

Passing Fancies
A Collection of Erotic
Daydreams

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Unseen Words



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Wild Thoughts and Windy Days

The meeting had dragged on for what seemed to Greg an eternity, leaving him feeling drained and in real need of some fresh air. So despite his usual routine of taking an all too brief lunch in his office, and the fact that it was as windy as all heck outside, he bundled up and took a stroll down to the market place close to the river. However being a Friday, and despite the Autumnal blustery weather, the market was packed with people – not really that ideal when all you want is peace, quiet and a chance to let your mind wander off from the job for a time. Such were the reasons that caused him to venture further and off along the river walk, that and maybe just this once the gods were smiling on him.

Making the most of his long legs, Greg soon put a fair bit of distance between himself and the crowd of shoppers vying for the market traders' best buys before the weekend. Once near the river he could have been a million miles from his office; the air was fresher, the noise of the city had abated, lost amongst the rustle of the autumn leaves on the many willows that lined the banks and the sounds of the swift flowing water. What a little haven this was, so close at hand and yet so remote, the perfect spot in which to meander and unwind, or to sit a while and daydream.

Soon Greg found the perfect bench, well out of the wind and yet in sight of the river; taking a seat there and gazing at the beautiful river that would in just a few

weeks more be a glistening sheet of ice, his mind transported him to another place and time.

Greg pictured himself the captive of a powerful, yet beautiful, warrior maiden. Forced to do her bidding, and utterly at her mercy. He'd be taken before her bound and gagged, fearful of what she might do to him should he displease her in any way, utterly unable to resist her every command.

Soon he stood before her, stripped naked and vulnerable, not even granted permission to cover his manhood from her sight. Eyes downcast as she looked him over, running her hands over "her merchandise", making him spread his legs so she could get to every little part of his anatomy, the shame of his arousal all too evident, seemingly the more he blushed the more its swollen head throbbed. Luckily this seemed to amuse her, so she toyed with him for a while, seeing how he reacted to her stroking this, tweaking that or even invading the other. Oh how his engorged cock shamed him, and yet how pleased was he to hear her praise its size; she cooed over it, telling him that it was far bigger than those of her other male slaves. He found himself wondering how many other male slaves she had, if he was so remarkable. What would this mean his future held? Would she be a kind Mistress, or would she be demanding and sometimes cruel?

His phone chimed its usual reminder for him to snap out of dreamland and return to work, and here he was further from his desk than ever. Greg was on his feet and walking swiftly back to the office, doing his level best not to make himself late for his next meeting when suddenly ahead of him and walking in his direction came a pretty young woman.

Back into his own little dream world once more, he found himself wondering; would she be wicked and cruel, use him for her pleasure, humiliate him over his obvious need for her, and force him to serve her in every way imaginable?

Read the complete collection for the climax to this and the other Passing Fancies.

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