in and she reached her ache.

‘*Mistress, please... oh, please fill me,*’ Elva pleaded as Mistress gently pressed into her; she shivered as the pressure built swiftly with every touch. “Mistress... if you... keep... I’ll...*I’ll*—” she whined as her head fell back and her back arched from the cushion.

“I know, kitten. I want you to,” Mistress cooed hoarsely as Elva’s whines overtook her words. Only moments later, Mistress’ breaths turned ragged and her body started to tremble as she rocked into Elva. “Cum with—*me*,” she muttered before pushing herself into Elva and groaning loudly.

With the final press, their cries echoed as Elva felt the pressure inside overflow while the waves of Mistress’ warmth began to overtake her. Elva’s mind floated as her body became overwhelmed by bliss as she held Mistress close. Slowly, their trembling abated, but as Elva began to drift into slumber, she heard Mistress mutter the poetic tongue through gasps.

‘*Wha...*’ Elva’s mind became too weak to finish her question before her head fell limply to her side as she panted slowly into a slumber.

Almost as if in a dream already, she heard a low whisper, seemingly spoken in prayer. “May I win this prize, O golden-crowned Aphrodite.”

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you enjoyed and want to read more!

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Content updated October 11th, 2022

Author's Note

Hello to all my readers,

First, I want to thank everyone for their patience in waiting for Chapter 9; I promise I have been working on it, but writing hasn't been the easiest the last few weeks. I typically don't like to talk about my mental health, and if it's not something that's interesting then I don't have to provide these sorts of updates, but I will say it hasn't been so good recently.

What's been both scary and helpful is realizing how much of my mental health issues I projected into my characters, Saoirse and Elva. I created two characters who are very agoraphobic from abuse, trauma, and misunderstanding, and the trauma that I have yet to write out reflects more of my own trauma than I understood, as well as many of my fears and insecurities. *Wrong Side of the Bed* definitely didn't start out as this emotional trip when I sat down and said "I'm going to write a lesbian, BDSM novel", but here I am.

Second, I want to say that I have been working on something that will make writing *Wrong Side of the Bed* much more manageable: a proper timeline. Working on it has more or less consumed my focus the last few weeks, but I feel much more confident writing my series now that so much of it is planned out.

I'd love to say when Chapter 9 is coming out, but I can't make any promises right now. Writing has been a little bit easier to think about the last few days, so I'd love to say it'll be out this week or next, but I won't make that promise. Thank you again for all your patience.

If you enjoy my work, the best thing you can do is kudos, bookmark, comment, and share my chapters. I read every comment I get, and it really means so much to me when people talk about my writing. I know I'm a fledgling novelist and I have room to improve, so constructive criticism is appreciated as well.

Thank you again to all of my readers.

With love,
Alexandria

Ch 9: Cat's Eye [bondage] [cunnilingus] [collaring]

Chapter Notes

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+; reader discretion is HIGHLY advised.

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of consensual intoxication, oral, and trauma. Reader discretion is advised.

A low, gentle murmur and the pull of a warm embrace disturbed Elva from her repose. Slowly, she grimaced and pushed her eyes open to see Mistress lying underneath her. Mistress was sleeping soundly on her back with her head against the sofa's armrest. Elva laid along her side, resting her cheek above Mistress' chest with her arm draped limply across Mistress' stomach. Mistress was holding Elva tenderly, keeping her body close while her deep breaths gently raised and lowered Elva's head.

"Pr-precious," Mistress muttered before she tugged Elva up and briefly pressed her nose against Elva. As Mistress relaxed her clasp, Elva glanced up, watching her expression for a moment before her eyes grew heavy again.

'This... is a nice dream,' Elva thought as her lids closed and her mind fell dark.

When next Elva roused, it was to a light humming she heard somewhere far in the distance. She didn't feel Mistress cuddling against her anymore, nor the plump cushioning of the sofa on her back. Instead, Elva was lying on a plush sheet while her body gently sank into supple bedding. Her eyes crept open, only to find a red haze covering everything she saw.

After blinking slowly, Elva's vision focused and she saw Mistress sitting on the other side of the room, looking towards the wall while she slowly played with her hair. Too tired to watch, Elva closed her eyes and tried to listen to the soothing melody before falling into slumber once more.

Her mind was restless, though, as Elva tried to doze again. The sweet song filled her thoughts with the moans Mistress seductively uttered when they touched each other. Her dreams quickly became provocative as they brought Elva back to their intimate times together. "Mis...tress," Elva muttered as she began to squirm in her sleep. Her chest was growing warm, despite the cool air on her skin.

Suddenly, Elva gasped deeply as her eyes flashed open. For a moment, she could only lay on her side and catch her breath as her senses returned. Glancing around, Elva saw iron bars in front of her and realized she was back in the dimly-lit cell Mistress had put her in after they first met. *'I guess... I'm awake.'*

She groaned and stretched on the small cot before trying to sit up. “Where’s... Mistr—!” as Elva shifted, her body began to tingle as a powerful fragrance of flowers followed by a wave of heat stole her breath.

‘*What’s... why am I... so,*’ Elva struggled to think as she held her chest to try and still the quickening of her heartbeat. Before Elva could ponder her growing desire, the cell became illuminated by a bright light as Elva smelled an intoxicating redolence.

“Good *morning*, kitten!” Mistress’ voice sang and echoed throughout the hollow chamber. Elva turned her head quickly to the now open door and the sleek silhouette that stood in it. “Did you sleep well, kitten?” she asked as she stepped into the room, adding the spaced clicks of her shoes to the soft echoes. “Because *I* slept *wonderfully*,” Mistress reached her arms up in an exaggerated stretch as she continued her approach.

“Mis-tress,” her head grew dizzy as Elva tried again to push herself upright. “Mistress, why... why am I so—” Elva gasped for air while her heart fluttered as her Mistress stepped into the dim light coming from her cell. Suddenly, Elva was fixated on Mistress’ grinning, glistening, blood-red lips as they slowly drew closer.

“So *hot*, kitten?” Mistress finished teasingly with a chuckle. “I needed to ensure I had a meal today, so I left you some of my aphrodisiacs from last night.” Stepping close to the cell, Mistress grabbed the bars and playfully leaned into them. “You seem,” Mistress whispered cloyingly as her expression turned hungry, “*distressed*, kitten. Do you desire my *assistance*?”

“Y-yes, Mistress,” Elva hardly hesitated before she whispered pleadingly through her deepening breaths. “P-please.”

Grinning widely, Mistress seductively licked her lips as her stare intensified. “Of course,” she whispered before standing upright with a hand on her hip. “Come to the edge of your cell and press your rear against the bars, kitten,” Mistress sweetly ordered as she curled her fingers, beckoning Elva to approach.

After catching her breath, Elva pushed herself off the cot and shakily approached the edge of her cell. Elva looked intently up at her Mistress’ shimmering eyes before she turned around and leaned against the bars, looking back and hardly breaking her gaze. While her hair cushioned her back from the slick iron, Elva shivered as her bottom pushed into the cold barrier.

“Good girl,” Mistress seductively whispered as she stepped up to the cell and slid her hands sensually across Elva’s sides. Struggling to calm her breath, Elva sighed deeply as her eyes shuddered closed while Mistress glided her warm, soft fingers along her skin.

“Mistress,” Elva wearily spoke as Mistress continued to trace her waist but stopped to bite her lip as the need in her chest quickly grew hotter. “Mistress, please... touch me—!” Elva pleaded before sharply gasping as Mistress moved her fingertips towards her stomach and then to her sensitive places. Her right hand began firmly groping Elva’s breast while the left began lustfully tracing her crotch.

Elva could hardly hold back her moans anymore; her hips began to rock gently, itching for Mistress to touch her even more intimately. Before she could express her desire, Mistress’ fingers closed and began tenderly rubbing her hood. Shuddering at the sensual touch, Elva felt her legs grow weak as she melted into Mistress’ hand. As her voice gently whined with increasing intensity, Elva leaned her head into the bars, trying in vain to rest against Mistress.

The pressure in her crotch steadily grew as Mistress continued her circles. It was only another moment before Elva's legs began to fail as her pleasure neared climax. Before Elva could say how close she was, Mistress pulled her hands to Elva's stomach and held her gently.

"*Easy, kitten,*" Mistress whispered as Elva whimpered and winced in frustration. "You're *more* than ready to break my fast, aren't you?"

Elva murmured back, "Y-yes, Mistress," as she wearily turned her head to look into Mistress' eyes.

"Good girl. Now, bend over for me, kitten," Mistress softly ordered as she pressed her hand into the small of Elva's back. Feeling herself about to fall over, Elva grabbed onto the thick bars behind her as she gradually leaned her chest out. "A *little* more. *Right* there," Mistress cheerfully said as Elva's torso hung almost straight above the ground.

Her arms and legs were unsteady as Elva stared down and held her cheeks against the chill metal. Thankfully, Elva only had to wait a moment for Mistress to kneel and grab hold of her thighs. With little warning, Mistress whispered in a foreign speech and leaned her head between the bars.

Elva nearly shrieked as Mistress' tongue began intimately tracing her delicate folds. Her legs trembled to stay standing while her hands strained to keep herself steady against the bars, and Elva began to pray that her strength wouldn't fail before Mistress finished her.

"Mistress... *please*—" before Elva finished her request, Mistress lowered her aim to Elva's sensitive spot. Arching her back up sharply, Elva pulled herself into the bars while yelling out blissfully as Mistress pressed into her nub.

As her body nearly straightened, Mistress pulled her tongue away, though. With a sigh, she released Elva's left thigh and began pressing into her back, forcing her to lower again. Her arms shuddered as Elva tried to hold herself up, but her cries shook even more fiercely as Mistress finally reached her spot again. It was hardly a minute later that Elva's high moans turned to quivering whines as her body began to shake and her eyelids fluttered.

"Mistress, I-I—!" Elva cried out sharply as the pressure in her crotch flowed over her. Before her trembling legs could falter, Mistress tightened her grip around her thighs and held Elva firmly against the cell. Her mind grew dizzy, and her vision darkened as the pleasure overwhelmed Elva. Finally, her strength failed, and Elva started to fall to the ground as her hands slipped off the bars.

"**E**asy, kitten!" Mistress called out as she stood up and took hold of Elva's arm, carefully pulling her up and then hugging her against the bars. Gradually, Elva noticed a change in the air that cleared her senses as Mistress held her, save for the pressure inside that still left her spasming and whining. Slowly, Mistress lowered Elva to the chill floor before carefully letting her go, tenderly caressing her skin as she stood up.

Elva could only lay panting and shaking on her side as the pleasure gradually faded and a blissful tingling overtook her body. She heard a faint click after a brief moment, followed by the creaking of metal and the light taps of Mistress' shoes. Elva blinked a few times to brighten her vision as she listened to the fabric of Mistress' dress slide near her. Before Elva could focus, she felt Mistress cradle her head and shoulders, lifting Elva gently onto her warm thighs.

An affectionate pat along her hair brought Elva out of her daze enough to discern the whisper of Mistress sweetly repeating, "Good girl." She listened to the soothing praise for a few more

moments before her eyes gradually flickered open. As Elva turned her head, her heart fluttered to find Mistress gazing down at her affectionately.

“Welcome back, kitten. Thank you for the meal,” Mistress whispered with a slight smile as she stroked Elva’s locks.

“Mistress,” Elva weakly replied as she tried to keep her head up. She turned down to rest on Mistress’ lap as her breathing slowly calmed. “Mistress, you—don’t smell—as sweet,” Elva observed as her eyes gently closed; she felt nostalgic, though, as the mild scent reminded her of their first kiss.

“You’re not smelling my pheromones anymore, kitten, nor my aphrodisiacs. I need your mind lucid and your thoughts clear now,” Mistress paused for a moment as she laid a hand on Elva’s back. “Congratulations, kitten. You survived my contract.”

‘*Survived?*’ Elva opened her eyes and looked back up quizzically. “It’s-it’s over?”

“I’m afraid so, kitten,” Mistress forlornly replied as she caressed Elva’s hair, “but you did *wonderfully*, kitten, and I’m *so* proud of you.” Her smile saddened while her eyes were filled with longing as she looked down at Elva. “Please, rest as long as you need, kitten. We have much to discuss when you are ready.”

Elva closed her eyes again and dropped her cheek back on Mistress’ leg, curling herself up as she nuzzled the soft fabric of her dress. The heat in her chest faded as Elva lay on the stone floor; Elva found herself savoring the feeling of resting on Mistress and her affectionate caresses. It was a while longer before Elva finally relented to the mild discomfort of the floor and shifted to sit up.

“Let me help,” Mistress sweetly offered as she held out her hand. Looking at Mistress for hardly a moment, Elva took her hand and allowed Mistress to help pull her off the floor. Mistress gently held her side to steady her legs as Elva stood upright. After sharing a momentary glance, the two walked side by side out of the cell into the glow of the next room.

As they stepped into the well-lit chamber, Elva winced, closing her eyes as they adjusted. After opening them, she turned to Mistress and found she was holding a plush violet robe. Elva looked at the vibrant color in splendor for a moment as she watched Mistress offer it.

“Would you like to clothe yourself, kitten?” Mistress asked as she separated from Elva to open the garment. Elva nodded silently after a second and turned her back to Mistress, marveling at the softness of the fabric as she pulled her arms through the sleeves. As Mistress closed the robe over Elva, she nestled comfortably into the folds, starting to feel warm again.

Mistress held her back affectionately and motioned to the chair on the left. “Please, have a seat, kitten.”

Looking back to Mistress, Elva nodded shyly before moving to the seat and easing herself down. Stepping behind her, Mistress placed her right hand on Elva’s shoulder while her left gently touched her neck.

“May I remove your collar and end our contract, kitten?” Elva glanced back at Mistress, noting her light smile and softened eyes before nodding and lifting her hair. Wordlessly, Mistress slid her fingers under the collar and effortlessly pulled it away.

As she felt the smooth leather leave her skin, Elva shivered and held her neck. The open air felt colder than the floor she had laid on, and losing the embrace of her collar left Elva feeling exposed as she pulled her robe around her nape. Stepping around the seat, Mistress walked to the opposite chair. Elva watched her collar closely as Mistress held it in her hands. Her stare finally broke when Mistress turned to sit down and Elva watched her hair sway to the side, now bound in a thick braid that seemed to flow with the red highlights of her new black dress and corset.

‘*That must have taken a while,*’ Elva observed as Mistress pulled the braid over her left shoulder to sit down.

“But it’s well worth the effort, kitten,” Mistress quietly answered as she held her hair tenderly, “if I’m in a—hopeful mood.” She lowered her arm and delicately held Elva’s collar between her hands as she looked down at it. “I’d like to be honest with you, if I may, Elva.”

Elva stared ahead nervously instead of answering. ‘*That’s... the first time Mistress has called me by my name. Why? Am I not... her kitten?*’ She swallowed anxiously and slowly nodded as she waited to hear what Mistress might say.

“I—Yesterday was,” Mistress shyly paused to meet her gaze, “the most fulfilling day I’ve ever experienced.”

Speechless, Elva could only sit, mouth agape, as she tried to understand what she heard. “Wait... what?” was all she managed to ask.

“I’ve been on this Immortal Plane for over three millennia, kitten,” Mistress’ voice softened further as she looked intently at Elva. “And no one has been able to give me... so much of what I needed from them. And I don’t mean just the sex and energy, kitten. Your company was... welcome. Needed even, I feel, kitten.”

“Compa—but” Elva finally managed to mutter, “I slept **all day**.”

“And I had a *lovely* kitten occupying my lap *all day*,” her voice fluttered as Mistress retorted the complaint. “I even had the chance to sing her some poetry.”

“I-I was so hesitant to do *everything* you asked,” Elva pointed out next.

“And yet you did *everything* I asked, kitten,” Mistress chuckled lightly as a warm smile broke her serious expression. “And you were *adorable* when you hesitated.”

“You...you were so gentle, though... even with... *everything* you could have used in the playroom.” Elva thought of the strange implements she vaguely saw hanging on the wall in the playroom, whose malicious purposes were still unclear. “Were you not... unsatisfied?”

“My interests are **vast**, kitten, as are the ways I can feel satisfaction,” Mistress paused and her eyes sadly closed before she continued. “And we had not but one day, kitten. It was impossible to fit all the things I—all the *ways* I wished to play with you—and everything I wanted you to experience in such a short time.”

Still in disbelief, Elva dropped her head as her emotions began to overtake her. ‘*Mistress won’t...*’ Elva held her hand over her mouth as her lips quivered. Tears slowly rolled down her cheeks as Elva struggled to accept Mistress’ words. ‘*I won’t be... abandoned again?*’

“No, kitten, you won’t be,” Mistress answered compassionately, “and I lament having ever made you feel unwanted, my lost kitten.” Mistress paused for a moment before continuing; lifting herself off her armchair, Mistress kneeled in front of Elva and gently took hold of her trembling hand.

“When you appeared before me yesterday, a lost, little kitten at my doorstep, I was resting. I was stuck in a dark pla—a deep sleep, for a very long time. I was guarded, imposing, and intimidating, more so than I wish to think of myself being. I’m so, very sorry, my lost kitten. I hope one day you might forgive me.”

Steadily regaining her composure as she listened to Mistress speak, Elva wiped the tears from her cheeks with the sleeve of her robe. Looking down at Elva’s hand in her lap, Mistress gently turned it upwards and placed Elva’s collar in her palm. “I want to renew my contract with you, Elva, if you’ll have me. After we talk a bit longer, of course.”

Elva released a relieved chuckle as a smile finally appeared on her lips. “I...I think I would like that... a lot, Mistress,” she shyly answered as she took hold of her collar.

Warmly returning her smile, Mistress held Elva’s hand tightly as her fingers closed around the band. “I’m glad you think so too, kitten.” Keeping hold of Elva, Mistress stood up and sat at the edge of her armchair. “Do you have anything you want to ask or talk about, kitten? Or would you prefer me to speak more first?”

Collecting her thoughts, Elva pondered for a moment as she savored the warmth as Mistress held her. “So, when we renew our contract, how long will it last this time?”

“I would like us to sign a week-long contract,” Mistress’ eyes glistened while her smile warmed. “We will have *much* more time to play and better understand each other. And, if you decide not to contract with me further, you won’t feel forever bound to me. Does that sound fair, kitten?”

“Uhm, I guess that sounds fair, Mistress,” Elva replied before looking down at her collar. ‘*A week, that’s just... seven days? That... sounds so soon.*’

“May I ask you a question, kitten?” Mistress inquired as she observed a pause.

Her head darted up to meet Mistress’ soft gaze. “Uh, yes, mistress?” Elva shyly answered.

“What did you receive from the last day in my care, kitten?”

“What did *I* receive? Uh, well,” unsure of how to reply immediately, Elva pulled her hand away, fidgeting as she contemplated her experience and tried to understand everything she had felt. “Being in your care was... interesting and frightening, at times, b-but also *exciting* and... comforting.”

Her voice became unsteady, and Elva took another moment before continuing. “I...I’ve felt very—alone—since Móra died,” Elva pulled her legs up onto the armchair so she could hug her knees. Tears began to well again as she struggled not to remember the past. “And scared... every day since. The kind words you keep saying to me, your constant presence, the new... *things* I-I keep feeling and experiencing... I haven’t felt so safe and... wanted in a long time.”

Waiting until she knew Elva had finished, Mistress slowly stood up to lean over her; she gently cupped the back of Elva’s head and kissed her forehead. “I’m so glad you feel that way, kitten,” she

whispered affectionately, waiting to continue until Elva looked up and their eyes met. “I find it strange to say, but I feel much the same way, kitten.”

Mistress took Elva’s hand and gently pulled it with her as she sat at the edge of her armchair. Elva lowered her legs and leaned forward so they could maintain their embrace. With care in her voice, Mistress inquired, “Is there anything else your heart needs to know, my kitten?”

After a brief pause, something troubling Mistress had said entered Elva’s thoughts. “Uhm, when we first met, you mentioned sending me to the... auction house... if I didn’t sign. I...I-I know you won’t, now, but what—”

Mistress gently tightened her grasp to cease Elva’s question. “And I’m **so**, so sorry for ever putting that fear in you, kitten,” Mistress softened her voice further as her smile fell, “but that is our reality. Without a contract, any demon could force you into whatever agreement they wished as penance for your sin. And, since you came here without a proper death, without being auctioned, without... without a contract, the risks in allowing you to stay here uncontracted would be— *are* severe, my kitten. For you even more than me.”

As the depth of her situation set in, Elva shed a few tears as she tried not to imagine what might have happened if she had decided not to contract with Mistress. “Please, my kitten, think little of that place. I promise, you will **never** see the inside of those halls. And if in time you,” Mistress paused for a moment as her hand squeezed Elva’s more gently, “wish to seek a different company, I have... an old friend that would treat you fairly, kitten. I’m sure it’d take your contract and your sentence would be—enjoyable.”

Finding herself struggling to hear Mistress’ worries, Elva hurriedly replied, “**No!**” Pausing embarrassingly as her exclamation brought a surprised glance from Mistress, Elva muttered her explanation, “I-I mean... I don’t want to seek a different company, Mistress. I-I feel safe... beside you.”

Seeming relieved by her response, Mistress smiled slightly as her hand eased its grip. “That makes me very happy to hear, kitten. Let us not dwell on such uncomfortable ideas, then. Do you have any other questions for me?”

Elva took another moment to think before replying. “Uh, will every day be like yesterday?”

“Well, I have a rather voracious appetite, but yesterday I was very,” Mistress took a moment before finishing her sentence, “pent-up, kitten. I hadn’t exactly had a meal in nearly a quarter millennia.”

“Wait,” Caught off guard, Elva looked down for a moment as she tried to grasp how long that was. “250 years... without eating?”

“242 years, and a few months, to be exact,” Mistress corrected bluntly, not aiding in her struggle. “It’s rather hard to feed while you take a nap, regrettably.”

‘*A-a nap?!*’ Elva couldn’t help but think in exacerbation as her mouth fell agape.

“I was very—tired, kitten,” Mistress explained. “I hoped a long rest would alleviate that. Or, at least, maybe things would be—easier—when I woke up.”

Sensing a pause, Elva had to ask, “Did...did it?”

Mistress waited for a brief moment before quietly replying, “I’m not sure, kitten. But perhaps with you here, maybe I can find some peace.” Something in her voice sounded uncertain, almost sad and fearful.

‘It sounds like you went through a lot of pain.’ Feeling unsatisfied with the answer, Elva tried to press further, “Can I ask... what made you so tired?”

Her eyes saddened as Mistress’ thumb caressed Elva’s hand for a moment before she eventually replied, “Trade secrets, kitten. Another question, if you please.”

‘Oh... I guess Mistress doesn’t want to talk about that,’ Elva reflected silently after watching her expression harden. Thinking back on the last day, Elva found it frustrating to mull on how little of the day she was awake. “Will I always sleep so much?”

“I don’t imagine you will, kitten,” Mistress reassured Elva as her tone turned bright again. “You weren’t exactly accustomed to using so much energy when we started, much less having it taken as food. But your stamina is already improving, and over time you should need to sleep even less to recover.”

Feeling somewhat relieved, Elva looked down at Mistress’ hand before contemplating if she had another question. The warm touch of Mistress’ skin on hers brought to mind how hot Elva felt last night when they were one. Elva blushed heavily before nervously asking, “That... What happened last night, the magic of the blood moon, how often is there a blood moon in Hell?”

Mistress gave Elva a sly grin before replying, “Every night is a blood moon, kitten.”

‘O-oh, well, that’s easy to remember. So, every night... Mistress will...’ Elva decided not to finish her thought as she felt her ears tingle and her chest flutter.

“Don’t get too excited,” Mistress lightly teased as she watched Elva fidget.

Unsure of what else she could ask, Elva eventually inquired, “Did—you need to ask me anything else, Mistress?”

“Only if you’re ready, kitten. We’ll have a lot of time to get to know each other better.” Mistress extended her free hand to Elva. “If you would hold your collar with me, kitten.”

Elva hesitated briefly to look down at it and recall their words before laying it in Mistress’ palm. *‘To care for and protect.’*

“I’m glad you remember the vows, kitten. We need to repeat them for me to replace the collar. Allow me a moment,” Mistress whispered before leaning forward and blowing onto the collar, causing it to glow gently in pink and purple hues as her breath passed over it. “A one-week contract, kitten. Now, your vows, Elva.”

After pausing for a moment to recall the exact words, Elva began. “I, Elva, of sound mind and body, so hereby—relinquish all rights to my Mistress except those granted by my contract. Under —”

“**No**, kitten,” Mistress halted Elva strictly before she could continue, “**not** you. **Never** you.” Mistress looked at Elva sternly, her eyes saddened and pained.

“Then, why you, Mistress?” Elva asked hesitantly. “Care for and protect, under pain of dea—”

“Trade secrets, kitten,” once again, Mistress didn’t allow Elva to finish her sentence. “I hope you never have to know. Please, *‘I vow to devote,’* kitten.”

‘Trade secrets, again. She said it yesterday too... What isn’t Mistress sharing?’ Elva took another moment before continuing, uneasy that Mistress was dodging her questions. “I... vow to devote myself fully to my Mistress... and trust in her care and protection for the duration of my time in her services.”

The glow surrounding her collar strengthened with golden hues as Elva finished speaking. *‘I guess that means my heart was true to my vows.’* Elva breathed a sigh of relief that her hesitations hadn't interfered.

“Thank you, kitten,” Mistress said kindly as her expression softened again. “Now, allow me to finish. ‘I, Saoirse, of sound mind and body, so hereby take possession of all rights of my slave except those authorized by her contract. Under pain of death, I vow to care for and protect her as payment for her devotion for the duration of her time in my services.’”

The glow around the collar intensified again in pink and purple before bursting into specks of light. The explosion of light blinded Elva for a moment, but when her eyes adjusted, she looked in awe at the new collar she now held. In place of the simple choker of black leather was a wider band of dark, mossy green. A thin, inner ring of intricate knots encircled the collar where several gemstones seemed woven into the leather.

‘Cat’s eyes,’ Elva marveled at how the smooth stones glistened in the light, but something else about them captivated her gaze. *‘I’ve never seen them in purple before. They’re... beautiful.’*

“Would you like me to put it on, kitten?” Elva looked up from the collar to see Mistress smiling and looking at her with soft eyes. Nodding yes, Elva let go as Mistress stood up and walked behind her. Finally, Mistress let Elva’s hand go to touch her neck as she ordered, “Please, lift your hair, kitten.”

Lightly gasping as Mistress touched her skin, Elva complied without hesitation as Mistress glided her hand to her chin, gently tilting her head upward. As the soft leather band met her throat, Elva shivered in anticipation before Mistress wrapped it further around. Removing her hand from Elva’s chin, Mistress slid her fingers back along the collar, closing the band as she reached her nape.

Mistress lingered for a moment before slowly retracing her fingers. Elva quickly raised her hand to inspect the collar, immediately noting the broader hold on her neck. Her fingers traced the curvature of the thick knots as they circled neatly, and the sleek cat’s eyes drew her touch as they felt hugged by the smooth leather. *‘I’ve been collared...’* her heart fluttered for a moment at the thought, and Elva bashfully smiled as she lowered her hair.

Walking back to the center of the room, Mistress stood before Elva and held out her hand, beckoning Elva to take it and stand. “Stunning,” she said as their eyes met. “You look beautiful, Elva.”

Too shy to maintain her gaze, Elva nervously fidgeted and turned away as she felt her cheeks flush. *‘Thank you, Mistress,’* Elva thought as she took her hand.

After giving a light chuckle, Mistress sharpened her tone as she ordered, “Now, take off that robe, kitten. I’ve grown quite hungry.”

Chapter End Notes

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Ch 10: Tease [bondage] [biting] [edging] [denial]

Chapter Notes

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+; reader discretion is HIGHLY advised.

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This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of consensual intoxication, teasing, reluctance, bondage, objectification, ear play, biting, tickling, begging, orgasm control, oral and vaginal fingering, nipple torture, and genital mentions (breasts, nipples, clit, slit). Reader discretion is advised.

Startled by the sudden shift in mood, Elva looked up wide-eyed and practically repeated her order. “Take off my—Oh! Uh, yes, Mistress,” Elva said as Mistress helped her up. ‘Hungry, right. I’m collared, so... oh, there’s the...’ Elva felt her head grow light and her ears tingle as Mistress took on her fruity aroma with a sly grin. After pulling her hand away, Elva looked up intently before opening her robe and letting it slip to the floor.

“Very stunning, my kitten,” Mistress cooed before Elva shyly turned her head and held her arms behind her. “Now, follow me.” Mistress lightly pinched Elva’s chin and said seductively, “I believe I mentioned my interests being vast, kitten. I’m craving some,” Mistress paused to lick her lips, “satisfaction, and we have a week this time.”

After releasing her chin, Mistress lightly tapped a gem on Elva’s collar before lowering her arm. As Mistress brought her hand back up, Elva saw her second finger was aglow in purple and pink hues. When her gaze lowered, Elva noticed a long, glowing trail hanging limply that led to her collar.

With a chuckle, Mistress walked to the door leading to the playroom. “Come along now, kitten,” Mistress sweetly ordered as the line straightened, throwing Elva balance off as it tugged her gently. “Time is wasting,” she sang as Elva found her feet in time for her to open the door.

“What—” Elva asked, stumbling after Mistress as they stepped into the playroom, “what are we going to do today, Mistress?”

Barely looking her way, Mistress gleefully replied, “Oh, so many things, my kitten.” She took a few steps and then turned to the right side of the room before commenting, “But first, I want you to ripen and ferment a bit.”

Elva blinked a few times as her steps slowed. “Uhm, ripen and f-ferment, Mistress?” she enquired as Mistress kept pulling her. “What do you mean?”

Mistress elaborated, “Like a fine wine, kitten.”

“Wi—” Elva sputtered as her mouth fell open. She halted her steps before clarifying, ‘I-I’m wine now?’ but faltered as the lead forced her forward a few more paces.

Moaning before teasing, “Best when aged,” Mistress stopped in front of a peculiar piece of black and red furniture.

Elva nervously swallowed and thought, ‘That—sounds so much worse, Mistress,’ when she halted and turned to the strange frame. It seemed simple, composed of two padded planks seamlessly crossed and propped up by a third plank that gave it a light backward lean. The shape reminded Elva of a person with their arms and legs outstretched.

Turning and smiling at Elva, Mistress sweetly ordered, “Lean your back against this, kitten.” Elva felt her heart flutter and the air warm as they shared a glance. The softness in her eyes held Elva’s breath as she hesitantly nodded and took a step forward. Slowly turning around, Elva pressed her hair into the frame, then nervously held her hands behind her and fidgeted her feet together.

Mistress further instructed, “Spread your arms and legs across the boards too, kitten,” as her smile widened. Elva nervously glanced up before complying, raising her arms and holding them anxiously against the sleek cushioning. Next, Elva looked down and slowly spread her legs, though she shivered and grimaced as she felt the cool air on her crotch. “Good girl,” Mistress praised as Elva lined up with the frame. “Now, look ahead and hold still for a moment, kitten.”

Elva held her gaze forward as Mistress casually walked to her side and out of sight. After her steps ceased, Mistress gently touched Elva’s wrists with her fingertips, followed by a tug that tightly pulled her arms out. Before Elva could turn enough to investigate, Mistress calmly ordered, “Keep looking forward, kitten. I’m almost finished.” Elva hesitantly complied and held her head straight as she felt Mistress touch her ankles next. Soon, she felt a similar tug on her legs that slid her feet out, spreading her thighs wider and straining her arms further. “Good girl,” Mistress praised as she began walking again. “You may move now, kitten.”

Pausing to blink a few times, Elva thought, ‘That already sounds like a trick,’ before confirming that she could barely struggle against her taught restraints. Looking up, she finally saw that her wrists were aglow with pink and purple glowing bands that were connected to the plank ends by illuminated strands—not unlike the lead that pulled her collar. “I can’t, Mistress,” Elva admitted as Mistress stepped back around the frame. ‘But, you already know that,’ she added upon seeing her pleased expression.

With a chuckle and a mischievous grin, Mistress teased, “And that is just how I want you, kitten.” After taking a few steps back, Mistress crossed her arms and looked over Elva before moaning with approval. “You look so pretty, kitten,” she said while slowly backing up to a padded table and casually leaning against it. “Especially how you dance when you struggle. I think I could watch you all day,” Mistress teased as she rested her chin on her knuckles and crossed her ankles.

Pondering her implication, Elva blinked a few more times as she watched Mistress get comfortable. ‘She—you don’t expect me to struggle—all day, right?’ Mistress did not respond to Elva’s thought beyond donning a wide grin and a light head tilt. Elva nervously swallowed before clarifying, ‘All—all day?’ Mistress only giggled in response, leaving Elva to anxiously shiver as she playfully bit her lip and widened her smile further.

Releasing a deep sigh and bracing herself, Elva closed her eyes and grimaced as she struggled in vain against her restraints. No force would budge her bonds, but Elva continued to try and pull her arms and legs free. Much to Mistress’ amusement, as Elva could hear her snicker over her own

grunts. It was only a short time, though, before Elva grew hot and tired, stopping to pant as she relaxed into the bands. Mistress chuckled again as Elva opened her eyes to watch her approach. She teased, “Oh, you are just too cute, kitten. Don’t worry, I won’t make you dance all day.” Elva felt her head grow light as she stepped up to the frame, her chin practically resting in Mistress’ cleavage. With a hungry smile, she leaned to Elva’s right side, tucked a lock of her hair, and whispered, “I have much more fun in store for those pretty, flushed ears of yours.”

Elva’s eyes shot open as she swiftly turned her head, but Mistress gently pinched her chin and held her gaze forward. “W-wait, what about—” she tried to ask in a fluster, but her spine shivered and tingled as Mistress tilted her head then softly blew on her, ‘what-what is she going to do to my ears??’

Gently shushing Elva with a fingertip on her lips, Mistress softly replied, “Don’t fret, kitten. I’ll take good care of them,” before lightly nipping the right lobe.

Squealing at the strange sensation, Elva felt her knees buckle as she pushed herself into the padding. ‘Wha-what? Why does...’ whining and trembling, the gentle tugs of Mistress’ teeth sent her head spinning as Elva writhed against her bonds. After a long moment, Mistress released her grasp and gave Elva time to deeply sigh before moving up her ear. Elva bit her lip in a vain attempt to halt her whimpers as Mistress pulled on the sensitive skin.

Hardly giving Elva time to try thinking, Mistress lifted her teeth again and moved on to the top of her ear. Her arms and legs trembling already, Elva let go of her lip and softly groaned as Mistress continued her kneads. Moaning in approval as Elva began to shudder, Mistress raised her lips then slid her fingers back to cup Elva’s neck and pull her cheeks into her chest. As Elva deeply panted, Mistress tilted her head then whispered into her left ear, “You’re doing wonderfully, kitten,” before nibbling the top more firmly.

Elva gently shrieked, curling her toes and clenching her fists as the more intense nibbles forced her body to thrash, however vainly. Her face burned as she pushed into the warm softness of Mistress’ chest, fogging her thoughts further. “Mh-Mistress,” Elva moaned as Mistress’ teeth roughly massaged her, steadily traveling down the side until reaching her lobe. Upon feeling the next pinch, Elva quivered as her head fell limp, leaving Mistress to pull her ear before holding her more firmly. Biting her lip again as the tense tug made her head light, Elva continued to whimper and shiver as Mistress firmly worked her earlobe. ‘It’s just my... Why is it...’ a sharper gnaw forced Elva to release her lip and gently cry out, her eyelids fluttering and her chest heaving as she struggled for breath.

Finally, Mistress opened her mouth and let her ear go. As her head was pulled back into Mistress’ bust, Elva thrilled and gasped for air while she became aware of the pleasant warmth in her chest and cheeks. Moaning in approval, Mistress leaned down further before praising, “You make the sweetest sounds, kitten.” Her breath tickled Elva’s skin, Mistress reminded her, “Don’t forget to breathe,” before tilting her chin up and nipping her neck.

Gaping for air, Elva melted into Mistress’ hands as her head fell back, shivering at each light pinch as she slowly traveled above her collar. When Mistress reached the other side of Elva’s throat, she hardly paused before tracing back below her collar, more deliberately kneading her skin this time. Thrashing harder against her bonds, Elva groaned deeply as Mistress’ touches kept her head spinning and made her sensitive places ache. “M-Mistress,” Elva muttered through deep breaths as her eyes squinted open, “could you—please—”

Before Elva could finish her request, Mistress cupped her cheek and placed a finger over her mouth. Hushing Elva gently, Mistress released her teeth and cooed, “Patience, kitten. You’ve hardly ripened enough.” Elva held her lip and groaned in frustration as Mistress finished the line across her neck with three more slow bites. Holding her chest out, Elva hoped Mistress would nip her breasts next; instead, she let go of Elva’s cheek and slid her hand up her arm. A series of drawn-out pinches on her left shoulder left Elva shuddering again; though, as Mistress moved up her arm, Elva grimaced as her yearning only grew. She found some relief when Mistress turned down at her elbow, and Elva found the nibbles nearing her underarm much more distracting. Too distracting, for Elva failed to acknowledge Mistress quietly giggling before ever so lightly pinching her pit.

Shrieking out in surprise, Elva tried to pull away as her body spasmed and her cry abated to a shrill giggle. “W-why did you do that, Mistress?!” Elva questioned between choppy breaths as she tried to calm herself.

With glee, Mistress replied, “Ohh?!” as her hands slid down to Elva’s ribs. “What’s wrong?? Are you a little,” she teased before playfully scratching her underarms, “sensitive, kitten?”

“No-no!” Elva shouted before her pleas were overtaken by laughter. Mistress’ fingertips sent tingles rippling across her body as they danced on her skin, forcing the air from Elva in wailing cackles. “P-please—Mi—!” Elva begged just before Mistress finally ceased her tickling and caressed Elva tenderly.

Chuckling as Elva’s titters waned, Mistress cooed, “My apologies, kitten. I simply couldn’t help myself.” She added, “Allow me to tease you less cruelly,” before lowering her teeth next to Elva’s left breast. Her quieting giggles were quickly silenced by a sharp gasp as Elva shuddered to the firm grasp. Mistress did not linger long, and before Elva could enjoy the sensation, she moved her teeth under her bud. Moaning at the brief, sensual hold, Elva held her lip as Mistress moved again, pinching the ribs just under her chest.

Elva felt her crotch burn as Mistress lazily traveled further down, tenderly working the sensitive skin across her stomach. Gently whining as her body struggled against her bonds, Elva rocked her hips to try and give Mistress direction when she reached her waist. However, Mistress only drifted to the right and lightly pinched the skin leading to her leg. When her hip was grasped, Elva whimpered before her eyes crept open. She finally pleaded through labored breaths, “Please, Mistress, I-I need you to—touch me.”

As Mistress raised her teeth and looked up at Elva, she teasingly asked with a sly grin, “Am I not already touching you, kitten?” Hardly looking down, she knelt to bite Elva’s inner thigh, drawing a shrill moan as her desire grew.

Her head fell back and her eyes fluttered shut before Elva could respond. Bracing herself and looking back down, Elva muttered, “P-please, touch me wh-where I’m—s-sensitive, Mistress.” Rocking her hips more deliberately, Elva pouted her lips as she struggled to look at Mistress while making her plea.

Mistress moaned playfully before responding, “Sensitive? You seem to be sensitive just about everywhere, kitten.” Not relenting, Mistress looked away and bit Elva further down. Dropping her head in frustration, Elva grimaced as her need grew with each nip. Before sinking her teeth in a third time, Mistress paused and heartedly giggled. “Oh my, kitten,” she teased while touching Elva’s left ankle and sliding her fingers up. “Perhaps I should just follow this,” Mistress added

when her fingertips began to slip smoothly up her inner thigh until they reached her groin. “Does this have anything to do with my kittens’ needs?” Mistress whispered, suddenly breathing into her ear. Elva shuddered in anticipation while her spine tingled as Mistress teased so close to her desire.

Nodding swiftly with a squeak as Mistress casually traced her slit, Elva only had to wait a moment to feel her fingers close. Shaking and whining while Mistress slowly and gently rubbed her folds, her head limply fell as Elva whispered, “Thank you.”

“Just ‘thank you,’ kitten?” Mistress asked as her strokes slowed and her press lightened to a tease.

Groaning and clenching herself into Mistress’ hand, Elva swiftly corrected, “M-Mistress!” Elva gasped without opening her eyes and added, “Oh, th-thank you, Mistress!” grateful that her rubbing sped again so quickly. “Thank you—Mistress,” she repeated as her head became dizzy and her moans grew sharp.

Elva barely heard Mistress praise, “Good girl,” as she raised her chest into Elva’s cheeks and gently petted her hair, doing little to calm her quivering. Her rubs grew more deliberate while Elva whined unsteadily, the rocking of her hips becoming erratic as the need in her crotch gradually grew. Her body burned while her limbs trembled, already tired from struggling so much, but no movement or thrust brought Mistress to her nub.

Not wishing to impose further, Elva weakly pulled against her bonds and tried to let the pleasure build as she whimpered into Mistress’ bust. However, Elva only lasted a few minutes before her desire became overwhelming. “M-Mistress,” Elva eventually moaned as she cracked her eyes open and peeked her head up. “I—I need—” was all she could articulate before her head fell again.

After giggling heartedly at Elva’s attempt, Mistress softly enquired, “What do you need, kitten?” She waited a few moments for Elva to respond, still tenderly rubbing her hair and folds. When Elva only fussed and pressed her face between Mistress’ breasts, she sensually asked, “Does my kitten need me to touch her clit?” Quickly nodding her head and grunting in approval, Elva renewed her struggles and began rocking her hips into Mistress’ hand again. “Use your words, kitten. ‘I need you to touch my clit, Mistress.’”

Griping only for a second, Elva stuttered through labored groans, “I-I—” before a deep gasp halted her. After bracing herself for a moment, Elva started again, “O-oh, Mistress, please—I—I need you to touch—my clit.” Lips shivering and eyes shut tight, Elva hardly had to wait for Mistress to chuckle and flatten her hand.

Her harsh moan nearly drowned out Mistress praising, “Good girl,” as the added touch made Elva’s head spin. The soft caress atop her bud with the smooth strokes in her lips forced Elva to writhe against her bonds with renewed strength as her pleasure slowly grew.

Within moments, Elva felt the pressure near a peak as her hips began to quake erratically. “Mistress, I—I’m—” she tried to speak but couldn’t through her groans and lightheadedness.

“What, kitten?” Mistress asked when Elva failed to tell her. “Are you going to cum for me?” Elva weakly nodded instead of replying as her whines heightened. “Do you think you deserve to cum, kitten?” she inquired, slowing her rubs ever so slightly.

Dazed and mouth agape, Elva could not respond immediately as the building pressure lagged. “I—do-do I—what??” she asked in a fluster, trying to understand why Mistress was asking. “I—I don’t,” Elva slowly responded as she whimpered in frustration, “I don’t—know, Mistress.”

Mistress cheerfully giggled as Elva squirmed before petting her hair more affectionately. “Of course you don’t, my kitten,” she calmly stated while Elva pressed into her chest. “But that’s why I’m here, isn’t it? To tell you that you deserve to because you have been such a good girl,” Mistress added as her rubbing became more firm, drawing a sharp gasp from Elva as she clenched herself. “I think my kitten can have a little orgasm,” she stated sensually, “as a treat for all the teasing I put her through. Are you ready?” Elva didn’t hesitate to whimper and begin shaking, holding her lip for only a second before she couldn’t control her body anymore. “Cum for me, kitten,” Mistress whispered into her ear just before Elva cried out and flailed against her bonds, shoving her head into Mistress as the mild waves left her feeling faint.

Just when Elva lost herself, however, the pleasure gradually abated as Mistress retracted her fingers. Still catching her breath, Elva groaned in dismay as her need quickly returned. Her head kept spinning, even when Mistress pulled her chest away and pinched her chin. As her head was tilted up and Elva pried her eyes open, her heart felt light as she saw Mistress grinning with hungry eyes. “Are you satisfied yet, kitten?” she sensually asked.

Elva only grimaced and whimpered for a moment before she closed her eyes again. “No,” she finally admitted. Her arms and legs trembled and ached so terribly, let alone her back and stomach, but all Elva could think about was the need in her groin. “I-I’m not, Mistress,” she added with frustration.

“And what does my kitten need next,” Mistress quickly asked, still tenderly holding her chin.

For a moment, Elva only tried to catch her breath and calm her shivering, too weary to speak or open her eyes. “I,” she eventually muttered, “I need you—inside me.”

After waiting for a response, Mistress quietly chuckled and tilted Elva’s head up. Elva gently panted in anticipation but breathed uneasily as Mistress’ tender pinch turned to a firm grasp on her jaw that held her mouth open. Before Elva could open her eyes, she felt Mistress slide two slick fingers past her lips and press them onto her tongue.

Reeling at the strange intrusion, Elva harshly groaned as her lips closed, unable to pull back. ‘Mistress! This isn’t—!’ Elva tried to clarify, but her mind whirled from the odd sensations. Her eyes cracked open when Mistress giggled to find her grinning widely. ‘Why are... Oh, Brigit, is...’ her eyes rolled closed as Mistress pushed further in, suddenly aware of the sticky film covering her fingers. ‘Is that—what I—taste—’ Elva couldn’t finish her inquiry as Mistress slowly started pulling out and in again. Trembling as the feeling and flavor only reminded Elva of her desire, she threw her hips as best she could before making her plea. ‘Please! Mistress! I—!’ she tried to beg before choking on her moans.

“What is it, kitten?” Mistress teased with a chuckle at Elva’s frustration, still playing with her tongue. “Did you mean to ask for my finger,” she playfully added while letting go of Elva’s chin, then traced her fingertips between Elva’s breasts and down her stomach, “in your slit?” Mistress began lustfully tracing Elva’s crotch without delay after reaching her groin.

Unable to speak or nod, Elva whimpered on Mistress’ fingers and desperately thought, ‘Yes, Mistress! Please! Please put your finger—in my slit!’ Furiously throwing her hips, Elva gasped as Mistress finally pushed inside. If Mistress offered any praise, Elva didn’t notice as she attempted to squeal and violently trembled. ‘I—I can’t—’ Elva thrashed and her body burned as Mistress continued her intrusions. The slow, shallow thrusts into Elva’s crotch barely touched her desire, but her head was too light to beg for more as she licked Mistress’ fingers.

Elva's daze was too heavy to know how long Mistress was inside her, but finally, her pleasure peaked as she began to harshly shake. Unable to speak or think, Elva whined and sharply groaned as she gripped Mistress' fingers while a wave of pressure flowed over her. Melting into her touches, Elva harshly cried out as Mistress pulled her fingers out and promptly left her empty.

Throwing her head down, nearly crying in frustration, Elva clenched her shivering limbs while biting her lip as she heard Mistress whisper, "Well? Are you satisfied now, kitten?"

For just a second, Elva mewled before she nearly screamed, "No!" After fussing another moment, Elva forced her eyes open to meet Mistress' pleased expression and quivered, "No, I-I am not—satisfied—Mistress." Her head fell before Elva pleaded, "Please—please stop teasing me! I—I need—" Elva's breath caught before she could finish as she weakly whined.

When Elva's eyes clenched shut in frustration, Mistress softly inquired, "What do you need, kitten?" Mistress gently caressed her right cheek to lift her head and queried, "Do you need me to satisfy you?"

The sweet breath on her tongue made Elva's head spin more than any tease Mistress put her through. "Please," she whimpered, "please s-satisfy me, Mistress."

Elva felt Mistress tenderly slide her hand back to grasp her hair before she giggled and whispered, "Of course, my good girl." With a firm tug, Mistress pulled Elva into her lips and left her to groan as they finally kissed.

Thrashing with renewed strength, Elva pushed herself into Mistress' embrace just before the tip of her tongue was nipped. After shrilling and lightly moaning, Elva peeked her eyes open when her tongue was released. "Why did," she barely asked before Mistress grabbed her upper lip next and sent her mind tumbling. Elva couldn't speak further or keep her eyes open as Mistress' other hand slid up her left side to firmly grope her breast. Losing herself, Elva whined and flailed as Mistress sharply nibbled her lower lip then turned her head to pinch her left cheek. Her knees became weak as Mistress firmly bit her neck next, pulling on the tender skin and leaving Elva to acutely gasp while melting into her grasp. When her teeth finally slipped, Elva gave a shrill quiver while Mistress swiftly moved below her collar to repeat the tense tug.

After Mistress released her hair, Elva's head fell forward to pant deeply when her neck was released soon after. Though her moans heightened when Mistress firmly held up her left breast, Elva squealed as it was intensely nabbed while her other was methodically groped. Mistress held her teeth in Elva's soft skin as she squirmed and whimpered, then let go and tenderly nipped her nipple before she had time to breathe. Elva heaved before crying out as Mistress carefully gripped and pulled on the tender bud, shuddering when Mistress clenched her jaw before it slid out of her teeth.

Shivering and gasping for air, Elva hardly noticed Mistress' left hand fall down her stomach until she teased just above her hood. "You have been so good for me, kitten," Mistress softly praised, her breath still tickling Elva's bud and sending shivers down her spine. "Do you think you've fermented long enough to deserve your reward?"

Elva didn't respond immediately, still trembling from the lingering sting in her breast. While catching her breath, Elva creaked her eyes open and looked at Mistress' grin before shyly asking, "Ha—have I?"

Smiling warmly, Mistress stated, "I believe you have, kitten. All you have to do is ask for it."

Hardly hesitating, Elva slowly whispered through ragged breaths, “I—I need my—reward, Mistress... Would—would you give it—to me, please?”

Holding her gaze, Elva watched Mistress’ smirk widen just before she replied, “With pleasure, my kitten,” and her fingertips slipped further down. Elva’s eyes rolled shut while she groaned as Mistress passed over her nub then moved further to rub her folds. After a short moment, Mistress brought a fingertip to her outside and quietly asked, “Are you ready?”

Elva gave two shivering moans before she whispered, “Yes.” As Mistress gently pushed her finger in, Elva began trembling and quivering to the light fullness, still squirming from Mistress sliding over her bud.

Before Mistress pushed far in, she brought another digit to Elva’s opening and softly queried, “More?” Unable to speak, Elva didn’t hesitate to nod in approval, shrilling as Mistress eased a second tip inside. Hardly able to breathe, she unsteadily panted as she was stretched further, only to shiver as Mistress brought yet another fingertip to her. “More?” Mistress asked yet again. This time Elva needed a moment; too overwhelmed to think, she held her lip and nodded with a light whimper of approval. When Mistress pushed into her again, Elva released her bite as a deep groan was forced from her, quaking her body while her head fell limply. She could only whine as it aligned with the rest, but when Mistress brought her smallest finger to her and asked, “More?” Elva had to take several gasps before gently shaking her head. However, as Mistress inquired, “Too much?” her head fiercely shook while she fussed in disapproval. Mistress lightly giggled before praising, “Good girl. This is your reward, so cum as much as you want, kitten.” Her fingers eased in further while Mistress’ teeth sank atop her right breast.

Shrilling and quaking, Elva cried out and quickly melted as Mistress filled her. The light sting of the intense pierce hardly registered over the blissful tingling overtaking her as Mistress pressed inside her. She barely noticed when Mistress raised her lips to bite around her bud, already feeling a wave of warmth as she called out, “Mistress!” Trembling with renewed strength, Elva harshly moaned and thrashed her hips as her mind grew dizzy. Unable to discern when Mistress’ teeth moved, Elva became lost as the firm prods sent new waves with every caress.

Her breath catching too much to whimper, Elva limply eased into her restraints before her mind grew dark and her thoughts hazy. Overwhelmed by blissful heat, her body tingled with renewed fervor between each hoarse gasp and whimper as Elva steadily fell out of consciousness.

—Spoiler—

And with that, Wrong Side of the Bed is a fifth of the way done! Thank you everyone for being with me on this journey! I’ve said this quite a lot, but thank you everyone for your patience. This time, though, I’ll be thanking you in advance. Depending on my state of mind, writing this next chapter could go smoothly, but it will be the most difficult chapter I’ve written so far. So, thank you all for your patience and please stay tuned for Chapter 11: Hellfire.

—End spoiler—

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you enjoyed and want to read more!

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Ch 11: Hellfire [bad sex] [ptsd] [flashback] [death] [abuse]

Chapter Notes

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This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of teasing, consensual intoxication, bondage, genital mentions (breasts), wax play, severe trauma (dissociation, flashback, age regression, shock), kidnapping, religious discrimination (Paganism), murder, death by burning, emotional abuse, and attempted physical assault (branding). Reader discretion is HIGHLY advised and a summary of traumatic events is provided.

Gently moaning as a slight tickle pulled her from her sleep, Elva shifted from her curled state and murmured, “Mh—Mistress, not...not my... ears.”

An amused chuckle and a soft pat across her hair brought Elva further from her slumber as she slowly squirmed onto her back. Finally, Elva’s eyes creaked open to see Mistress affectionately smiling down at her before she said, “Good evening, kitten.” Still waking up, Elva watched Mistress’ grin widen before trying to reply.

After grumbling and shifting, Elva began to respond, “Good—” before her eyes widened. Elva pushed herself up in a fluster and clarified, “E-evening?!” Turning to Mistress and gripping the straps of her dress, Elva demanded, “I-I slept *all day*?!”

Mistress began heartedly cackling before wrapping her arms around Elva and grasping her tightly. “I’m *teasing*, kitten!” she reassured Elva through giggles. “It’s still morning. *Oh*, you haven’t even been resting an hour,” Mistress explained while she pulled away from her embrace, letting Elva see her amused smirk.

Sharply groaning as she tried to relax, Elva fell back into Mistress’ lap and raised her arm to cover her closed eyes. “I don’t even know what an—*hour* is, Mistress,” Elva complained as her head leaned away.

Elva felt Mistress brush her forehead as she explained, “It’s just a way of measuring the passage of time, kitten. Our days have twenty of them, a few less than you’re used to, I suppose.”

Grunting in frustration, Elva repeated, “A few *less*?” as Mistress petted her hair again. Feeling her heart lighten and her cheeks warm with each caress, Elva lowered her arm then curled away on her left side. ‘*Yesterday was fast, but I thought I just slept too much,*’ Elva observed before Mistress’ aroma sweetened and slowed her thoughts.

Giggling at Elva’s vexation, Mistress said, “It just means we have to make the most of each day, doesn’t it?”

As she looked up and saw Mistress' smile and soft eyes, Elva nodded slightly and laid on her back again. "I suppose so," Elva commented, feeling her heart flutter as Mistress' grin warmed her further.

"Please," Mistress kindly requested as she held out her hand, "come with me, kitten."

Hardly looking at her palm, Elva took it without hesitation and let Mistress pull her upright. As she turned to stand up, Elva asked, "What are—what are we doing now? Not more," she paused to anxiously swallow as they both found their feet, "f-fermenting, right?"

Mistress chuckled at Elva's query as she pulled her along. "I had something else in mind, kitten," she reassured Elva with a smirk as she turned to walk forward. "I'm in the mood for candles."

"Uh, candles?" Elva curiously asked as she followed Mistress, already enamored by the sway of her braid. "Are we conducting a ritual?"

Holding her mouth and snickering at Elva's insinuation, Mistress replied, "I suppose that's what our play is, isn't it, kitten? A little ritual we're performing." After a few steps, Mistress approached a long, dark table with red padding covering the whole top. As Elva glanced away from Mistress' hair, she first noticed the frame she was bound to, seemingly only moments ago, and recalled Mistress resting against this table. Remembering Mistress gleefully watching as she struggled made Elva squirm as her chest grew hot. When Mistress turned around, her smile as bright as ever, Elva watched her lips as she sweetly ordered, "Lay on this for me, kitten."

Already feeling needy, Elva quickly nodded and stepped to the waist-high table. Elva pressed her hand on the padding to climb atop, but she shivered and gasped as Mistress cupped her rear to gently lift her off the ground. Still holding hands, Elva brought her knees onto the table as Mistress caressed her from her back to her shoulder. Following a gentle pull as Mistress reached her arm, Elva let herself be turned and laid on her back. Looking up, Elva saw Mistress beaming over her as she held her wrists at the end of the table.

Mistress whispered, "Good girl," then added, "Hold still a moment," as she let go of Elva's hands and walked around the table. At first, Elva tried to stay calm and stare at the dark ceiling, but as Mistress touched her hip and stroked her left thigh, she shuddered and realized her wrists were stuck. Trying not to struggle, Elva sighed and scrunched her toes as her ankles were softly grasped and pulled apart. "Almost done, kitten," Mistress said before letting Elva go. "All finished," she announced while walking to Elva's left side. Finally looking away, Elva's heart fluttered when she saw Mistress' eyes wander while she widely grinned. Her vain squirming only worsened as Mistress held her stomach and complimented, "*Very* good, kitten."

Breathless, Elva murmured, "Thank you, Mi—" before her hand slid up. Quivering as Mistress' fingertips smoothly passed between her breasts and traced her neck, Elva's eyes closed when Mistress held her cheek and embraced her. Gently moaning into her kiss, Elva lightly writhed against her unfelt restraints while her mind floated. Mistress gripped Elva's lips then let their tongues touch before she pulled away to let Elva gasp.

Elva's eyes crept open to see Mistress stand upright and hold her hands together. Gently blowing into her palms, an array of pink and purple lights slowly revealed a violet candle that steadily rose into the air. As the top manifested, Mistress blew on the tip before it began glowing with a pinkish light.

“That’s,” Elva whispered while the soft light entranced her, unable to finish her sentence as Mistress grinned and rested her arm on the table.

After tilting the candle, a drop of wax fell and landed on Mistress’ skin. She hardly reacted beyond smiling wider and glancing at Elva. “Are you ready?” Mistress sensually asked.

Elva breathed deeply before nodding in approval, slowly closing her eyes in anticipation. After a moment, Elva felt a warm plop on her stomach. Yelping as the heat spread through her skin, Elva wrestled against her bonds while the air grew less sweet. “It,” Elva whispered, “it-it’s h-hot—” as the pain increased. Whimpering as the sting became uncomfortable, Elva’s heart dropped when her eyes peeked open and saw that Mistress’ smile was gone. Mistress seemed to say something, but Elva couldn’t hear even as she blew on the candle and extinguished the gentle light. Mistress swung the candle away, but a drop of wax fell from the bottom as it shifted. Her eyes and mouth went wide as Mistress let go of the candle to reach for the drip, failing to catch it before it fell onto Elva’s left forearm. The burn rapidly spread throughout her, and Elva’s mind fell dark as the world sank away.

—Extreme content warning. Reader discretion is HIGHLY advised—

—A summary of these events will follow before the chapter continues—

As Elva opened her eyes and turned her head, she could hardly contain her excitement at her new discovery. Suddenly running through the pine forest near their home, Elva cheerfully shouted, “Móra, over here! Look at all the berries on those brambles!”

An elderly woman with gray hair called back, “Wait, sunshine,” as the young girl raced away. “We have plenty of food for tonight. Let us head home before it turns dark,” Móra added, observing the dim light of the late day.

Elva retorted, “But those black ones are your favorite, aren’t they?” as she continued her path, nimbly ducking under the branches overhead.

Gasping sharply, Móra cried out, “Elva, wait! You know we don’t forage beyond the wards!”

“It’ll only take me a moment!” Elva giggled as she kept on, disregarding Móra shrieking as she passed through a translucent veil that made her skin tingle. Slowing down to chitter and squirm at the strange sensation, Elva’s eyes were closed as she took the last few steps toward the bush.

When Elva looked to kneel down, a rustling in the nearby foliage and a soft, fiery glow caught her attention. “What in God’s name—where did **you** come from??” Elva heard someone with a deep, raspy voice shout at her. Swiftly standing up, Elva saw a tall man with scruffy, brown hair on his cheeks step out of the brush and approach her.

As she nervously backed away, Elva turned and anxiously asked, “Móra, who is—” only to see an empty forest behind her.

Too afraid to turn back around, Elva didn’t wait long before her grandmother emerged from thin air. “Elva, **run!** Get away!” Móra shouted as she hurried to her side, though not fast enough to keep her right wrist from being firmly grasped by a rough hand.

“*You—!*” the man exclaimed to Móra as he pulled Elva’s arm, leaving her to flinch as she looked up in fear. “You’re a **witch!!**” he shouted, sharply yanking Elva away as she winced and yelped in

pain.

Looking back at her grandmother, Elva didn't have time to whisper her name before she heard an unfamiliar woman shout from very far away, "Kitten! Kitten, teardrop, Kitten! Elva!!"

At the sound of her name, Elva turned and blinked, only to find that the sun had set while a bright light flooded her vision. Both her wrists were tightly grasped and held up now, keeping Elva from backing up or turning away from the searing heat of the blazing pyre before her. Elva barely noticed how hot her skin felt over the potent smell of burning wood and flesh with the crackling of flames underneath Móra's piercing screams. Mouth agape, lips trembling, and tears rolling down her cheeks, Elva could only watch in horror as her family was gradually consumed by the dancing flames.

A gruff voice near her left bellowed, "To *Hell* with you, witch!" as Móra's pale hair burned to a crisp.

"God's curse upon you!" another man shouted less clearly amongst the crowd opposite the fire.

Someone else far away yelled, "May the Devil *blow* you into the air!" The statement brought renewed chants from the ring encircling the fire that echoed, "Blow into the air!"

"**Shame** and **disgrace**," the raspy-voiced man gripping her right arm screamed, though seemingly far away, "for leading this **child** to Lucifer's temptations!"

Hardly able to comprehend their curses, Elva quietly asked, '*Who's Lucifer?*' as their voices seemed to mute to her ears. '*Please...*' she silently prayed as Móra's cries grew quiet and her thrashing became less severe. '*Brigit... someone...*' Elva's legs trembled weakly as her grandmother's head dropped limp, only staying off her knees by the strong arms that held her up. '*Please... save Móra...*'

Suddenly, there was a loud crack of sticks in the trees behind Elva, followed by the same young woman from earlier screaming out, "Kitten!" When Elva looked toward the voice, the forest vanished to reveal an unfamiliar pair of wooden doors behind her.

"Wha—where—" Elva struggled to ask through her daze. The heat of the fire was gone, but she could smell smoke on her dress, and her left hand was still firmly held. Before Elva could look away, she heard the raspy-voiced man incoherently yelling at somebody. Breathless and trembling, Elva slowly turned around and watched, wide-eyed and petrified, as she began to recall their words.

"I said this is *senseless*!" a taller man with blond hair and a smooth voice shouted. "I *implore* you, leave the girl with me! I'm sure she can still be re-educated! I can *still* show her the light of **God**!"

"**You** are mistaken, Sagart!" the shaggy-man angrily retorted, throwing his arm back towards Elva. "**Long** has she been astray in the Devil's grasp and longer **still** will she be if we don't cleanse her **now**!" Stepping forward and pushing the blond man aside, he exclaimed, "This must be done! **Hold** O'Farrell!" he ordered before a dark-haired man grabbed the sagart from behind.

O'Farrell exclaimed, "**Cease** this at **once**!" as he tried to struggle free. "I *refuse* to sanction **any** of this **barbarism**!"

Unmoved, the shaggy-man approached a burning hearth and reached for a metal rod. As he grasped the handle and pulled it out of the fire, the irregular shape drew smoking coals with it before they

fell to reveal a glowing white tip. “Pull down her sleeve!” he ordered the man holding Elva as he turned to approach.

Elva began to sob again and quake as he stepped closer, silently shaking her head as she vainly tried to back away. ‘*No...no, please no...*’ she pleaded as her sleeve slid down. “Please, no!” Elva found her voice as she watched the scorching metal near her. She tried to struggle free, but her wrist was held steady while she begged for mercy. As the heat tickled her skin, Elva cried, “**No!!**” one more time. In time with her scream, the room froze as a loud bang and the crack of wood drew everyone’s attention to the doors. Elva hardly turned as she felt the grasp on her wrist ease; with a final yank, Elva pulled herself free and swiftly turned toward the gateway.

If the hunters said anything or tried to grab her again, Elva didn’t notice as she raced to the doors, barely noticing a second bang and crack even as the doors caved. With just a few hurried steps, Elva neared the doors just as they were hit a third time and burst open. Disregarding anything but the open exit, Elva continued to run but was grabbed and tightly held by soft hands as a woman knelt down in front of her.

“Elva!” the strange woman called out as she pulled Elva’s face into her shoulder. “Oh, thank Brigit, I found you!” she sobbed while gripping tighter, even as Elva tried to struggle free. When Elva pulled away, she saw tears streaming down the woman’s reddish cheeks as she pleaded, “*Please remember, Elva, you’re not here! You’re safe with me!*”

“Bu—,” Elva protested before turning away. “But, th-the hunters—the-they’re going to—I-I need **to**—!” Elva explained as she aggressively wriggled from the woman’s hold.

Before Elva could argue further, the woman pulled her close again and begged, “**Please**, Elva!! I **swore** to protect you!! **Please** remember!!”

As Elva listened to the woman painfully bawl, she couldn’t help but feel some reassurance in her words. After taking a deep breath, Elva finally noticed the sweet smell coming from her hair. “Care for and—protect,” Elva whispered as her eyes closed and her breathing began to calm. Relaxing into her grasp, Elva slowly raised her hands to hug the woman back. “Mistress,” she murmured as the world around her faded.

—Summary of events. Reader discretion is still advised—

When Elva opened her eyes, she found herself running in her pine forest as a child to investigate a bush full of her grandmother’s favorite blackberries. Disregarding Móra’s calls to return to her side, even as her pleas turned to panic, Elva left the wards and was seen by a hunter that she didn’t notice. When he moved to grab her, Móra revealed herself to try and save Elva. However, Elva blacked out again before she saw him grab her grandmother after hearing a strange woman begging for someone named kitten to say teardrop.

Elva awakened in front of a blazing pyre, standing close enough to feel its searing heat and smell its kindling. Her wrists were gripped tightly by rough hands, keeping her from turning away from Móra as she screamed and burned alive. While listening to the hunters cheer on her grandmother’s demise and spew curses for tainting a child, Elva could only silently weep and pray to Brigit for someone to save Móra. Suddenly, Elva heard the same woman shout to her from behind much more clearly. As she turned around to see who it was, the world changed again and Elva found herself in an unfamiliar building, looking back at a wooden set of double doors.

Listening to the hunters argue with a blond, well-kept man with a smooth voice they called Sagart O'Farrell, Elva began remembering what happened next as she turned around in terror. After the first hunter pushed O'Farrell away, he pulled out a metal rod from a burning hearth and approached Elva. Instructing someone to keep the Sagart back and the hunter holding Elva to pull down her left sleeve, she panicked and tried thrashing to get away. Before the hot tip could touch her arm, a loud bang on the doors drew everyone's attention. Not nearly as distracted, Elva pulled again and broke free from the hunters' grasp.

Before anyone could react, Elva ran to the doors as they banged again and the wooden latch holding them closed cracked. Just before Elva reached the doors, they burst open with a third strike while a woman with red skin and hair fell to her knees to hold her tightly. Keeping Elva from running away, the woman begged her in tears to remember that she's not here and she's safe. When Elva insists she has to run, the woman pleads with her to remember their vows. Hearing the woman bawl that she swore to protect her, Elva finally recognized the person before her, whispering Mistress before blacking out again.

—End of extreme content warning—

Gently whimpering and trembling, Elva sniffled, "Móra, I'm sorry," before realizing she was being tightly grasped and cradled.

Elva barely heard Mistress mutter, "Please forgive me," then recite it constantly as she was lightly rocked. Finally stirring from her daze, Elva creaked from her curled state and rubbed her eyes, finding they were sore and wetted by tears. After shifting and grunting, Mistress ceased her chant to quietly gasp. When Elva looked up, she saw that Mistress' eyes were damp and saddened as she whispered, "Elva. Oh, thank Brigit."

"Mis—" Elva quietly spoke before her eyes widened. Suddenly remembering her ordeal, Elva threw her arms around Mistress as she began weeping again. "Mistress!" Elva shouted into her chest. "I was so scared!"

Closely holding Elva back, Mistress' throat caught as she replied, "I know, Elva." As her own sobs drowned into Elva's, Mistress nuzzled her hair and apologized, "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to—oh, Brigit, I-I've broken so many promises!"

Feeling Mistress' tears fall on her, Elva opened her eyes and then took several choked breaths as she tried to understand the strange confession. '*Brigit, promises,*' Elva wondered while her gasps started calming. Tilting her head back, Elva asked, "Mistress, what-what promises?"

When she pulled away, Elva saw pain in Mistress' expression as she explained, "I promised you wouldn't fear the hunters again." Still sniffing, Mistress wiped the tears from Elva's cheeks as she continued, "I promised to only see what you would let me see." Mistress tried to dry her own eyes next, but more tears ran down her face. "I-I promised to protect you, Elva," she finally said while gently holding Elva's left arm. "I swore to, and I—oh, Brigit, I," Mistress tried to add before she broke down again, tightly pulling Elva into her as she harshly bawled.

Elva tried to object, "Mistress, what," as her grip tightened, confused by her last admission. "But, Mistress, you—you woke me up. You *did* protect me," Elva tried to reassure, doing little to calm her sobs.

Mistress shook her head and admitted, "You wouldn't have been trapped in that horrible nightmare if I didn't hurt you. I-I'm so sorry." Unsure of what to say, Elva quietly waited for Mistress'

weeping to slow before her head raised. Her lips trembling as she met Elva's gaze, Mistress begged, "I'm going to make it up to you. Please, let me make this right, Elva."

—Spoiler—

Thank you everyone for reading through to the end. This was not an easy chapter to write even if it was shorter, nor I'm sure an easy one to read. But this was a crucial moment in the plot with a lot of emotion, symbolism, and nuance that I wanted to convey well. I hope I did that well this time, as I certainly didn't have the skills to write this well when I first drafted this chapter. Next chapter will be another one without sex, but it will be much easier to read and, hopefully, write. So, thank you all for reading, take a deep breath, and stay tuned for our first aftercare session in Chapter 12: Warmth.

—End Spoiler—

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you enjoyed and want to read more!

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Ch 12: Sweet Heat [no sex] [aftercare]

Chapter Notes

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This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of trauma and genital mentions (breasts). Reader discretion is advised.

After taking several deep breaths, Mistress wiped her tears again and scooped Elva into her arms. Her chest felt light as Mistress swiftly lifted her from the cold ground, surprised by how delicately she was cradled. As Mistress stood upright, Elva broke their silence to ask, “Wh-what are you—going to do?”

Not able to meet Elva’s gaze, Mistress quietly replied through unsteady breaths, “What I should have done when you appeared at my bedside.” As she explained, Mistress sniffled one more time before turning to a pair of black doors at the far end of the room. “I’m going to take care of you, Elva,” she added while briskly walking toward the exit.

“Take—care?” Elva clarified as she looked at the dark, double doors then back to Mistress. When the light taps of her shoes was the only response, Elva eventually urged, “What—did you have in mind, Mistress?”

Glancing at her with uncertainty before staring ahead again, Mistress hesitantly inquired, “Have you ever had a warm bath, Elva?”

Unsure, Elva contemplated, ‘*Warm bath?*’ as her gaze fell. “The—stream isn’t so cold—in the summertime,” she shyly answered before looking back up.

A tired smile finally broke her glum expression as Mistress gently shook her head, quietly replying, “I didn’t suppose so.” As they reached the doors, Elva turned in time to see them shrouded in Mistress’ mystical lights and slowly swing open before the pair passed through them. Beyond was a short, dimly lit passage leading to a long set of bright stone steps spiraling to the right. “I hope it,” Mistress paused when Elva looked back up at her, avoiding her gaze as she stared ahead again, “well, I hope you find it more relaxing than the rest of today.”

Elva rested her head against Mistress as she wondered, ‘*The—rest of today?*’ As they reached the steps, Elva flinched and shut her eyes as they walked into the natural light shining onto the ascending hallway. The warm sunlight felt nearly blinding, and Elva had to wait a few more paces before she could look again. As her eyes pried open, she saw a tall, translucent portal with red drapings on a tan wall above them, revealing a dense forest with pines bluer than she thought could be real. When Elva observed the orange sky and faint sunlight peeking through the trees, she

wondered, “Wait, Mistress, is it—did—” As the realization sat in, Elva’s eyes widened while she squirmed and exclaimed in a panic, “Mistress, **I-I slept all da—!**”

Before she could finish, Mistress shoved Elva’s head into her cleavage. “I *told* you I will **not** hear any more complaints about you needing to rest, ki—” Mistress sternly insisted before she paused to soften her tone and ease her grip, “Elva.” Still wide-eyed, Elva’s heart leapt as she was scolded and enveloped, lamenting that Mistress hadn’t called her kitten. “Now, you can complain again and I’ll *really* silence you,” Mistress continued as she squeezed Elva’s mouth against her, “or you can be a—a good girl and stay calm until we make it to the washroom.”

Feeling flushed as her body heated up, Elva soon closed her eyes while nuzzling into Mistress’ bust before retorting, ‘*I—I’m not complaining.*’

Quietly snickering at Elva’s nestling, Mistress softly complimented, “Good girl. The rest of the day is for you, Elva, so please relax and tell me if there is anything you want or need.”

Peeking her eyes open, Elva stared into Mistress’ reddish chest as she shyly asked, “Then—ca-can you call me—kitten, Mistress?” Coyly glimpsing up as the light footsteps slowed, Elva watched Mistress give her a bewildered glance that gradually turned to an amiable smirk.

Mistress whispered, “Of course, kitten,” before closing her eyes and leaning down to kiss Elva’s head. Her heart fluttering at the unexpected affection, Elva gasped and shut her eyes tight as she squirmed back into Mistress’ embrace. The quick clicks of her shoes resumed, but Elva paid more attention to Mistress’ sweet aroma and the softness of her skin on her cheeks. Before Elva realized how long they’d been walking, she felt Mistress move upwards again for a number of steps. Finally feeling Mistress’ grasp lighten, Elva curiously turned in time to watch a wide dark wooden door become aglow and silently swing open.

Inside was a well-lit room with smooth, bright stone covering the floor and walls. As they stepped in, Elva noticed a wide basin, carved from a pale, speckled rock, in the center of the room. Before Elva could look around further, Mistress approached one of several lightly-padded white chairs and gently set her down. As Elva relaxed into the cushioning, she watched Mistress approach the bath and turn a metallic handle. Bewildered, Elva blinked several times as misty water began pouring out of the curved tube next to it, draining into the tub. After running her fingers through the stream, Mistress grunted with satisfaction before shaking her hand dry and walking to a large, wooden cabinet on the opposite wall.

As the doors swung open, Elva saw a number of translucent containers of various sizes filled with clear crystals or dust. Elva couldn’t discern any difference as Mistress examined the illegible labels muttering, “Where’s that bottle?” but she seemed pleased upon finding one in particular. After removing the porous cap with a pop, Mistress turned to Elva and asked, “Do you have a favorite scent, kitten? A flower, perhaps?”

Elva couldn’t respond at first, silently lowering her head as she contemplated, ‘*What have I smelled that—isn’t Mistress.*’ Eventually, Elva recalled, “I was—always fond of the violet flowers outside Móra’s cottage.”

Mistress held a curious expression as Elva glanced back up. “Dog-violets?” she asked to clarify. Uncertain herself, Elva looked away briefly before hesitantly nodding yes. Smiling somberly, Mistress whispered, “One of my favorites, too,” before blowing into the container. Briefly glowing, the small crystals inside changed from an icy white to a vibrant purple that continued to glisten as

the light faded. Her smile relaxing, Mistress stepped to the tub and upended the bottle, letting the contents fall into the basin.

Entranced as the large, sparkling grains dropped through the air, Elva's awe slowly turned to confusion as the crystals kept falling—long after the small vessel should have emptied. Hearing Mistress giggle, Elva glanced up to see her gleefully smiling before turning the still-full bottle upright. The violet shine extinguished like a candle as Mistress blew on it before replacing the lid and returning it to the cabinet, gracefully closing the doors before reaching behind her back.

Finally noticing the warm purple mist filling the room and the growing floral scent, Elva was stymied as Mistress began undoing the laces of her corset. "Uhm—Mistress?" Elva asked as the garment was loosened and slipped off Mistress' frame, revealing the open back of her dress. As Mistress set it delicately atop the cabinet and lifted her sleek leg back, Elva bashfully continued, "Wh-what are you doing?"

"I'm taking a bath with you, kitten," Mistress plainly stated as she slipped her raised shoe off. "If you don't mind. I thought I could wash your back for you," she sensually added as her other heel became bare. Struggling not to examine Mistress' slim, clean feet as they each settled on the slick floor, Elva's attention snapped up as Mistress disturbed her hair to untie the strap at her neck.

Shaking her head, Elva hurriedly replied, "Uhm, no, o-of course I-I don't—" before her jaw dropped with the dress. Dumbfounded as Mistress' thick crimson braid became her only covering, Elva couldn't help but let her gaze wander over Mistress' ample curves. Her slender waist seemed even more accentuated without a corset, while her smooth skin shimmered under the bright lights. Though, as her eyes wandered down, Elva couldn't look away from Mistress' rounded rear, the crease of which was barely covered by the tail of her braid. '*Oh, Brigit, that's—*' Elva started to think before Mistress pivoted.

Widely grinning and chuckling with amusement, Mistress remarked, "You certainly seem to be feeling better, kitten." Elva's composure didn't improve seeing Mistress' bare bust swing around and settle. Mouth still agape, Elva eventually glanced to the fine lines segmenting Mistress' stomach and navel that drew her sight even lower. Before Elva could wander further, Mistress leaned over to whisper, "Kitten." Elva looked up quickly, startled to find that Mistress had moved so close but more distracted at how her chest was dangling. "My eyes are up here," Mistress added, finally drawing Elva's focus to her irises.

Illuminated by the growing violet mist, her ruby orbs stole Elva's breath as they shimmered in the fainting light. "Oh, I—I'm sorry, Mistress," Elva gasped before Mistress giggled in response and her eyelids peered.

Leaning back, Mistress softly commented with a wide grin, "I'm teasing you, kitten. Look as much as you like." She held out her hand before Elva could reply and added, "Please, join me."

Hardly looking at Mistress' hand, Elva took it and stood from her chair, suddenly aware of the thick, warm fog and accompanying aura of violets. Taking a step towards Mistress, a sharp glare to her left caught Elva's attention and halted her. "Wait, is..." Elva asked wide-eyed as she looked through the mist and saw the room reflected around a silvery frame. Letting go of Mistress' hand, Elva walked to the reflection hanging off the wall and whispered, "I-is this—*me*?" before placing her hand on the cold surface. As Elva looked at herself, she became conscious of the reddish dots smothering her cheeks and face that only spotted the rest of her pale body. Hardly noticing the dark marks underneath or red marring her whites, Elva thought her eyes looked bluer than the sky until

she leaned in and observed, “Are—those flakes of green?” Elva struggled to pick out the emerald specks as her eyes darted about until Mistress held her waist.

Hanging over her left shoulder, Mistress softly remarked, “They’re beautiful, aren’t they, Elva?”

Too taken aback to notice Mistress pressing into her back, Elva replied, “I-I guess.” She could only share Mistress’ stare for a heartbeat as her own irises and cheeks grasped her attention again.

When Elva didn’t comment further, Mistress inquired, “Have you never seen yourself, kitten?”

Elva quietly clarified, “I-in the stream and in puddles, but—” Before she could continue, Elva’s gaze dropped to her collar. Gasping at how the wide green band tenderly held her neck and contrasted against her freckles and ginger hair, Elva raised her hand to trace the smooth lines. As her fingertips slid left, Elva blinked as she noticed the dark welts on both sides of the strap. Perplexed, Elva touched the strange bruises before flushing and recalling Mistress biting her this morning. Feeling her heart pound, Elva glanced further down to discover her chest and shoulders were similarly bruised.

“Do you want me to hide them?” Mistress asked, drawing Elva’s gaze to her softened eyes.

Hardly hesitating, Elva briefly shook her head and replied, “N-no, it—” before looking back at her neck. “It’s fine, Mistress,” she reflected as she touched the dark splotch above her collar and noticed the lighter marks that were partially covered by the band. ‘*They’re like—reminders,*’ Elva reflected, suddenly recalling Mistress firmly kissing her while gripping her hair yesterday. Elva’s heart fluttered as her eyes fell to her shoulder and saw it was marred with two welts, one much darker than the other. ‘*This was her first bite,*’ Elva recalled the sensation as she touched the lighter splotch first, ‘*and this was the one—I asked for.*’ Feeling herself grow hot, Elva looked to her chest and saw several bites that still somewhat showed teeth marks.

Before Elva could reflect further, Mistress swiftly kissed her head and whispered, “Don’t get too distracted, kitten. We’re here to relax, after all.” Elva initially turned to Mistress as she separated and walked away. However, Elva couldn’t help but look back at herself wide-eyed upon seeing Mistress clearly reflected next to her. Even without her raised shoes, Mistress still stood well over her. Looking closer, Elva became even more uneasy as she realized how much more filled and smooth her proportions were.

While Mistress stepped out of view, Elva looked back to her small breasts, which hardly cast shadows compared to her Mistress’. Elva saw her ribs next and couldn’t help but trace the deep trenches with her fingertips as they sat above her tiny waist. When Elva looked down to her bony hip, Mistress grasped her arms and gently spun her around. Looking up to Mistress beaming at her, Elva’s heart stopped as she whispered, “You know you’re beautiful, don’t you, kitten?”

Unable to question as Mistress stole her breath away, Elva eventually replied, “I-I suppose.”

Chuckling as she stepped back, Mistress pulled Elva along and mentioned, “The bath is full and the water is warm.” As they reached the basin, Elva saw the water was more violet than the mist in the air. A droplet of water from the otherwise-still tube rippled the surface as it fell, entrancing Elva as the lights seemed to dance. “Please,” Mistress requested as she stepped into the water, “join me, kitten.”

Watching her Mistress’ reddish skin darken while she sat in the stone tub, Elva followed her pull and lifted a leg over the rim. As Elva wetted her toes, the gentle heat drew her further in until her

foot laid on the smooth floor. Sighing in relief as her leg became enveloped, Elva quickly stepped into the tub and let Mistress guide her down. Elva's eyes gently closed as she lowered herself, hardly conscious of Mistress turning her so they could rest against each other.

Moaning with satisfaction as Elva fell into her embrace, Mistress asked, "*There*, that's *much* better, isn't it, kitten?"

Elva could only gasp as the mild waters comfortably enclosed her while the smell of violets flooded her senses. "It's—nice," she whispered while her eyes cracked open. The fog was so heavy Elva could hardly see the far edge of the basin, but the purplish hue to the glowing orbs on the ceiling was entrancing.

Sliding her hands to Elva's sides before her eyes closed again, Mistress inquired, "Would you like me to wash your hair?"

Slowly snapping awake at the suggestion, Elva wondered, '*Wash my—hair?*' Mistress took her left arm out of the tub as Elva turned and reached out of view. When her hand came back up, Mistress' palm held a large, translucent glob that nearly dripped into the water. "I-I guess?" Elva replied as she sat upright.

Mistress' smile widened before she asked, "Do you mind getting your head wet?" After Elva shook her head in disapproval, Mistress held her hair while commenting, "The water doesn't taste as good as it smells, but it won't hurt your eyes if you're curious, kitten."

Glancing down at the shimmering water, Elva took a deep breath before sliding beneath the surface. While her eyes flinched closed as her cheeks became wet, Elva opened them to a mesmerizing display of sparkling glows as distorted light reflected in. At the caress of her hair a few heartbeats later, Elva pushed herself upright and gasped the moist air. Even after rubbing her eyelids, the sharp glistening didn't clear until Elva blinked several times.

Elva couldn't help but lightly smile as she turned to Mistress, her smirk as radiant as ever when she asked, "How would you like your hair to smell? Like violets?"

Looking at the glob in her hand, Elva took a few breaths of the heavily scented mist before inquiring, "What would smell nice for you, Mistress?"

Pausing for a heartbeat while her grin slimmed, Mistress cupped her hands before commenting, "You won't find ashen lavender like this anywhere on the Mortal Plane." When she blew into her palms, the strange material became faintly purple as a new, floral fragrance was added to the air. "Close your eyes and turn ahead, kitten," Mistress requested as she rubbed the strange glob into a stranger collection of bubbles. "This won't feel pleasant if it gets into your eyes, but I'll be careful as long as you keep still," she warned Elva.

Wishing to watch Mistress work, Elva hesitated to turn away and shut her eyes. No sooner did Mistress touch her hair and gently massage her head, adding the second, flowery essence to Elva's awareness. Lightly grunting as the tender rubs made her heart throb, Elva melted into Mistress' kneading while her shoulders hung limp. After listening to Mistress affectionately chuckle, Elva quietly said, "Thank you, Mistress."

Mistress slowly lifted her palms before she asked in confusion, "Th-thank—what for?"

“For being here,” Elva airily replied, “and for taking care of me.” Feeling her eyes grow heavier, Elva sleepily added, “No one has ever been there—to wake me up, or comfort me when I did remember—” Elva felt uneasy as memories came to her thoughts before the powerful essences flooded her mind again. After taking a deep breath, Elva continued, “I had forgotten about that room, and—I’m not sure I want to remember either because—nobody was there to save me. But, even if it was just once—I’m glad someone could be there for me. So, thank you—for saving me this time.” Feeling her eyelids relax as Mistress’ trembling hands rested back on her head, Elva breathily murmured, “And for—everything else,” before drifting asleep.

Elva heard Mistress whisper, “Kitten,” before her eyes bolted open. “You dozed off,” she dreamily sighed as Elva looked at her. Mistress’ smile was as warm as the bath, but the water dripping from her hair made her eyes seem sad.

Blinking awake as she turned more comfortably, Elva sheepishly replied, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to, Mistress.” Glancing around at the dense fog, Elva asked, “How long was I asleep?”

Her grin softened as Mistress commented, “Only a few minutes.” Before Elva could look confused, she chuckled while explaining, “Long enough for me to finish washing your hair, kitten.”

Holding her own locks, Elva found them unusually soft and smelled heavily of lavender. Looking at the paler bubbles scattered on the violet surface, Elva lamented, ‘*That felt nice, though.*’

Distracted when Mistress petted her head with a chuckle, Elva’s heart fluttered even before she mentioned, “I can wash your hair again, kitten. Maybe next time we can wash each other’s backs too.”

“Next time?” Elva snapped up. “Wh-what about—did you want to wash your hair?”

Mistress shook her head as she explained, “The salts are plenty for today, and I quite enjoy the violet scent.” After reaching behind, a strange gurgling followed before Mistress pulled her arm up from the waters. “Besides, you shouldn’t get in the habit of falling asleep in the bath, kitten. You’re lucky I was here to hold you before you fell in, kitten.” Standing up, Mistress held her hand out before adding, “I suppose the hot water was a little much for your first bath, given how exhausted you were.”

As she held Mistress and lifted herself out of the waters, Elva reflected, ‘*Exhausted? Even though I’ve slept so much already?*’

Her smile faded as Elva met her gaze before Mistress commented, “I wouldn’t exactly say you were *sleeping*, kitten. Resting, regrettably, isn’t always—well, restful.” Not sure what to question when Mistress stepped out of the tub, Elva silently followed, glancing at the glistening surface as it slowly descended. Stepping onto the chill floor, Elva shivered and held her other foot in the warm pool for a heartbeat longer.

Letting go of Mistress’ hand as she hesitated to leave the comforting embrace, Elva held herself when the chilling air surrounded her wet skin. When Elva looked away from the basin, she saw Mistress walk past the chairs to a pair of robes hanging on the wall, one pinkish and one violet. After taking them both, Mistress came to Elva and opened the purple robe for her. Elva didn’t wait to turn around and drape her arms in the sleeves, closing the folds over her chest so the delicate cloth could dry her. Before Elva could move, Mistress carefully touched her neck to pull her hair from the garment. Feeling her heart thump as the ends of her damp curls smacked her covered rear, Elva peeked back in time to see Mistress blow on her from above.

Elva lightly winced as a pleasant breeze sped the dripping of droplets until her head became lighter. When the wind settled, Elva held her hair to find it was nearly dry and extraordinarily soft. Marveling at the novel feeling and pleasing scent, Elva didn't turn until Mistress finished tying her robe closed. As she watched, Mistress started drying her own hair by producing wind from her palms as she held them over herself. Her braid lightly trembled as the water swiftly flew off, drawing Elva's gaze to Mistress' sleek back and shoulder blades—visible through an unusual wide gap in her robe. Lost in her curiosity, Elva absentmindedly stared until Mistress' locks blew dry. Her eyes opened before Mistress glanced at Elva with a smirk and asked, "Like what you see?"

Quickly looking up, Elva became aware of her flushed cheeks and bashfully covered her mouth before remarking, "I-I, um—yes?"

Giggling as she reached out to Elva again, Mistress commented, "No need to act shy—though it is *quite* adorable, kitten." When Elva took her left hand, Mistress grasped her fingers and urged, "Come with me. I want to show you more." Lowering her palm to hold her robe closed, Elva followed Mistress through the fading mist to the door. As she opened it, the fog fell into the hallway ahead of their steps, first drawing Elva to her left and an enclosed, dimly lit passage with several doors. As she glanced right, Elva gasped at the enormous expanse that overlooked a brightly illuminated sitting room below, the drop only blocked by dark, metallic poles.

'*This,*' Elva couldn't help but think as she examined the reddish furniture in the open room below, '*is so much bigger than Móra's cottage.*' Looking to the tannish wall and the large portals segmenting it, Elva saw a cobblestone courtyard surrounded by the off-green pine trees, eerily aglow with pinkish hues.

"Mind your feet, kitten," Mistress warned Elva before she tumbled off a long set of steps. Elva gasped as her heart dropped as she looked down, heavily landing on the smooth, bright stone below her. Less than gracefully stumbling down two more landings, Elva found her footing when Mistress praised, "Good girl."

Letting go of her robe to grasp the slick hand-hold, Elva replied, "Thank—" before the allure of the unfamiliar glow outside drew her attention again. Struggling to pick out the strange flowers with unbelievable colors all around the clearing and treeline, Elva eventually remarked, "Your home is —beautiful."

Mistress commented, "Thank you. It's modest, but it suits my needs," still looking ahead as Elva snapped back towards her.

Mouth slightly agape, Elva queried, '*M-modest?*' before realizing they'd reached the ground floor. A chuckle was her only answer as Mistress led her around a corner and into a strange room with shiny wooden surfaces and numerous cabinets lining the floor and walls. Scattered around were vessels and instruments made of sleek metal, leaving Elva even more bewildered as she tried to imagine their purposes. Leading her further in, Mistress brought Elva to a simple table made of dark, polished wood and motioned for her to sit on one of the matching chairs.

As Elva eased down and adjusted her robe, Mistress let go of her hand and said, "Let me make you something to eat." Perplexed, Elva closely watched Mistress as she glanced between the odd items. She finally opened a cabinet near her head to take out a small, purplish bowl that rippled as it reflected the bright lights. With a flick from her fingertips, the container slowly filled with a strange, brown material that seemed to mist as it formed. Finally coalescing into four dark balls, Mistress smiled as she retracted her fingers and reached for a slimmer cabinet at her hip. She took

two shiny spoons out before closing it again, then used one to scrape a morsel off the top of an orb. Eyes closed while moaning in approval, Mistress placed the other spoon in the bowl before approaching Elva. “Try this,” Mistress requested as she handed it over.

Hesitantly taking the cold bowl, Elva closely examined the unsettling color before picking up the fancy spoon and scraping the strange, smooth sustenance. ‘*It certainly doesn’t—smell bad,*’ Elva observed as she sniffed the tiny bit, curiously watching the mound as it slid around and left dark trails.

Sighing lightly, Elva took a deep breath before finally bringing it to her tongue. Instantly closing her lips, a frigid texture like soft, firm snow added shivers to Elva’s moan as she pulled the utensil out and tasted a tart yet sweetened flavor. Eagerly collecting a large spoonful as the delightful delicacy melted on her tongue and chilled her chest, Elva quickly consumed the next bite. However, when she closed her mouth, a sharp pain forced Elva to wince and hold her forehead, sharply groaning over Mistress’ gasp and further chuckles. “I’m sorry, kitten,” Mistress said between giggles, “I meant to warn you to eat it slowly.”

Opening her eyes as the headache faded, Elva gently gulped her food before peeking at Mistress’ radiant face, covered by her hand as if to hide her smile. “I-it’s fine, Mistress,” Elva shyly commented before preparing a smaller spoonful. “What is this?” she asked before taking her next bite.

With a sultry moan, Mistress answered, “Chocolate fudge gelato. It’s one of my favorite treats when I’m feeling down.”

Glancing at Mistress with confusion as she swallowed, Elva hesitantly tried to pronounce, “Chocolate fudge—gelato?” before examining the next bite more closely. Elva felt as if she only had more questions as she found a blackish block stuck in the middle of the melting mass. She didn’t hesitate to eat it as well, discovering it was terribly tart but tremendously tasty.

While Elva grimaced, Mistress elaborated, “It’s a creamy dessert that, well, supposedly *should* have been made in Sicily several centuries ago. But—last I was aware—it still hasn’t been invented yet.”

Befuddled as Mistress only gave her more questions that needed answers, Elva slowly chewed the sticky fudge before setting the bowl on the table. “This is delicious, but it’s a little too—bitter,” Elva commented as she looked back up.

Still gently smiling, Mistress said, “My apologies, kitten. I suppose I should have asked what you like first.”

Slowly shaking her head as Mistress backed away, Elva shyly remarked, “I-I don’t know—*what* I like, Mistress. I appreciate your help, though.”

Mistress breathed a quiet sigh of relief as she returned to the cabinet. While taking a bright pink bowl out, Mistress remarked, “Gelato is delicious when mixed with fruit. Do you have a favorite fruit, kitten?”

Suddenly dumbfounded, Elva had to look at the ground as she contemplated, ‘*My favorite? Oh, Brigit, I’ve picked so—*’ Before she could complete her thought, a particular one came to mind and halted her breath. Elva nervously mentioned, “There’s—*one* fruit, but—I only ever found it after —” Trying not to recall, Elva took a deep breath before starting again, “I never learned what it was

called. And so many times rabbits got to the vine before it was even ripe, so I've only tasted it—three times?"

"May I help?" Mistress cautiously asked as she held out her hand. Only slightly startled to find Mistress had come so close, Elva promptly took her palm. Glancing up in time to see Mistress smile before closing her eyes, the warmth in her cheeks faded as she quickly opened them again and faintly commented, "Strawberries. One of my favorites too." As she let go of Elva, Mistress muttered, "Let's see if I can make this right the first time," before waving her hand over the bowl and producing a pinkish ball. After scraping the misty top to sample it, Mistress quietly sighed before repeating her mystical motions to produce three more spheres. "I hope this is more to your liking," Mistress commented as she handed Elva the new bowl.

Unwavering as she took the new dish, Elva only looked at the pretty mixture of pinks and reds for a heartbeat before retrieving a scoop. Feeling resistance, Elva dug around something blocking her spoon to find a sliver of fruit mixed in. After retrieving it and blowing on the gelato—pausing to roll her eyes and ask, '*Why?*'—Elva took the bite, only to freeze as she was overwhelmed by succulent sweetness. Resistant to move after pulling the spoon out, Elva's heart throbbed before she slowly crunched onto the piece of fruit held in her mouth. In an instant, the juicy morsel burst and blended with the smoothness already coating her tongue. Unable to keep her composure, Elva held her mouth and choked as tears began to drip down her cheeks.

Swiftly kneeling to hold Elva's knee, Mistress tried to ask, "Are you—" before Elva weakly nodded. She closed her eyes to wipe her tears away, but then Elva quickly ate a large spoonful of the delicious dessert before more could fall. Ignoring any discomfort from the chill as her eyelids watered further, Elva eagerly sought more morsels before crunching into two large chunks.

Dropping the spoon into the bowl, Elva held her mouth and finally let herself gently sob. '*I didn't think I'd get to taste this again,*' Elva reflected as she carefully chewed the gooey mixture. Trying to take choked breaths as her hand became wet, memories of the greener pines surrounding her home flooded Elva's thoughts as she tried to swallow. After wiping her face with her sleeve, Elva grabbed the spoon to take a large bite, then another before eventually looking at the tall portals in the sitting room. The reddening glow on the bluish trees was initially disquieting as Elva gazed into the courtyard. However, as she absentmindedly ate the strawberry gelato, her heartbeat began to calm. '*I guess **this** is my home for now,*' Elva reflected as the foreign landscape grasped her gaze, feeling her heart flutter as a strange critter leapt into the trees before she could see it clearly.

When Elva reached for another bite, her spoon clicked on the bottom of the ceramic bowl. Elva's head fell in dismay as she realized only one whole ball of the sweet delight remained. After cleaning her face, Elva glanced at Mistress to find her sitting in the chair to her right and leaning onto her left palm. "I can make you more if you want, kitten," Mistress kindly remarked as she wiped a stray tear from Elva's cheek.

Elva shivered at the tender caress before trying to reply, "I—" Feeling her face flush, Elva wandered to the bowl of chocolate gelato on the table and realized Mistress hadn't touched it. "Did you not want any?" Elva asked before meeting Mistress' gaze again.

Mistress gently shook her head with a weak smile before replying, "I just wanted to share this moment with you, kitten. Some things are simply better when someone is here to enjoy them with you."

Breathing heavily as she looked down at her bowl, Elva took a scoop from the remaining bulb, ensuring there was a strawberry piece enclosed inside, before offering it to Mistress. “Then—would you enjoy it with me?” Elva requested as she held the spoon before Mistress’ mouth.

After looking at the spoonful for several heartbeats, Mistress finally smiled before remarking, “I’d love to, kitten.” Mistress slowly leaned over and enveloped the utensil in her mouth before closing her eyes. Leaving the metal nearly clean as her lips pulled away, Mistress gave a sultry moan as she chewed the delicacy.

Elva’s heart raced while watching Mistress’ cheeks grin with delight, absentmindedly cleaning the spoon as she brought it to her own lips. ‘*That’s strange,*’ Elva thought as she tasted the remaining cream. Trying to disregard the warming of her chest, Elva wondered, ‘*When was the last time I smelled Mistress’ pheromones?*’

After quietly swallowing, Mistress plainly answered, “You haven’t since this morning, kitten.” Humming in confusion, Elva watched Mistress gently open her eyes before she added, “Neither my aphrodisiacs.”

Shyly averting her gaze, Elva examined the forest again before thoughtlessly taking another bite. ‘*Then—why do I—*’ Elva questioned before observing the sunless, blood red glow outside that made the trees seem more violet than blue-green. ‘*I guess—it’s night now.*’ As her gaze fell to her bowl, Elva reflected, ‘*I suppose, around this time, I would be eating what I foraged, and then...*’ Before Elva remembered her nightly routine after blowing the candles out, she heavily flushed and began fidgeting. The unfamiliar red light drew Elva’s attention again when she realized, ‘*The blood moon.*’ Anxiously swallowing before finally meeting Mistress’ curious stare, Elva timidly requested, “Uhm, if the rest of today is for me—then, could—I ask you to, um—*satisfy* me, Mistress?”

—Spoiler—

Elva unlocked a new trait: olfactophilia (sexual arousal caused by smells, strawberries and dog-violets specifically)! If it wasn’t obvious, I had so much more fun writing this chapter than I did Hellfire! And yes, the chapter title did change while I was working on it; fun fact, I originally drafted this as two chapters: Warmth and Sweet (Cat’s Eye had a precursor, Renewal, while Desperate Ritual was originally part of Rude Awakenings, then a prologue)! Anyway, I hope you all feel as renewed as Elva does, because we have another sexy chapter coming up! Saoirse might try being cautious by taking a vanilla approach, but we’ll see how well that goes. Look forward to it in Chapter 13: Home!

—End Spoiler—

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you enjoyed and want to read more!

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Ch 13: Home [sex] [biting] [bondage]

Chapter Notes

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+; reader discretion is HIGHLY advised.

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This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of teasing, vaginal play (fingering, sex), penis growth, multiple orgasms, consensual intoxication, biting, bondage, severe trauma, and genital mentions (breasts, nipples, penis, shaft, clit, slit). Reader discretion is highly advised.

Giving Elva a surprised glance for a moment, Mistress eventually smiled and giggled to herself. “How could I say no to such an honest request,” Mistress stated as she stood up from her chair. Reaching out her left hand, Mistress requested, “Please, come with me, kitten.”

Taking it without hesitation after placing her bowl on the table, Elva shyly asked, “Are we—going back to the playroom?” Elva finally realized her robe had fallen open as she stood up and watched Mistress chuckle, feeling bashful as she held it closed.

When Elva returned her gaze with a heavier blush, Mistress replied, “No, kitten. I had someplace *much* more comfortable in mind.” Gently pulling her along after interlacing their fingers, Mistress took Elva from the open room and led her back to the long set of steps. Their flight upwards was far more graceful as Elva glanced between Mistress’ braid and the stone slabs before her, and within moments they reached the top. Leading Elva into the enclosed passage right of the washroom door, the mystical orbs lining the ceiling illuminated before Mistress passed them. At the end of the hall, Elva saw a pair of ornate crimson doors, but Mistress stopped before a plain black set on the right wall.

After letting go of Elva’s hand, Mistress opened the wide doors with a pleased grin. As they swung inward, Elva glanced inside to find a large, black chamber with only red highlights on the walls. As the lights became brighter, Elva’s heart raced as she found more than a dozen pieces of playroom furniture surrounding a large bed with a metallic frame overhanging it. Elva discovered as she looked closer that the sheets and cushions on the dark wood were a vibrant violet instead of rich red.

Imagining how exposed she would be affixed to the various pieces, Elva felt flushed before she realized the entire bottom of the bed was barred with sleek rods. Promptly looking at the wall to her right, Elva saw a large cell like the one she’d been locked in. Apart from a large red door on the left wall, the remaining walls were covered in odd implements made of leather, metal, and other materials that Elva didn’t recognize.

“This is my private playroom,” Mistress remarked as Elva looked over the room again. When Elva finally met her gaze, she smiled and commented, “I thought this would be a more comfortable space for us to play in from now on.”

Elva’s heartbeat quickened when she looked over the furniture again, trying to guess, ‘*Which one will Mistress lead me to.*’ When Elva finally realized she wasn’t being guided in, she glanced over and asked, “*Are we playing in here, Mistress?*”

Seeing her smirk widen made Elva’s heart leap before Mistress began giggling. “*No, kitten,*” Mistress cheekily remarked as she leaned past Elva to close the doors, “*unless you really want to.*” While her fragrant braid slipped past Elva’s nose, Mistress added, “I had someplace *more* comfortable in mind.” Tenderly grasping Elva’s hand, Mistress pulled her further down the hall until they reached the red doors at the end. When Mistress mentioned, “This is my bedroom,” as the doors opened, Elva gasped as she took in the crimson chamber for the first time.

The enormous bed covered with scarlet sheets was the centerpiece of the great room, framed on the reddened wood floor by the beautifully detailed rug of rose and gold. Gently ushered in by a nudge on her back, Elva was confused when a short cabinet on the right wall, a matching bench, and a round mirror atop were the only other furniture. While the walls were adorned with ornate ingrainings of similar detail to the rug, the lacy golden curtains around the portal behind Mistress’ bed seemed to be the only decoration. Through the open gap, Elva saw a tall display of trees, heavily dyed violet by the same sanguine glow that softly bled into the floor. Elva glanced behind as she heard Mistress close the entrance with a quiet click, finding two other single doors on opposite sides of the wall.

After Mistress turned and playfully leaned back, she cordially commented with a tilt of her head, “Much more comfortable, don’t you think, kitten?”

Elva had to take in Mistress’ cheeks while her heartbeat quickened. Anxiously glancing at the wall details again, Elva hesitantly replied, “Uhm—yes?”

Mistress’ titter brought their gaze together before she tenderly took Elva’s hands. “Come,” Mistress enticingly requested as she spun around to playfully pull Elva into the room. “Let me *satisfy* you, my lost kitten.”

Unable to speak or close her robe while her shivering body grew hotter, Elva felt increasingly tense as Mistress walked her to the bed. Mistress slowly halted after they reached the soft rug, but she let go to slide her arms into Elva’s robe as she stopped. Pulling Elva close by her waist, Mistress seductively whispered, “Relax. Let me take care of you, kitten.” Elva’s eyes trembled shut when Mistress’ leaned down, though her soul pounded as she stood up on her toes so their parted lips could finally touch. Moaning unsteadily as her heart fluttered, Elva carefully brought her arms around Mistress’ neck to pull into her embrace. The smoothness and sweetness of Mistress’ lips sent Elva’s head spinning, leaving her to yip awake as Mistress cupped her rear and swiftly swept her up.

Wide-eyed, Elva held on tightly as Mistress merrily swung around and delicately laid her on the soft sheets. Elva bashfully tried to cover herself as she sank into the plump cushion, but Mistress grasped her wrists and tenderly held them up as she climbed on top. Straddling Elva’s legs, Mistress seductively remarked while leaning in again, “No need to hide yourself from me, kitten.”

Elva lightly groaned and writhed as her lips were pulled, clenching her arms while Mistress’ hands slid down her sleeves. The light caresses of her fingertips made Elva tremble as Mistress passed her

exposed shoulders, though less so than the feel of their tongues touching. Mistress gently stroked around Elva's collar before finally cupping her cheeks, pulling Elva into her embrace for a while before tilting her head back.

Already gasping, Elva held her mouth to quiet her quivers as Mistress began pecking her throat. The pleasant pulls made Elva's chest burn as they steadily grew more passionate, leaving her hardly conscious of Mistress' hands wandering down her body. Elva lifted her arm to gently pet Mistress after her lips passed below the leather band. However, she clenched Mistress' hair with a whimper when the light tugs became acute below her collarbone. Struggling to keep her voice down and her legs from wriggling, Elva grasped her jaw as Mistress slowly moved down her body. "Relax. This is for you, kitten," Mistress sultrily reminded Elva as she breathed on her left breast. "No need to keep your cute voice so quiet," she added before gently cupping Elva's chest up and closing her mouth around the peak.

Squealing at the sensual suckling, Elva gave up holding her mouth to grip Mistress with both hands and push her head in. Elva's ribs heaved while her legs rustled as Mistress held on, hardly having a chance to breathe before Mistress gave the rest of her bust attention. While Mistress continued groping and kissing, she began caressing Elva's stomach and sides, adding shivers to her heightening moans.

Elva's voice quivered as Mistress circled her other bud with light pecks, though her hips began rocking as Mistress teasingly traced the dark band with her tongue. Her heart leapt when Mistress eventually gripped her nipple, but as Elva's desire grew, she held her lip and begged, *'Please, Mistress—can you—touch—!'* Before Elva could finish, she sharply inhaled as Mistress' fingertips slid smoothly from her navel to the nook between her clenched thighs.

Moaning with renewed passion when Mistress hastily found her hood, Elva's grasp tightened with each circle while her voice shook more unsteadily. Despite still gripping her hair, Elva soon felt Mistress effortlessly push herself up until she whispered into her ear, "Make sure you cum as *much* as you want."

When Mistress' approval was followed by a light nibble on her lobe, Elva cried out while her back arched and her hips thrust erratically. Shouting, "Mistress!" as she released her hold, Elva tightly held Mistress' shoulders while a wave of pressure flowed over her. Elva clenched her legs up in a quake as the gentle rubs continued, only for Mistress' rear to keep them held down. Before Elva could ask her to stop, the sensual strokes abated when Mistress pulled her fingers away.

As Elva trembled and gasped for air, Mistress let go of her ear and gently kissed her cheek. "Was that the satisfaction you needed, kitten?" Mistress seductively asked as Elva's quivering calmed.

Several pounding heartbeats later, Elva slowly opened her eyes to Mistress' pleased grin. "I—" Elva tried to ask before looking into Mistress' squint thrilled her heart too much. Claspng her lids shut and clutching herself into Mistress, Elva bashfully implored, *'I want—to be one with you, Mistress.'*

Mistress jovially chuckled before smooching Elva next to her ear. Pulling from Elva's loosened grasp and letting her shyly hold her chest, Mistress pushed herself up while flirtatiously replying, "If that's what my kitten needs." When Elva heard the shifting of fabric and felt Mistress' behind rest on her legs, she carefully opened her eyes. Gradually looking down from Mistress' softened smile to her segmented form, Elva slowly gaped upon noticing how her crotch had changed.

“I—” Elva shuddered before heavily gulping and blinking several times. “Mistress,” she finally asked with a tremble, “what is—that?”

Lightly giggling before her smile softened, Mistress looked down as she mentioned, “I suppose you were a little too distracted to see my—penis last night.”

Swallowing again as she observed Mistress’ part, the strange shaft made Elva gape again before she quivered, “Mistress, I—I don’t know if I—” Elva began to tense and choke for air before shutting her eyes. *‘Oh, Brigit, I-I don’t think I can—’*

Elva was gently shushed when Mistress softly reminded her, “You did last night, kitten.” Mistress sharply chuckled as she continued, “While very, *very* relaxed. Please don’t fret. I intended to warm you up more first.” Before Elva looked, Mistress slid behind her knees and pulled her legs up. With a flutter of her heart, Elva’s thighs spread smoothly as they rested on Mistress’ lowered shoulders. “There, that’s more comfortable, isn’t it, kitten?” Mistress quietly asked while breathing onto Elva’s groin.

Cautiously peeking while her body jittered, Elva saw Mistress meet her glance briefly before looking back between her legs. “I—” Elva whispered before bashfully using her sleeves to block her gaze. “I-I guess,” she nervously added while Mistress tenderly held her clasped thighs open.

“*Relax*, kitten,” Mistress softly insisted as Elva tried to take deep breaths. “Do that for me and I can do the rest,” when she finished her request, Mistress lowered her mouth around Elva’s clit and began rhythmically pulling. Lightly shrieking at the lustful hold, Elva thrust her hip up and quaked as Mistress’ tongue lowered next to eagerly rub her and tenderly stroke her folds. Though Elva tried to halt her embarrassing squeals by biting her finger, she lost her grip to a quiver as a fingertip was brought to her opening. Briefly uncovering Elva’s nub, Mistress sensually whispered, “Are you ready?” Elva swiftly nodded yes before Mistress licked her again and slowly slipped inside.

Her heart dropped as Elva rushed to grasp Mistress’ hair. Passionately groaning more intensely as Mistress entered her further, Elva shook and thrashed as she tried to ensure Mistress’ head didn’t move away again. When Mistress began caressing a sensitive place inside, Elva clenched her thighs around Mistress’ cheeks before silently begging, *‘Please—more—!’* A deep gasp halted Elva as Mistress brought up another digit and eased it in. When the precise presses resumed, Elva’s legs wrapped around Mistress’ head as her crotch began burning and her breathing became ragged. Elva called out, “Mistress, I—I—!” before she shuddered and shouted in ecstasy.

The pleasurable strokes continued as Elva kept Mistress against her. Elva’s trembling worsened as the waves continued with every press and lick, but when Mistress’ pressure lessened, Elva gripped tighter. Hardly able to breath, Elva quietly beseeched, *‘I-I’m not—!’* before Mistress pressed back in. Crying out while gulping for air, Elva started convulsing as tremors overwhelmed her arms and legs. Dozens of throbbing heartbeats later, Elva finally eased her clutch while Mistress slowed her pleasures. As Mistress began pulling away, Elva maintained her hold and tried to ask through worsening moans, “Can—can you—warm me up—with three—please, Mistress?”

Mistress snickered mischievously before replying, “Of course, kitten.” Giving in to Elva’s pull, Mistress resumed her tonguing while pushing her fingers back in. Elva gaped and trembled as Mistress brought the next digit to her then easily aligned it with the rest. Her grip on Mistress became fierce as her sensitive places were tenderly warmed while the pleasure swiftly built again.

Unable to call out to Mistress, Elva soon started writhing as the heat made her head spin. Toes curled and voice cracking, Elva fell into a trembling bliss, letting Mistress’ back go as her hip

spasmed. As Mistress tenderly took her fingers out, Elva panted heavily while her grasp relaxed to a gentle hold as her legs and hands began to rest.

Elva sighed heavily before her arms came up, shyly blocking her face with her sleeves as she noticed her flush. *'Thank you,'* Elva bashfully thought as her arms shivered closed to cover her heaving chest.

Still gently quaking, Elva heard Mistress shift while she chattered in approval. "You're quite welcome, kitten," Mistress giggled as she set Elva's legs back on the bed. "Are you feeling more relaxed?" she inquired sultrily while stroking up Elva's inner thighs.

The light touch made Elva quiver while her hips shook. Peeking at Mistress after moving a sleeve, Elva gently nodded as she brought her knees up. *'I—'* Elva shyly stated before closing her eyes again, *'I want to try—being one with you, Mistress.'*

After her chuckle, Elva felt Mistress shift underneath and gently cradle her left hip. Elva heard a strange, slippery sound during a pause before she felt Mistress tenderly rub outside her. With renewed shuddering, Elva heard Mistress ask, "Are you ready?" Only a beat after Elva carefully nodded, Mistress gently pressed into Elva.

Furiously trembling as she was entered, Elva wheezed and tensed as she grasped the sheets behind her head. After a light push, Elva shrieked from a sharp sting before her arms jolted and knees turned against Mistress. "No-no-wait!" Elva shrilled as she pressed her palms into Mistress' stomach. Lips quivering as Mistress pulled out, Elva woefully confessed, "I-I'm not—ready." While Mistress gently caressed her sides, Elva shyly covered her face before she requested, "Can you help me—relax more, Mistress?"

Mistress paused for a moment before clarifying, "With my fingers?" Elva slowly shook her head in objection, feeling her mind falling further from bliss as worry took over her. "With my pheromones?" Mistress cautiously inquired next. Met with a bashful nod of approval, Mistress pressed, "Are you sure, kitten?" before Elva furiously nodded. Elva felt Mistress carefully lay down on her, tenderly taking her hands to pull them apart before she whispered, "Just relax, kitten."

The sweet scent of Mistress' breath allured Elva as she breathed over her nose. Eyes still clenched, Elva turned to the aroma and eagerly rose to Mistress' lips. Wrapping her arms around Mistress' head, Elva thirstily tasted her tongue before a strong—strangely familiar—fruity note was mixed in moments later. Gently panting as the tension in her shoulders swiftly lessened, Elva held Mistress more closely and kissed her more fervently. Her body quickly warmed under Mistress' pressure while the tender caresses on her own cheeks made Elva ache. "I—" Elva murmured, struggling not to seek Mistress' mouth when her hip began rocking. When she couldn't catch her breath, Elva continued in her thoughts, *'I think I'm—ready, Mistress.'*

Too occupied to respond, Mistress hesitated before she let go to adjust her position and press against Elva's slit again. Sharply inhaling as Mistress slipped into her with ease, Elva struggled not to shriek as they became one in a jolt. When Mistress pulled away and tried to ask, "Are you—" Elva swiftly nodded while her shaking arms gripped tighter.

Eventually answering, "Just—go slow," Elva gently urged Mistress further in. Her feet slowly raised from the bed as Mistress pushed further, though Elva slowly fell into a stupor as she felt more filled. Elva's soft moans sharpened as Mistress passed a sensitive spot, while her breath choked as her legs came up to tug Mistress in. Deeply huffing as she used her heels to nudge Mistress's rear, Elva shuddered and whined as her ache was finally reached.

While she struggled to breathe, Elva heard Mistress heavily whisper, “Is this the satisfaction you were looking for, kitten?”

Whimpering at every slight shift of Mistress inside her, Elva hardly nodded before carefully rocking her trembling hips. Elva’s head fell back while she cried in ecstasy as her back arched before she could move again. When Mistress began slowly swaying, Elva tightly gripped the back of Mistress’ robe, mewling as the ginger prods to her desire left her head spinning.

A breathless whisper barely pulled Elva from her trance before it was followed by a soft caress on her hair. Elva’s eyes shot open and then blinked a few times as she took deep, heavy breaths. Slowly seeing Mistress’ scarlet smirk, Elva heard her say, “Kitten,” more clearly watching her reddened lips move. “Remember to breathe, kitten,” she kindly reminded Elva through ragged breaths.

Elva took several huffs before she tried to comment, “I-I’m trying—Mis—,” when a pleasing twinge halted her. Her eyes rolled closed while her chest heaved as Elva deeply moaned, grasping Mistress tighter as her crotch continued heating up, despite their relative stillness. When Elva’s groans sharpened, she silently admitted, *‘I—I need—something, Mistress.’* Warily peering and mewling, Elva quietly pleaded, *‘Could you—be crueller and—bite me, too?’*

Her careful glance was met with a curious glare as Mistress stared down at Elva for several heartbeats. “You—want me to—*now*?” Mistress cautiously inquired as her own breathing became rougher.

Unable to keep her lids open from her growing fullness, Elva let her head fall to the left while she huffed. “You said—,” Elva struggled to mutter as they both continued shifting slightly, “today—was for me.” Pausing as her breathing became shrill, Elva clenched her lips with a fuss before she implored, *‘I—don’t think I’ll be satisfied—unless you do, Mistress.’*

Panting heavily on Elva’s skin, Mistress sighed and temptingly admitted, “So I did, didn’t I?” When Elva peeked an eye open, Mistress was warily smirking while her mouth was parted wide. Slowly gulping as she stared down Elva’s neck, Mistress cautiously asked, “What’s—your safeword, kitten?”

Her lid slowly sealed as Elva took several quivering breaths. Preemptively gripping Mistress’ robe tighter, Elva began to murmur, “Tear—,” before a twitch forced her to wail. Holding her mouth closed, Elva silently finished, *‘Teardrop.’*

With her thought, Mistress softly sank her teeth below Elva’s collar, delivering a light cry as she felt the easy pinch. Before she felt any pain, Mistress thrust her hip into Elva and drew a squeal as her neck was tugged with the shove. Elva quivered as Mistress released her but then trembled as she was quickly nabbed again. While Mistress rocked into her more passionately after adding a third, tender bite, Elva’s calls grew louder as the pressure inside slowly built.

Feeling her chest burn when the fourth gnaw still didn’t sting her shoulder, Elva bit her lip and begged, *‘Crueller—please!’* Mistress clamped down harder and thrust into Elva’s ache at her insistence. Shrieking as her request was met, Elva dug her fingers into Mistress’ exposed back when she quaked too much to grasp the robe. The pressure came on swiftly as Elva quivered with each smooth thrust. When Mistress sharply nipped her again, Elva shouted, “Mistress!” before her body convulsed.

Dragging her nails as she whimpered, Elva hardly noticed when Mistress lifted her fangs with a hiss. At first, Elva only felt Mistress shift her hip to press in pleasantly before the weight on her torso increased. In a jerky motion, Mistress brought her arms under Elva's to grasp her sleeves and pull her hands away. Shivering anew, Elva could hardly breathe as Mistress pressed her wrists into a plump pillow. Wrapping her legs tighter around Mistress' waist as the waves slowed, Elva wailed while fighting to hug Mistress again after she retreated a hand.

Hardly able to breathe, Elva's eyes peeked open to see Mistress deeply panting before she quietly commanded, "Stay still." Hardly seeing her Mistress bring up a pinkish sash, Elva's heart throbbed as she felt the cushy fabric cuff her in a comforting weave. Meekly mewling after a quick cinch snugly secured her wrists together, Elva shivered when she saw Mistress' satisfied grin. "Good girl," Mistress whispered while leaning down and holding Elva's cheeks. "Keep your hands up while I satisfy you, my kitten," she breathily ordered before pulling Elva into her embrace.

Elva clutched her arms into the cushioning as Mistress began swaying her hips again, barely breathing as she sought Mistress' sweetened taste. Shrieking when Mistress bit her tongue after only dozens of throbbing heartbeats, Elva shuddered as Mistress tilted her head and clenched the skin above her collar.

Mistress firmly held on as she rhythmically rocked, quickly building pressure as Elva wailed. "Mistress, I—," Elva tried to exclaim before her sounds became shrill. She threw down her bound wrists to hold Mistress when she grasped below the band, but the following thrust made Elva call out as she began spasming. Claspng her legs around Mistress' rear while her head whirled, Elva's mind fell dim before she felt Mistress twitch.

Hardly hearing a sound in her trance, Elva's shivers intensified as Mistress thrashed erratically in her locked hold. When Elva noticed the growing smell of flowers on Mistress' hair, she popped from her daze while her heart was set ablaze. When Mistress' provocatively songful voice raspingly bewailed, "I-I'm sorry—Elva," Elva looked long enough to find her glistening lips before reaching out to meet them. Halting the remaining apology, "My aph—I-I thought I—," Elva desperately sought Mistress' tongue before passionately moaning at the succulent taste. Groaning and pulling away, Mistress was wide-eyed when Elva peered at her. She managed to say, "Elva, I-I didn't ask if you—," before Elva pulled her back in.'

"Mistress, I—!" Elva tried to explain as she fell away for a breath. Struggling to taste Mistress and talk, Elva desperately thought as they embraced, *'I don't care about—aphr—aphro-di-siacs. Please, Mistress, I-I've hungered for this embrace—with every moonrise—for two springs now. I—please—'* Pausing to pant, Elva peeked at Mistress' hesitant eyes as she continued, "A week—won't be—enough—" When her head spun too much to continue, Elva winced and clenched into the bedding before finishing, *'It won't be enough for—all the need I've felt.'* As she pried her eyes again, Elva begged, *'Please, Mistress, satisfy me.'*

A blank stare was Mistress' first response as Elva waited with haggard breaths. After cautiously looking down for several heartbeats, Mistress eventually responded, "If—if that's—what my kitten desires." Slowly moving her hip, Mistress breathlessly requested, "Give me—a moment, and please—try to stay still."

Elva huffed before holding her lip as Mistress began to pull out, shutting her eyes in further protest when her wrists were gripped and raised. Unable to curb her wriggling, Elva loudly whimpered as Mistress left her empty and sat back. Elva shivered as her sore legs slumped back onto the bed, though she savored the softness of Mistress' skin as she sat outside her thighs then clasped them

together. In a smooth motion that made Elva wail, Mistress grasped her waist and effortlessly flipped her over.

Quivering as the delicate sheets slid on her belly and breasts, Elva squirmed under Mistress' straddle as she gently laid down. Mistress grasped Elva's hair to tenderly pull her head up, then gruffly inquired, "Does this moonrise suffice, kitten?"

When her eyes cracked open after a whimper, Elva gasped as she looked through the portal ahead and saw an enormous moon—drenched in red like blood—coming over the trees. Wide-eyed, she hardly noticed when the whitish lights in the room lowered until the bright glow clearly shone upon them. Oblivious to her Mistress letting go, Elva gawked, "*Oh*—oh, Brigit, it's—," as she observed the deformities that she couldn't see when it seemed so far away.

Mistress lifted Elva's robe over her rear and firmly fondled her left cheek before she was pulled from the lunar embrace. After she grabbed one of the four cushions at the top of the bunk, Mistress cradled Elva's hips to hold them up as she slid the pad underneath. When Elva was laid down, Mistress swept the one under her wrists down to her chest before whispering into her ear, "Is that comfortable, kitten?" Elva only nodded twice as she pressed into her raised rump before the allure of the moon captured her again. When Elva felt pressure on her slit, she shuddered and dropped into the bed before Mistress commanded, "Make sure you get your fill, my good girl."

Her hair was grasped again as Elva was smoothly entered, elatedly shrieking as her ache was quickly found. Elva struggled to peek at the moonshine as Mistress held her tighter, but soon she could only blink them open as she fussed with each impassioned press. When Elva's lids fell heavily, they swiftly opened again when Mistress chomped on her right shoulder with a breathtaking push. Squeaking as Mistress tightly held on while prodding her desire so enthusiastically, Elva gripped the bedding as her vision blurred. "Mistress...I'm—" she muttered through chokes as her limbs began trembling.

With a piercing wail, Elva thrashed against Mistress' grips after she clenched again. Elva violently quaked as she struggled to breath, erratically rocking her hips out of rhythm with Mistress' as her body burned in bliss. Her vision seemed bloodshot as the haze over her mind matched her sight, and Elva lost herself in the softening glow of the moon as her eyes nearly closed.

The stupor over Elva's thoughts endured as Mistress seemed to nibble her further, but she couldn't make out where as the waves continued washing over her without end. Hardly able to huff as Mistress began moving strangely, Elva weakly whined as a strong twitch and a deep thrust knocked the wind from her.

As Mistress slowly halted in her depths, Elva panted while her bliss faded. "Mistress—please—," Elva begged as her breathing gradually steadied, gently rocking her hips into Mistress as her movements halted.

Finally letting her hair go as she dropped on Elva's back, Mistress breathlessly lamented, "I—I'm sorry—I can't."

Elva's vision cleared in a few blinks as she turned her head and whispered, "W-wait—" Seeing Mistress' flushed face tiredly laying next to hers sent Elva's heart racing as she implored, "But—but I-I still—"

Before she could continue, Mistress held Elva tightly as she gruffly grieved, "I know, kitten. I'm sorry, but—please relax for me." Despite Elva's mild thrashing and griping, she slowly noticed a

shift in aroma as the fragrance of flowers flowed away. Shivering as her body cooled down and her head cleared, Elva glowered in silent protest as Mistress smoothly unbound her wrists and then gently pulled out.

Desperately gasping, Mistress rolled off Elva and fell onto her back as she covered her eyes with her arm. Quietly looking at her Mistress' beaded face and heaving chest, Elva's unsteady gaze wandered down Mistress' toned form when her desire hardly faded. Nervously swallowing, Elva couldn't help but blink and squirm as she observed Mistress' crotch. Cautiously asking, "Mistress... Are—you satisfied?" Elva glanced back up to see her still wheezing.

Mistress took several more haggard breaths before she whispered, "I-I'm just—tired, kitten."

A subtle grumble from her stomach gave Elva pause and betrayed Mistress' words. *'I-I know that—sound—well,'* Elva thought before inquiring, "Mistress, are—you *hungry?*" When Mistress only responded by curling her lip, Elva had to compare, *'I-I'm so—needy—but last night—I was tired—'* Pressing for an answer, Elva pulled herself closer before asking, "H-have you—been eating—at all, Mistress?"

Grimacing even as her breathing choked, Mistress quietly explained, "You haven't—rested properly."

"But, Mistress, I—!" Elva softly exclaimed as she climbed on top and stared at her exhausted expression. "I-I seem to be—more rested—than you," she persisted before looking away in embarrassment, even though Mistress still blocked her own gaze. "If-if you're hungry—*please,*" Elva insisted as she pulled Mistress' arm up and indignantly returned her stare, "let—me satisfy you, Mistress."

Her eyes stayed closed in a shiver before Mistress finally met Elva's glare. Suppressing a sniffle, Mistress pulled her wrist back over her eyes again before meekly answering, "If—if you—don't—mind. Can—can you—kiss me—first, Elva?" Elva stared down at Mistress' trembling lips as her heart throbbed.

Not hesitating any longer, Elva gently leaned down and embraced Mistress. After several attempts to pull on Mistress' clasped lips while she hesitantly groaned, her sounds suddenly relaxed while she eagerly kissed Elva back. Mistress finally removed her hand and affectionately pulled Elva into her, gently humming with her as their chests and tongues touched. While Mistress' breathing calmed, a blissful feeling of lightness steadily overcame Elva. As they pulled away to gasp, Mistress whispered, "I-I'm ready." When Elva softly gazed into Mistress' glistening eyes, she hesitantly said, "We—can try—being one, Elva."

Eagerly pushing herself up, Elva briefly glanced down as she reached for Mistress' part. They each shivered as Elva's hand slipped across the shaft, though Elva only elatedly moaned as she brought it to her slit. Effortlessly sliding her in, Mistress' voice drowned out Elva's as she gently reached her desire.

Quickly gasping after Elva began rocking her hip, Mistress held on tightly as she soon started trembling. "Elva," she shivered as Elva peeked her glistening lids. While Elva watched a teardrop fall, Mistress began mewling, "oh, Brigit, you—you taste like—h-honey." A gasping breath later, Mistress cried out as she erratically thrust into Elva.

Losing herself in the pleasuring presses, Elva quaked as she dropped into Mistress' tight grasp. When an intense feeling of warmth and euphoria overcame Elva while Mistress' whimpers

weakened, she laid her head down before reflecting, *'That—was what I was—missing.'*

Mistress' pressure finally began to ease as she held Elva tightly to quell her shivers. Her quivers finally calmed as Mistress slipped out, and she breathily whispered, "Thank you," before seeming to fall asleep.

Elva peered at Mistress' restful face in the dim light as she contemplated, *'Thank—you?'* When Mistress' expression continued to relax, Elva tried to put her mind at ease while sliding limply to her right. As Elva fell off, Mistress turned with her and held her tightly while wordlessly muttering.

Warmed by the welcoming embrace, Elva turned around to more comfortably rest her back against Mistress' breasts. Held tightly and lulled by the easy presses of her heaving chest, Elva's eyes slowly began to close before she heard Mistress murmur, "Y-you—don't hate—me?"

Jolting awake at the insinuation, Elva looked back as she gaped, "I-I—no!" Though her expression was pained, Mistress' eyes were still closed as Elva clarified, "I—I don't know how I could ever hate you, Mistress."

Her expression eased to a tearful smile as Mistress whispered, "Thank you." Before Elva could turn around, Mistress airily added, "Aileene."

Glancing back even more confused, Elva tried to inquire, "Aileene?" before she realized Mistress was fast asleep. *'Aileene—bright—like my name,'* Elva reflected; somewhat saddened she didn't have answers, Elva could only examine Mistress' dozing cheeks shortly before her own eyes became heavy. Warily rubbing her lids as she glanced up at the softened globes on the ceiling, Elva wondered, *'How do you—,'* before their lights extinguished. Blinking as the sudden reddened darkness startled her, Elva glanced out the window one more time before settling down into Mistress' embrace.

'This,' Elva reflected as her eyes slowly closed, *'is nice.'* Feeling her heart flutter as Mistress clasped her close, Elva gently gasped as the world slowly faded.

—Spoiler—

Take a deep breath because you might not have a chance in the next chapter when truths are revealed before a passionate display. What dirty little secret is Saoirse hiding in her closet? How long can she maintain her Mistress persona when her own history comes knocking? Saoirse's dark shadow is revealed in Chapter 14: The Sinful Tormentor. Be ready for our first sad sex scene when Elva witnesses her Mistress' pain laid bare. Content warnings will apply.

—End Spoiler—

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you enjoyed and want to read more!

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Ch 14: The Sinful Tormentor [transphobia] [abuse] [discrimination] [sex-negative] [ptsd] [biting] [tail sex]

Chapter Notes

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+; reader discretion is HIGHLY advised.

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of severe trauma, abuse (physical, emotional), discrimination (transphobia, sexism, racial (humans, hybrids), religious (Paganism)), sex-negativity, crude language (mongrel, ass, bastard, bitch, queer, slut, whore, fuck), minor bleeding, consensual intoxication, biting, vaginal play (tail penetration), and genital mentions (cock, cunt, tits, breasts, nipple, slit). Reader discretion is HIGHLY advised and a summary of disturbing events will be provided.

The strange singing of a sprightly sparrow gently pulled Elva from her restful slumber. Elva squinted and winced with a grumble as she became aware of the morning light shining on her. After squirming in her warming cuddle, Elva more carefully peeked her eyes open to see the room was only lit by sunlight. The far wall and cabinet were draped in shadow while the orbs on the ceiling were still extinguished.

Suddenly Elva was tenderly squeezed tighter before she heard Mistress whisper, “Good morning, kitten.”

Feeling her heart flutter at the songful sound of her name, Elva swiftly turned her head to find Mistress looking at her caringly. Somewhat startled by waking up next to another person, Elva hesitantly replied while turning to her other side, “Oh, g-good morning, Mistress.”

As Elva met Mistress’ gaze, her eyes softened as she asked, “Did you sleep well?”

Humming and nodding in approval, Elva closed her eyes as she nuzzled into Mistress’ clutches before remarking, “I—don’t think I’ve ever slept so comfortably—or peacefully.” When her eyes opened again, Elva flushed as she realized Mistress’ chest was at her nose.

Before she could shyly pull away, Mistress pulled Elva in and rhythmically moaned as she became enveloped. “I’m so glad, my kitten,” Mistress cooed as she nestled Elva despite her bashful squirming.

Struggling to pull away as her cheeks grew even hotter, Elva lifted her head to mutter, “Um, did-did you sleep—well, Mistress?”

Met with an enthused embrace and a pleased groan, Elva could only stare wide-eyed inside Mistress’ cleavage as she answered, “I slept *wonderfully*, kitten. It’s been so long since I shared a

warm bed.”

Too flustered to fight against Mistress, Elva could only shiver, “I-I liked—that too.” When Elva started heating up from the snug ensnarement, she timidly added, “I, um—I enjoyed—last night, Mistress.”

Clutching Elva tightly before finally easing her grasp, Mistress met Elva’s blushed gaze when she replied, “I’m glad you did, kitten.” Her softened smile turned mischievous as she leaned in to ask, “Do you want to know one of the best things about waking up next to you, kitten?”

Elva felt her heart pound as she looked up at Mistress’ grin. “Uhm, w-what is it, Mistress?” she hesitantly asked.

Mistress’ smirk widened while her eyes peered before she whispered in Elva’s ear, “Being able to eat breakfast in bed.” Elva’s eyes widened as Mistress leaned back and licked her lips.

Anxiously fidgeting in Mistress’ embrace, Elva reflected with a shiver of anticipation, *‘I guess that—makes me breakfast.’* Unable to speak as Mistress giggled and climbed on top of her, Elva’s chest quickly grew hot as she was turned face up.

Looking up at Mistress thrilled Elva as the sunbeams left strong shadows over her face and chest. Elva shuddered as Mistress slowly leaned down with parted lips, closing her eyes with a shiver as their noses touched. For several throbbing heartbeats, Elva waited with haggard breath for Mistress to embrace her.

When her kiss didn’t come, Elva cautiously opened her eyes to find Mistress wide-eyed and shaking. “No, no, no, no, no,” she quietly muttered through uneven breaths while leaning away. As she sat back on Elva’s legs, clenching her trembling shoulders while glancing around before holding her head, Mistress continued in a panic, “This ca-this can’t be happening. Not-not today. Not the third day.”

Mistress’ breathing became more ragged while Elva propped herself up and nervously asked, “What’s wrong, Mistress?” When she didn’t immediately answer, Elva reflected, *‘I’ve never seen Mistress like—,’* before a loud, metallic sound drew their focus to the exit.

With choked breaths, Mistress looked back to Elva when she fearfully remarked, “My father is here.”

Before Elva could finish inquiring, “Your—”, her wrist was tightly gripped as Mistress pulled her upright.

Mistress exclaimed, “You have to hide!” as she swiftly stood on the bed. Practically dragging Elva to her feet, Mistress landed on the rug with a thump as she continued, “If he finds you or learns what we’ve been doing, he **will** judge you for our sins and—” Mistress didn’t finish as she made sure Elva found her feet with a nervous glance.

In the brief pause as she climbed off the bunk, Elva tried to implore, “Wait, what do you—,” before Mistress tugged her again.

As she hastily led Elva to the empty wall right of the entrance, Mistress implored, “I don’t have time to explain right now, but **please** trust me, Elva.” Reaching out to seemingly nothing, Mistress grasped something out of thin air while a new doorway suddenly coalesced into existence. Quickly

swinging it open, Mistress nearly threw Elva into the dark room as she explained, “You should be safe here. There are wards that keep him from entering the house, but this closet has extra protections if he does get in.” When she let go of Elva’s hand and began closing the exit, Mistress first blew into her palms and conjured faint glows that coalesced into a ball of swirling pink and purple hues. As she handed it to Elva, she remarked, “Here, you’ll be able to hear me through this. I’ll try to get rid of him as fast as I can.”

Dumbfounded as the orb floated between her palms, Elva quickly tried to implore before the door closed, “Wait, wait about—!”

—Extreme content warning. Reader discretion is HIGHLY advised—

—A summary of these events will follow before the chapter continues—

In a thunderous boom that shook the home and startled the songbirds, a coarse voice bellowed out, “**Meranarax!! Get your filthy mongrel ass down here, now!!**”

Suddenly shivering and speechless as she shrank, Elva struggled to take in Mistress’ cringe before she meekly remarked, “You’ll hear him too,” and silently closed her in.

As the door vanished into a mist, Elva tried to catch her breath as she stared at the mystical sphere. ‘Meran-ar... Mon-grel—’ Elva nervously contemplated before a strange whirl and flourish of lights grasped her attention. Elva didn’t have to wait longer before the glows sharpened as the sphere clearly spoke Mistress’ voice, “I told you to never come back here, Lynx. Leave, **now**.”

In a quieter but no less harsh voice, Lynx stated, “Don’t talk to me like that, you bastard. It’s father or Meranlynx, Meranarax.”

“As if *you* have **any** right to call yourself my father,” Mistress snapped. “And I *told* you **not** to call me that anymore. It’s **Saoirse**. **SEER**-shə. It was *twelve* **hundred** years ago when you *last* invaded my life and I *know* you know enough Gaelic to—”

A blunt sound halted Mistress’ words as Lynx harshly remarked, “I **said** don’t give me that tone, boy. It’s cursing enough you make me speak in that hag’s mother tongue. And I **don’t** need a reminder that you traded your cock for a cunt and pair of tits; your *appearance* is **offensive** enough. At least you healed those unsightly scars and hid that *disgusting* tail. The red all over sure is *tacky*, though.”

In a more restrained voice, Mistress quickly retorted, “As if I *ever* asked for your opinion. If you’re done, **leave**.”

“Oh, I’m *hardly* done,” Lynx coldly stated. “I have business here, Meranarax. Who did you steal her from?”

Elva felt her heart shiver before Mistress retorted, “There’s no one here besides me, and I haven’t stolen *anyone*. Not as if that gives you any business here anyway.”

Lynx demanded, “*Don’t* try and lie to me. I *know* you haven’t returned to the Auction House and there’s *no* other way you could have gotten her otherwise.”

“I *said*,” Mistress sharply insisted, “*no one* is *he*—”

Another dull noise quieted Mistress again. “I said **don’t**,” Lynx sternly reminded her with an emphasis that shook Elva’s feet, “lie to me. Filthy queer, just like that hag *bitch* that birthed you, thinking you can keep secrets from me. Did you think I wouldn’t recognize that *fucking* stench anywhere? Did you swipe a whore this time?” Elva’s shivering intensified as Lynx continued questioning, “Or was she a virgin too? Did you not learn your lesson last time? Are you training the girl to be a *slut* just like that brat Ai—”

Before Elva could speculate his implications, Mistress shouted over him, “There’s no one here! And even if there were, you’d have no claim to them! Now **leave!!**”

There was a long pause where Elva’s heart seemed to halt before Lynx bluntly urged, “You should stop adding to her sins. Turn her in to be judged before you both regret it again.”

—Summary of events. Reader discretion is still advised—

Before Elva could finish her question, a deep voice called out as loud as thunder for someone named Meranarax while using indelicate words Elva didn’t understand. After cringing and informing the now terrified Elva the orb would speak his voice too, Mistress locked her in the panic room to confront her father. While their encounter was terse, it was harrowing for Elva and left her with more questions than answers.

Mistress’ initial attempt to turn him away fell on deaf ears as Lynx first chastised Mistress for not calling him father or Meranlynx. When she attempted to tell her father to use her own preferred name, Saoirse was struck and reprimanded again. Lynx remarked on his distaste for her mother language before insisting her feminine appearance was enough reminder of her altered genitals. Lynx commented that the only positive changes since they last met were healing her scars and hiding her tail, then remarked her choice of red all over as tacky.

Still refusing to be turned away, Lynx finally insinuated Mistress stole a slave from another master and demanded she be turned over. Mistress’ insistence that she had no slaves and that Lynx had no claim to any she might have earned her another strike. Lynx then pointed out the fetid smell and began questioning Mistress’ motives in training Elva. After being denied one last time, Lynx gave an ominous warning and finally left.

—End of extreme content warning. Reader discretion is still advised—

After several heartbeats, there was another mystical whirl and flourish of lights from the orb before the door reappeared. As it slowly opened and the sphere disappeared, Elva cautiously peeked through to see Mistress practically hiding herself. She carefully held her right cheek while her expression was distressed and her eyes watery. When the doorway opened, Mistress stood as if she were naked, despite her robe being tied closed. Refusing to meet Elva’s gaze, Mistress mumbled several times before hollowly muttering, “I’m—sorry you had to hear that.”

Elva couldn’t say anything as she realized how fragile her Mistress seemed. The cheek Mistress covered was not only particularly red but terribly inflamed, and Elva soon saw a drop of blood fall from her palm. “Mistress,” Elva worriedly observed as she looked back to her glistened eyes, “you’re hurt.”

“It’s nothing,” she hastily replied, turning her cheek away from Elva’s view.

Her trembling lips betrayed Mistress’ words as Elva hesitantly asked, “Are you—?”

Mistress timidly shook her head before Elva could finish, wordlessly closing her eyes before a tear fell. “I, um,” Mistress quietly explained, “I think I’m hungry from missing breakfast.”

Skeptical as she watched Mistress turn further away, Elva cautiously concluded, *‘That’s not it.’* Uncertain of how to break their growing silence, Elva quietly asked her first question, “Mistress, who’s—Mera—!”

Before Elva could finish, Mistress held both their mouths with shaking hands. As Elva looked at her wide-eyed, Mistress quietly choked, “Trade—trade—” When her head fell as her legs buckled, Mistress released Elva’s jaw to clasp her own. Struggling to take strangled breaths, Mistress fell to her knees and gently wept.

Swiftly lowering to meet her, Elva hesitantly reached her trembling hands out while nervously mumbling. *‘What do I—?’* she apprehensively thought, feeling her heart sink as tears streamed down Mistress’ cheeks. Slowly leaning forward with an uncertain whimper, Elva carefully wrapped her arms around Mistress. “Please,” Elva whispered as she pulled Mistress onto her shoulder. Though she shuddered as she glanced at Mistress’ chafed cheek and the light line coming from a bloody blemish, Elva cautiously continued, “I—I’m here for you, Mistress.” When Mistress sobs didn’t ease, Elva closed her eyes and hugged her close before adding, “Whatever you need from me, I—I’m yours, Mistress.”

Her sniffles worsened as Mistress leaned into Elva’s embrace, but after several deep breaths she began to calm some. Gradually holding back her cries, Mistress pulled away and gently peeked her eyes open. She used her sleeve to dry her eyes before finally meeting Elva’s gaze and whispering, “Then—I-I need you to do something—for me, Elva.” After taking another deep puff and looking away, Mistress reluctantly requested, “I need you—to stop me.”

Surprised by her Mistress’ request, Elva looked at her for another moment before clarifying, “Stop you?”

Slowly Mistress quietly explained, “Yesterday I pushed you too far, and you fell into a dark place because of it. You didn’t stop me then, so I need to know you can stop me, especially if you’re uncomfortable. One release, my breakfast, then *you* stop me. If you can’t use your safeword,” she took a heavy huff before meeting Elva’s gaze, “then I’m ending our contract—”

Suddenly wide-eyed and shivering, Elva hastily tried to interject as her heart fell again, “Wait, you can’t—”

Undeterred by the brief plea, Mistress looked away as she spoke over Elva, “And I’m sending you to my cousin. It’ll keep you safe from my father and you’ll be treated—more fairly.” As Mistress returned Elva’s anxious glare, she finished, “Please. I have to know it’s safe to play with you, because right now—I—” Instead of completing her statement, Mistress glanced down in a wheeze before starting again, “Please, if you’re going to stay here, I need this, Elva.”

All Elva could do was stare, agape at Mistress’ trembling eyes and pouting lips. *‘I-if I—can’t—,’* she nervously swallowed as it seemed like the small closet was closing in on her, holding Mistress’ world away from her. Feeling her unlife halted by her decision, Elva apprehensively nodded yes.

Her gaze gradually steadied as Mistress took a number of puffs. She closed her eyes for a moment before she shared Elva’s hug with unsteady hands. As Mistress caressed the nape of Elva’s neck and held her back, she sighed heavily before looking at Elva and calmly asking, “What’s your safeword, kitten?”

Her heart painfully throbbed at the ardent sound of the nickname she'd grown fond of. Elva shivered into Mistress' touch as her eyes peered before she hesitantly whispered, "T-teardrop."

No sooner did Mistress pull Elva into a passionate embrace, firmly gripping her hair and sending shivers across her skin as their chests met. Hesitantly groaning into her kiss at first, Elva's quivers softened and she eagerly sought Mistress' tongue as her mouth opened. Slowly her tremors relaxed as the taste turned fruity, and Elva's mind steadily felt at ease while Mistress warmed her.

When Elva's moans heightened, Mistress abruptly pulled away and released Elva's hair. Her eyes went wide as Mistress grasped her waist tighter, and as she yipped in surprise, Mistress took Elva over her shoulder and swiftly stood up. Backing away to close the closet before Elva could grasp her new orientation, Mistress smoothly turned around, reaching the rug within a few hurried steps. Distracted by the rush from her firm handling, Elva yelped again when Mistress threw her on the bed.

Landing on the plump cushion with a soft thud and a strong huff, Elva breathlessly peeked from her flinch as she felt Mistress climb over her. Speechless as Mistress straddled her and took her wrists, Elva could only look long enough to meet her lips again before they were tenderly bit. Writhing under Mistress' grasp, Elva shrilled as each lip was delicately worked until finally Mistress moved to her neck.

Instead of the bite she anticipated, Mistress firmly kissed Elva and tightly pulled her skin until she squealed. Mistress soon released Elva only to grasp her again below the collar, worsening her wriggling and needful cries. When Mistress' mouth was wide open as she came down again, Elva gently gasped as she was hesitantly scraped only to be kissed again.

Squirming even harder under Mistress' weight, Elva bit her lip as she wondered, *'Why is Mistress being so—gentle?'* As if to prove Elva wrong, Mistress finally opened her jaw and gnawed on Elva's shoulder. Hardly yelping at the tender hold, Elva tugged against Mistress' grasp as her need grew. *'She's not,'* Elva reflected when the next nibble was milder, *'hurting me.'* Feeling frustrated as Mistress continued to tease her, Elva hesitantly whispered, "Mistress, you—don't have to hold back. I—I'm not afraid."

With her words, Mistress held Elva unsteadily as her jaw trembled and her breath quivered. After taking several wheezing gasps, Mistress opened her mouth briefly before sinking back into Elva's skin.

Elva was left breathless as she felt a dozen distinct stabs, shaking as the pleasant sting seemed to reach her heart. When Mistress held her, Elva desperately began whining through choked breaths as her chest burned and her legs thrashed. When Elva's head felt as light as her whimpers, Mistress released her and let her gasp deeply.

Slowly catching her breath, Elva eventually pried her eyes open after her wrists were released. Unable to move as Mistress sat back, Elva tried to look at her fearful expression and bared fangs—twelve of which now held sharpened points—as she whispered, "Please—don't regret saying that."

As Mistress closed her eyes in a grimace, her braid bushed out as the waves accentuated and the crimson of her hair faded to vibrant violet and rosy pink. While Elva peered down the colorful weave, she finally noticed a small black fan emerge from a dim glow behind Mistress' rear. It slowly elongated into a slim, sleek tail that tensely writhed and coiled behind Mistress as her breathing grew more irregular.

Suddenly, Mistress hunched over in pain as flakes of light emerged from her back. Wincing as she held her arms tightly with sharpened nails, Mistress harshly groaned before a pair of leathery black wings abruptly sprouted out. As they arose with puffs of color and gusts of wind, their tips snagged Mistress' braid and pulled it undone as they spread over the expanse of the empty room. While Elva stared over the colossal span, she slowly realized they were lacerated with horrible scars and gashes. Seeing Mistress' unfurling hair through several gaps sent Elva's heart throbbing when she realized her whole body was becoming similarly marred.

When her hands fell to Elva's sides, Mistress tightly clenched the sheets as her cries of agony intensified when her forehead began to glow next. With a piercing shriek as she threw her head back, a pair of slim, ribbed horns began to coil out. Watching them grow, Elva held her breath as the left ceased emerging near a scar next to her eye while the right coiled once before curling around the back of Mistress' head.

Wheezing and shaking as the tufts of light surrounding her new features vanished, Mistress slowly opened her trembling eyelids to reveal the differences in her irises. Her right eye now shone in shades of purple like the violets outside Móra's cottage, while the left shimmered with soft pinks like the roses that grew nearby. Sweat beading on her brow, Mistress hesitantly said through weary breaths as she shyly met Elva's gaze, "Well, th-this is—me." After nervously swallowing and averting her gaze for a heartbeat, Mistress cautiously asked, "What—do you feel when you look upon me—now?"

Gazing in awe, Elva shuddered as she watched Mistress' worried expression. Slowly raising her fingers to caress the mark that just missed her perfect eye, Elva savored the softened skin as she breathily whispered, "You're beautiful."

Stunned, Mistress' mouth fell open as tears began to well in her eyes again. Before her breaths could become ragged, Mistress fell back into Elva's lips and fervently embraced her. As she eagerly sought Mistress' taste, Elva squealed as her tongue was scraped and nipped by the sharpened fangs. Undeterred as her wrists were grasped and held next to her head, Elva passionately tried to kiss Mistress until she swiftly moved to her neck.

Wide-eyed as her breath was stolen, Elva convulsed under Mistress' hold as she choked and whimpered. Unable to fight as Mistress firmly grasped her throat, Elva's eyes rolled closed as she gaped and thrashed until she was finally released. Before she could breathe, Elva screeched when Mistress clasped her shoulder next, feeling her head grow dizzy as the pricks started tingling.

Overwhelmed by the blissful stings, Elva didn't notice Mistress' tail slide up her legs until the tip reached her crotch. Shaking as it firmly pressed onto her hood, Elva harshly groaned while the pressure built until Mistress clamped her bust. Elva's cries quickly heightened while her nub was firmly caressed and her folds gently stroked. When her thighs twitched open at the grip on her other breast, Mistress swiftly lowered her tail to easily slip it inside.

Shrieking as her sensitive spot was swiftly found and teased, Elva strained against Mistress' grasps until she moved further into her ache. *'Oh, Brigit, I—'* Elva struggled to think as her Mistress carefully applied pressure on her desire and gnashed around her bud. *'I—I can't—'* she thought as her voice cracked and her body convulsed.

Elva screamed as a burning euphoria came over her that flooded her heart and drowned her mind. Throwing herself against Mistress, Elva's daze worsened with every wave as the pleasures peaked

to new heights. When Elva felt lost in her stupor—nearly missing Mistress bite her other nipple—she cracked her eyes opened to a haze as she reflected, *'I-I can't—'*

A sudden wetness on her chest brought light back to her sight. *'W-wha—'*, Elva wondered as her groans deepened and she struggled for air. Steadily coming back to life as she felt a drip fall on her dry skin, Elva hesitantly guessed, *'T—tear-drop?'*

Slowly the pressure within Elva abated as she gasped and shuddered. Lightly coughing as she caught her breath, Elva shimmied and whined as her pleasure withdrew, hardly noticing that she could move freely. Covering her chest as her whimpers lessened, Elva slowly peeked to see her Mistress above her.

Sitting upright and tightly clutching her tail, Mistress' drenched cheeks finally came into focus as Elva quickly blinked. When she finally met her Mistress' tearful glare, her composure dropped and Mistress began painfully sobbing. Wailing as she rubbed her eyes with her tail and her nose with her wrists, Mistress fell onto Elva as her cries swiftly worsened.

Gently hugging Mistress as her own breathing eased, Elva calmly listened to her weeping as she grasped tighter. *'It's okay,'* Elva silently said as she held her Mistress closely. Draped in soft hair and growing warmth as Mistress' wings curled around them, Elva let the tears fall on her tingling shoulder while she thought, *'I'm here for you.'*

—Spoiler—

The veil drops and Elva's Mistress has been exposed. Difficult truths are revealed in our next sexless chapter when Saoirse finally has to explain her own past. How will Elva react when her Mistress wishes to speak to her as an equal so she can reveal her own demons and humanity? Find out what Saoirse has been trying so hard to hide from Elva and herself in Chapter 15: Trade Secrets.

—End Spoiler—

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you enjoyed and want to read more!

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Ch 15: Trade Secrets [no sex] [ptsd] [alcohol use] [humiliation]

Chapter Notes

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+; reader discretion is HIGHLY advised.

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes mentions of abuse (physical, emotional), sex-negativity, sexual assault and battery, depictions of severe trauma, teasing, alcohol use, humiliation, crude language (fuck), and genital mentions (breasts). Reader discretion is highly advised.

Mistress murmured gently in her restless slumber as she tightly held her tail. The sunlight left the bed before Mistress tearfully fell asleep and slumped to her side. Elva cleaned the tears away and carefully watched Mistress' delicate face as her tight embrace comforted her. *'It's so warm,'* Elva reflected as the raven leather of her wings encased the pair in a thick blanket.

While Elva became lost in Mistress' soft features for the first time, she realized, *'Huh, Mistress only has one spot on her face, just under her left eye.'* Elva glanced at the back of her hand as she reflected, *'I'm smothered in them.'* Quickly returning to Mistress' visage, she observed, *'It's so close to the scar, too. I'm—glad it missed.'*

The sunlight gradually became milder while Elva patiently waited for Mistress to wake up. *'Is this what it was like for her, watching me rest?'* Elva wondered as Mistress continued to grumble and shift.

Finally, when the sun no longer shone brightly through the portal, Mistress inhaled sharply and grimaced before her eyes gently creaked open. Still clasping her tail, Mistress rubbed her lids before shyly looking at Elva. "Hey," she meekly greeted Elva while struggling to maintain her gaze.

Somewhat startled by how timid she seemed, Elva replied, "Um, h-hello, Mistress."

Looking away in embarrassment, Mistress softly apologized, "I, um... I'm sorry for making you wait—and for what happened earlier."

Elva shook her head before replying, "It's okay." Unsure of what to say, Elva cautiously asked, "Are—you okay?"

Mistress looked down for a moment longer before slowly answering, "No. I feel a little better, but —" After closing her eyes and sighing, Mistress continued, "I suppose I owe you an explanation."

Still watching Mistress' worried face, Elva consoled her, "You don't have to explain if—"

Halting Elva mid-sentence, Mistress huffed as she opened her eyes and insisted, “No, you deserve to know. Especially after all that I’ve asked of you.” She waited before continuing, “I need to ask you for one more thing, though.” Turning her head further away before glancing towards Elva, Mistress shyly asked, “Can—you call me by my name?”

Blinking as her Mistress nervously shifted her wings and fiddled with her tail, Elva eventually clarified, “Call you—Saoirse?”

Nodding and anxiously facing Elva, Mistress explained, “I—I don’t think I can tell you what I need to as your Mistress. So, I want you to view me as... a friend?” Mistress shook her head and looked away as she corrected, “Not a—a *friend*, I just... I-I need to hear my name, so—please call me Saoirse, Elva.”

Elva hesitated as she watched Mistress before she eventually answered, “O-okay, Mis—” Elva halted and began fidgeting as she realized her mistake. “I-I’m sorry, Mistr—,” Elva’s squirming worsened when she messed up again trying to apologize. After mumbling for a moment, Elva timidly inquired, “Ca-can I call you—Mistress Saoirse?” When met with a curious glance, Elva shyly explained, “I—i-it’s difficult, after all you’ve done for me, to—speak of you so...uhm... ungraciously?”

Huffing as she closed her eyes and shook her head, Saoirse answered with a weary smirk, “That’s fine.” Her smile quickly vanished before she nervously began, “I, um...I wasn’t—born this way. As a woman, a succubus. I...” Saoirse could hardly meet Elva’s glance as she stated, “I was born—an incubus...and raised as a man.” Elva hardly thought on her admission before she continued, “Meranarax was the name my fa—” Saoirse bit her lip and turned away before coldly stating, “*Lynx* gave me. My mother said it was to hide my humanity, but, to be honest, I don’t think he ever thought about me until I—well, needed more energy than my own.

“I was, um,” Saoirse paused, glancing away anxiously before trying again, “he trained me—for twelve centuries. Teaching me to be a slave master, like him, and...punish rapists.” Her voice became more unsteady when Saoirse noticed Elva seemed confused. “People who’ve committed —’sexual sins’ and have to earn ‘absolution’ before they can be pardoned—through pain and torture.”

Saoirse started shaking while tears swelled again before she began anew, “The first time I was allowed to torture a ‘sinner’ when I was—twenty, I thought it felt—*good*? But, then *Lynx*—*always*—pushed me to punish them further... to ‘finish their lesson’.” Suddenly Saoirse became quiet while her eyes trembled. Elva questioned her Mistress’ whisper as she quivered and let go of her tail to cover her ears, “Oh, Brigit, their screams when I...”

As Saoirse’s eyes tearfully shut and body clutched, her wings pulled Elva closer while she sobbed, “I didn’t know—I had a choice.” Elva couldn’t find a way to hold her before Saoirse shook and cried, “But it was **never** enough for—! E—every time! Until I—*felt* their pain! I—I didn’t know I could—*feel* another’s suffering until—!”

Before she could speak further, Saoirse fell into a wail that left Elva questioning as she reached out, “*What should I—*”

Taking Elva’s hands as her eyes peered open, Saoirse choked while she continued, “When I learned I *had* a choice—that I *didn’t* have to **torture** people, I...I tried to leave. I—,” Saoirse sniffled, struggling to clean her eyes and hold Elva, “I *told* him ‘I want to be on my own’ and I-***I thought***

he'd—!" Falling into a sob before she could continue, Saoirse clenched Elva's fingers as she bawled, "She didn't deserve 'absolution' but he still—*all* because I 'added to her sins'!"

When Saoirse clutched herself in lament, Elva tried to hold her close while hesitantly stroking her hair. Saoirse's horns nearly rested around her neck as she dropped into Elva's bust, though she hardly noticed as her Mistress' bellows seemed to calm. Slowly Saoirse quieted while she tightly held Elva back, and while her breathing stilled, Elva cautiously asked, "Mistress—Saoirse, who is 'she'?"

Her gaze gradually raised as Saoirse affectionately whispered, "Aileene. My first slave." The light smile that brightened her cheeks faded when she corrected, "My only slave."

With the brief pause, Elva couldn't help but compare again, '*Bright, like—*'

"Like your name, Elva," Saoirse plainly finished her thought. "You remind me of her. Quite a lot, actually. How scared you were, your habits—the things you enjoy. Oh, Brigit, you even look—*so* much like her." Before she could continue, Saoirse pulled herself back into Elva's chest as she began tearing up again. "I never hurt her," her muffled voice quietly sobbed as she held Elva tighter. "Not once. I was so—*sick* of that *taste*. But I *always* felt her fear anyway. And then—," Saoirse's voice shuddered as she began shaking. Suddenly gasping, Saoirse couldn't speak until she took several wheezing breaths. "Then he—he found us—in bed, like this, and he—he tortured her—and made me watch. I—," falling into despair as her wailing began again, Saoirse cried out, "She didn't deserve it! I—I couldn't save her! Wh-when I tried, he—he did *this* to me and I—I *ran away!*!" Breaking down in Elva's embrace, Saoirse painfully confessed, "I ran away before that monster killed me and I *left her there!*"

Slowly understanding her Mistress as she wept into her breasts, Elva quietly held Saoirse while her wails worsened. Elva ignored her own pounding heart and unease as Saoirse wrapped her tattered wings around them in a comforting embrace. Saoirse's voice gradually quieted to a snuffle as the sun rose further and Elva nearly thought she'd fallen asleep again before her head lifted. "I'm sorry," she quietly said before meeting Elva's gaze.

As Saoirse let go to dry her eyes, Elva tried to console her, "You don't have to apologize, Mistress Saoirse."

"I do, though," Saoirse insisted with a huff before closing her eyes. "I've put you in so much danger just by keeping you here and—oh, Brigit, doing everything I've done to you."

Elva asserted, "But, I-I've consented to everything and—enjoyed it. Why would that put me in danger?"

Saoirse sighed before answering, "I really wish I knew. I just know Lynx scorns pleasure and that the entire time I was with him, he never let me...try to be me. Then he rejected me when I actually..." After shaking her head with a huff, Saoirse started again with a light smile, "My *mother*, on the other hand, they—" After freezing for a few heartbeats, Saoirse's face fell in the sheets, where she promptly groaned in frustration.

"What's wrong, Mistress Saoirse," Elva perked up to ask while anxiously waiting for her grumbling to cease.

Her head came up as she tiredly mumbled, "Why did I have to bring them up?" Begrudgingly unwrapping them and pushing herself upright, Saoirse reluctantly announced, "My mother is here,"

just before they heard the same metallic chime from earlier.

Blinking in surprise, Elva had to repeat, “Your mother?” as Saoirse reached out for her. Taking her hand and climbing off the bed, Elva asked, “Do—I need to hide?”

Saoirse grumpily answered, “There’s no point,” as she led Elva to the rightmost exit. “My mother is clairvoyant. I’d be shocked if they *didn’t* already know you were here.” As Saoirse opened the door, Elva saw a dim hallway with beautiful dresses lining both walls. Tightly pulling her wings in as she passed through the wide opening, Saoirse let go and stepped in alone while running her fingers along the articles. Halting soon, Saoirse turned to the left and grasped the sleeve of a white and green dress. “I swear to Brigit if…” she mumbled while pulling it from the row and approaching Elva. “Please, try this on,” she requested before handing it over.

As Elva took the vested garb, she first marveled at the unbelievable softness before holding it to herself. When she looked back up, the thin room became gently lit with purplish lights before the door swung nearly closed. Returning to the garment, Elva slipped her robe off and dropped it to the ground before pulling the skirt over her head. It snugly slipped down her frame as Elva lifted her arms into the sleeves, settling comfortably on her shoulders when her head emerged.

After buttoning the snow-white inner-dress up to her neck then closing the moss-green vest, Elva briefly tried to examine herself before looking towards the reflection on the far wall. Hastily stepping past the bed as the lights brightened, Elva gasped as she saw herself mirrored on the short dresser. Coming closer to see the details, Elva admired the goldish knots sewn all over the outer-dress before flushing when she realized they matched those woven into her collar.

“It’s beautiful,” Elva stated as she turned herself, admiring how the loose, frilled sleeves hung off her wrists. Noticing how easily the skirt lifted as she pivoted, Elva cautiously smirked before twisting on her toes. Widely grinning as it furled out with her spin, Elva stopped abruptly and giggled as it snugly wrapped around her legs before settling.

“Well?” Saoirse calmly called out from the dressing room, “how does it fit, kitten?”

Elva had to look at her beaming face as she gleefully answered, “It fits perfectly, Mistress!”

Suddenly Saoirse shouted in annoyance and screamed something that Elva couldn’t understand. The door swung open a moment later and Saoirse stormed out muttering, “Do I have to have *another* talk with them about staying out of my fucking future?” Huffing impatiently as she finished tying the halter of her black dress, Saoirse took a deep breath before her face relaxed. Looking at Elva while donning a warming smile, Saoirse remarked with a pleased sigh, “You look lovely, Elva.”

Turning away bashfully, Elva glanced over her Mistress as she replied, “Thank you.” Saoirse’s hair and eyes were still the splendid mixture, yet she had retracted her wings and horns. All her scars had vanished—though her sleeved garment might have covered most of them anyway—and Elva could clearly see the singular mark under her left eye. “Y-you look beautiful too, Mistress Saoirse.”

“Thank you, Elva,” she kindly replied while offering her left hand. “Come,” she reluctantly insisted. “I suppose I have to introduce you to my mother.”

When their fingers interlaced, Elva flushed and easily let Saoirse tug her to the exit. Startled by how quiet their brisk steps were, she glanced down and noticed her Mistress was barefoot. *‘I thought she seemed shorter,’* Elva quietly reflected as she briefly glanced back up. Too allured by

her toes as they curled with each step, Elva nearly missed something black poke out behind Saoirse's heel. *'Is that—'* Elva briefly wondered before shaking the thought off, too embarrassed to think about what Saoirse's tail felt like as they entered the corridor.

Their path to the steps was tranquil as Elva watched Saoirse's unbound hair sway behind her. Before Elva realized they had reached the warmly lit sitting room, Saoirse sharply turned right into a long hallway with a pair of wooden doors at the end. Their padded footsteps echoed softly until they nearly reached the entry, and as Saoirse let go of Elva, she turned back to request, "Wait here for a moment."

Elva only had to wait a few heartbeats for the gateway to be opened while a pair of red hands lunged through the gap. "Are you okay??" an older woman with a deep, kind voice questioned as she wrapped her arms around Saoirse's head.

"I'm *fine*, mother," Saoirse insisted as she pushed away. "You could have gotten here *before* Lynx if you were *that* concerned about me."

There was a flash of reddish light on Saoirse's cheek while her mother whispered something and then softly replied, "You know I don't have *that* much control over my visions, little dove." When the glow faded, her bruise was nearly gone. Saoirse gently embraced her as she added, "I'm *so* glad to see you again, sweetie. It's been so long."

Saoirse huffed wearily before she commented, "It doesn't feel like it. Seems like I just saw you a few *days* ago."

"I'm so sorry, my dove," she said woefully before Saoirse stepped away. "I hope you're feeling a little better now." Before Saoirse could answer, her mother continued, "Well, I hate to insist, but you know I need to be invited in."

As she opened the door further, Saoirse replied, "Of course. Please, come in, Brighid."

"Thank you, dove," replied a stouter woman wearing a dress similar to Elva's with auburn hair curling down to her hips. As the gateway swung open, Brighid quickly looked towards Elva before her bright green eyes lit up as she pushed past Saoirse. Loudly hooting as she dashed inside with open arms, she tightly embraced Elva and lifted her up while spinning her around. "*Oh, Brigit,*" she gleefully shouted as she twisted in circles, "*this* is the 'little light' that woke up my dove!"

Stunned as her world was turned about again and again, Elva tried not to shriek as she struggled to introduce herself, "H-h-he-llo! I-I'm Elva!"

Finally slowing and setting Elva on the ground with a firm hug, Brighid excitedly commented, "*Oh, of course* you are, my little light!" Hardly kept standing as she became aware of her dizziness, Elva tried to focus as Saoirse's mother commented, "I'm Brighid, darling."

"Brig-hid?" Elva questioned as Saoirse gently held her shoulders. After shaking her head, Elva tried to ask, "I-I'm sorry—not Brigit, right?"

Sharply giggling as Elva fell into Saoirse's embrace, Brighid remarked, "Our family's hearth goddess! My mother was very devout." Briskly walking down the hallway without them, Brighid loudly announced, "I'm using your kitchen, darling! I'll prepare ambrosia!"

Saoirse's hug seemed to relax as she sighed, "Oh, Brigit, could I go for—*wine?!'*" Shouting as she let Elva go to race after Brigid, Saoirse insisted, "No! Mother, **don't** give Elva *wine!*'

"She'll be twenty two at the beginning of next month!" Brigid quickly retorted as she rounded the corner. "She's more than capable of deciding if she wants a glass or two!"

Unsteadily following her Mistress while she rushed away, Elva stumbled before finding her feet as Saoirse insisted, "That's not the—!" Saoirse stopped and rubbed her eyes as she questioned, "Mother, how do you—!"

"It's Lammas, do something special!!" Brigid interrupted Saoirse to mention.

"Would **you**—!" Saoirse yelled in frustration before Elva could reach her. Stomping out of view, Saoirse stated, "You know what, I'm not even going to ask how you know that. We're *not drinking* —!"

Snapping back as Elva came past the steps, Brigid rebutted, "You'll feel better with the energy. Or were you planning on playing with her *more* after your father showed up like that?" The two were already in the kitchen as Elva approached while Brigid was holding three translucent containers within her fingers. Saoirse stood before her, stunned as she covered her face and groaned with embarrassment. "It's *raspberry*," Brigid mentioned as a reddish drink started collecting in the roundish cup she offered.

Saoirse slowly glanced up before taking the container with a huff. Waiting until it was nearly filled to the brim, Saoirse swiftly brought it to her lips and swallowed it all in a long swig. Lightly coughing as she held the empty glass before her, Saoirse waited with resignation as she received more wine.

When Saoirse walked away in shame, Brigid chuckled and turned to Elva with a smile as she asked, "Now Elva, *surely* you learned to make wine for potions, yes?"

As she took the glass that Brigid handed her, Elva explained, "Well, Móra said not to drink any until my eighteenth summer." Shivering when she recalled her concoction, Elva nearly stuck out her tongue as she remembered, "But it tasted so awful I never tried it again."

Giggling as a red layer touched the bottom of the glass, Brigid commented, "*This* should taste *much* better than that, little light."

Cautiously bringing the cup to her lips, Elva tipped it up and tasted the drink before pursing her lips. Thankfully it wasn't sour like her own attempt, but Elva hesitated to remark, "It's tasty, but—too bitter."

Trading Elva's glass with the empty one, Brigid replied with a soft grin, "My apologies, little light." As a brighter wine filled it, Brigid said, "Here, strawberry will taste *much* sweeter, dear."

When it filled, Elva brought the drink to her nose and noticed, '*It does smell sweeter...*' Curious, Elva quickly tasted the new wine before tilting the glass and taking large gulps. '*It's so sweet!*' Elva thought in awe as she swiftly drank the rest, ignoring Brigid's snickers until Saoirse gasped.

"Elva!" Saoirse nearly shouted as she tenderly grasped her wrist. "You're not supposed to—" she more quietly tried to explain before Brigid took the empty glass from Elva's fingers.

Flustered and flushed, Elva looked to her Mistress as she apologized, “I-I’m sorry, I—saw you and —”

Gently hushing them both as she handed Elva a half-full glass, Brigid gushed, “She’s *fine*, dove! It’s just a little wine!” Noticing Elva wobbling before holding her head, she chuckled, “You should sit the little light down before she trips, though. I’ll have supper ready soon!”

Saoirse gently held Elva’s side as she turned her back towards the sitting room. Feeling slightly dizzy, Elva comfortably leaned into her Mistress as she was led to a sofa. She sat down before Saoirse with a soft thud and eagerly took a sip of the delicious wine with a wide grin as her chest warmed up. Saoirse eased herself into the cushion with a heavy sigh as she took a large drink from her glass. “Your mother, she’s nice,” Elva commented as she noticed a growing fragrance that nearly made her feel hungry.

Huffing again as her head fell back, Saoirse gratingly replied, “They are. *Too* nice, sometimes.”

When Saoirse didn’t say anything else, Elva tried to ignore the light commotion behind them to ask, “So, she said her mo—”

“*They*, Elva,” Saoirse sternly interrupted while covering her eyes, “please don’t be rude.”

Brigid jubilantly called from the kitchen, “I don’t mind, dearie, but thank you for thinking about me!” Melodramatically hunching over, Saoirse held her face and grumbled before drinking the rest of her wine. As Elva watched the glass lower, it quickly filled as Brigid stepped up to them carrying a pinkish plate wafting a delectable scent. “Here you are, little doves,” they joyfully commented while setting the dish on a wooden table before them and handed each of them a smaller dish.

After Elva took her dish, she watched her Mistress reach out first to eagerly take one of several brownish wedges and a few yellow slivers from a pile. Before she took any, Elva curiously inquired, “What is this?”

“Soda bread and cheese,” Brigid answered as they collected some on their plate and sat in an adjacent armchair.

Looking at Saoirse as she ate the two together with a satisfied grunt, Elva cautiously took a piece of warm bread and nibbled the end. Quickly taking a bigger bite after sampling the tasty morsel, Elva moaned as well while she reflected, ‘*This is delicious!*’ Reaching for a slice of cheese before she finished chewing, Elva quickly bit into it and sighed as the smooth texture and mild flavor added to the comfort of the bread.

With a pleased groan as she reached for more, Saoirse inquired, “What cheese is this, gouda?”

Answering with a grunt of approval as they nodded, Brigid first covered their lips before excitedly saying, “Yes, dove, your favorite! I thought Elva would enjoy it too!” Turning to Elva, Brigid asked with a wide smirk, “What do you think, little light?”

Her mouth full with a fresh bite, Elva smiled while she thought, ‘*It’s wonderful!*’ When she noticed Brigid wasn’t replying, Elva flinched and chewed quicker before swiftly swallowing. After drinking the rest of her wine to wet her throat, Elva bashfully repeated, “I-it’s wonderful! Thank you, Brigid!”

Chuckling as Elva's glass filled again, Brigid promptly replied, "You're quite welcome, dear. And *please*, there's *no* need to be so formal. Feel free to call me mother."

Saoirse began choking on her food as she held her mouth closed. Wide eyed before swiftly drinking the rest of her wine, Saoirse gently shook her head while she implored, "*Please* don't."

Brigid's cackling heightened as they took a sip of their own cup. "I'm *teasing*, dove. Please relax a little."

"I *am* relaxed," Saoirse insisted in a fluster as her glass began filling again, "*you* are the one being an instigator!"

Laughing Saoirse off, Brigid remarked, "I am *not*! I only want little light to be comfortable, dove."

"**Just**," she anxiously stressed, "don't make her *so* comfortable, *please*." Seemingly defeated, Saoirse slumped over and cradled her head while nursing her drink.

Looking back at Elva with an amused chuckle, Brigid remarked, "You were asking about my mother. *Yes*, she was a witch, as my dove mentioned." Taking a drink with Saoirse as she groaned, they continued, "Roisin. She was brilliant, taught me all the witchcraft I know, even if I can't perform it well. I suppose her passing wasn't so unexpected for a mortal of her time, but I still miss her so. Saoirse never had a chance to meet her, unfortunately." Looking down as their eyes finally turned sullen, they quietly commented, "Perhaps if she were still with us, Saoirse's transition would have been, well—less—"

Grunting with their pause, Saoirse tiredly tried to halt them, "*Mother*."

"I'm *sorry*, dove," Brigid curtly remarked, "but do *you* want to explain more about yourself today or do you want someone *else* who understands some of what you went through to give you a break?"

Huffing as her eyes shut and her head fell in resignation, Saoirse conceded, "No, you can—explain." Grabbing another few slices of cheese, Saoirse silently slumped back and gulped some wine before munching on her food.

Sighing and shaking their head, Brigid continued, "When I found Saoirse after what happened between Meranlynx and Aileene, the poor thing had somehow flown all the way to Jerne—Éire more or less, if you're familiar with the name of our homeland—quite a ways away in the Outer Key. I'd never been much of a healer, but—" As they paused and took a drink, Brigid's tone became more careful when they continued, "Well, five days without proper attention caused a great deal of scarring. Regardless of her injuries, changing Saoirse's biology afterwards wasn't easy—and it didn't go as planned either."

First glancing at Saoirse, who quickly ate her food and eagerly drank more, Elva cautiously asked, "What—didn't go as planned?"

Brigid's grin faded as they answered, "Changing Saoirse from an incubus into a succubus. We thought we wrote the spell correctly, but it *wasn't* painless and—had side-effects." Before Elva had a chance to ask, Brigid answered, "Saoirse lost her natural energy in the process and for a long time—a *very* long time—"

“Four centuries,” Saoirse tiredly whispered before taking a large drink of wine.

Elva guessed Brighid didn’t hear as they continued, “—she felt constant agony from her physical changes. All she wanted to do was sleep, but that was hardly easy. She experienced other side-effects too—**Oh!**” they suddenly hooted before standing up and setting their plate down. Rushing into the kitchen just before there was a strange ting, Brighid exclaimed, “The *cake* is ready!”

Elva hardly questioned when her glass slowly filled after she took another sip. Her sight seemed fuzzy as she glanced back to the platter and took another few slices of cheese. Saoirse also reached forward as Elva cautiously asked, “What were the other effects?”

Heavily sighing as she slumped into the sofa, Saoirse took another drink before tiredly answering, “Well, the transformation didn’t change me quite like I’d hoped. Only incubi have horns, but instead of losing mine, they grew *longer*, just like my wings. My pheromones were brand new to me and, not only did I *still* have my aphrodisiacs, they smelled different and plagued me at night.” As she glared at her glass, Saoirse remarked, “For so long I smelled raspberries *all* day—and it was hardly relaxing—while with the moonrise it felt like the fresh scent of lavender drove my desire mad.”

“Mad is putting it lightly, dove!” Brighid corrected her from the kitchen. “You couldn’t stand to have *anyone* around you, **especially** me!”

Huffing before she mutely retorted, “You don’t need to put it *so* bluntly,” Saoirse quietly continued after taking a large drink. “But I’m not sure if that was worse or how sharper my mind reading became. I used to be able to control *whose* thoughts I read, but afterwards—” Gently rubbing her temples, Saoirse chugged the rest of her wine before pointing out, “Do you hear the songbirds outside?” Turning to the wide portals before them, Elva quietly listened to their light chirping while observing the warm, dimming sun before nodding in agreement.

“*All* they sing about is *fucking*.” Before Elva could look confused, Saoirse elaborated, “Having sex, being one. That’s *all* they **ever** sing about! I thought *frogs* were bad when I first heard them, but the **birds** are *so* much **worse!**” Groaning as she drank more of her filled glass, Saoirse finished, “It’s *so* distracting!”

Returning with three new platters, Brighid tiredly remarked, “I thought I needed to be careful with my thoughts when Saoirse had to look me in the eye. *Oh*, the *things* that cross your mind when you think no one is listening.”

Saoirse quietly grumbled as she took a dish while Elva scrambled to put down her nearly finished plate and glass first. Elva examined the multilayered item before she noticed strawberry slices within the white, fluffy layers. “What is this?” she asked while picking up the metallic fork.

Already cutting into theirs, Brighid answered, “Strawberry shortcake,” before eating a large mouthful.

Hardly needing convincing after watching Saoirse eagerly consume her portion, Elva tried to collect some on her utensil and sampled it. She instantly moaned in pleasure while biting into the soft cake, savoring the new, sweet flavors with a wide grin as the strawberries blended in. “This is *delicious!*” Elva remarked before quickly taking her next bite.

With a pleased hum, Brighid soon replied, “Thank you, little light. I’m sure Saoirse can make it for you again sometime.” They ate their delicacy in relative silence until Brighid commented, “It’s so

nice we're able to talk, Elva. I never got the chance to meet Saph or Aileene; Meranlynx kept me out of Saoirse's life after he started training her. *Oh*, and to think you're a witch of Éire and a disciple of Brigit."

Quickly finishing her mouthful, Elva held her questions back as she tried to explain, "Well, I-I *guess* I'm a witch, but Móra wasn't able to teach me much Wiccacant before—she—" Elva shyly looked away before she could finish; the pleasant warmth that muddled her thoughts kept her from feeling as anxious about remembering.

Brigid softly shushed Elva as they said, "I'm sorry, dearie. I didn't mean to bring up something so delicate." Quickly shifting the subject, Brigid mentioned, "I taught Saoirse Wiccacant when she was younger. Such a poetic language, I wasn't surprised how much she enjoyed it after her interest in Saph's poetry. It's a shame our connection to witchcraft is so tied to our wiccan blood or Saoirse would be a natural, I'm sure."

Elva finished her last bite of cake as she interjected, "I-I'm sorry, who is Saph?"

Looking back at her with a confused glance, Brigid remarked, "The Poetess. Surely Saoirse has sung you some of their lyrics by now! They're all Saoirse would sing when she was growing up, though after—"

"*Mother*," Saoirse insisted as she set her plate down. "Can you *please* allow me a *little* privacy! I'll—talk about Saph myself, so *please*, just—continue." After picking her glass back up, Saoirse glanced away before taking a large drink with a deep blush.

Leaning back into their armchair, Brigid said, "Sorry, dove. I only meant to say their mother tongue is quite beautiful, and you took it up well after you met them." Brigid looked back to Elva before she remarked, "I'm sure Saoirse will be a wonderful mentor to teach you Wiccacant, but if you ever wish to talk with someone else who grew up on Éire, I want you to know you can *always* reach out to me. I can perform a *little* more witchcraft than Saoirse, so perhaps I can provide some ass—"

"*Mother!*" Saoirse practically shouted, nearly spilling her wine as she lurched forward. "*Please*. Elva and I only have a one week contract, so—*please* don't make her *so* comfortable yet."

Elva felt her heart sink a bit while she reflected, '*Not even a week, now.*' After taking a drink, she watched Brigid's expression turn indifferent as they closed their eyes and sipped from their glass.

After a drawn out pause, Brigid glanced over Saoirse before giving Elva a curious look. With a sly smile and a quick wink, Brigid looked at Saoirse and inquired, "Just a week?"

Saoirse glared at Brigid while she replied, "That's what we've agreed to." Carefully bringing her glass to her lips, Saoirse asked before taking a drink, "What are you insinuating?"

"I'm *insinuating*," Brigid quietly stated, "that for a girl that will only be here a week, you were *awfully* eager to get your tail wet."

Spitting out her wine and choking before wiping her mouth, Saoirse swiftly stood up and shrieked, "**Get out!!**"

"What did you *want* me to say?!" Brigid implored with a shrug as Saoirse pushed them out of their chair. "It's been flicking from under your dress all afternoon! Did you **not** notice your hair

was natural?!”

Glancing at her locks for only a heartbeat, Saoirse gaped before directing them towards the entry hallway and repeating, “*Get out!*”

Elva struggled to stand up through her daze to see them pass around the corner. ‘*Oh, Brigit,*’ Elva reflected with a heavy blush as she stumbled after them, ‘*I suppose her tail **did** get wet when she—*’

Shuddering and feeling needy as she began to recall, Elva only snapped up to continue her pursuit as Saoirse loudly insisted, “I **didn’t** ask for your **advice!** Get **out!**”

Rounding the corner as they reached the door, Brigid persisted, “At least take these; you’ll run out of canvas soon!” They pushed a few tiny bottles into Saoirse’s dress and added with a giggle, “And *those* are for if you doves need to sober up soon!”

“**OUT!!**” Saoirse screeched as she threw the gateway open and pushed Brigid through.

Before falling from her hazed view, Brigid quickly urged, “Move your ring instead of fiddling with it so much!”

The exit slammed shut as Saoirse gruffed and leaned against the wood. She seemed to relax as Elva approached, but she gradually fell to her knees before turning around, slamming her back flat against the gateway. Tiredly sighing as she held her head and brought her knees up, Saoirse quietly asked, “Are you *sure* you don’t want to find a more competent Mistress?”

Feeling her heart throb, Elva held her hands and insisted, “Please don’t ask me that.” Even as Saoirse held herself tighter, Elva came closer and persisted, “I don’t know where I’d be if it weren’t for your help and kindness.” When she reached Saoirse and knelt in front of her, Elva warmly embraced her to add, “And, I don’t regret—*anything* that’s happened between us, Mistress Saoirse. So, please don’t worry about me so much.”

Saoirse sighed before she tilted into Elva’s hug and whispered, “Just, don’t regret saying that later.”

—Spoiler—

I hope everyone is feeling a little more relaxed, because we only have a little more exposition before the sexy-times return! What about Saoirse’s relationship with Saph is so personal that she won’t talk about it in front of her mother? Elva learns about Saoirse’s first love and self-discovery in Chapter 16: Kitten.

—End Spoiler—

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you enjoyed and want to read more!

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Note: Alexandria's First Dungeon Session AMA

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hello everyone!

So, for those who didn't see my updates on some of my socials, yesterday I visited a dungeon for the first time and had my very first (proper) submission/masochism experience! A little background before I get into my experience though.

I've been into BDSM longer than I'll say (beginning with a porn addiction) and have always been a "forever dominant" for a variety of reasons. First and foremost, I was afraid submitting would harm my "masculinity" or "emasculate me" (thank you conditioning/grooming for convincing me so hard I was something I wasn't) and that if I enjoyed it I wouldn't be the same afterwards (that part was true). I also had a rather abusive upbringing, so I worried a lot about how I'd handle pain (especially spanking), humiliation, degradation, etc. These factors along with never seeking a partner that was dominant kept me from entertaining submitting. When I started writing erotic short stories off and on about eight years ago, I always wrote from a submissive female's perspective and didn't really think much about it, justifying that it seemed more interesting, easier (somehow), and (especially) more fun.

When I started writing my first book, *Wrong Side of the Bed*, a little less than a year ago (about four months into my medical transition and almost a year after my realization that I was transgender), it wasn't a question for me to start the story with Elva's perspective (the submissives) and write Saoirse (her dominant) and the other characters' sides along the way. While working on Chapter 13: Home, however, I started getting more hung up on how well I write a submissive/masochist (not to mention my increasing hangups on writing someone with a natural vagina who's generally more physically sensitive than myself) and it became a block I needed to work through. Then, after writing Chapter 14: The Sinful Tormentor and Chapter 15: Trade Secrets, something hit me that I **enjoy** visualizing what Saoirse does to Elva and trying to imagine how it all feels excited me (my self-bondage experiences over the last year weren't a clue).

It was basically the next day I was contacting a dominatrix I met a few years ago (I'll refer to as De, she/her) to see if she could top/dominate me the week of my birthday. While we discussed details over the last three weeks (and the demonstration I agreed to take part in at the convention this coming Friday), I started visualizing all the possibilities of what could happen and I quickly realized that, not only was my "forever dominant" persona a complete falsehood, I was comfortable with *a lot* of things being done to me given a safe and trusting environment. There was a brief time after we discussed initial details when it seemed like our plan wouldn't work because De sold her studio during COVID and neither of us had a private space. I crashed hard, feeling ashamed that I confessed my deepening desires with someone and worrying that it was for nothing, but a fellow kinky friend helped me out of that hole the next day.

This last Saturday, De finally found a safe play space and we agreed to meet yesterday; words really can't describe how giddy I was to learn that I would have my growing itch scratched, especially since I expected the session to be later in the week and *certainly* not the day **before** my birthday. Per her instructions, I brought every toy/gear/implement I could and was comfortable with trying, which ended up stuffing a large duffle bag; even *then* I had to carry the attache case for my

violet wand and my change of clothes in a second bag. When we met, she talked to my spouse (they/them) and I as equals before we played and even during the session she treated me with respect. I will say part of me wishes I got humiliated/disrespected a bit during the session itself, but I'm hardly complaining for my first experience!

We had enough time in our two hour session to have three scenes, but before we began, she asked me to strip so she could cuff and collar me. Already the tension was so low that I felt comfortable taking off all my clothes and showing her my body. All the while as well she respected my identity, pronouns, and preferred terms, even calling my p*nis my clit, which helped more with my dysphoria than I thought it would (it even makes looking at the photos easier for me).

Our first scene was a spanking scene where De had me bend over a padded table while she tested various implements on me. After warming my body up with some caresses, she first used leather gloves to spank me and I was **very** thankful that bottom-spanking was fairly enjoyable. The whole time she would check in with me and ask "where's my pain on 0-10" or "how close to yellow am I", which helped with my comfort a lot. Next she used a wooden paddle on me, which was admittedly one of the more intense pains I felt yesterday. By the end of using that implement (especially after several very strong strikes), my whole body was tingling (especially my arms and hands), I was gradually starting to sweat and heat up, and my breathing was definitely irregular, choking with the strong strikes. After that, she used a heavy, leather mop-style flogger on me which was a *pleasant* experience; the strikes on my back hardly hurt while those on my butt had a nice thud and it felt more like a massage than anything. Afterwards she used a leather paddle which was much easier to take than the wooden one before using the heavy flogger a little more. The next implement was a smaller flogger made of silicone, which had more of a sting but was very manageable. Next was a wide, wooden cane which definitely hurt as much (if not more) as the wooden paddle, but I was able to handle a few strikes before she finished the scene with her bare hand and the mop flogger. The whole time as well she would compliment me: "how well I was doing", "how soft my skin was", "how cute my butt was", "how nice the shade of red was becoming", which all added more to my comfort and even impacted my confidence in my body and self.

When we moved to the next scene, she first put a vibrating egg in my rear before mummifying me in plastic wrap. The experience of getting wrapped up was terribly fun, especially the "geisha walk" I had to do to reach the table I was previously leaning against. Once she helped me on the table and adjusted my position (i.e. dragging me with a tablecloth), she first cut holes for my breasts and clit before teasing me with the vibrator. She strung up my genitals in rope (ALWAYS carry EMT scissors when you work with rope! They weren't used for safety, thankfully, but she was able to cut her rope to manageable lengths with the pair I brought) before attaching vibrating rings to them, leaving those on throughout most of the scene while demanding I ask my spouse for permission to cum (I never did or got close, but I'm not complaining). I was left to simmer for a bit and the whole time I was unintentionally fidgeting almost just like Elva would, even scrunching my toes together like I describe her doing. De next put clothespins on my areolas and used a violet wand on the exposed parts of my body, which **really** added to the sting in my nipples. I ended up being a little too sensitive to try the clover clamps we both brought, but I'm **definitely** not complaining about that (I may have yellowed out with how "submissive" I was feeling). She then teased me with a vacuum pump and then a magic wand all over before untying part of my genitals. She tried using some vacuum tubes I'd brought on my nipples, but it was a cheap set so they didn't work well enough and instead she went back to clothespins. However, when she moved on to put clothespins on my labia, I finally had to yellow out after one pinched me wrong. The scene didn't last any longer after that, as the rope on my genitals became uncomfortable next and I was sweating **PROFUSELY** under the plastic wrap.

Once I was out of the mummification, we ran into our first and only serious issue: the dungeon we rented didn't have any towels/linens and in the chill air I was shivering uncontrollably with my cold sweat. The tablecloth I had been laying on was the only wrapping we could find and, for a few minutes, I tried to dry/warm myself with some success. We decompressed a bit during this time before moving onto the next scene, and arguably I should have waited a bit longer to warm up; it ended up working out in the end at least.

For our final scene, De bent me over a tall sawhorse and cuffed me to the legs. Arguably, things were already off; I immediately asked for my back to be covered by the tablecloth as I began shivering again before we even started playing, and even then the sweat-drenched parts of the cloth nearly worsened my chill. We both felt safe to proceed, though, so after taking the vibrating egg out of my butt she warmed me up with the smaller dildo I'd brought. With the suction base attached to a magic wand it was *very* pleasurable, but when De held the wand against herself and commented how good it felt I *definitely* fell into the play. I was ordered to warm up my favorite dildo using my mouth, which I was very eager to do with my spouse's help while De continued to work my ass. When we finally moved on to said favorite toy, it was a little uncomfortable and I thought I just needed a little more "warming up" first, which De was happy to accommodate. Even after I was "warmed up" and could take it, I was still too tense to really enjoy it and we realized it was because I was shivering more and more. We decided to move on from penetration and De attempted to redirect the scene with some light paddling and spanking, but (to my **COMPLETE** surprise) we only had 15 minutes left when my spouse checked the time. We all agreed it was best to call the scene there and actually get me warm before we had to pack everything.

I was swiftly untied and allowed to dry myself with the tablecloth as best I could before my spouse retrieved the sweater dress I'd brought to change into afterwards. I don't ever think I've felt so warm so quickly as when I put that on, but even then my shivering was still quite terrible. We had our exit interview while De and my spouse packed up and I continued to warm up, but soon I was able to help as well. Our talk only helped and further cemented this as a positive experience that I can only look forward to exploring in more depth.

I feel all the more confident in myself after this amazing experience and so much more sure of my decisions and the course in life I'm taking. I feel more connected with my characters than ever (Elva most especially, my precious lost innocence) and even assured that I've been writing fairly well until this point. I'm so much more ready for the demonstration on Friday and whatever else may happen at the convention, as well as all the future experiences I may have with De and all future submissive experiences. I feel even more prepared for my career as a sex worker (having already started at writing erotica) and ready to branch into BDSM modeling and even pornography (I even have a desire to work out and improve my body for the first time in years).

I can only say I left the dungeon yesterday changed for the better and more ready for my future than I've ever felt before. So, without further ado, please ask me anything!

With love,

Alexandria

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Note: Alexandria's Impact Session with Sa

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hello!

For those who were out of the know, this last Friday I attended a local BDSM convention and had the time of my life! While the main events I was looking forward to regrettably had to be cut, the highlight of my time there was a brief impact session I had with a profession dominant, whom I'll refer to as Sa (he/him).

Watching Sa work while his cute, first assistant asked me questions already got my attention, but I was ready to sign up just seeing the row of implements he had prepared. There were two more people in line ahead of me, not including the participant already cuffed to the frame, so I had a lot of time to anticipate what would happen to me.

By the time it was my turn I was far more ready than apprehensive, especially when his cute, second assistant I'd been talking with about my past experiences took my hand to help me onstage. When Sa greeted me, he first asked my name and pronouns, which is always a comfort when working with someone new, before verifying my history and limits (to which I didn't say I had any except I enjoy "thud" over "sting") and making sure I knew my vocal and gestural "red" out. To my excitement after securely cuffing my arms up into the heavy steel frame, Sa asked if I wanted to be blindfolded (an article that had been dangling from the frame but no other participant had worn), and I eagerly said yes.

The next few minutes were a whirlwind ride of being spun around with minimal prompting to disorient me further (much to my elation) between testing various implements on me. The first was a pair of vampire gloves, which regrettably couldn't be used very thoroughly because of how much skin I had exposed. The sensation was rather pleasant though and hardly hurt where I was scratched, as the gloves were much less sharp than the pair I made myself. The next "torture" method was cuffing the body probe attachment for a violet wand to me and teasing me with a conductive tassel. This was easily the least painful part of the play, and the wand could have been set at a higher setting, but the rest of the session was only more intense and ended up pushing my limits.

The next item Sa used on me was a tazapper (a scaled-down version of a cattle prod for those unfamiliar) which produced a **very** sharp sting everywhere I was touched. The tazapper had no issue passing through the thin fabric of my pantyhose and the stings to the top of my feet were especially gruesome and made me flinch with almost every strike. I'm pretty sure next was a pair of heavier floggers, which was a welcome change to the sharp stings I'd been feeling before, and the swift figure-eight swings were honestly more relaxing than they were painful. The next implement Sa brought out was quite a bit less relaxing, though; an unassuming flogger I'd watched him use on those before me, it looked like six faux-fur tails tied together. However, in the tips of the tails were sinister sacks of heavy material that added a **strong** impact to the powerful swings that took the breath from me. Affectionately named "Thumper", I understood after the first real strike why those who tasted it had other, more cursory names for it.

Next, I believe, was one of the more cruel implements I had experienced so far, and was easily the second most cruel Sa used on me. When asked “if I remembered what this was”, in my blindfolded state I mistook it for the final implement he used (quite possibly sealing my later fate) but Sa corrected it was a wooden paddle, which I had mentioned was a bane of my last masochistic experience. Sa was not easy with the paddle and worked parts of my body that I wasn’t accustomed to being struck like my breasts and all around my thighs, but the sting was bearable I thought; I will say my right ass cheek was feeling especially sore already after this, though thankfully Sa did caress the struck parts of me to soothe the ache.

However, I don’t think anything I’d experienced so far (inside or outside BDSM) would have prepared me for what Sa brought out next. Almost as if fulfilling the promise of my previous failed guess, Sa brought out his crocodile tail whip, or “Gator Tail” as he called it, and teased me with it at first. From the easy strikes of the whip all over my backside, I knew almost immediately I would be in for a ride once it became serious, but with little prompting a baneful strike stung the most worked part of my right cheek and licked the thigh around it. My knees buckled and I dropped into the restraints of the overhanging frame as my breath was taken. In my previous session with De (she/her), who asked me where my pain was from 0-10 throughout our session (10 being “red” and I finally said “yellow” when I experienced around a 9), I would have called this a 9 at minimum, but as I calmed down with some soothing caresses and kind words, I wanted to see what I could take.

After just a little more teasing, another strike came to nearly the exact same place. I dropped again and could hardly breathe as the intense pain coursed through me. My arms and hands were tingly and I struggled to breathe even with comforts; if I’m being perfectly honest, that might have hit an 11 in my previous book, but I was ready to see what I could take even though I was **BEGGING** that the next strike wouldn’t be so precise. To my relief, there was a minor warning of Sa calling out (maybe?) “Hey bear!” the instant before the Gator Tail struck several inches above the most worked part of my right cheek. Still steady in my restraints as I was comforted, massaged, and had oil worked into the exposed parts of me, my blindfold was finally removed to a wide crowd that had gathered all cheering and applauding my performance.

Comforted and gleeful even through the stinging pain as I walked off the stage (and retrieved my glasses), the sharp stings of the first two tail strikes on my right cheek still remind me every time I sit and shift two days later. I can still only anticipate my next experience and figuring out how far I can safely stretch my limits next time. So, without further ado, please ask me anything!

With love,
Alexandria

Chapter End Notes

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Ch 16: Kitten [alcohol use] [bondage] [biting] [tail sex] [sex] [double penetration]

Chapter Summary

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+; reader discretion is HIGHLY advised.

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of consensual intoxication (alcohol), trauma, bondage, biting, vaginal play (fingering, tail penetration, penile penetration), consensual intoxication (aphrodisiacs), multiple orgasms, penis growth, oral play (tail penetration, gags), double penetration (oral, vaginal), and genital mentions (breasts, tits, clit, slit, penis, nipple, shaft). Reader discretion is advised.

Heaving herself off the floor, Saoirse leaned into Elva. “I need some air,” she breathily declared, whereupon the two began staggering back down the hallway.

They drew toward the transparent wall from earlier, when Saoirse firmly pressed against a handle suspended in mid-air and opened an unseen door to the outside. The overwhelming scent of peculiar pines engulfed Elva’s senses, calming her heart as they descended into the warm outdoors. Her heart lightened upon noticing the soothing floral aura enveloping her and the smooth stones under her toes.

Admiring the novel surroundings, Elva was astonished by the foreign forms and vibrant hues of the blossoming shrubbery that encircled the grand courtyard in a wondrous display. She glanced down when her next step landed softly, marveling at the tiny wildflowers beneath her feet. Soon, she noticed them blooming everywhere betwixt the smooth stones that were irregularly burrowed into the ground. Oblivious to how far they had wandered, Elva jolted up as Saoirse suddenly stopped before a simple bench near the edge of the forest. When Saoirse finally let go and sat with a light huff, Elva took a seat and patiently waited as her Mistress held her head.

As Elva became distracted by the fluttering wings of a moth that smoldered in strange greens and pinks beneath the gloaming, Saoirse sighed before sullenly confirming, “I suppose you wanted to know about The Po—about Saph.”

Attempting to conceal her curiosity, Elva hesitantly nodded. Saoirse’s hands fell to her lap before she said, “Well, I told you the day we met that they were my first love, but...there’s a lot more to it than that. Saph was my cousin’s bondslave, though I didn’t know until after we had been meeting under evenfall for years.

“Saph’s sentence lasted for ten years,” Saoirse sluggishly continued, “but we were...just friends for the first seven.” Snorting as her gaze dropped, Saoirse elaborated, “Not for lack of trying on *their* part; it should have been *painfully* clear they were interested in me. When Saph first caught me watching them singing, they mused, ‘A lost kitten found her way here’—”

‘*Lost kitten*,’ Elva reminisced, the words echoing what her Mistress remarked at their first encounter.

Without acknowledging Elva’s realization, Saoirse dourly reflected, “—and then they called me a...cute girl. From the moment we met, Saph saw who I was inside and tried to help me understand myself. I just—didn’t understand until I...understood?” Saoirse shook her head before resuming, “Ah, Brigit, it’s so hard to remember how I felt then after two thousand years. I knew I felt *wrong*, but I didn’t know how to explain it. Not until I crossed paths with my cousin.”

Before Elva could ask anything, Saoirse slumped further and admitted, “When Saph finally introduced me to Calliope, it was surreal, and...” Saoirse shuddered before finishing, “troubling. Something *happened* when I realized that the way I viewed myself—as a man—wasn’t right. That it was crippling me.”

Glowing at her hands, Saoirse said, “Neither Saph nor Calliope were happy with the body they were born with either, but all my life I was so fixated on what I thought I had to be, what *Lynx*,” she spat out her father’s name like it scorched her tongue, “wanted me to be—that I couldn’t accept I could be someone else until...”

Trailing off, Saoirse rested her palms under her eyes and sniffled, “It’s difficult to explain. When you live for so long hiding who you are from everyone—even yourself—well, it wasn’t easy to accept who I really was. When I told Saph how I was feeling, they said they already knew, and so did my cousin when I approached it.”

Joylessly snickering, Saoirse noted, “Even my mother said they’d known when I told them. It felt like I had been blind all my life, but slowly—*very* slowly—I could see myself and accept who I wanted to be.” Finally lowering her hands and looking up at the darkening horizon, Saoirse apologized. “I’m sorry, I’m sure that didn’t make much sense.”

Shaking off her concern, Elva tried to offer comfort, “It’s okay. I—*don’t* really understand, but I can see that it was...*is* hard for you.”

Saoirse sighed before glancing at Elva briefly. Looking at the wildflowers, Saoirse admitted, “It was, even more so with this form.” Holding up her palms and flexing her fingers, a bright flourish of violet and pink lights coalesced as Saoirse said, “This is Brighid’s energy, what I received when they fed us supper. I don’t have enough of my own energy to make a display like this, nor yours at this point.” The glow faded as Saoirse closed her hands and confessed, “I’m more powerless now than I ever have been, and—I’m scared I can’t protect you if something happens.”

Elva tenderly took Saoirse’s hand and consoled her, “Please, you don’t have to be so concerned about my safety.”

Pulling away and holding her head again, Saoirse reminded Elva, “I *do* though, it’s in my vows. ‘Care for and protect.’ Your safety is my responsibility.”

Shuddering before touching Saoirse’s thigh, Elva grimly recalled, ‘*Under pain of dea—*’

“**Please** don’t remind me,” Saoirse asserted as she held herself and shivered. “Oh, Brigit, why did I say that? I don’t know if I can—”

Gently taking Saoirse’s cheeks to lift her gaze, Elva met her uncertain eyes and implored, “Mistress Saoirse, *please*, you don’t need to be so worried about me. I told you, I don’t regret anything that has happened between us. If you hadn’t taken me in, I would have gone to the Auction House, right?” she let go of her Mistress’ perfect face to grasp her cold, smooth hands before insisting, “I—your voice is what gave me the comfort to open my eyes after I came here. If I’d gone to the Auction House instead of your home and your father’s voice was the one I heard, I—I would have been too scared to face my unlife.” Shyly glancing away as her heart raced and her cheeks flushed, Elva admitted, “I trust you with my safety.”

Some of the worry vacated Saoirse’s visage as she held Elva back. “Thank you for saying so, Elva,” she said before inspecting the ground. “I just wish I felt as assured as you do.”

Their silence didn’t last long before Saoirse stated, “I’m not sure what else to say. I suppose when I said I’ve only had one slave, that wasn’t entirely true. After my transition, I spent a millennium recovering with my mother before a girl named Vixen showed up at my doorstep. She wasn’t a complete stranger; we’d met once when Saph was still here. But, apart from her not being human nor requiring a contract, we had...compatibility issues, so she didn’t stay long.” Saoirse tiredly closed her eyes before finishing, “After she left the next day, I...fell asleep and didn’t wake up—until you appeared.”

Elva blinked several times when she realized her Mistress’ tale had come around to her. Flustered before she met her glance, Elva couldn’t think of anything to say as Saoirse concluded, “And, that’s my story, more or less. I’m certainly not the Mistress you thought I was.”

Quickly shaking in disapproval, Elva faltered before interjecting, “N-no! I mean, I don’t know any other Mistresses, but...I *enjoy* having you as mine. You’ve shown me—*so* many things that I would never have known if we hadn’t met. Having you near me is *comforting*, and,” Elva timidly turned away before adding, “as I said, I trust you and feel safe with you. So *please*, trust yourself too.”

Saoirse didn’t respond for a moment, but with a sigh, she let Elva go to cup her head. Elva shuddered when she was turned, and flushed more as her forehead was tenderly kissed. Cautiously glancing up at Saoirse’s smile, Elva’s heart danced as Mistress praised. “Thank you, kitten. I promise I’ll try.”

Feeling her chest throb as she looked up at her Mistress’ smirk, Elva briefly stared at Saoirse’s lips before swallowing and slowly closing her vision. Hesitantly tilting her head up, Elva peeped as Saoirse’s fingers held her away. Her grin had faded while Saoirse shook no before lamenting, “I’m sorry. I’m—not in the mood right now, Elva. We both had a lot to drink, anyway. I—don’t want to take advantage of you when you can’t consent.”

Pulling away as her stomach sank, Elva repressed her desire as she answered, “O-oh, okay, Mistress.”

Trying not to appear bothered, Elva analyzed the strange flowers before Saoirse commented, “You can look at them.” As Elva snapped back, Saoirse mournfully pleaded, “I—want to recite some of Saph’s poetry, so you can relax if you’d like.”

Hesitantly agreeing and standing up, Elva turned away just before Saoirse began singing in the poetic tongue. It was sadder than the last time she sang, but Elva tried not to think about it as she

approached the exotic foliage. Steadily, the sweet fragrances filled Elva while stepping to a pale-violet bush. She leaned over and briefly closed her eyes to breathe in the petals; as Elva drank in the aromatic perfume, her heart warmed as she reflected, *'This smells like—the ashen lavender Mistress put in my hair. It's gorgeous.'* Elva smiled as she looked over the bush, adoring the tiny bulbs that climbed into the air.

After carefully studying the new flora, Elva became entranced by a strange ladycow that wandered along a stem. *'I've only ever seen them in red and black. It's so pretty in pink with white spots,'* she watched it crawl along the branches before it hopped off and flitted away. The silvery glimmers from its wings left Elva awestruck as it floated to the neighboring plant, and she had no issue finding it within the blood-red poppies once she knelt down.

As Elva marveled at how the oddly-familiar flowers contrasted with the strangely colored bug, she finally noticed the melody had ceased. She stood and looked to the bench, but as she realized no one was there, Elva was tenderly hugged from behind. Before Elva could look, Saoirse coyly whispered, "I have a confession, my kitten." Perking up at the sound of her nickname, Elva found her Mistress' softened eyes as she added, "I am actually quite hungry."

"*Oh!*" Elva answered before she turned, surprised to see that Saoirse held an eager grin as they faced each other. "W-well I—I'm still—um," Elva timidly answered as she leaned in, "I—want you to—have your fill—Mistress Saoirse."

Saoirse gently pulled away before Elva could reach her lips. After her flush deepened, Saoirse reluctantly slipped a hand into her dress. She retrieved two slim bottles of what seemed like water before letting go of Elva to open one. Saoirse swiftly drank it with a sultry moan before her flush diminished. When her eyes opened, Saoirse hungrily glared at Elva before opening the second bottle. Before Saoirse offered it over, her brow furled and she intently sniffed over Elva.

As Elva began to feel embarrassed, Saoirse pulled away and curiously stated, "You're—already sober."

Piquing up, Elva hummed in confusion before questioning, "Uh, s-sober?"

Shaking no while capping the other bottle, Saoirse deflected, "Sorry, I just—expected you to still be drunk too. You drank as much wine as I did, so..." Saoirse slipped the containers back into her dress. "Forget it, it's not important," she announced before meeting Elva's curious expression with a light smile. Saoirse pulled Elva close again while her grin widened. "May I—*dig in*, my kitten?" Mistress seductively asked before licking her lips with her eyes trained on Elva's.

Taking an anxious gulp, Elva supplicated, "Can, um, you be—cruel to me...my Mistress?"

Unable to ignore the devious shift in Saoirse's countenance and the subtle sharpening of her fangs, Elva's pulse quickened and a fluttering sensation took hold in her stomach.

"Tell me, kitten," Mistress urged. "What's your safeword?"

Eyelashes fluttering together as she pushed on her toes, Elva breathily answered, "Teardrop." In a flash, Elva was pulled up and brought into Mistress' embrace. Already moaning as she eagerly sought her sweet taste, Elva tried to hug her Mistress before her arms were ensnared. Wide-eyed as Mistress effortlessly lifted her over the flowers and shoved her against a nearby pine, Elva was left breathless before her lips were pricked with sharpened fangs.

Elva's spine tingled as she melted into Mistress' touch, only able to groan as the bittersweet pinpricks made her head spin. When Mistress moved onto her neck, Elva gasped and fought a losing battle before her wrists were lifted up. Mistress let her go, but her arms would not budge when Elva tried lowering them. As Mistress pulled away to unbutton her dress, Elva displayed her chest and whimpered in anticipation as the fabric fell away.

With her bust now fully laid bare, Elva heard Mistress suppress a gasp, which led her to inquire, "W-what is it, Mistress?"

Saoirse only glanced up for a heartbeat before looking pointedly at Elva's chest with a sly smirk. "Nothing, my kitten," she said while groping her. "I just felt hungrier seeing your cute breasts again, especially *so* well framed outside of your beautiful dress." As Mistress firmly bit her left mound, Elva gasped and squirmed against the tree. Elva's breath caught in her throat as Mistress sampled her nipple next and let it slip through her teeth. Quivering when Mistress gnawed at her again, Elva's hands began tingling against the rough restraint.

Heaving from being roughly worked, Elva jerked back when Mistress grasped her left thigh and lifted her knee to her stomach, spreading her crotch. Elva whimpered when her dress was tucked behind her rear, allowing the warm air to lick her slit. Realizing her leg was stuck in place, Elva shivered when Mistress' sweet breath passed her nose with the words, "Are you ready?"

Elva shut her mouth in a vain attempt to suppress her mewls before finally nodding. She immediately gaped as Mistress pecked her, leaving her to release a light moan as her hood was lightly touched. Writhing while Mistress nibbled her lips, Elva's elated sounds escalated as the rubs got stronger. As Mistress moved to graze above her collar, Elva panted, and the burn in her crotch intensified.

As Elva's hips began to rock, Mistress' fingers circled more intently before she whispered, "Is my kitten going to cum already?" Elva whimpered frantically before her Mistress commanded, "Then cum for me, my kitten."

Elva cried out as her body tensed up; waves of pleasure washed over her while her breast was fondled yet again. Trying to hold Mistress in by lifting her free leg, Elva's limbs strained and trembled while a lightness slowly overcame her. When she choked for air, Elva desperately thought, *'I-I can't—'* before Mistress pulled away.

Shaking and heaving, Elva pressed against the pine as warmth spread through her core. Slowly opening her eyes, she saw Mistress beaming at her, and the sultry sound of her asking, "How was that, my kitten?" reinvigorated Elva's fervor.

Attempting to maintain her focus, Elva replied through ragged breaths, "I-it was—nice, Mistress." Her eyes shut weakly as she nervously gulped, "Are—are you full, or—c-can you—satisfy me—more, Mistress?"

Mistress laughed at the thinly-veiled desperation then seductively answered, "If that's what my kitten needs," before Elva's right calf was pinched.

Squealing in delight, Elva's shouts heightened further still when her Mistress briefly rubbed her lips before slipping two fingers into her slit. Bucking her hips when Mistress promptly located her sensitive spot, Elva groaned as her outstretched thigh was bitten. The rhythmic presses into her desire compounded with further bites above, and Elva soon cried out as her body convulsed again.

Hardly able to breathe as pleasure muddled her mind, Elva writhed against the tree as her voice cracked between thrusts. The next prods made Elva choke as the tender flesh near her hip was squeezed. She pulled against her restraints while her toes curled, gripping the soft grass underneath while her body burned.

She felt light and Elva quietly thought, *'M-Miss—'* before being released and left with a hollow ache. Hanging her head limply before her chin was angled upwards, Elva fought against heavy eyelids as her Mistress glared at her hungrily.

“Was that satisfying, kitten?” Mistress Saoirse playfully probed with a mischievous grin.

Elva took several breaths before swallowing. “I-it was,” she answered. Shimming as a mild wave of bliss washed over her, she tried to say, “I—I want—” Holding her lip as she peeked at Mistress for a heartbeat, she quietly insisted, *'I want—to be one with you, Mistress.'*

Leaving Elva in suspense, Mistress calmly stated, “The—moon is still down, kitten.”

Noting that her Mistress’ smile had faded when she glimpsed, Elva silently petitioned, *'Could—you use your tail again?'*

Mistress’ grin gradually returned, and Elva’s heart stopped when she eagerly confirmed, “Is that what you want, kitten?”

Nodding yes with no hesitation, Elva closed her eyes with a shiver. *'I-I need you—inside me, Mistress. Please—f-fill me.'*

Snickering, Mistress watched Elva squirm and whine. “If that’s what my kitten needs,” she hummed before pressing the soft tip against Elva’s clit.

The firm rubs made Elva wriggle before her folds were teased, but as it slipped into her slit her trembling renewed. Crying out in elation as she was penetrated, Elva strained against the tree when Mistress massaged her sweet spot. She struggled to hold still as her muscles spasmed, but Mistress kept prodding with a pleased chuckle before biting Elva’s neck. Fervently quaking as her skin was pricked, Elva nearly clapped her head against the trunk as the sleek appendage continually pleased her ache.

Unable to speak as her head spun faster, Elva’s voice cracked in a howl of ecstasy. Scraping her toes against the ground as she fought against the restraints, Elva succumbed to the building waves while her body burned and her mind became light.

Then the precise presses slowed and the sharp stings stopped. While her fullness hardly waned, Elva’s eyes crept open to see Mistress licking her lips with a satisfied grin. “Thank you for the meal,” Mistress complimented wickedly. “Are you satisfied yet?”

Elva panted as Mistress shifted inside her before she whimpered and shook her head. “I,” she bashfully answered, “I want—to keep feeling you, Mistress.”

Shuddering as Mistress shifted while her grin widened, Elva gasped and dropped her lids when her request was met with a breathtaking thrust. Her voice heightened as the passionate prods hastened, leaving Elva oblivious to Mistress pulling her dress off until the evening air tickled her sweaty skin.

Too distracted to note her Mistress groan in approval while tucking her curls behind her left arm, Elva didn't sense her waist being caressed until a pinch near her navel startled her. She bucked against her bonds as the sensitive skin was marred, unable to keep her free leg from kicking while the pleasure peaked.

Mistress grasped her right ankle and held her foot to the ground. Elva hardly noticed that her leg was affixed when Mistress let go, as her next climax came with a bite on her right thigh. Convulsing as her crotch burst with rhythmic, burning waves, Elva shrieked as the intense intrusions persisted through her orgasm. She barely felt a gnaw on her hip until she bucked; at the pull of her skin, Elva shrilled and slammed her back against the rough bark.

Quivering while the scratches intensified the tingling that coursed through her, Elva strained as her mind spun until Mistress finally let her go. She fell into a daze and took deep, choppy breaths before the heat flowing through her abated.

Her sides were delicately stroked before an alluring whisper parted her haze. Gasping as her vision lurched, Elva's heart fluttered at Mistress' pleased smirk. "*Hello, my kitten,*" she sang while Elva tiredly whimpered. Her crotch feeling no less filled, Elva fought to listen as her Mistress asked, "Are you *satisfied* yet?"

Elva fussed and held her lip while her head dropped. "I," she stammered, "I just need—a moment."

Before Elva could breathe, Mistress mentioned, "The Blood Moon has come over the horizon, kitten." She jumped to behold her Mistress' utterly flawless face, and the warmth in her chest stirred at the question, "Did you want—my penis this time?"

Her head drowsily dropped before Elva admitted, "I-I'm enjoying—your tail—i-if you—don't mind." After taking a deep breath, Elva shyly requested, "I *would* like—aphrodisiacs, though." Too weary to look at Mistress, Elva beseeched, "I don't—want to fall asleep—so soon."

A contented chuckle made Elva shiver as a new floral smell forced her heart to pound. Sharply moaning as her filled crotch sent renewed fire throughout her body, Elva barely heard her Mistress whisper, "If that's what my kitten wants," before her cries heightened further.

The stretching shifts of the tail amplified as the new smell strengthened, leaving Elva overwhelmed before Mistress bit below her right breast. Straining with renewed strength at the impassioned thrusts, Elva quaked and screeched when her pleasure peaked. Scraping her back as she was gnawed and infiltrated, Elva's daze returned in a blanket that added a delightful tingle to the past stings and following bites to her ribs.

Lost in the prickles and intrusion, Elva choked for air as her Mistress forcefully met her requests. She could scarcely breathe over the intense sensations, made even worse after her left nipple was tightly grasped repeatedly.

A sweet pain ceaselessly coursed through Elva and made her fall weak into the bonds. Succumbing to the fierce sensations Mistress imposed upon her, Elva peered her eyes open at the blur of violets that swirled as Mistress gnawed her other breast. Elva slowly closed them again as her head became dizzy, hardly thinking as her mind grew dark, '*Miss...tear—*'

Her senses cleared while the sharp thrills lessened. While Elva lightly wheezed as the floral smell became natural and she was left empty, she grumbled when the pleasures receded.

Dropping into a tender grasp, Elva gasped as her legs were swept up before she was cradled into warm arms. She nuzzled against her Mistress' cushiony chest while clasping her dress before drowsily becoming aware of her sweet voice praising, "Good girl." Too comforted to look while the adoring chant repeated, Elva affectionately clutched herself tighter and disregarded the change in the air.

With the softened jolts of them ascending, Elva finally peeped at Saoirse's clothed bust. She tiredly whispered as her lids fell, "Th-thank you, Mistress Saoirse."

Just conscious of the bemused exhale that preceded a kiss on her forehead, Elva shuddered as she heard her Mistress answer, "You are *very* welcome, kitten. Thank *you* for the meal."

Unable to look as her heart fluttered, Elva shyly asked as they rounded a corner, "Did—you get your fill?"

An amused giggle was her first answer before Mistress cautiously complimented, "I—don't remember the last time I felt so satisfied, Elva. Thank you."

She quivered and melted into her Mistress' embrace, pulling herself closer.

'Thank Brigit.'

Oblivious to the world, Elva came to life when Mistress climbed onto the bed and set her head on a plump pillow. The plush bedding made Elva sigh as she was laid down, though her hands nearly had to be pried away from the dress before she settled for holding herself.

An affectionate chuckle comforted Elva before a dulcet cover was draped over her. Grasping at the sheet and wrapping it around herself, Elva only had to wait a moment before Mistress crawled behind her. Her sleek arms made Elva hum in contentment as she was cuddled, but the warm breath passing her ear made her tremble.

When Mistress asked, "Are you comfortable, Elva?" she hesitantly nodded once before shivering.

"Can," Elva bashfully implored when her chest pounded, '*can you—please make me cum—once more?*' Unable to ignore Mistress' breasts pushing her hair into her still-fresh scrapes, Elva's squirming worsened before appealing, '*C-could you be—gentle, though—Mistress Saoirse?*'

Shuddering as Saoirse tenderly caressed her stomach, Elva quivered as her Mistress answered, "If that's what my kitten needs."

Her groans swiftly heightened as her sore mounds were tenderly massaged. Steadily writhing, Elva squeaked when her Mistress carefully slipped between her clenched thighs to tease her. "How do you want to cum, kitten?" Mistress seductively asked when the tender rubs on her mound began.

Unable to calm her worsening moans, Elva thought through the pleasing touch, '*I—want you—inside.*'

"Would it be okay if I used my penis this time?"

Quickly, Elva nodded and whimpered in approval. '*Please—I—want to be one with you again.*'

She calmly shushed and held while Mistress pleaded, "Be patient, my kitten." No sooner did Elva feel her part push through her thighs, renewing her tremors as it brushed past her clit. Elva felt

Mistress pull her hip back and lower her hand just before she whispered, “Are you ready?”

Hardly able to nod as her head spun from the teasing rubs, Elva desperately thought, ‘*Please,*’ while her hips rocked. Without waiting, Mistress adjusted herself and slowly slipped her shaft inside. Elva gaped and grasped the sheets as her Mistress freely entered her, uncontrollably trembling as she was gradually taken care of.

Her whines only worsened as her fullness increased, but Mistress halted before her ache was reached. Elva fussed before Saoirse nudged above her rear and requested, “Hold your stomach out.” Her back arched with the slight shift, and Elva squealed as her Mistress reached her desire.

A pleased hum and tight grasp accompanied Mistress’ whisper, “*That’s better,* isn’t it, kitten?” Elva was speechless as she tried to quell her trembling. “Hold yourself out a *little* more, kitten,” Mistress alluringly requested, “and hold onto this for me.” Before Elva could answer, the tail pushed past her parted lips and pressed onto her tongue. As Elva closed her mouth, she heard Mistress order, “Be gentle, and be careful not to bite it.”

Arching out more with the strange intrusion, Elva groaned as her tongue lapped the wide fan. ‘*It still tastes like my—*’ she reflected before a light thrust made her gasp.

“*Careful,* kitten,” Mistress coarsely requested before Elva could close her teeth again. When Elva wrapped her lips around the tail, she complimented, “*Good* girl. Now, if you can keep your hips *just* like that, I can make you feel *very* nice, my kitten.”

With a slight shove, her quaking worsened while Elva struggled to lick the musky bulge. Quaking as she was tenderly groped and caressed, her thoughts grew dark while her chest burned. Too overwhelmed, she grasped the appendage instead of the sheets when it brushed her hand. Mistress twitched and pushed harshly; Elva convulsed while her muffled cries cracked.

Oblivious to her Mistress moaning, Elva’s breath was taken when two powerful thrusts shocked her core. Elva could hardly remain awake as a warm euphoria flowed with her climactic release. But, as Saoirse pulled out her tail to let Elva breathe easier, her head dropped onto the pillow. Shivering as she felt Mistress empty her, Elva nearly succumbed to ecstasy before she was tenderly held again.

Is that better, my kitten?”

Embracing Mistress’ tail as they nuzzled, Elva barely nodded and grunted. ‘*Thank—*’, she couldn’t finish before falling into a blissful slumber.

—Spoiler—

I hope everyone enjoyed that passionate display, as it has closed out Act I of *Wrong Side of the Bed*! Already better understanding each other, Elva and Saoirse will only grow closer while their play becomes more intense through Acts II and III, so look forward to it! But first, a brief interlude before things really escalate. How do you think Elva will react when she wakes up horny? Read all about it in Chapter 17: Asleep, when Elva has to comfort herself for the first time since entering Mistress’ servitude.

—End Spoiler—

Chapter End Notes

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Saoirse's Birthday

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hello everyone!

Today is a very special day, so I want everyone to wish a happy birthday to our favorite succubus, Mistress Saoirse!! Saoirse will be turning 3830 years old today, so regrettably we'll likely never get to celebrate the big 4k, but nonetheless, every year is a blessing for Brigit's disciples. Now for a few fun facts!

When Saoirse was born, it was under the blood moon during an uncommon event where the spring equinox of the Mortal and Immortal Planes aligned. For Saoirse to transition, she and Brighid needed to harness much more magic than either could produce on their own, so their ritual ended up needing these exact same conditions to take advantage of the powerful magics of the blood moon and the equinox.

Not only did Roisin and Brighid (Saoirse's grandmother and mother) originate from Kildare, Ireland, but so did Móra (Elva's grandmother, aka Maeve)! She fled from Kildare to Killarney to escape the Christianization of her coven. Brighid, on the other hand, moved to the Immortal Plane after their mother's death and returns every now and then. Until next time!

With love,
Alexandria

Chapter End Notes

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Ch 17: Asleep [reluctance] [masturbation]

Chapter Notes

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+; reader discretion is HIGHLY advised.

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This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of slavery, consensual intoxication (pheromones, aphrodisiacs), restraining, humiliation, reluctance, masturbation, vaginal fingering, and sensitive terminology (breasts, slit). Reader discretion is advised.

An unworldly howl roused Elva from her repose. Squinting awake, she found her warmed world was tinged in blood. She grumbled and looked to the portal, hardly seeing the bottom tip of the moon. With a lighter hoot, Elva glanced to a pine below and spotted the glistening spectacles of an owl.

“Precious,” Saoirse mumbled, grasping Elva tighter.

The mild sting to her scrapes made Elva blush as she realized, *‘Those are—her breasts.’* She peeked around to find her Mistress deep in slumber; her dark cheeks were especially red under the fading moonlight. Hardly able to turn in the tight grasp, Elva smiled, *‘She looks so—peaceful.’* She leaned in and caught Saoirse’s intoxicating musk. *‘She smells so nic—!’*

Elva flushed upon noticing that powerful fragrances were added to the aroma. *‘Is-is she,’* her breath was taken while her heart raced, *‘giving off pheromones **and** aphrodisiacs—in her sleep?!’* She shuddered, “Uh-hm, Mis-stress?”

Saoirse grumbled and cuddled tighter.

“You’re not even awake!” Huffing as Saoirse’s restful visage thrilled her, Elva’s thighs shuffled while her need came on. *‘Can’t you—**help?!**’* She tried to pull on Saoirse, but her arms wouldn’t budge. *‘Ah, Brigit,’* Elva grimaced, *‘comforting myself with you right...’*

Squirming under her Mistress’ soft grasp, Elva whimpered as the scents intensified and her need worsened. Her fussing was scarcely quelled upon biting her lip before she lowered her hand.

She gasped at the brush of her bud, the light touch quickly forcing her head to spin. *‘I was never **this** sensitive when I comforted myself!’* Unable to retain her moans, Elva writhed as Mistress pulled her in and hummed. *‘Maybe now—I can—orgasm—on my own.’*

A steady lightness overcame Elva while her rubs quickened. Struggling to maintain a rhythm, she trembled as the pressure gradually built and soon overwhelmed her. She cried out as her body

quaked in the comforting clutch. Her fingers shook too terribly to continue, though, and she winced as the waves quickly rippled.

While catching her breath, Elva glowered, *‘That—was not **nearly** as satisfying—as when Mis—!’* The heat inflamed as Mistress adjusted and cheerfully murmured; Elva harshly huffed while her hip was held and her breast practically groped.

‘You’re not helping!!’

She hunched in and kicked her feet, unable to budge from the sensual presence as her need worsened. Giving into desperation, Elva whimpered before sliding between her clenched thighs. *‘Oh, Brigit, am,’* she wondered upon caressing her folds, *‘am I always this—wet?’* The slipperiness worsened her flush while Elva explored, but not so much as when she found her opening.

Elva trembled at the tender touch as she delicately traced herself. Allured by the warmth, she whimpered and pushed into the sensitive crevice.

Quivering anew, Elva couldn’t keep her voice down while two slickened tips slipped into her slit. The gentle stretch made her dizzy as she intruded further, unthinking beyond cursing, *‘H-how have I never—done this—before—!’*

With a gentle press upon finding her sensitive spot, Elva groaned while her chest throbbed. Her cries heightened with each prod, but as both gradually became impassioned, Elva gawked, “H-HOW ARE—YOU STILL—ASLEEP!?”

Barely able to thrash in her Mistress’ hold, Elva shrieked as the pressure peaked. Her convulsions were stifled, and her wrist quickly went limp while her mind became dizzy. A lightness overcame Elva when she eased her fingers out and let the waves abate.

Breathless as she fell into the bed, Elva finally noticed the smell normalize as Mistress’ cuddle relaxed. As she sighed, Saoirse grumbled something Elva didn’t understand.

Nearly drifting off, Elva wondered, “What—does that mean?” She reflected, *‘That sounds similar to when Mistress said ‘let’s dig in’.’*

Before she could ponder further, Saoirse murmured, “Thank you—for the meal...”

Wide-eyed, Elva snapped back and realized, “Did you—! W-WAS I YOUR BEDTIME MEAL!?” Her eyes fell heavy before Elva heard an answer, plopping on the cushion as she realized, “I’m too tired to care.” Before drifting back into slumber, Elva hoped, *‘Just—wake up to help—next time.’*

—Spoiler—

I hope you enjoyed this short interlude after such an explosive escalation! How will Elva’s late-night escapade affect their play tomorrow? Perhaps Mistress will be a little playful after her midnight meal. Elva’s nickname becomes more literal in Chapter 18: Purr. Look forward to the fluster, because Elva won’t know what to do with herself!

—End Spoiler—

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you enjoyed and want to read more!

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My egg crack

To those invested in the plot of my novels or my development as a person,

Today is an important day: two years ago today, my egg cracked. For those who might be unfamiliar with that phrase, it's when someone accepts they're transgender (coming out of their "personal comfort shell" in terms of gender). What that means for everyone is different but, for me, I accept I was a woman all my life but, because I was raised as a boy/man (with familial/societal pressures to remain that way), I didn't realize I wasn't male until two years ago today, a little after I turned 29, when I finally said the right thing in the right company. Though, when I came out to my spouse (they/them), I didn't realize that's what I did when I said, "I sometimes wish I was a woman," until a few minutes later.

My exploration was explosive after that; my spouse was far more knowledgeable than I was about LGBTQIA+ at the time, so (that combined with my own research skills) I quickly realized how much of a woman I really was. I still had a lot of exploring to do, but two years ago today, I knew I wasn't a man anymore (my journey from demigirl (she/they) to transgender woman (she/her) lasted less than a week).

That journey became reflected in one of my characters, Saoirse, whose pressures to remain "masc" for nearly 1300 years were based upon my own, even though she had a few more outwardly/openly accepting figures in her life: that, however, became based upon a "tenet of LGBTIA+": "don't break an egg, let it hatch". This comes back to the phrase: "you have to break a few eggs to make an omelet". If you break an egg to make an omelet, the creature inside is dead (if it was alive/fertilized). You have to let an egg develop and let the chick break out of its shell on its own (with minimal assistance); only then will it hatch and grow into a healthy chicken with the right care.

Sometimes a transgender person isn't ready to accept they're not cisgender, and it's not up to anyone else to decide when that person is ready to accept they're not what they think they are (however close they are to them). For me, I had very few people who were willing to accept me as anything other than what I was born as. Though that number did grow as I came out, I still don't want to know how some people that were previously important to me think of how I accept myself.

This also became reflected in Saoirse with the rejection of her father, as my sister (N, she/her) was the first and most vocal person to reject me (not to mention I haven't gotten explicit acceptance from a single family member yet). N was the first family member I came out to, but she was also been the only one to outwardly reject me (Saoirse's father is both the only and most vocal person to reject her, so the influence is pretty clear there, despite how loud/outwardly hateful other members of my immediate family have been towards our community and ideologies in the past).

I don't have much to say beyond how my own past influences my characters. I just hope, like with all my writing, I'm able to positively influence how people think about members of the LGBTQIA+ community and those who've suffered abuse/have PTSD (however it presents), among other topics within BDSM/kink that I hope people approach with sensitivity and acceptance.

With love,
Alexandria

Ch 18: Purr [pet play] [reluctance] [cunnilingus] [tail sex] [mounting] [biting] [scratching]

Chapter Notes

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This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults. The following chapter includes depictions of voluntary slavery, animal roleplay (cat/kitten), pet play, reluctance, teasing, embarrassment, consensual intoxication (pheromones), vaginal play (cunnilingus, tail penetration), tail play, scratching, hair pulling, biting multiple orgasms, subspace, and sensitive terminology (breasts, clit, slit, ass). Reader discretion is advised.

The sunbeams felt particularly comforting as Elva slowly rustled from slumber. *‘Mmh, that smells nice,’* she reflected upon noticing her Mistress’ peculiarly fragrant musk, but strange sensations accompanied by rustling from behind and above soon gave her pause.

“Good morning, kitten,” Saoirse greeted, her voice dripping with honey.

The blaring melody yipped Elva awake as it rang throughout her skull. A further giggle set her heart pounding while she heard shuffling above her head. *‘What is going on??’* Confounded, Elva looked up but didn’t see anything on the pillow; the strange sounds persisted as she turned to Saoirse’s beaming smile. She wondered, “Mistress, what is happen—?!” As she rolled over, Elva yelped when something furry wriggled between her rear and legs. She threw the sheets off and stared agape before glaring at her Mistress.

“Why-WHY DO I HAVE A TAIL?!”

Saoirse’s snickering worsened as she stated, “Not just a tail, my kitten.” Upon rubbing the side of her head, Elva realized the sensation was wrong for where Mistress was touching.

Her hands shot up before she realized, **“WHAT the— Mistress, where are my ears??”** A glance up directed Elva higher, where she found a pair of fuzzy points sticking up. ***“WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY EARS?!”***

Barely quelling her cackles, Saoirse explained, “I was feeling a little playful when I woke up, so I thought we could have some fun today.”

“What part of this is supposed to be FUN?!” Elva tried to hold them still. *‘They’re twitching!!’*

“The part where you get to be my kitten for the day,” she cheekily answered. “I used a transformation spell to give you cat-like qualities for—about a day. While you look this *adorable*, I

want you to act like my *adorable* little pet kitten.”

Elva let go to gape, “Your pet k—” She glanced at her tail and reflected, ‘*Are you sure I’m not—a fox?*’ Breaking away from the bushy appendage, she stated, “Mistress, how am I supposed to *act* like a kitten?! I’ve never even *seen* a kitten, much *less* had one as a *pet*!!”

Saoirse replied, “That makes *two* of us, kitten. Well, I *have* seen some cats, but I’ve never had one as a pet before. Supposedly, my grandmother had one, though my mother hardly talks about—,” she trailed off before snapping back up, “so I’ve always been curious what it’s like to have a pet.”

Before Elva could further object, Saoirse petted her head. Any qualms dissipated with the comforting strokes, and Elva fell into her Mistress’ embrace. ‘**Oh, that feels nice!**’ she lulled, nuzzling into her chest.

“*Good girl,*” Saoirse chuckled as Elva got comfortable. “*See? I told you this would be fun.*”

‘*I don’t know if I’d call this fun,*’ she grumbled, ‘*but it is—interest—!*’ As Saoirse rubbed her ear, Elva shuddered and gasped, ‘*OOH, that’s—!*’ Fluttering as the inside was given attention, Elva didn’t notice herself humming until a rhythmic drone alarmed her. She shot up and clutched her collared throat, demanding, “**WHAT WAS THAT?!**”

Mistress bellowed and affectionately pulled the wide-eyed Elva in, “That was a PURR, my kitten!” She could only squirm as Saoirse praised, “*Oh, what a good GIRL!* It took a few days, but I *knew* I could get my kitten to purr!”

Her fluster didn’t improve being shoved back into Mistress’ bust; the tender grasp steadily calmed Elva before she realized, ‘**This what you were talking about the day we met?!**’ She shook against Saoirse before lamenting, “I-I’m sorry, this is all—just—”

“Too much? If you’re not enjoying it, Elva, I can reverse—”

“*No! No, I-I am—enjoying it, I think, I just need,*” before she could continue, Elva noticed the familiar fragrance of Mistress’ pheromones.

As she calmed into her clutches, Saoirse finished, “To relax?”

Elva hummed in approval as the rubs resumed. ‘*Thank you. I just needed a moment, but that smell is—so nice!*’

“You’re quite welcome, kitten,” Saoirse giggled, moreso when she purred and nestled again.

“You’re *such* a good girl, my kitten,” she praised as Elva pressed into her, “and you feel so *soft*.”

She carefully cuddled her Mistress and held her close, though Saoirse eventually pulled away to tilt her chin up. “You know, I’m going to need a lot of energy to make up for changing you.” She licked her lips and inquired, “Would you mind if I broke my fast, my kitten?”

When the sweet breath passed her nose, Elva shivered before pushing into her lips. Steadily groaning as Saoirse embraced her back, she thought, ‘*Oh, please, Mistress.*’ Her whines worsened as their tongues touched and she was petted more passionately. Elva didn’t suppress her purrs when they resumed with the caresses, even when Mistress pulled away to kiss her neck.

Her calls were calm until Elva realized her new extremities were wriggling. She only noticed until Saoirse nibbled her throat, the pleasant tingle distracting her. Crying out with the tight tugs, Elva

panted when her ear was rubbed again.

'*Oh, Mistress,*' her wriggling worsened, '*please touch me more!*' Not making her wait, Saoirse firmly groped her still-tender breast and pecked down to her chest. When the caresses became scratches with a pinch on her nipple, Elva melted and pulled her Mistress in.

Unconscious of being turned onto her back, Elva writhed as Saoirse teased her. The tender gnaws to her sore bust were welcome, but her need inflamed.

Shuffling her thighs together—despite the fuzzy feeling against them—Elva held her lip and implored, '*Mistress, I need you to touch me—!*' She gasped when Saoirse slipped down to smooch her stomach and trace her hip.

"Did you want me to touch your clit, my kitten?" Mistress wondered when Elva didn't think further.

Elva whimpered, '*Yes, please, touch my clit, Mistress!*'

"*Good girl.*" Before Elva could struggle, Saoirse forced her knees apart and slid down further. She felt warm air on her nub before a careful lick made her thrash.

When Elva reached for her hair, Saoirse teased, "You *really* wanted that, *didn't* you, kitten? *Well,* allow me to *satisfy* you." She pressed in, leaving Elva to call out.

'*Oh, Brigit, I missed you, Mistress!*' she grieved with the lustful laps.

As she pulled away, Saoirse wondered, "You *missed* me? I haven't left your side for the last—!"

Elva's legs wrapped around her head while she implored, '*Just touch me, Mistress!*' Saoirse chuckled before enthusiastically complying. Elva shuddered as she was pleased, yet somehow, the twitches of her tail weren't bothersome until Saoirse grasped its base.

'*OH, oh, Mistress,*' Elva choked as her heart dropped with the queer hold, '*don't—stop!*' After Saoirse began massaging it, Elva started heaving, "*I—I'm going to—!*" With a sharp cry, she thrashed while the pressure overflowed. Elva became lost in her Mistress' touches, locking her in place until her knees buckled.

"*Good girl,*" Saoirse tittered as she was released, still caressing Elva's erect tail. The strange sensation made her dizzy while Mistress inquired, "Are you *enjoying* this, my kitten?"

Speechless, Elva shivered through deep breaths before pulling Saoirse in again. '*Can you—touch me more, Mistress?*'

"With *pleasure,* my kitten."

As Saoirse lowered her lips, Elva lurched when it was accompanied by a new grasp on her tail. Something slowly twisted around the bushy limb and Elva quickly realized, '*Is that—Mistress' tail?!*' After it reached her rear, hugging her in a comforting coil, the tip slid up to tease her slit.

Whimpering anew, Elva couldn't think when Saoirse wondered, "Would my kitten enjoy having me in her?" Peeking to a smug grin between her thighs, she finally let Mistress go to cover her blush. After a chirrup and a short nod, Elva wheezed as Saoirse slipped in, tugging on her new appendage.

When biting her finger didn't stifle her whines, Elva reached for the pillow behind her. Before she could cover her mouth, Saoirse yanked it away. "I want to hear **every adorable** sound you make, kitten," she snickered before pulling on her bud and pressing further in.

Elva's wails turned shrill when the intrusions intensified. "Mistress," she squeaked, her toes sticking out as she grasped the bedcover. "If you keep—I'll—!" Saoirse became impassioned, and Elva was breathless before she cried out.

Convulsing, Elva fell into bliss while her Mistress persisted. She desperately tossed and turned before her clit was released, taking hoarse gasps while her legs hung limp.

Shivering from a caress on her thighs, Elva was dazed when Saoirse asked, "Are you still enjoying yourself, my kitten?"

Only able to think about their tails, Elva choked, "I—I want you—to be—cruel—Mistress. P-Please."

If Saoirse did more than cackle, Elva didn't notice as her Mistress' nails sharpened. She heaved when they slid over her skin, but before she could clutch the sheets again, Saoirse took her waist to flip her over. Yelping in her fluster, Elva couldn't keep her lids open as she was lifted off the bed by her hips.

Her knees already trembling, Elva grew hotter as Mistress laid on her back and pressed her chest in. "Keep that cute little ass up for me, my kitten," she whispered before biting her shoulder. Closing her mouth made Elva purr and Saoirse snicker, but the escalating pleasures muddled her thoughts. Struggling to keep still, Elva fell into the cushioning before her locks were clutched. "I *said* keep your ass up," she demanded over Elva's moans, "and *don't* muffle that pretty voice, my kitten."

When an ear was gnawed while Mistress pressed in just right, Elva's eyes rolled closed while she wailed. "Good girl," Saoirse complimented before nibbling again.

Her daze worsened as the teeth sharpened, while her scalp was scraped between tight grasps. The tugs on her tail tightened as she was fervently pleased; Elva was speechless, pulling on the bedsheets as the thrusts hastened. "Mis—," she whined, struggling to keep her rear up while Saoirse passionately pressed on her. Groaning when her other ear was nabbed, Elva thrashed as the shifting of their tails became too much.

Her shouts worsened as Elva pulled against her Mistress' hold, thoughtless while the tingling heightened. Lost in the delights, Elva slipped onto her stomach and writhed. Her face only stayed aloft by Saoirse's grasp, but she was soon eased onto the soft bedding with the release of her curls.

At the slight retreat of Saoirse's tail, Elva quivered and reached back. "W-wait!" she yelled. Nearly sobbing while she thrashed, Elva begged, "I-I'm sorry—I can't keep—my—a-ass up, Mistress. ***Please! Don't*** stop yet!"

Through the haze, Elva scarcely heard her Mistress chuckle before hushing, "If that's what my kitten needs." Saoirse relaxed onto Elva, petting her hair and pressing her into the bed. "You've been *such* a good girl for me, kitten. Are you ready to be satisfied now?"

With an unsteady purr as Saoirse eased back in, Elva implored, '*Please!*'

Her head was scratched before a tight grasp left her agape. A forceful push to her desire knocked the wind out from her, but Elva screeched as Saoirse’s nails dug up her right side. Grasping the sheets, Elva’s whimpers heightened while her Mistress chewed on her ear.

‘*Ooh—oh, Bri-gi—!*’ her voice cracked while her daze worsened. Her body inflamed, though Saoirse only became more enthused as Elva fell back into bliss.

All she could feel was her Mistress’ heat and the fierce sensations she imposed. The tingling waves continued while Elva limply fell, slipping into a numbing trance. The intensity slowly lessened, starting with the dull stings on her head, though her senses lit up again while Saoirse left her empty. Only able to whimper and shudder as her ecstasy faded, Elva writhed under her Mistress until she was turned around.

Elva clutched Saoirse when they faced each other, pushing into her bust to keep the heat from dissipating more. She wheezed upon noticing the strong twitches of her tail were still stifled in a pleasant hold. Finally, as her hair was petted and she more clearly heard the caring chant, “Good girl,” Elva calmed, purring to her Mistress’ comforts.

A titter was added to the praise as Elva nuzzled while light scratches made her float. Her heart fluttered with her Mistress’ affections and Elva soon lamented, ‘*Why—couldn’t I have lasted longer.*’

Saoirse’s chuckles renewed while she tilted Elva’s chin up. Her joyful smile invigorated Elva when she mentioned, “There’s still *plenty* of time for us to have fun, my kitten.” Rising from the bed, Saoirse touched her collar and produced a glowing lead within her palm before commanding, “Come, my adorable pet. The day has just begun, and there’re *so* many more ways I want to play with my kitten.”

—Spoiler—

Elva fell into her role as a pet quite quickly, finding odd comfort in the sensual play. What else does Saoirse have in store for her kitten? Things seem to be going to plan for now, but will everything stay that way? Perhaps something unexpected can add some real spice to this already heated play!

—End Spoiler—

Chapter End Notes

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From Dom to sub: Writing from a Submissive Perspective Before Understanding Being Submissive

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When I started developing *Wrong Side of the Bed* on March 6th, 2022, it was just after my “switch” awakening after a lifetime of being a dom/top. My coming out as a transgender woman and lesbian was less than a year earlier (May 2021), and it was practically my three-month anniversary of medically transitioning that I put down my SFW (still for adults) post-apocalyptic sci-fi and picked up an NSFW BDSM fantasy I came up with in my short story days. When I wrote erotica years ago (roughly 2014-2017), the short stories were always from a submissive, and often a masochist, female perspective. I still didn’t make the connection to my own needs, even when one of two of my recurring characters was a feminized version of myself, but for a variety of reasons I put down the hobby for a long time.

Long but important sidenote for those medically transitioning to your preferred gender: make sure your prescriptions don’t interfere with your new ones, especially if you have multiple doctors. I stayed on a medication (lamotrigine) for about seven months after I started taking estrogen until my endo mentioned a side-effect is an increase in how quickly your body removes estrogen. I got tapered off it by my prescribing psych days later and soon started getting the full effects of estrogen, not just the effects of the progesterone I asked to get put on (early) because I wasn’t getting much benefit three months in. Not a fun fact: I can say I know what menopause feels like. The dose of my antiandrogen (testosterone-blocker, spironolactone) was so high compared to how little estrogen I was receiving that I had menopausal levels of both hormones for nearly six months but no one made the connection. I’m on a much lower dose of T-blocker and estrogen now but that was after my endo realized. I also started injections during that time, which did help a little and still makes for a much more consistent “mood” these days. But it was AGONY switching back to the irregularity of pills when there was a shortage of delestrogen for injections, and I still get extra moody the days leading up to my injection (my endo said it’s basically PMS, like the hormone fluctuations from a period); not to mention I’m still not used to stabbing myself.

At the start of my transition, I was still in denial about my submissive nature and identified as a dominant-leaning switch. I had identified as a complete dominant/top my whole sexual life and even had multiple non-sexual bondage experiences long before that (even a few as a “rope bunny”), but it was only after I broke down my gender roles that I accepted I COULD be submissive or even a bottom. While I got into planning my series and writing/rewriting/rerewriting my first novella, it became increasingly apparent my limited experience as a submissive (not just my limited creative writing experience) was hindering my ability to write Elva as well I want, and still is a hangup I experience today.

Then, something happened in January (2023): I experienced top drop before a scene even started. Dom/top drop was something I experienced a good amount of the time after I started socially transitioning (and increasingly often in the time leading up to that), but this was something different, and it shattered the persona of a domme/”budding dominatrix” I was trying to rebuild from my more masculine persona. After a deal of introspection, I realized I wasn’t a dominant at all and not even a switch: I was a bottom and most likely a submissive (like I portray my main character), not to mention quite possibly a masochist with only abusive experiences to go off of.

Like the idea of my assigned gender, I had fallen into a role I was expected to fill (or felt I needed to fill) and didn't question it until playing the part broke me.

Only a month later, the day before my 31st birthday, I had my first proper experience as a bottom (not to mention submissive and masochist, as I'd only had negative/abusive encounters with both before). My dominatrix opened my eyes to how much I had projected my needs onto Elva. At the same time, my reactions verified how well my ability to visualize aided me in writing as accurately a portrayal as I did until then (and didn't do half badly in subconsciously reflecting my actual submission style through Elva).

My writing already started improving after that session, but then I had my first serious experience as a masochist (not to mention an exhibitionist). My dominatrix was careful not to push my pain limits too soon, but an impact play tasting I had with a dominant at a Kink event a few days later pushed me near what I thought was my limit. I learned I could take a great deal of pain in the right setting with an appropriate warmup, and it was practically euphoric when the crowd cheered for me after my blindfold was removed (not to mention the remark someone made to my spouse (they/them): "She is REALLY reacting!").

At that point, I had all but accepted I'd never dominate again, and the thought of inflicting pain on someone made my heart sink from not just compassion or regret but envy. My only outlet for a while became my writing, but it was soon apparent my limited experience wasn't enough; not just for my novels and the kinks I planned to write about, but for myself and my own needs.

With the help of my therapist, I branched out and went back to a local BDSM dungeon after a five-year absence. The first time I visited was when I still identified as a dominant and came intending to top my spouse; I experienced top drop before we could have a scene (like the last time I tried to top someone) and I couldn't figure out why until years later: I was jealous watching others get topped. This is still something that I deal with (knowing now I want to be dominated/topped) when I visit dungeons/events, and my limited social skills having been raised as the wrong gender, among many other reasons, make it very difficult to approach others in any setting, vulnerable settings like these included.

My ability to visualize has aided me so far in writing *Wrong Side of the Bed*, but I've reached yet another impasse that's hindering my ability to write Elva as well as I want. Like my previous inexperience as a bottom, submissive, or masochist, my inexperience as a pet is hindering my ability to write the latest arc of my novel as effectively as I'd like (for those unfamiliar with the story, Elva's nickname/playname has been "kitten" since she first met her Mistress; for those familiar, you should have seen this coming by now).

As always since my coming out, I'm trying to safely explore every side of myself, which includes my submissive side. As always throughout my life, my shy and awkward nature makes it really difficult to approach people and, as such, explore parts of myself that require others. So, while I navigate this (and everything else going on), *Wrong Side of the Bed* will have somewhat inconsistent updates as I try to build my experiences and strengthen my writing/visualization skills so I can continue creating realistic and engaging work.

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you enjoyed and want to read more!

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Staying Kinky with Kink Trauma

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Strong trigger warning: mentions of emotional/physical abuse from family, immature (non-sexual, consensual) incestuous BDSM, homophobia, transphobia, emotional bullying, immature exposure to porn/sex, sex-negativity, immature (non-sexual, consensual) homosexual BDSM, and eating disorders/forced feeding. Reader discretion is HIGHLY advised.

Hello to my friends and readers,

This is not a pleasant journal entry in any way, so please be warned once again since you've read past the trigger warning. If you want to keep reading, please buckle up and hold onto your blunts because this is going to be a rough ride into dysphoric/abusive parts of my past that have been brought up when trying to approach what I thought was a safe kink space. If you want to know why I'm sharing all this, understand now (if you haven't already) that my personal story and my novels aren't sex-crazy erotica devoid of trauma, abuse, and strong emotions. If you want to read my novels, understand I've used them to deal with the abuse I've faced and these themes will be reflected throughout the narrative.

My first exposure to non-consensual BDSM was my mother spanking me or even belt whipping me when I (or my sister) misbehaved from two to maybe six years old; these are also some of the most vivid memories I have of my mother. The abuse hardly ended after that, though, and I can clearly remember threats meant to keep me in line and some queries if "I was thankful she didn't use the belt anymore" growing up.

The first time I consensually practiced BDSM was when I was around four. My sister (N, she/her) and I played a game that started out as "cops and robbers" (child-proof handcuffs and jump rope were my tools of choice) which devolved into me just tying her up in various ways (sometimes outdoors or even in our front yard, devolving further into exhibitionism). We played these games for a few years but (thankfully) stopped long before either of us understood what kink or (especially) sex was.

I should mention now that even in preschool I was starting to show signs of being feminine/effeminate, despite a great deal of external effort (mostly familial but peers shouldn't be discounted) to suppress that and keep me "masc." The most vivid sign is being on the wrong/girls side of the "which pop is better: Britney Spears or Backstreet Boys" class argument, which I believe sparked the bullying I received through pre/elementary school and killed my interest in most music genres I considered "girly" for decades. I was an outcast with the boys, weird to the girls, and the pick of choice to the class bully for eight years before I begged to leave before my last year after N graduated (arguably a worse choice, as middle school was even more abusive; I got to choose between two equally oppressive schools, a lose-lose situation).

The next time I practiced bondage and the first time I experienced homosexual (technically speaking straight knowing I was girl all along) feelings was in middle school, where I went to an all boys catholic school. I was cut off from all feminine figures, including N who was a grade above me in the same pre/elementary school. In the midst of an enormous amount of ostracization and non-physical bullying (so as not to alarm the faculty) that started day one, I made a few friends

second semester and a few more second year; after I got exposed to pornography by several students that got through the school's internet filter or just talked very openly around my absorbent "I need to understand the sex that's not my assigned" brain. I thankfully bullshitted my way out of a dicey situation because of my parent's tech illiteracy when my mom caught me looking at porn, but she never stopped looking over my shoulder and was especially harsh about suppressing any sexual interests I expressed afterwards. I still never got a "bird and the bees" conversation from either of my parents, though. From what my mother bitched to me about her divorce from my father years later, I think I actually knew more than both of them about consensual sex at that point.

Three of my friends I question if I had feeling for, as they are three of the only "masc" people (mildly effeminate like myself at the time) I've made an emotional/intellectual connection with (the only other was a foreign friend in elementary school whose company I adored and was a welcome reprieve from the bullying, but he left quickly and well before I was mature enough to understand my feelings). One was my first friend (M, he/him) my counselor finally introduced me to, while the other two were a foreign pair of brothers (B, he/him, and his younger brother, C, he/him) I met in my second year.

M and I have a long and complex history: we made "joking" passes/flirts at each other (including some physical contact), he dated N in highschool and college (their breakup was more unpleasant than their relationship; M and I were roommates in the college dorms), and I "slept" with his then girlfriend (they had an open relationship) but couldn't openly talk about it with either of them because I lived with N at the time and only saw them with her.

My relationship with B and C was a little simpler: they were both more sex/kink-positive because of their upbringing and helped me understand that my growing interests were healthy. What was less simple was that comfort brought about the three of us practicing bondage on each other. It was all for the sake of practice or the fun of it, but it no less increased my affections towards them and made it hurt more when they left.

High school was less eventful as I begged to go to a local public school (the bullies actually had different priorities and there was some LGBT+ acceptance, which I didn't feel comfortable approaching). My "friends" abused my physical boundaries, though, and caused a lot of physical triggers I still have today. My home life was much less eventful: my parents announced between freshman and sophomore year that they were divorcing (not actually separating until my sister left for college my senior year) while I became the battleground for my parents' (previously absent) affections. My mom confided in me they almost aborted N, how horrible her sex life with my dad was, finally "joked" that I was an accident and only took it back when she saw my reaction (I fully believe it after everything else my parents confided in me), and tried to ignore all the yelling/"passive aggression"/spanking/"belt whipping" (or threats to do so) she'd done before or continued to do; my dad was just as bad even if he wasn't physical with his abuse. When I got together with my first girlfriend senior year, both my parents (ESPECIALLY my mom) were careful to watch our private habits and make sure we weren't getting sexual (despite my gf being strictly catholic/chaste and ignoring/attacking any sexual advances after we were both legal).

If you're wondering where the eating disorder part of my trigger warning comes in, my parents (along with ignoring/punishing any signs that I was effeminate/transfem/lesbian) ignored any food preferences I had. As late as 20 when I visited my mom in college, I was forced to eat foods that made me nauseous; my dad never cared or learned (which made it a little easier to pick around the stuff I didn't like), but my mom intentionally pushed these boundaries. My most vivid memory was the last time my mother pushed this boundary: she put raw onions in my breakfast and explicitly said it didn't have any; I threw up chewing the first bite and my mom finally got a little less

invasive in putting some ingredients I hate in my food. It didn't matter what my boundary was, though; they always pushed it to make me "right" in their eyes, and this gets reflected through MANY of my characters.

This all culminates in my college graduation; N and I shared an apartment for three years and we graduated together because she got held back for a year. I was tasked to hide N's graduation present and my mother went looking for it the day of our graduation. Instead of asking where it was and finding it, she searched my closet, finally finding my kink stash which was less obviously hidden than the gift. There was a lot of rope, numerous sex toys, many implements, condoms, and "a funnel" that "forced" my mother to confide in my sister: was I gay or a rapist? After a very awkward conversation with N (reluctantly bringing up our "cops and robbers" games and other kink references in pop-culture we knew) my mother never brought it up again.

When I finally realized I was a transgender woman and a lesbian at 29, I only kept it from N for a few months before finally felt comfortable confiding in her. Her reaction was visceral, though, as she wasn't the first person I told and she didn't know how to process her "brother" becoming her sister, despite all the signs I tried to point out. I eventually came out to my mother (as my relationship with my father was absolutely wrecked a few years before) but she mourned the loss of "her son" and hardly made my sister change her ways. To this day, N is still the only one I've spoken to who's been outright transphobic at every turn, even after several attempts to reach out, and I'm too afraid to really talk to any of my family after my "most accepting family member" keeps outright rejecting me.

It's been over a year before I've spoken to any member of my birth/blood family and, if I'm being honest, it's been the most accepting year of my life, despite all the hardships.

My past is filled with abuse (all less apparent compared to more explicit/"visibly physical" abuse), which is strongly reflected in my characters and their journeys. Extreme spoilers (even for those who've read my story through Chapter 14: The Sinful Tormentor) and know about Saoirse's abuse from her father, but after Elva has her flashback in Chapter 11: Hellfire, Saoirse vomits/purges because of the intense fear she tastes when coming out of the memory of Elva's grandmother being murdered and the abuse that came after. Saoirse is reminded of the fearful energy her father forced her to eat during her upbringing torturing rapists (per the traditional image of Hell I evoke), reflecting my own food issues from being forced to eat "normal" foods. Spoilers for Chapter 14, Saoirse's encounter with her father was directly influenced by my coming out to my sister.

There's more nuance than I can possibly explain in my writing (which only worsens the more I learn my own past relates to the narrative I've created); I only hope I can touch people enough that they can recognize the healthy/unhealthy behaviors I write about and keep it from perpetrating into their own lives. For your own sake, please only tolerate people who add benefit to your life; from my own experience, letting/keeping abusive or boundary-stomping figures have a say in your life will only hurt you, most especially in the long run when you try and process all they've done to you. Saying this, doing this, and processing the emotions that come with it are all completely different tasks with their own challenges, so please don't get discouraged if you struggle like I do.

Take care of yourself, and if you follow my story, understand there's pain to come but joy/acceptance as well.

With love,
Alexandria

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you were touched and want to read more.

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The Future of Wrong Side of the Bed: Lifelike Graphic Prints, Graphic Novels, and Collectable Trading Cards

Chapter Summary

AO3 might delete this because I'm talking about monetization, but I honestly don't care; I have to share this news.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hello everyone,

I'm going to try and stay as calm as possible throughout this announcement, but if you read the title, you can guess some huge things are potentially in the works. Understand, though, I'm internally freaking the fuck out.

At the community meeting today for Share: A Non-Monogamy Ball coming up this Friday, I reconnected with a photographer (B, he/him); he took photos of myself and my spouse/editor (they/them) at the Rave'n Ball, the first event I vended at. After catching up and learning B has been a professional photographer/artist for 30 years, (i.e. has 28.5 more years of professional artistic experience than me) who started with adult work in Las Vegas (he takes professional photos at Kink events, so that should have been obvious), he showed me some of his graphic designs edited from models he photographed, clay models he was sculpting, and 3D-printed work he recently got into; most with fantasy themes, one heaven and hell themed.

I attended the meeting as a vendor for my novels and introduced myself as such at the start of the meeting; so, naturally, I mentioned my own fantasy series, got to talking about the sex/kink/LGBTQIA+/poly positivity, my desire to make people forget about the "abusive monstrosity that was 50 Shades of Grey," (as I put it) and my attempt to blend erotica with traditional genres. Our conversation escalated very, very quickly after showing him art of my characters (THANK YOU SAMMI-DOODLES FOR TAKING MY LINGERIE PIN-UP COMMISSION); apparently, I was the right creative with the concepts he was looking for to create larger works.

First, we talked about creating prints: hiring models to cosplay my characters, having photoshoots, and then adding the fantastical bits that can't be made with props (and his own artistic touches) in Photoshop. He'd sell prints himself, let me buy them for half then sell them at full price (still donating a portion to charity: The Trevor Project, just not all of it like the free/commissioned art I've received), and possibly let the models distribute them too under the same deal. To say I was in love with the idea after seeing his digital art was an understatement. Additionally, if we work this out, the Third Edition of Wrong Side of the Bed 1 Act I and every novel/novella I release afterward will have character art included within the pages and possibly a color edition.

Second, we talked about long-form art (novels, graphic novels, shows, movies) in general too. He was astounded to hear my earliest drafts were essentially a movie script and I had to work

backward from what he considered the traditional creative process, learning creative writing after having all the skills I'd accrued to create the visual descriptors needed to make an engaging novel. I talked about my ultimate dream of seeing my series made into a 3D animated series; so, he showed me some of his experiments with making graphic novels—using the same technique of having models cosplay and then finishing the edits in Photoshop—and said he'd like to turn my series into a graphic novel. I didn't know how I could possibly say no to the idea.

Third, we had a connection on Dungeons & Dragons (HE HAS A STACK OF 1e CAMPAIGNS I CAN'T EVEN FATHOM! THEY'RE OLDER THAN I AM!), action role-playing games, and collectible trading card games. He then asked me how many characters I had; recalling that I actually counted the number of characters/forms a little while ago, apparently "over 50" was the right answer to invigorate our conversation. Turns out, he's been looking for a concept with enough original characters and concepts to make a trading card game; he's almost figured out how the printing process will work, including metallic/holographic cards. He was also very happy to hear that my series has D&D elements implemented within an original system I had to make myself, so my literary RPG might become a trading card game. I've just about figured out how the mechanics will work, so I'm pretty sure this is happening.

Fourth, we were both invited to attend Naughty Sin City in Las Vegas this October; a four-day total hotel takeover convention for pride/kink/drag/LGBTQ+/poly. If I go, this will be not only the largest convention I've attended, but also the largest outreach I've had to date, and my first time vending my work outside of Denver. B and I haven't discussed yet if we're both going or if we'd collaborate there, but B has done a lot of work in Las Vegas, so if he's invested in my series and knows I'm going, then I'll probably have him and some other assistants helping me promote. It's very possible I'll have an incredible display at Naughty Sin City with B's help and, regardless, have a larger outreach than I ever thought I'd have at this stage.

Finally, [fucking hell](#).

I hope you all are looking forward to these developments as much as I am! Needless to say, the future of Wrong Side of the Bed is looking very bright!

With love,
Alexandria

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you were touched and want to read more.

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Dreams: How My Hospitalization Recovered a Part of Me (TW: suicidal ideations)

Chapter Notes

TW: suicidal ideations and hospitalization

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hello everyone,

If you've read *Wrong Side of the Bed*, you already know that suicide is a theme that plagues one of my main characters; for those less familiar, Elva (she/her) is a witch with PTSD who, due to a misunderstanding, sacrifices herself and is sent to Hell. If you've read my journals, you already know that I also have PTSD and have suffered from suicidal ideations for the better part of my life; for those less familiar, I had to be hospitalized a few years ago after I was asked to resign from the second and last engineering job I'd take.

Last week, I was hospitalized again because those same thoughts became overwhelming. I won't go into further details about what that entails, but medically speaking I was put on a standard 72 hour psychiatric hold. That hold was considered voluntary because I called the crisis line and let myself be admitted, which meant I was able to leave shortly after the hold ended because of the progress I was making. I'm doing considerably better now and I am taking better care of my mental health thanks to the help I received.

This journal is about something that—for the first time in a long time—has connected me to my old self in a positive way. The first night before I went to bed, I was given a new drug; it was off-label for PTSD and otherwise a pretty safe compound. I arrived at the ER around 5 am and was transferred to the hospital where they found an available room at around midnight; so—after sleeping for maybe two or four hours in naps—I easily broke the new graveyard schedule I was adjusting to to fall asleep. That night something happened that has rarely happened since the last time I was admitted.

I dreamed.

If that sounds mundane, I hope it does, because I don't recall the last time I've had a dream, much less one like this. It was vivid. It was immersive. It felt real, and I remembered it all—or enough of it anyway. I thought when I woke up I'd had a nightmare, as my only experience with dreams the last few years had been night terrors; I was scared, alone, sad, at least in the most vivid parts. When I had another dream the next night, one with so many emotions including happiness and grief, I realized it was just a bad part of a dream, probably not so different from dreams others have been experiencing every night. The next night I had yet another dream, less vivid but also less emotional in turn.

After five years with hardly a single dream remembered, my mind had created three entire worlds for my resting mind to inhabit and I recalled all of them long enough to draw reflection and inspiration. When I was released from the hospital the next day and couldn't get that med

immediately, I didn't have any dreams that night, verifying that the drug was at least in part helping. When I picked up my prescription the next day and slept with the meds, I had a light dream like on the third night.

To say that this experience has helped me couldn't be more of an understatement. Beyond the medical and personal changes that have come out of this experience, regaining my regular ability to dream has given me a wholeness I didn't realize I was missing. One of my nicknames was a daydreamer because my head has always been in the clouds, but I don't think anyone has ever really understood how much I used to dream.

A very brief tangent to talk about something related that afflicts someone I care about and myself respectively: aphantasia and hyperphantasia. Aphantasia is a fairly uncommon condition where a person cannot form mental images; when they recall it's with words/sounds, smells, tastes, textures, or other senses instead of visuals. Hyperphantasia is a more common condition where a person can form hyperrealistic mental images. I've always had hyperphantasia but I never understood it until I met someone who had the opposite. Combined with a not-quite eidetic memory, though, it sure made class and work distracting when I had the unfiltered ability to watch a handful of movies/TV like I had a theater to myself.

I'd have a dream and spend weeks developing it into a world. I'd watch a show and spend months making a realistic character and storyline. I'd use five hour car rides to choreograph fight scenes to rock and metal. I'd read a random prompt and spend days wondering if there was a way of making it an interesting concept. I'd start writing a short story and get the idea to turn it into a novel which then becomes a whole series. And all that was before *Wrong Side of the Bed* was more than "a witch goes to Hell and becomes a succubus' slave" story prompt I came up with just before being fired from my first engineering job six years ago.

Now, it's my career to do that.

The daydreamer is back. I hope you all are looking forward to what I create.

With love,
Dia

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you want to read more! Should I move these journal entries to another Work, start posting them in another, or just keep posting them with *Wrong Side of the Bed*?

[<< First Chapter](#) | [< Latest Chapter](#)

Ch 1: A Desperate Ritual (Third Edition Edit) [no sex] [ptsd] [cutting] [minor bleeding] [ritual sacrifice]

Chapter Notes

Updated Feb 14th, 2024

Wrong Side of the Bed 1 Act I will be available with new cover art for the Third Edition soon (now on eBook and paperback)!

[<< Chapter 1 \(Online Edition\)](#) | [Chapter 2 \(Third Edition\)](#) >

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+. The following chapter includes depictions of severe trauma (panic, dissociation), light cutting, minor bleeding, and unintentional suicide through ritual sacrifice. Reader discretion is highly advised.

The crescent moon shone above the pines in the near-dark of twilight. A young woman swiftly turned—disturbing her untamed ginger spirals—towards a faint glow in the distance. Peering through the thick brush, Elva wondered, *‘What is—’*

The smoldering flames of torches barely let her discern several tall figures. Finally hearing the chorus of men’s shouts, her heart stopped in panic.

‘No— How are they inside the ward?!’

Elva dropped her foraging basket and sprinted home—hidden only a little further in the woods. The branches tore at her patched dress and scraped her cheeks; pine needles stabbed into her soles with every step, but still she ran.

Relief set in when Elva spotted the hut. *‘There it—!’* She squeaked when a root snagged her foot, casting her into the mossy ground and shocking her still. Dazed, Elva squinted to a blurred cottage, though it cleared with a few blinks. Grimacing, she pulled herself up, desperately disregarding the ache in her toes before banging into the wooden frame, throwing the door open, and slamming it shut.

Her trembling legs gave out; Elva fell to the dirt floor and sobbed as fear overtook her. *‘Móra,’* she hugged her knees and wept into her coarse skirt, *‘please, help me.’* The scorching fire that carried away her grandmother’s final screams tickled her skin, while the twisted cheers of the hunters as she burned at the stake deafened Elva’s ears.

Managing a few deep breaths, she wiped away the tears and willed herself to stand. *‘I— I’m not safe here.’* She sullenly stepped to a table of polished pine, upon which her grandmother’s grimoire sat on a squat oak pedestal. After opening the wrinkled leather cover, she carefully read over the descriptions of the spells in her native tongue and the strange glyphs that followed.

“‘Wards.’” She turned the pages, “They’re already through the ones Móra put in place, so that’s no good. ‘Divination...’ I can’t even read the rites; not that it’d help at this point. ‘Potions,’ not helpful, either. ‘Healing,’ *no!* Where is—” Elva flipped more desperately until she found, “Finally! ‘Summoning!’”

She shuddered, *‘Móra forbade me from reading these spells. I remember her warning me about demons especially, but... I’m sure whatever could go wrong couldn’t be worse than...’* Elva glanced at the door. “I’ll just have to be careful.

“Let’s see... ‘Faeries...’ They don’t sound very kindly, but— one might be better than no help at all. The rite is...” Her gaze darted across the glyphs. “Oh, that’s—” *‘It’s only the first one and it’s so complicated. I—I can’t perform that.’* She turned the sheet.

“‘Elves...’ They sound friendlier, at least. What about the—” Her breath caught. “I— I don’t— even know how to *read* some of these glyphs.” She sulked upon realizing, *‘This is useless...’* Before the welling tears could fall, Elva wiped them away. *‘You can do this. You **have** to.’* She huffed and turned to the next page. Horrified, she held her mouth upon reading the terms of vampire contracts. *‘I can’t sign that! My heart might stop just **Thinking** about it! Or I’ll get sick at least...’* Elva skipped ahead.

“‘Demons,’” she shuddered. *‘Please be helpful at least.’* “They sound strong and— not *un* friendly. ‘Some additional biological differences between males, incubi, and females, succubi...’ ‘Contracts — Consume the magical and physical energy of those they contract through... *carnal* acts.’” Her lids fluttered. *‘Carnal acts.’* Elva’s cheeks flushed. *‘The last two summers have been— **lonely** ... What— What would an— incubus...’*

Elva clapped her cheeks upon realizing how hot she’d grown. *‘Focus!’* “The rite, Elva! That’s,” her shoulders loosened, “not too hard, actually. The components... I have all these! Sigil— I can draw that!!

‘Finally, something I can use!’ “What are my other options?”

She turned the leaf but the sheet was blank; her jaw went slack, “Wait— four summons?” Elva flipped through the remaining pages in a frenzy, “That-that can’t be all.” She panicked when she reached bare leather, “There can’t— THERE CAN’T BE **JUST FOUR!!**

“Maybe I missed one,” she flipped through but, as she reached the healing enchantments, she hesitantly turned forward again. “Four summons,” Elva resigned, “and I can only perform *one* of them.” *‘The one that Móra specifically warned me against, of course.’* She glanced at the door to her small cottage. Her heart stopped as the small gaps ignited with the fires of Hell as the walls closed in.

‘They’re here!’

Elva cowered but, upon realizing that there were no shouts, she peeked again: the glow was gone, save for the faint moonlight trickling in. *‘I’ll take my chances with an incubus.’* Elva flipped back and studied the spell while retrieving the components from nearby shelves. *‘Five candles and cat’s eyes around the sigil, two dove’s feathers, four sprigs of horehound, a lock of my hair, and...’* she gulped, *‘virgin blood to draw the sigil.’* Elva picked up a small cutter and trimmed several strands from her hip-length curls.

‘Mine should work, I guess.’

She stared with ragged breaths and then rested the edge against her trembling fingertip. *'It's just a prick.'* Despite pressing the knife in, it failed to pierce. "Come on ." Her quaking hand fumbled the blade. She shrieked as the iron burned before dropping the tool. Blood trickled as she numbly reflected, *'I-I didn't mean to cut so deep.'* The borders of her vision dimmed as the searing sting set in. *'The sigil, Elva.'* Looking over the simple design, she shakily copied it onto the smooth table—failing to ignore the dragging agony.

After fetching a wrapping, she secured the wound with a snug knot and a wince. "Finish, Elva," she copied the configuration. With the last stone in place, a Wiccacant whisper lit the candles with tiny flames to illuminate the altar. "That should be everything." She clasped her hands to pray.

'Oh, Brigit, please help me... And please... let him be gentle.'

Elva read the strange glyphs aloud. The air swirled around the altar with a few words, disturbing the candles and fluttering the grimoire's pages. Bracing against the wind, she continued. The bloodstrokes illuminated a queer radiance that overtook the candlelight. The items dissolved into a golden mist and spiraled with the turbulent gust. Elva regretfully spoke the last word and gaped as a glistening fog burst forth and filled the cottage.

*'Oh, Brigit, **please** tell me this is normal!'* She shut her eyes, desperate for the bolstering brilliance and bluster to break.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you want to read more!

[<< Chapter 1 \(Online Edition\) | Chapter 2 \(Third Edition\) >](#)

Ch 2: Rude Awakenings (Third Edition Edit) [no sex] [ptsd] [flashing] [slavery]

Chapter Notes

Updated Feb 14th, 2024

Wrong Side of the Bed 1 Act I will available with new cover art for the Third Edition soon (now on eBook and paperback)!

[<< Chapter 1 \(Online Edition\)](#) | [< Chapter 1 \(Third Edition\)](#) | [Chapter 3 \(Third Edition\)](#)
[>](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+. The following chapter includes mentions of unintentional suicide and mandated slavery, depictions of severe trauma, objectification, humiliation, teasing, flashing, reluctance, and sensitive terminology (breasts). Reader discretion is advised.

As shadow consumed her and the air stilled, Elva stood shivering. Too frightened to move, her hands trembled while her knees buckled. Finally, she dropped to the soft ground and slowly squinted. Her gaze darted about, expecting to see the candles on the altar or scattered about the cottage; but there was only darkness—save for a bloody light leaking to her left.

“Wha— what happened?” Elva fretted, *‘Do I even want to know?’*

A wicked snarl preceded raging gales that carried faint purple and pink puffs past her ears. An unseen force enveloped Elva; her lip quivered and she clutched her chest. Though too afraid to glance at what had passed her shoulders, Elva’s eyes widened.

‘Is— Is this how I die?’

The presence withdrew as a radiant brightness flooded the room; Elva recoiled, her hands flying to shield her lids. “What’s *this* ?” a deep, womanly voice sung. “A lost *kitten* seems to have stumbled into my home. *And* to my *bedside* , no less.”

‘Ki— kitten?’ Elva slowly peeped. *‘Bed— side?’* Before her was a large bed—she surmised—laid with shimmering, scarlet sheets. Confused, Elva looked down and discovered a lush, intricately detailed rug. To the side, the vermilion glow came from beneath golden curtains that covered a large portion of the wall, deepening the reddened wood of the walls and floor.

A lethargic yawn drew Elva to the young woman lying upon the bed. She could scarcely determine where the red tones of the surrounds ended and where the lady began. Her crimson hair lay haphazardly in gentle waves down to her knees. Under the dense draping, her skin—sparsely covered by a pink robe—shone like red clay. After grimacing while rubbing a lid, the woman’s

bewitching features relaxed to reveal the shimmering rubies of her irises. Elva shyly glanced away from the intent glare and was soon distracted by the locks that fell around her chest.

'That's...' Her cheeks flushed. 'Those are...'

"Kitten!" Elva flinched with her scowl. "Good, the kitten can hear me." Though she seemed somewhat less annoyed, Elva was too afraid to peek again. "Now, what is this kitten doing in my home so early in the morning?"

"Uhm..." *'The morning? Your home?'* Confounded, she glanced around, *'This isn't Móra's cottage, but—I—I don't—'* Uncertain how to answer, Elva had to inquire, "Kitten?"

She huffed. "Good," her voice calmed, "the kitten can speak. Now, could you tell me what happened before you came here?"

"Came here? Uh, well, I..." Elva's fidgeting worsened, "I'm not sure. I was trying to summon an incubus in my cottage when— all of a sudden... I ended up here. I just," her throat choked as tears welled, "I just... wanted to feel safe." The woman didn't respond; Elva started to sweat. *'I... Oh, Brigit.'* Her lips trembled and she shivered. *'How did this go so wrong?'* Elva shut the world out. *'She's going to kill me.'*

After a world-weary sigh, she lulled, "Relax, kitten. I'm not going to kill you." She shifted on the sheets. "I couldn't even if I wanted to."

'Somehow— that's not comforting.'

Carefully peering up, the woman's expression had softened as she lazily laid. "So," she tilted her head, "what brought about this kitten's need to summon an incubus?" Her tone was tranquil but something in her stare seemed somber.

"W-well, I—I need help. The hunters," she choked. Clenching her dress, Elva tried not to remember the blaze of the torches, "They're so close to my home and I-I know they'll find me now."

"Why would they hunt you, kitten?"

"W-well, I'm a *witch*. Ever since I was born, I've lived in hiding because— witches are being," her head fell, "hunted."

"So it's been since *long* before you were born, little kitten," she grieved; caught off guard, Elva perked back up. "Did you have a coven?" Her head cocked again. "A mentor surely, kitten."

'Mentor.' Elva's gaze lowered. "Móra." She lamented, "My grandmother. The hunters found her— us ten summers past. There... There was never anyone else." *'I,'* her chest hurt, *'I'm alone.'*

The woman dolefully sighed, "I'm going to be blunt with you, kitten, and this will come as quite a shock." She propped her chin up to expose the cleavage in her robe. "You don't need to worry about the hunters or being alone. You're already dead."

Her heart stopped. *'Dea...'* Elva felt cold. *'What?'* She held herself. *'I... I must have misheard her.'* "I," she quivered, "I don't understand. How...?" *'That doesn't make sense.'* "How can I be dead?"

“The ritual you performed called for virgin blood,” she rested her cheek under her left palm. “You used your own, yes?”

‘My own?’ Elva nodded, *‘But, what does that have to do with my death?’* The woman’s cold composure broke; she giggled and fell into the bed. “W-wait, what’s so funny?” Elva’s fluster worsened with the snickers. *‘What’s funny about me being dead?!’*

“*Virgin*,” the lady’s laughs subsided while she raised from the cushions, “virgin materials are sacrificial offerings that need to be clean and unused in previous rituals. If you used your own blood, then you sacrificed yourself to perform the summoning.”

Elva blankly stared. *‘S... Sacrificed myself? How— After all... How can it be— that **simple**?’*

“*But*, I suppose,” she mused, “since you appeared at *my* bedside, *you* were the one who summoned herself to *me*. Which is not only very *unorthodox* for a human but very *rude*, and quite illegal.”

‘Il,’ her gawk worsened, *‘illegal?? RUDE?! I... I just,’* Elva cradled her head. *‘I just wanted to feel safe. How could I end up **dead**?’*

“**Kitten**!” the stranger snapped a second time.

“Y- **YES?!**” her arms dropped and their eyes locked. *‘Am I **really** dead??’* The woman’s glare was piercing. *‘Because I **still** feel like she can kill me!’*

“Regarding your circumstances, you’re uncontracted and you’ve intruded into my home, both of which are serious crimes for a human, even in the Lower Key of Hell.”

‘Di—’ Elva blinked, *‘did she just say— Hell?’*

“*Since* I’m so **generous**,” she studied her nails, “I’ll give you a choice. I can send you to the Auction House where all the other humans go. Another demon will take your contract and you will be their slave for as long as your sentence lasts. *Or*,” no longer distracted, her stare turned mischievous, “you can sign a contract with *me* and be **my** sex slave.”

‘S-sex slave?’ Elva sat agape and overwhelmed. *‘Okay... Maybe I should have heeded Móra’s warning better, but... am I **really** dead? This all feels so...’* Upon glancing up, Elva found the woman was calmly looking down at her. *‘And I thought I was summoning an incubus. I didn’t expect to summon a— succubus.’*

“Is there an **issue**,” she scowled, “with me being a *succubus*?”

The color drained from Elva’s cheeks as the glare pierced her soul. *‘Was I talking aloud??’* She bashfully looked down. *‘No, I— I was just **thinking**. That— That wasn’t the first, either... I-is she— **Has** she...’* Elva glanced up. *‘She’s reading my thoughts, isn’t she?’*

The woman inquisitively raised a brow.

Her head fell in disbelief. *‘If I’m not really dead— just kill me now.’* “N,” jolting up, Elva stammered, “**NO ! No**, th-there’s no issue. I-I-I just didn’t expect to summon someone so **gorgeous**.”

“*Gorgeous*,” she gleefully echoed while turning to her side, “**am** I, little kitten? *Trying* to curry favor before we’ve,” her glimmer turned enchanting, “*sealed the deal*,” her robe came loose to reveal her voluminous right breast, “my kitten?”

Mouth agape, Elva stared ahead dumbfounded. The captivating form filled her with an inexplicable warmth. Quickly facing her with a snicker, the woman hung so far off the bed their noses brushed. ‘*She is close*,’ Elva leaned away. “Oh,” noting the intoxicating aroma on her breath, her lids flitted, “that’s—”

“You know,” she held a devilish grin, “you’re quite *cute*, kitten. I wouldn’t mind having a pretty little thing like you around as my pet.” She tittered while Elva squirmed. “So, what do you *say*?” She licked her lips with a heavy-lidded peer.

‘I was wrong,’ Elva froze. *‘She’s not going to kill me. She’s going to eat me.’*

“Only when it *pleases* me, kitten.”

Agape, Elva dropped her head. *‘That’s—’* “I,” she hesitantly peered up, “I suppose— I’ll sign a contract with you.”

The woman’s seductive expression broke into an amused smirk. Her head eventually fell as she heartily giggled.

“Wait,” Elva’s fluster worsened, “what’s so funny *now*?” *‘First my death, now my freedom...’*

“*Relax*, kitten,” her laughter abated though her cheeks were aglow, matching the warm glint in her pupils. “I’m not going to lock you up in a dark cell for the rest of your *un* life,” she playfully kicked her legs, “that wouldn’t be very fun for you **or** me. I treat my slaves fairly, I’ll have you know. Your contract has a safeword you can speak to halt what I’m doing if it makes you uncomfortable, as well as an escape clause if you find my methods unbearable. And I’m only making you sign a one-day contract.”

Elva sighed and some tension slipped from her shoulders. *‘Okay, one day. That all doesn’t sound— so bad, I guess.’* She nervously returned the woman’s gaze. “So, what happens now?”

Her grin turned devious; a snap of her fingers summoned a bright array of purple and pink lights. Elva recoiled at the low, mystical whirl that followed, wincing as the shines coalesced and then faded. After blinking, she found that the woman held a scroll of fine, bright paper and dowels of light metal detailing intricate knots. “You’ll have this read by seven, **Sharp**. We’ll discuss if there’s anything you need to have addressed or altered,” she handed it over, “then we’ll seal your contract with a collaring.”

‘Seven— what? A— collaring?’ Elva cautiously reached out, but the woman grabbed her arm in a flash. With a firm tug, she pulled Elva in until their noses touched. *‘O-OKAY,’* she panicked upon brushing against the woman’s soft skin, *‘she is VERY close now.’*

“Call me Mistress, kitten.” She drew Elva into her lips.

Elva flailed, *‘WAIT, I-I’M not— rea-dy—’* Her heart throbbed while her chest burned like never before. A fog covered her mind, only worsened by the sweet aroma. As she leaned in, a lightness overcame her while Elva moaned and eagerly shared the embrace. When their tongues met,

Mistress loosened her grasp and withdrew. Elva carefully opened her eyes, feeling betrayed as the taste faded and her arm was released.

“And **don’t** wake me up at three in the morning again.” She loudly snapped.

Still lost in her irises, Elva’s daze broke when a sinking feeling took over. She looked down to find a hazy darkness—shrouded in pink and purple—engulfing her. Without a yip in surprise, Elva disappeared into the void.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you want to read more!

[<< Chapter 1 \(Online Edition\)](#) | [< Chapter 1 \(Third Edition\)](#) | [Chapter 3 \(Third Edition\)](#)

[>](#)

Why did one person have to ruin so much by doing so little? (Trigger warning: sexual assault)

I'm Dia (she/her), a transgender woman and a sapphic lesbian who's been medically transitioning since December of 2021. I write sapphic adult novels and sell them at a queer night club in town a few times a month.

I haven't had any issues working there for the last few months but, a few nights ago on a slow night, someone rushed up to my table from the dance floor and felt me up. I didn't even realize what was happening; I just froze and cringed until they stopped and went to the corner to chat with their friends like nothing happened.

I'm not a stranger to regretting being touched, having things pushed too far or into a direction I didn't agree to and I can't speak, or being punished/abused for being a bad boy, but now I feel like a statistic and the least clean I've ever felt as a sex worker.

I think what hurts the most is that there were so many people around but no one was there to help. It was my first event without my assistant so I was alone and none of the safety precautions prevented it. I didn't even process what happened until after the event the next night; there were several opening talks about consent and about a dozen people asked to give me hugs before doing so. I casually brought up the incident with my friend (she/her) at the table next to me (she was there but didn't see it; she was sitting much closer at this event) and her reaction made it click that I was groped.

The manager is aware, as is security and the club owners. If I'm lucky I'll never have to see their face again (in person), but I'm absolutely willing to point it out. I don't know what I'm going to do, though, because the person looked a lot like our entertainment producer (he/him) and my trauma response was strong enough just seeing someone that looks a little like him at a restaurant messed me up.

I just want people to respect my boundaries. I was at work, for fucks sake. I want to forget but I can't. I see their face with that look of a predator who knows you're alone, and I feel my skin scrawl across my thighs just by letting my mind wander.

My greatest assets, my mind, my imagination, and my visualization, have become my prison.

At least I'm more connected to my dear Vixen (she/her). Maybe I'll finish Chapter 2 of Pet for Lease; fiction became reality when someone told me what I needed to hear, "it's not my fault."

Did anyone want Aileene's story, Saoirse's first slave and second lover? No? I really didn't think so.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

So while going over coping skills in the crisis center I was admitted to over the weekend, I realized there aren't any teachers that have to decode my shorthand anymore so I was able to write. More importantly, after reflecting on my emergency therapy session earlier that day, I realized there was a character I needed to connect with for my own ability to cope. Aileene.

I hadn't planned on sharing her tale for a good decade or so, but here I am, halfway through the first chapter and at the part I wasn't looking forward to. This is one of the cruelest stories I've planned, but an important one to the plot and for me as well. This will be my next release instead of what I was planning, so buckle up, because you're in for a rough ride from the start. Extreme content warnings will apply beginning chapter 1 for this one-shot novella, *Lost Light*.

P.S. I've never "left" a crisis center feeling so much worse than when I came in, so congratulations, task failed successfully. They took in a scared, depressed girl and had to release a zombified demon. At least I'm ready for the rest of my story once my horny is back in full. In good news, I'm nearly back to my old, bright self! If you want to know more about that, you'll have to get on my Discord (link in notes).

Have a preview of *Lost Light*, and have a gold star if you can decipher my draft, written with a golf pencil on the springiest bed I've ever slept on.

 My handwritten draft of *Lost Light*, Chapter 1, Page 1

The light flurry faded as the sun warmed the chill spring air. From behind the creaky door of a cottage, a young woman with fiery curls poked her head out.

'The snow is finally slowing,' Aileene observed, glancing at the nearby tree dropping its collection.

With a final huff, she opened the doorway. Wading through the snowfall, she hardly felt the frost on her toes nor the chill breeze under her dress. *'Was the forest always so,'* her nervous gaze darted about until a rattling in the branches caught her attention. Peering up into the thick canopy, Aileene spotted a red squirrel carrying its nuts as it darted home. *'I guess I'm not so alone.'*

Before long, she reached her favorite clearing; the sunlight seemed to break through the clouds.

"Well," Aileene, gruffled and stepped into the center. She didn't move—apart from lightly stretching— for some time, though.

'What are you doing, Aileene?' she sullenly wondered. "Come on." She flinched. "It's just— one foot in front of the other, and—" With a final flex, Aileene took the first step and began dancing the way her mother taught her. Though initially clumsy—from lack of practice the last winter— Aileene soon found her feet and flowed.

P.P.S. I'm now almost done with the first chapter. To quote Crawley/Crowley (David Tennant) from *Good Omens* when I said I was, "at the part I wasn't looking forward to," before, "I'm a demon. I

lied."

Oh, if you didn't know, I'm getting into VTubing on Twitch! I'm Dia the Demon!

Chapter End Notes

[Discord](#)

[Twitch](#)

Self Love

I've always struggled with self-love. Growing up, love was conditional on me behaving according to my parent's ideals: keeping quiet, hiding emotion, and always striving to become the well-rounded breadwinner I was meant to be as someone assigned male at birth. Loving myself became increasingly difficult; I was constantly told how I should behave, what I should like, who I should be friends with or fall in love with, and what I should do with my future. Guilt and self-loathing set when I found no passion in life, failed to live up to expectations, and was always pushed to do more things I didn't want to do.

I never learned what I enjoyed beyond escapist activities like playing video games or watching TV because I was only encouraged to do things my family enjoyed or things that would eventually make me more money. Living in the shadow of my older sibling's talent, expressing my creativity was difficult; I didn't learn I enjoyed writing or that I'm a wonderful world builder until it was just a time wasting hobby. Discovering my interest in consensual BDSM only made me feel more like a black sheep; in addition to being the one who used corporal punishment, my mother didn't respect my privacy and labeled me the deviant when she discovered that interest. Because of my experience with punishment, I never considered I might enjoy submitting, being restrained, or pain play; I confined myself to hurting my partners, which often added to my guilt.

It wasn't until I started cutting off my family and living away from their expectations that I could discover who I was. It still took 27 years to give up engineering, 29 to accept I'm a woman and a lesbian, 30 to cut off the last of my family and become a writer, and 31 to have my first consensual submissive experience. I'll be 32 in a few days and I'm still learning what love means to me; loving myself only became possible a few years ago so I'm still undoing a great deal of self-loathing. It's hard to be forgiving when I have a bad day and I feel guilt when I don't live up to my own expectations, much less those that I don't hold myself to anymore. I'm learning to accept my flaws and idiosyncrasies, though, and I know I can love the woman I was always meant to be.

Ch 3: Hell or Haven (Third Edition Edit) [ptsd] [slavery] [masturbation] [voyeurism] [humiliation]

Chapter Notes

Wrong Side of the Bed 1 Act I will available with new cover art for the Third Edition soon (now on eBook and paperback)!

[<< Chapter 1 \(Online Edition\)](#) | [< Chapter 2 \(Third Edition\)](#) | [Chapter 4 \(Third Edition\)](#)
[>](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+. The following chapter includes mentions of mandated slavery, depictions of severe trauma, masturbation, voyeurism, teasing, humiliation, and sensitive terminology (breasts). Reader discretion is advised.

The drop didn't last long enough for Elva to scream, though her lids shut when they neared the darkness. After falling through, she landed with a gentle thump on a luxurious cushion. *'What did she—!'* Elva squeaked when the contract fell into her lap. Finally peeking down, she noticed the change in lighting and the cold stone floor.

"Where..?" Before asking, Elva glanced up and saw iron bars. She could scarcely discern anything through the inky black beyond her cell; the smooth slate on her back was the only wall she could see. Hovering below the wood ceiling was a mystical orb that cast a warm light on her.

*'At least it's not **dark**.'* Bleakly looking around, she found the only furniture was the plush bed with soft, pinkish sheets she sat on and a puffy pillow. *'It's more comfortable than the grass bedding of Móra's—'* Elva's heart sank. *'If I'm dead,'* she looked at her bandaged finger. After unwrapping the clean binding, Elva saw that the gash was gone. *'I,'* her hand fell into her lap, *'I'll never see Móra's cottage again, will I?'*

A tear fell onto her palm. Elva tried to think of what she would miss, but the only memories that mattered were those with Móra. *'Is that so bad then? It was so lonely... and I was always so afraid.'* She picked up the contract. *'At least I won't be so alone... Right?'*

Elva unrolled the scroll and began reading: "Sexual Slavery Contract. This agreement is being entered voluntarily, but cannot be broken except under the conditions stated herein, after which certain precautions shall be taken to protect those involved." That sounds comforting, I guess.

"Parties involved. This is an agreement between Saoirse," Elva gasped. *'Saoirse. That must be Mistress' name. "Freedom." It's— beautiful.'* She shook before her thoughts wandered further. "Uh, 'Between Saoirse, hereinafter called Mistress, and Elva, hereinafter called the slave.'" *'So she already knows my name... I expected it to say "kitten."*

“Let’s see... ‘Declaration of con-sensus: Both parties, Mistress and slave, acknowledge having read, understood, and agreed on the document describing in general what is meant by the term “Sexual Slavery.” Declaration of... lucidity? Both parties affirm that they enter this agreement fully lucid and aware of their actions and consequences. Declaration of free will: Both parties affirm that they enter this agreement of their own free will.’” *‘There’s a lot about making sure I accept the terms— willingly. That **should** be a relief...’*

“‘The slave’s role: At all times, the slave will obey Mistress without hesitation and will wholeheartedly seek Mistress’ comfort, pleasure, and well-being, above all other considerations the slave may have.’ I can— *hopefully* do that. What else am I...”

Elva unraveled the scroll to reveal several detailed paragraphs. *‘Oh, my,’* she gaped when the following clause appeared after unfurling the document to her arm span. *‘This is— Mistress can’t expect me to remember **all** of this, right?’*

*‘You’ll have this read by seven, **Sharp.**’*

She gruffed, *‘I shouldn’t expect her to be so kind,’* and adjusted the paper. “‘The slave shall derive its pleasures from accepting its part in the contract and will gladly accept the pleasures Mistress provides.’” Her cheeks flushed. *‘So Mistress will be— pleasuring me as well. Her kiss,’* she touched her lip. *‘That already felt so different. What would it feel like if she—’* Her thoughts drifted to the many nights alone with only her fingers for comfort.

Elva shook upon noting her pounding heart. *‘Focus, Elva! You need to have this read by seven, Sharp... Whatever that means.’*

“‘The slave further agrees to confess its desires for Mistress’ consideration. The slave will strive to remold its habits— attitudes... knowledge, and skills in accordance with Mistress’ desires. Also... the slave agrees to change its actions... and speech to express the slave’s changed habits and attitudes.’” She dejectedly lowered the contract. *‘If I’m supposed to do all that... what... What will be left of— me?’*

Despite her unease, Elva grimly moved on. “‘The slave will seek to learn how to please Mistress better, and will gracefully accept any criticism in whatever form Mistress chooses. The slave renounces all rights to privacy or concealment from Mistress.’ That’s already obvious. Oh, Brigit,” she cringed, “I still can’t believe I— *thought* all of that...

“‘The slave will answer truthfully and completely, to the best of the slave’s knowledge, any and all questions Mistress may ask of the slave. The slave understands and agrees that any failure by the slave to comply fully with Mistress’ desires shall be regarded as sufficient cause for any punishment Mistress deems appropriate.’”

‘Punishment,’ Elva gulped. *‘That can’t be good.’*

“‘The slave unconditionally accepts, as Mistress’ right, anything Mistress may choose to do with the slave, whether as— punishment,” the color drained from her cheeks, “for Mistress’ amusement, or for whatever purpose Mistress desires, no matter how uncomfortable, unpleasant, or— painful to the slave.’” She shivered, *‘That certainly **sounds** unpleasant.’*

“‘The slave agrees to submit completely to Mistress in all ways. The slave also agrees that, once entered into the Slavery Contract, its body, soul, and mind belong to its Mistress, to be used as seen fit, within the guidelines herein defined. The slave agrees to please Mistress to the best of its ability,

in that it now exists solely for the pleasure of said Mistress.’ For her pleasure...” ‘I— I haven’t even been living for my **own** pleasure... So,’ Elva tried to breathe easier, ‘*maybe that won’t be so bad... Right?*’

“‘The slave’s veto: The slave holds veto power over any command Mistress gives and may rightfully refuse to obey that command. This can only be invoked if said command may cause permanent harm, or where deemed necessary by both Mistress and slave.’” ‘*So I can **refuse** some commands. I guess that’s reassuring.*’

“‘The safeword: Both parties have an agreed-upon safeword: teardrop. Use of this phrase by either party can temporarily postpone this agreement. The slave accepts the responsibility of using this safeword when necessary, and trusts implicitly in Mistress to respect the use of that safeword. If a condition arises in which the slave needs to use the safeword, Mistress will assess the situation, and determine an appropriate course of action.’ So— I can stop what she’s doing— at *any* point?” Elva’s chest finally lightened. “That doesn’t seem so bad then. Next is:

“‘Mistress’ role: Mistress accepts the responsibility of the slave’s mind, body, and immortal soul, to do with as she sees fit. Mistress agrees to care for the slave, to arrange for the safety and well-being of the slave, as long as she shall own the slave.’”

Her lids flickered before Elva reread the passage. “Care for— *me* — and arrange for— *my*— safety and well-being..?

‘That seems— contradictory after reading about pain and— punishment, but— I’m here because I wanted to feel safe. Will I be safe?’ Glancing at the glowing globe, she wondered, ‘*Can I be safe..?*’ Elva shrugged off the question.

“‘Conditions of lucidity: Mistress accepts the responsibility of the slave’s lucidity and guarantees that the slave will be lucid in times determined by the contract, the slave’s veto, or when the safeword is used. The slave accepts that Mistress naturally releases mind-altering— hor-mones: phe-ro-mones that heighten relaxation and lower inhibitions, and...’” Elva had to study: “‘A-phro — di-siacs... that increase— sexual desire...’ I,” she shuddered, “I’m not sure how I feel about that... But... I’m not a stranger to desire... And **Mistress** was—” She huffed, ‘*I shouldn’t finish that; she can probably hear me. Maybe this **would** be easier if I could relax a little.*’

“‘Taking of sustenance: Mistress accepts the responsibility of the slave’s energy as her food to consume as she sees fit, accepts any limitations the slave may have, and agrees not to cause permanent harm while feeding.’ Well, I knew that from Móra’s grimoire. What’s next...”

Elva’s stomach dropped as she read, “‘Punishment: The slave agrees to accept any punishment Mistress decides to inflict, whether earned or not.’ Oh no.” Some color drained from her cheeks. ‘*I’m not making it out of this safely. Please, Brigit, tell me it gets better.*’

In her fright, Elva glanced past the next paragraph and caught a line in a list: “‘Burning or branding of the body...’” She began trembling; shouting overwhelmed her while fire prickled her skin. ‘*Please,*’ she prayed and then read the passage she overlooked.

“‘Rules of punishment...’” She could scarcely focus. “‘Punishment of the slave is subject to certain rules designed to protect the slave from intentional abuse or permanent bodily harm.’” ‘**Please** ...’ “‘Punishment must not incur permanent bodily harm, or the following forms of abuse.’”

Her shaking ceased as Elva stared at the list in disbelief. *'So, I— I won't be hurt— like Móra...'* She held her mouth as the words set in; with the fall of tears, Elva gripped the contract to her chest and wailed. *'Móra, I'm so sorry.'*

She pulled her legs onto the cot and hugged her knees; for a time she cried, but the droplets slowed as she eventually composed herself. After cleaning her face, Elva attempted to clear the lump in her throat.

'I need to keep reading. Seven, Sharp.' She lowered her feet and searched for the list. *"The following punishments are not allowed: blood may not be drawn intentionally at any time, burning or branding of the body, loss of... cir-cu-lation, internal— bleeding, or loss of cons-ciousness through— suffocation.'*

'I— hadn't even thought of... Circu-lation..? I suppose I should feel safe, but— What is she allowed to do as a punishment?'

"Permanent bodily harm: Since the body of the slave now belongs to Mistress, it is Mistress' responsibility to protect that body from permanent bodily harm. Should the slave ever intentionally come to permanent bodily harm during the course of punishment, it will be grounds for immediate termination of this contract— should the slave so desire. Permanent bodily harm shall be determined as: any damage that involves permanent loss of mobility or function, or any permanent marks on the skin, including scars, burns, or..." What's— tat-toos... *'Unless accepted by the slave.'"*

Elva gruffed upon seeing the contract was moving on. *'I should feel comforted, but I still don't know **how** she can punish me...'*

"Contact with other people: The slave may not seek any other Mistress, Master, lover, or relate to others in any sexual, submissive or affectionate way without Mistress' permission. To do so will be considered a breach of contract, and will result in extreme punishment.' That's— unsettling, but I don't even *know* anyone here.

"Mistress may accept other slaves or lovers." "I should have expected that, but it's— strange to think that I may have to be with other slaves.' *"Mistress may give the slave to another Master or Mistress—"* *"Wait, she,"* her breath caught, *"I could be... given— away?"* Elva held her quivering lips as tears welled. *'Wha— So— What if I— If I'm not— a good slave, then— will Mistress— abandon me— too?'*

She shook her head before more droplets fell. *"P-provided the rules of this contract are upheld. In such a situation, Mistress will inform the new Master or Mistress of the provisions stated herein, and any breach by the new Master or Mistress will be considered a breach by Mistress as well, subject to all rules stated in this contract.'*

"I—" *'I still don't like this. I don't want to be abandoned again...'*

Hoping to distract herself, Elva continued, *"Activities not mentioned: The slave is forbidden from engaging in any activities not actively allowed by the contract. All rights and privileges not otherwise noted in this contract belong to Mistress, and she may exercise them as she chooses.'* As if I wasn't already limited enough.

"Duration of the contract: This contract is applicable all twenty— hours of each day, all seven days of the— week, every week of the— year, until discharge of the slave." "Hours? Weeks? How

*long is a— year? Will I have time to sleep? Do I— **need** to sleep anymore?’*

Shrugging off her questions, Elva moved on. ““This contract will go through several phases to allow each party to fully understand what it means. The first trial will last for one day, the second trial one week, the third a— month, then the agreement may enter its final and semi-permanent state and can only be ended as mentioned elsewhere in this contract or at the conclusion of the slave’s sentence.

““Alteration of contract: This contract may not be altered. When both parties, Mistress and slave, agree fully aware and out of their free will to change the contractual terms of their relationship, they will first terminate this existing contract as described below and afterwards agree on and sign a new one.””

After unscrolling further, Elva found the end. “Almost done. ‘Termination of contract: This contract may be terminated at any time by Mistress, but never by the slave, except under special conditions explained within this contract. Regardless of the circumstances of termination, the Mistress will make efforts to secure a new Master or Mistress for the slave to contract with for the duration of their sentence.’ I guess that’s meant to be comforting, but— I— I don’t want to be abandoned...”

““Slave’s vow: I, Elva, of sound mind and body, so hereby relinquish all rights to my Mistress except those granted by my contract. I vow to devote myself fully to my Mistress and trust in her care and protection for the duration of my time in her services.’ That’s not too hard to remember. ‘D-date... 6 Av— 22531... Anno... Dia-boli..?’ Date? Anno..?’ *‘What does **any** of that mean?’* Elva decided not to linger.

““Mistress’ Vow: I, Saoirse, of sound mind and body, so hereby take possession of all rights of my slave except those authorized by her contract. I vow to care for and protect her as payment for her devotion for the duration of her time in my services.”” *‘Care for and protect,’* Elva rolled up the contract before setting it in her lap. *‘It’s only for a day.’* She closed out the world and rested against the cold wall. *‘I can make it through this.’*

Elva had no clue how long she sat, playing with her toes when she wasn’t studying the scroll. Tired from restlessly fidgeting and failing not to imagine what Mistress might have planned, she laid back on the bed in an attempt to relax. *‘It’s so comfortable,’* she plopped her hand up, *‘and it smells so clean.’*

Her stiff shoulders gradually loosened. *‘It could be worse, I guess. I won’t be hunted, tortured, and killed by some ugly hunters, at the very least. I suppose instead I’ll be tortured, used, and pleased by a beautiful—!’* Her heart throbbed upon recalling her Mistress-to-be. *‘She was... **beautiful**.’* Elva touched her flushed cheek before wandering to her parted lips. *‘That was my first kiss.’* Her body warmed while her legs shuffled. *‘That taste... Her tongue...’*

‘Only when it pleases me, kitten.’

*‘If Mistress were to— How would she— **eat** me?’* The world fell away as Elva’s mind drifted. Her fingertips slid past the soft ridge of her collarbone to rest on her breast. *‘She was—’* Mistress’ intoxicating aroma flooded her senses.

*‘ **Gorgeous** , am I, little kitten?’*

'How could I have let that slip?!' she cursed, biting her lip. *'She was , ' Mistress' nude visage slid into her thoughts, 'Gorgeous , though.'* Her breaths deepened; she fondled herself while her other hand slipped down her stomach. *'If she...'* Elva found her hip and pulled the skirt of her dress up. As the coarse fabric left her legs, the cool air sent gooseflesh around her thighs. She dropped the hem at her waist and drifted to her crotch, gasping as she found her sensitive place.

Steadily moaning while tenderly rubbing it, Elva remembered how their embrace made her chest flutter. Her toes curled and her legs wrestled. *'Call me Mistress, kitten,'* the words thrilled while she comforted herself.

"Mi ," she whined; the rising heat left her breathless, *" Mistress ."*

"Practicing your purr," a sweet voice echoed, *"are we, kitten?"*

Elva jolted awake and threw her skirt down. After clumsily sitting up with her back against the wall, she found Mistress leaning on a brightly lit doorway in front of her cell. *'I didn't hear her come in... Please don't tell me she's been watching me comfort myself.'* "How," she gulped before finally meeting Mistress' gaze, "how long have you been standing there?"

"Since your eyes closed, kitten," she playfully answered.

Her cheeks grew hot; Elva brought her knees up to bury her blushed face. *'Oh, Brigit— she saw everything .'*

"Oh, but it was **so cute**, though. *My kitten is falling for me already."* The strange clacks of footsteps pulled Elva up. "But enough practice, kitten. It's seven, *sharp*." She stopped when the dim glow revealed her silhouette. Elva stared in awe as the cell was unlocked; instead of a loose robe and tattered locks, Mistress wore a slim black dress and corset while her hair was bound in a ponytail. "Come, kitten." The barred door swung out with a subtle creak. "It's time to break my fast, and I'm *quite* hungry today."

'Quite— hungry?' Elva gulped, "I... Wo-would that make me the... meal?" She grimaced, *'Am-am I trying to get eaten?!'*

"Quite astute , my kitten!" she gleefully answered while stepping into the cage.

'Oh no,' Elva panicked as Mistress stood before her, *'she is really close.'* She looked away from her cleavage—conspicuously displayed by the deep cut of her dress—and instead ogled the floral lacework of her corset. *'Do not stare.'* She whiffed Mistress' aroma. *'Ah, Brigit— Don't smell. Don't stare. Don't smell—'*

"Kitten ," Mistress sang, pinching Elva's chin to match their gaze; her daze only worsened as she became lost in Mistress' irises. "You're getting ahead of yourself. First, I need your contract. Follow me, kitten," she released Elva to leave the cell.

She slowly stood and tried to keep pace, but the bushy tail smelled so heavenly it made her dizzy. *'Oh, Brigit , do I smell her now,'* Elva backed away from the powerful fragrance.

"Stay close, kitten!" Mistress commanded. "I don't want you getting lost again."

Elva shyly complied and walked closer. Her mind went blank but for the scent of Mistress' locks and the swing of the wavy mane as it tickled her back. Within moments, they passed through the

doorway, leaving Elva to recoil from the glare.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Notes

Wrong Side of the Bed 1 Act I will be available with new cover art for the Third Edition soon (now on eBook and paperback)!

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This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+. The following chapter includes mentions of unintentional suicide and depictions of trauma and mandated slavery. Reader discretion is advised.

Elva found herself in a small, well-lit chamber with blue walls that reminded her of sunny summer skies. Upon stepping in, she noticed the dark, strangely-soft grass under her feet. In the above corners were brightened orbs casting a warm glow on the white ceiling. Turning to the room itself, Elva saw two armchairs with black cushions sitting opposite each other in the center; a black door on the opposite wall marked the only other exit.

“Please,” Mistress waved to their left, “have a seat, kitten.”

Elva cast her a hesitant glance but stepped forward. ‘*It’s,*’ she settled into the plush cushioning, ‘*really comfortable,*’ and held the contract in her lap.

With a light smile, Mistress took the seat across from Elva, gracefully crossing her left leg over the other. “Well, kitten?” The disarming voice left her mesmerized. “Have you read your contract?”

Elva jumped. “O-oh! Yes,” she shyly looked at the scroll, “I have.”

“Do you have any objections?”

She thought about the various passages before meeting Mistress’ gaze. “No.”

“Do you have any *questions*?” she probed.

Mouth agape, Elva sat still. ‘*There’s so much I don’t understand.*’

“Well, if you can’t think of one right now,” she recrossed her legs and relaxed, “how about I start?”

Elva shyly nodded, still playing with her toes.

“First question, kitten,” Mistress tilted her head. “What made you summon an *incubus*?”

“Well, I needed protection. There were only a few summons in Móra’s grimoire, but I could only perform—and offer payment for—one, so...” Elva blushed.

“So you sought to offer your body,” she continued anyway.

‘Not so bluntly,’ Elva squirmed, *‘but—’* “Yes.”

“Yet you still have not really answered my question, kitten. Why an *incubus*,” her tone thawed, “and not a succubus?”

‘I— I’m not sure...’ “I— guess I didn’t consider the alternative.”

“Are you,” her expression softened as Mistress cradled her breasts, “*disappointed* by the alternative, kitten?”

After taking Mistress in, Elva blushed and shook, *‘No...’*

Her smile widened with a cute tilt. “I’m glad you think so.” As quickly as it appeared, her smirk faded. “Next question, kitten. What about your life before was so frightening?”

“Um, frightening?” She heard shouting and screaming in the far distance. “W-what do you mean?”

“You know I can read your thoughts. You compared me to some ‘ugly hunters,’ I assume the same ones you needed protection from.” Mistress reached out her left hand. “May I see them?”

She quizzically looked down. “You— can do that?”

“As long as I’m touching you,” Mistress clarified. “I will only see what your eyes saw and what you allow me to see.”

Elva hesitantly leaned forward too. Before they touched, she nervously wondered, “Do I have to see them?”

“No, kitten, I’ll be able to see. Please, think no more of them.” With a sigh, Elva lowered a finger to her warm palm. “Thank you for trusting me, kitten.” She closed her lids and gently touched Elva back. After a few heartbeats, her face grew sorrowful. “I’m so sorry, little kitten. You’ve endured so much fear,” as Mistress opened her eyes, she tenderly held Elva, “and you’ve been so alone. It’s cruel for someone so pure to experience so much pain in such a short life.”

Taken aback, Elva couldn’t respond. Her mouth hung agape as tears welled. *‘No one since Móra has said such kind things.’*

“And I don’t want them to be the last kind things you hear,” she softly replied. “I don’t want you to fear me, kitten; fear easily spoils the taste of a soul’s energy. I find that a slave tastes the sweetest when they’re in bliss. I wish for you to look at me with adoration, kitten.”

She dried her lids. *‘Adoration. That doesn’t sound so bad.’* Raised voices continued to cloud her thoughts, though, and Elva found it difficult to halt her sobs.

Mistress sweetly shushed. “You’re safe here...” She seemed uncertain before adding, “I promise you’ll never fear the hunters again.”

Elva pushed out the noise watching Mistress’ visage, *‘Your eyes... Why do they look sad?’*

“Last question,” she pulled away, “kitten.” Her face collected, Mistress inquired, “What do you feel when you look upon me?”

‘What— do I feel ? Well... I suppose... her— hair is— very...’ She promptly became lost in the crimson waves as her ponytail loosely lay next to Mistress’ legs. The mane eventually drew Elva to the sleek, reddish glint of her thigh through the side slit of her dress. *‘Her skin— looks so— smooth.’* Elva’s gaze wandered, *‘Her hands seem so— delicate. I don’t understand why her nails are— black now, but— they’re really well kept. Much more than— Oh!’* She had to glance down, *‘I — don’t think I’ve ever seen my nails so— neat . Did that happen when I died?’*

As her inspection resumed, something on the fourth finger of Mistress’ right hand gave her pause. *‘What is that band? I’ve never seen metal so bright before. It looks really intricate, but— I can’t see what the shape is.’* Elva moved on to the lace corset and the floral details that reminded her of the flowers near her cottage. She grew warm and flushed upon noting, *‘Oh wow, her hips look— nice ... and her— chest— is...’* The shadowy cleavage bursting from the deep plunged dress left her entranced. *‘Oh, Brigit,’* the image of Mistress’ robe falling wandered into her mind, *‘those are— O-oh , I—’* Elva attempted not to shudder after realizing how hot she’d grown.

Swiftly lifting her gaze, the black gloss on Mistress’ lips allured her as it shimmered in the warm light. The slight curves of her mouth left Elva longing, *‘I— I really want to—’* Her lashes flickered, *‘I probably shouldn’t think about that anymore.’* She looked to Mistress’ ruby irises, which seemed to glow through their thinly parted lids. Elva almost answered but then noticed her ears had a point at the upper tips and a set of black jeweled studs were in the lobes. *‘She’s so— strange , but— so beautiful. All I feel is—’* “A-adoration.”

Mistress’ smile softened. “Thank you, kitten.” Elva glanced away in a fluster as her chest raced. “Now, you must have some questions for me. Please, what do you want to know, kitten?”

“Um,” she twiddled her toes. “Why— do you keep calling me kitten?”

Subtly grinning, Mistress cheekily answered, “Because it pleases me to say, and I enjoy watching your cheeks flush and your legs squirm when I call you so, *kitten* .”

Conscious of her fidgeting, she vainly held her feet still. Elva shyly averted her gaze before remembering, “So, you told me I’m dead. What does that mean for me? I mean, I’m *breathing* , aren’t I?”

“Your mind is just as alive as it was when you had a living body, even if you no longer need to breathe. The body you inhabit is no longer living and—as such—you can’t die again. However, even if your body isn’t alive, you can still experience all the sensations you could when you were alive. You can taste, you can smell, feel pleasure, pain, or— or experience permanent harm.”

Following Elva’s shiver, Mistress continued, “In the Immortal Plane—in *Hell* —the only rights a human has are those granted by their contract. ‘You are here to serve penance for your sins until you have been absolved,’ as *some* say. I’m sorry, kitten, but—however unintentional your suicide was—it is not a sin that is quickly pardoned. You’ve been given a sentence of five hundred years—or summers, as you call them.”

“*F* —” Elva’s heart dropped; the color drained from her cheeks while her head fell into her palms. *‘Five hundred summers! All because I used the wrong blood. I just...’* Tears of frustration welled as she sniveled, “I just wanted to feel *safe* ... To be **protected**.”

“And you’ll *have* my protection, kitten,” she held Elva’s knee, “for as long as you’re contracted with me. It’s in my contract and, if a demon breaks the terms of a contract, they lose all rights to keep slaves.”

Already feeling lighter, Elva willed herself to look at the sleek hand. ‘*Mistress’ protection...*’ She wiped her cheeks and released her clench before meeting Mistress’ kind expression, it alone nearly setting her heart at ease. “I suppose— that might not be so bad then.”

“I’m glad you feel that way, kitten,” she smiled. “Five hundred years is a long time to live with fear. Especially of your Mistress,” her tone turned somber while her smile faded. She sat upright again. “Do you have another question?”

Glancing left, Elva acknowledged the door opposite the one they entered. “Uhm, what is...” She held her tongue, ‘*Do I— want to know what...*’

“What’s on the other side of the door?” Mistress finished anyway. Elva cautiously nodded. With a smirk, Mistress answered, “Sorry, kitten. You need to be under contract to know what’s in the playroom.”

“The— *playroom* ?” Elva stared in disbelief. ‘*I can’t imagine what could be so— playful .*’

“*Trust* me,” she chuckled. “There will be *plenty* to play with, kitten.”

‘*That’s not at all comforting,*’ Elva squirmed. Unable to think of anything else, she finally asked, “So, what happens now?”

“If you have no more questions,” Mistress reached out her left palm, “then hold the scroll with me so we may say our vows to begin our contract.” Elva hesitated before handing over the contract, flushing as their fingertips touched. “Do you remember your vows?”

“I— *think* so.”

“Then let me say them with you,” Mistress reassured. “I, Elva, of sound mind and body, so hereby relinquish all rights to my Mistress except those granted by my contract.” She paused so Elva could repeat. “I vow to devote myself fully to my Mistress and trust in her care and protection for the duration of my time in her services.”

As Elva finished, the scroll shimmered in golden. “Well spoken, kitten; your heart was true to your vows.” Elva blushed and averted her gaze. “Now, let me recite my vows. ‘I, Saoirse, of sound mind and body, so hereby take possession of all rights of my slave except those authorized by her contract.’” Her tone became uncertain, “‘Under pain of death, I vow to care for and protect her as payment for her devotion for the duration of her time in my services.’”

The scroll glittered with pinkish purple, but Elva wondered, ‘*Under pain of death? That wasn’t in Mistress’ vows. Why would she add it?*’ She couldn’t ponder further as the scroll lifted into the air while the aura intensified before bursting into puffs of light. Elva flinched until the shine faded and then found the scroll had transformed into a black band. As it fell into Mistress’ palm, she stood up and stepped around Elva’s chair.

“Please, lift your hair, kitten.” Elva glanced back and nervously pulled her locks away. Her spine shivered as Mistress’ nails gently traced her skin and placed the collar at her throat; the smooth pelt caressed her as it closed into a tender embrace.

As Mistress let go, Elva felt the band; there was no crease or mark where the strap was once open. ‘*So— that was a collaring.*’ The leather hold was foreign yet comforting, though something about it left Elva bashful.

Stepping before her, Mistress offered her hand. “Do you remember your safeword, kitten?”

Elva timidly answered, “Teardrop,” while reaching out.

“*Good,*” she sinfully grinned. “Then let us begin, *my* kitten.”

Chapter End Notes

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Hello!

PancakeArmada (she/her) finished the cover art for *Wrong Side of the Bed 1 Act I*! The Third Edition has also been finished and is just waiting final edits!



Wrong Side of the Bed 1 Act 1

Alexandria
Melissa Addams



Wrong Side of the Bed 1 Fragments

Alexandria
Melissa Addams

A lot has been going on the last few months, so I really appreciate everybody's patience. I'm not entirely sure when *Wrong Side of the Bed* will resume, but I should be able to start writing *Lost Light* again soon.

With love,
Dia

Chapter End Notes

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[Chapter 1 \(Online Edition\)](#) | [Chapter 1 \(Third Edition\)](#)

Ch 19: Crawl [pet play] [food play] [reluctance] [humiliation] [edging] [foot play]

Chapter Summary

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+; reader discretion is HIGHLY advised.

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

This is a work of FICTION, made by and for adults 18+. The following chapter includes depictions of voluntary slavery, animal roleplay (kitten), pet play (leashes, crawling, bowl drinking), embarrassment, cfnf, food play, reluctance, humiliation, vaginal play (fingering), edging, subspace, foot play (kissing, licking, worship, sucking), and sensitive terminology (clit, slit). Reader discretion is advised.

Quietly nodding, Elva followed her Mistress' pull. Shuddering as their tails separated, she slid to the edge of the bed and stepped off. "What are you doing?"

"I," Elva quizzically met her glare. "You told me to— come, Mistress."

"Not like that, my kitten. Cats walk on four legs, just like foxes." Saoirse leaned in with a teasing smile. "Have *you* ever seen a fox walk on two legs, *my kitten*?"

Her cheeks flushed while Elva looked at the floor. *'I suppose not.'* Noting the short dangle of the lead, she huffed and knelt. *'Oh, Brigit,'* her heart thumped upon reaching the ground, *'her feet are RIGHT there!'*

"*Good girl*," Mistress praised. "Now, come along, kitten. *I* need to get dressed."

She perked up as Saoirse headed to the closet. *'YOU get to get dressed?!'* A chuckle was the only reply; she hesitantly crawled with a tug. *'Well, I don't suppose foxes or cats wear clothes... I guess I got used to wearing clothes again, but— that is... normal, for us.'*

Uncertain of where to look, Elva's blush worsened as Mistress' ankles came close with her steps. After quietly examining her calves while waiting for the door to open, she tried to examine the dresses as they stepped in. However, glimpsing Saoirse's rear when she pulled one out, Elva glanced away in a fluster. *'Oh, Brigit, this is so much more embarrassing than I thought it would be.'*

"Kitten?" Mistress pulled the slim red dress over herself. "Are you doing okay?" Elva hummed in approval, though her fidgeting worsened as she was left the only one nude. "Good girl." She peered

down with a cheeky grin. “Now, why don’t we go to the kitchen so I can get you a treat.”

Elva perked up and her tail twitched. “Uh, a treat?”

“Of course. Kittens deserve a treat when they’ve been good.”

Following with less trepidation, they left the bedroom and went through the hallway. Approaching the stairs, though, Elva gulped before taking clumsy steps.

‘Oh, ’ she vainly tried to crawl comfortably. ‘This is so awkward.’

“You’re doing so *well* , kitten,” Mistress encouraged, slowly leading her down. “That’s it...” Elva sighed as they finally reached the floor. “ **Good girl** . This way, we’re almost there.” She continued with a shudder and—as Saoirse said—they promptly reached the kitchen. After taking a purple saucer from a cabinet, Mistress set it before Elva, “There you go, kitten.”

She examined the strange white liquid. “What is this?”

“It’s milk. Kittens are supposed to *love* milk.”

‘Supposed to...’

Upon trying to pick it up, Mistress carefully stepped on her hand. “No no no, kitten. Cats don’t use their hands to pick things up.”

Blushing as she pulled away, Elva wondered, “Then... how *do* I drink it, Mistress?”

Looking up with her titter, Elva saw Saoirse smirking. “With your tongue, my kitten.”

Wide-eyed, she glared at the bowl. *‘With my... How..? That’s going to take...’* Elva peeked up as Mistress chuckled, only to watch her lick her lips. With a whimper and a shiver, she leaned down to sample the cream. *‘It is... tasty.’*

“Good girl.”

Elva flushed before trying to lap up more. *‘This is— **difficult** , but... If I can...’* Hardly getting any into her mouth, she shoved her tongue in deeper. Still not drinking much, Elva huffed and tried quicker licks with more success.

Failing to ignore Mistress’ giggling, “ **Good girl** ,” Elva found a rhythm and continued as her chest grew hot. Finally touching the bottom, she raised her chin but flinched as Saoirse pressed on her. “Finish it *all* , kitten. *Every* drop.” She shuddered as Mistress’ foot retreated before carefully cleaning the saucer until no white remained. Lifting away so she could see, Elva quivered to Saoirse’s beaming cheeks. “ **Good girl** , you finished all your milk! Was that a tasty treat?”

“I,” Elva gulped, still tasting it on her tongue. “I suppose so.”

“I’m glad! Would you like something *tastier* next?” Met with a quizzical leer, Mistress tapped her toe to the saucer and it filled to the brim with a pink liquid. “Try this, my kitten.”

Without question, Elva dipped down. *‘It’s...’* She tasted it again after recognizing the flavor of strawberries. *‘It’s **sweet** !’* Hurriedly continuing, she eagerly lapped it up with a delighted moan.

Relishing the display, Mistress cackled and petted Elva's head. "What a *good girl* ! You're really **enjoying** that, *aren't* you. Oh my, and you're making such a mess too!"

Started, Elva jumped to examine the spotless floor. "But— I'm not..." Mistress tutted and pointed between her legs. She squeaked, '*Oh, Brigit!*' upon noting the droplets beneath her crotch. Clenching her thighs only left her aware of how wet they were, worsening her fluster.

"*Oh my* ," Saoirse teased, "I didn't think you were enjoying this *that* much. Do you need some help, my kitten?" Unable to calm her wriggling, Elva hesitated before nodding. "Use your words, kitten."

Her squirming worsened while Elva whined. "P- *please* ," she pleadingly watched Saoirse's smile widen, "could you... help me, Mistress?"

"Of *course* , my kitten." Saoirse squatted to rub Elva's lips. With a shudder, she fell to the floor and moaned to the sensual strokes. "Don't forget your treat, kitten."

' *Wha* — ' Breathless, she stared at the bowl. '*How am I— supposed to...* ' Struggling to prop herself up, Elva stuck out her tongue and tried to lap the delicacy. She dropped again when—after a few licks—her efforts were rewarded by a caress on her clit.

"*Breathe* , kitten."

'*I...* ' Elva gaped. '*I'm... trying...* ' She steadied herself after Mistress moved from her nub, but Elva shuddered as fingers slipped into her. '**Oh** ... *I...* '

"Keep drinking, kitten."

The slow prods forced her to whimper, "I... don't know... how..."

"Finish your milk and I'll give you a reward, my kitten." With a whine, Elva dipped down. Her huffs added extra ripples to the surface while her jerks splashed droplets over the rim. "Good girl," Mistress praised before lightly pressing in.

Crying out, Elva shivered '*P- please* ... '

"Finish and I will, kitten." She stared at the dish before continuing, groaning between licks while sloppily drinking. Her sight dimmed as Elva focused and ignored the liquid dripping down her chin. Finally reaching the bottom, she cleaned the saucer before plopping her head down. "**Good girl!**" Elva shimmied as Mistress prodded more deliberately. "Are you ready for your reward?" She whined and nodded but Saoirse demanded, "Use your words, kitten."

Elva clenched and fussed before begging, "**Please!** I... I need... my reward, M-Mistress."

A firm touch made her groan as Saoirse conceded, "Of *course* , my kitten." Elva's hips rocked as the pleasure quickly came on. "Are you going to cum already?" Unable to speak, her calls grew louder before Mistress ordered, "Cum for me, kitten." With a wail, Elva thrashed while her body burned. Her bliss continued until she fell to the floor as she was left empty. "Good girl." She could hardly hear the praise; her shivering worsened when Mistress caressed her and cleaned her chin. Gently pinching her to lift her head, Elva peered at Saoirse in a haze. "You seem to be having fun, my kitten." She let go to sit down. "Why don't you," her leg reached out, "put that cute tongue of yours to use?"

Peering at Mistress' foot, Elva's blush worsened as she crawled near. After a careful peck, she leaned in and affectionately kissed around it. "*Good girl* ." She disregarded the muted encouragement, too engrossed in the delicate feature to notice. After giving the curves attention, Elva found her clean toes and peeped at the delicate digits before cautiously licking one. Her heart throbbed; she stuck her tongue out to caress them. Mistress giggled, "Oh my!" as Elva opened her mouth to take one in, moaning while pulling and twirling her tongue around. When she found a rhythm, though, Saoirse pinched her chin to push her away. "What a good girl," she praised as their eyes met. With a heavy grin and a light flush, she insisted, "I have something *else* I'd like you to do with that skilled tongue of yours." Elva hardly noticed that a lead was pulling her into Mistress' crotch as her legs spread and she pulled the side-slit of her dress open. Captivated by the trails running from her glistening slit, Elva hungrily approached before she was halted. "*Oh* , hold that thought, kitten."

"Wh..." Slowly snapping from her daze, Elva looked up as Saoirse closed her thighs. "What?"

"Well, this is unexpected. We have a visitor. Do you remember Vixen, the girl I mentioned yesterday?"

"Uh... yes?"

There was a metallic chime just before Saoirse announced, "She's here."

—Spoiler—

Elva discovered a new fetish; shame that it's just a passing interest for her Mistress. While Elva won't be enjoying foot play too often, she'll be discovering a new kink with their visitor. But first, how much do you think she'll enjoy the smell of cooked meat? I'll give you a hint: the last time she smelled it was when Móra was killed. Look forward to meeting Vixen in Chapter 20: Study.

—End Spoiler—

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you enjoyed and want to read more!

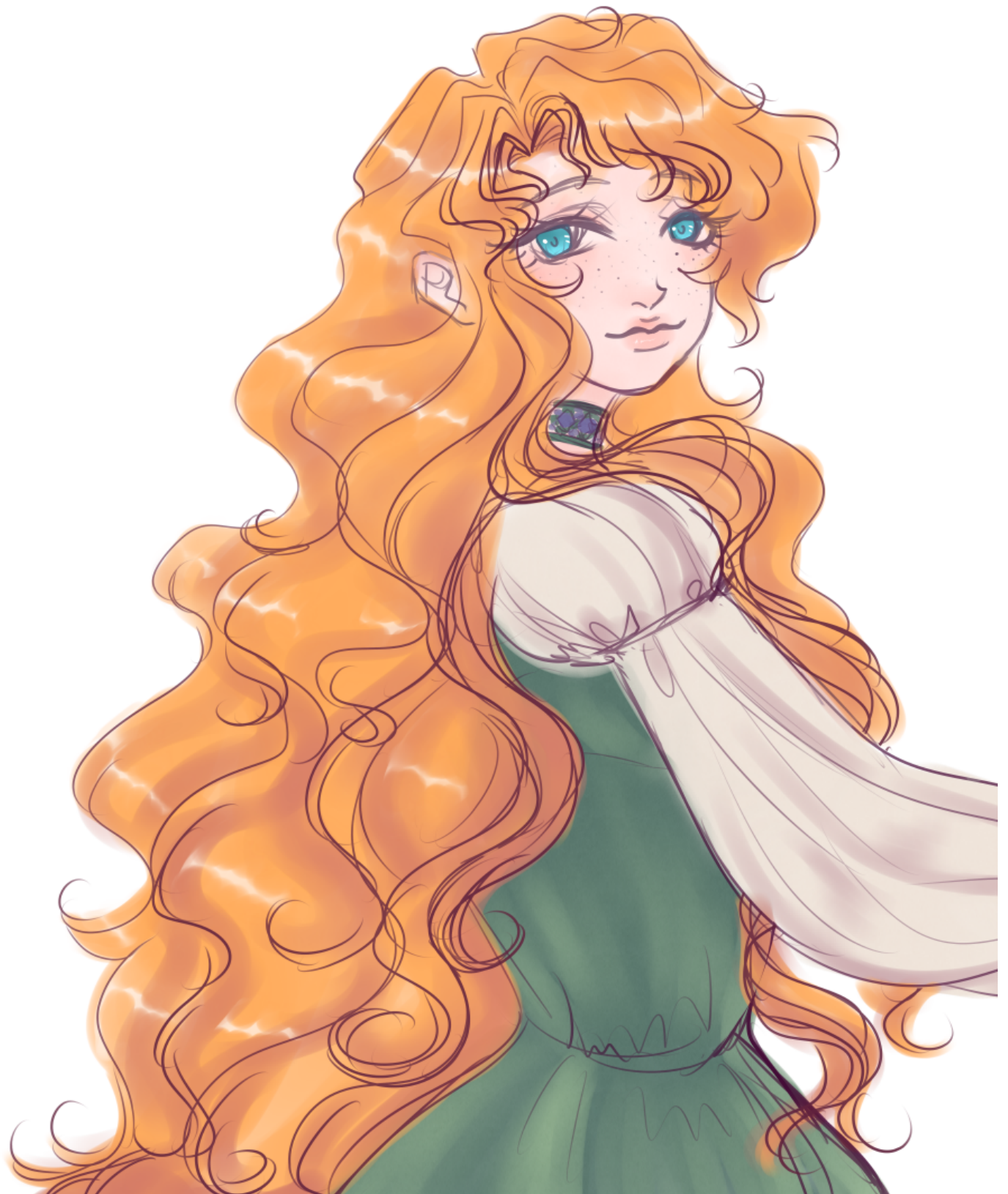
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Elva Sketch by Sammi-Doodles

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

My friend Sammi-Doodles (she/her) did a quick sketch of Elva and I love how my little kitten turned out!!



Give her posts some love or give a follow if you enjoy her artstyle!

<https://www.furaffinity.net/view/56935529/>

<https://www.tumblr.com/sammi-doodles/752734262593191936/elva-sketch-for-talesalexandria>

https://twitter.com/sammi_doodles/status/1799474567900958844

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos, bookmark, share, and comment if you enjoyed and want to read more!

Elva and Saoirse at the Pond by PancakeArmada

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

PancakeArmada gifted me some fanart and I'm so happy with how my girls turned out!



Give her posts some love or give a follow if you enjoy her artstyle!

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Chapter End Notes

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End Notes

Check out [*Lost Light*](#), [*Pet For Lease 1*](#), [*Ritual of the Blood Moon 1*](#), and [*Crowning of the Brood Queen*](#) for more in the [*Immortal Plane Saga*](#)!

Follow my [Discord](#) for updates and early releases!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!