

Wicked Treats

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Trick or Treat?

It had all started as just a way to improve the flow of communication between them, this daily swapping of ideas, pleasures to share and sweet torments to suffer, until his Mistress had the wicked idea of listing them all down on paper. Soon there was quite a lot of neatly folded yellow post-it notes collected into a large fish bowl, in the corner of her front room.

Slowly the ideas mounted up, they got to know each other better, Mistress knowing which of her darling pet's buttons to push, when and for how long he could take it. Watching him quiver in pleasure so intense he wanted to cry out, or some pain he could only just bear for her, was a source of pure delight. However, so far the contents of the fish bowl had remained untouched, the ideas accumulating, until they pretty much half filled it.

Had Adam known what Mistress Evelyn had in store for those ideas and fragments of scenes then maybe he'd have been more cautious about what he'd committed to paper.

Anyone and everyone who knew Evelyn would have told you she had a playful mind and a wicked sense of humour.

She was hard to out-think, quick with a come-back and never one to cross seriously if you didn't want to feel the heat of her temper or the cold depths of her contempt for some stupid or reckless act. Other than

that, however, she was warm, loving and wildly passionate; definitely a creature of extremes.

Adam had been drawn to her by looks alone, but what had sealed the deal for him was her mind, the way she expressed herself, and the way she looked at him! How could this little woman be packed with so much passion, it seemed to spark off of her in a way that screamed at him to throw himself at her feet and beg to please her, even just a little. When he finally tempted her to kiss him it was electric!

Soon he knew his fate however, and found out that there was so much more to share than just one petty act of love and lust. There were a million different pleasures, or pains, to be shared, experienced, endured and slowly he surrendered to each one with her guidance. His daily task to think of something he wanted to feel with her, some pleasure that he would see as a great reward, or some punishment he'd willingly suffer at her hands in apology for some slight neglect.

It took him a few weeks to clue on to the game she'd started; at first it just seemed like a good way to exercise his mind and let it wander to all the experiences they had already shared while thinking of those to come. But as the weeks passed and the little squares of bright yellow paper kept filling up the bowl, he started to wonder.

In the end his curiosity got the better of him and he had a sneaky look at a few of the notes before folding them back down and returning them. He'd been lucky she wasn't paying attention at the time (or at least he thought she wasn't and the issue wasn't mentioned), although he blushed deeply due to his guilt and

excitement at seeing all his ideas put down on paper in Mistress's gently sloping hand.

Evelyn bit her lip in order not to chuckle when she noticed her pet was looking guilty and a little flushed with excitement, did he really think she wouldn't catch on to the fact that he'd been raiding the fishbowl and looking at what he'd done to seal his fate completely.

She found it much more fun to have a sub condemn themselves, to know they were in this way totally complicit, the master of their own doom or delight!

Mistress Evelyn found the mental game of cat and mouse much to her liking, granting her a level of mental domination that would never be hers without the sub giving the power to her. Showing them that it was them, and not her, who wanted all these wicked punishments. She was of course more than happy to supply them, but she never demanded to punish physically by right, after all withdrawal of pleasure can bring even the strongest to their knees if applied correctly! Her art was temptation, torment and timing, and she knew it.

The evening started slowly, just like any normal date in fact; she'd greeted him warmly with hugs and kisses, her hands all over his body within just moments, checking out her property investment as she put it!

Yes, he was her property and she invested time in him, to train him in the art of pleasing her in any and every way she ever wanted or needed. However, she liked to make sure he was complicit in all the wickedly kinky things they did, to every punishment he ever suffered at her hands, the same hands that were so soft and warm, caressing him to yet new heights of pleasure.

In that way he really should not have been half as surprised as he was to be told to bring her the bowl and place it before her, then to pick a trick or treat from it and hand it to her so she could read out his fate for the next few hours. She withdrew a piece of paper too; to help her work out the exact mode of play this night would follow.

Adam's hand shook as he lent forwards, bowing to her as he did so, plucking a single folded square of paper and trembling as he placed it in her hand, eyes downcast and breathing a little ragged with the tension he was feeling. Whatever she did to him this night was something he'd openly mentioned to her as being desirable, either seen as a greatly treasured reward to the sort of trick that would turn his knees to jelly and make him submit to her more fully than ever before.

Evelyn drew her own choice next, rummaging around in the bottom of the fishbowl wanting to be sure she got one from a different period of time than the one he'd drawn, hoping that this action would ensure at least some variety to his fate.

Drawing out his current heightened state and leaving him keyed up and off balance for longer, she ordered him to return the bowl to the corner of the window sill where she kept it. Her gaze fixed on him all the time, drinking in his toned and athletic form, smiling at how deeply this pleased her.

Mistress Evelyn patted the cushion by her seat for him to rest on as she unveiled his evening's delicious treats or fearful tasks and trials. She carefully opened the first folded and sealed post-it note, a wicked smile crossing her lips as she read it. All it said was, 'spanking' but this was something she knew he found

hard to face; in fact any type of punishment or harsh words, he'd apologise most profusely and then try his level best to please her in what ever way she'd permit him. It used to make her laugh to see the extent he'd go to in order to escape his fate a little longer, but she had a few things that she felt needed addressing in this way to firmly remind him to do better in future.

Evelyn's hand ran through his soft unruly curls, then tilted his chin up so he was looking into her hypnotic eyes.

"Pet," she purred, "tonight you will receive a proper spanking, one that that you will not resist in any way, but give yourself over to fully. Focus on how the blood rushes to your lovely arse as I remind you how deeply you have become mine and show you how much more deeply you will become mine over time."

Evelyn caressed Adam's face as she spoke to him, drawing him towards her so that she could kiss him softly. This loving act reinforcing the harshness of what she would do to him soon, as she spanked him like never before; yet also reminding him that it was also an act of love from her, not of brutality or spite.

"Now pet, open the post-it that I picked from the bowl and that will be your treat from me for withstanding your punishment and learning from it."

Find out what treat has been selected for Adam, and
feed your fantasies for the sexy supernatural in

Wicked Treats
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