

The Tainted Birch



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THE TAINTED BIRCH

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Divine stared at Thomas, at his ankles bound to the wooden chair legs. The rope had chafed red rings around them, the skin raw, clearly painful. His hands dangled at his sides, but proof of his excitement, a turgid, thick cock, sent her desire spiralling. Thomas' naked, sweat-riddled body glistened under the low-watt bulb, the illumination rendered pink from the red walls of the room. Black hair peppered his chest, tapered in a line to his groin, and joined the mass of curls surrounding his prick. Heavy bollocks hung between muscled, open thighs, and she longed to take them in her mouth and suckle.

Dampness seeped from Divine's slit.

"Do you like what you see, Thomas?" she asked from the semi-darkness of a corner.

He nodded, his tresses bouncing.

She trailed her fingertips over her nude form, diced with introducing two fingers to her cunt. "Would you like me to step into the light?"

"Please...please...."

His cock bobbed, and a pre-cum teardrop shone, dribbled. He fisted his hands.

So determined not to touch himself...

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Divine paced forward, one arm across her breasts, her free hand cupping her mound. “You cannot see my bounty until you say the magic word.”

Sweat beaded his upper lip, and he closed his eyes, shook his head. “I-I don’t know the magic word.”

“Ah,” she said, taking two more steps, “you’ve been coming here for six months. You still say you don’t know the magic word, yet I told you on your first visit. Don’t you itch to caress me, Thomas? Don’t you wish you could sink your beautiful cock inside me?”

He loosed a strangled groan, and Divine fought the smile that threatened to transform her mouth. Thomas opened his eyes, his gaze taking in every inch of her as she stood before him. His initiation period was finished this night, but she wouldn’t rush it. Savouring his last evening as her client paramount, she eased her legs open to allow him the torment of her scent.

Thomas inhaled and whimpered. How he loved suffering the distress of not touching her, not uttering the magic word. His balls twitched, and his bicep muscles flexed, the thin bones on his wrists jutting beneath the skin.

“What do you want, Thomas? What do you *really* want?” She moved closer, straddled his legs. “Tell me...tell me what you want.”

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He stared up at her, tears in his midnight eyes. “You,” he whispered. “I want you. To touch you. Kiss you.”

She thumbed a nipple, and it swelled, ached beneath her touch. “Forever, Thomas?” She licked her lips and looked down at him through half-lidded eyes.

“Yes. God, yes. Forever.”

“Are you sure?” She lowered her sex over his cock, teased the tip with her hole. Resisted the urge to sink down on it, let it fill her.

“Yes,” he whispered.

Divine stepped back, turned away from him, and uncovered her assets. A small mahogany sideboard to Thomas’ left housed her prize possession, one she used at the end of each client’s six month period. They always succumbed. She bent double, her ass presented to the groaning man, and opened one door. Reaching inside, she clasped the birch, the beribboned handle cooling her palm and infusing her with a pleasant lust-rush.

Ah...fuck! I want him, need him.

She stood upright and faced him, slapped the individual twig strands against her palm as she walked toward him. He gasped, lifted a fisted hand. It hovered over his cock, and his fingers flexed, bunched, flexed, showcasing his need to clasp himself and pump cum until he roared out his release.

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Divine stood a foot away, her legs parted, allowing him the uncovered view of her body. He sucked in a breath, and another drip of pre-cum oozed. His arm returned to its former place, and she admired his self-control. She slowly trailed the birch from his temple to his chin, and his body jerked. He frowned, gritted his teeth.

“The ropes,” he said on a pant, “they sting. Hurt.”

The birch travelled across his shoulder, down his chest to circle his nipple.

“But you asked for them.”

“Yes...yes.” His eyelids grew heavy.

The birch, how I cherish its magic.

“Do you love me, Thomas?” She lowered the birch to his cock and swept it along his thigh.

“I adore you,” he said. “Want you.” His voice sounded sluggish, drug-fuelled.

Her prize possession, tainted with the curse bestowed on it by her master, worked its magic. Thomas, now in the state she needed to perform, eyed her full breasts.

“Whip me,” he begged. “Whip me hard.”

Divine raised the birch and brought it down on his chest, raised again and swiped across his stomach. Thomas’ torso arched. A grunt left

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him, and he bit his bottom lip. She drew her arm behind her and swung. The next strike cracked against his calf, and his legs shook.

“Oh, Divine. The ropes...*sting*.”

“Hush, Thomas.”

She dropped the birch to the floor and manoeuvred over him, lowered her saturated cunt onto his cock. Thomas gave a startled yell and slapped his palms to her ass globes. He filled her, and a wonderful completion spread through her body. Hands on his shoulders, she moved, slow, delicious strokes up and down. He panted and whimpered at the same time, kneaded her buttocks, thrust his hips upward. Her nipples rubbed against his hair-speckled chest, grazing on sweat.

She stared down at him. “Ah, it feels so good, Thomas. So good at last.”

Thomas craned his neck, offered his face up to her for a kiss. Divine brushed her lips against his, teased his mouth with her tongue, her movements gaining pace. His cock hardened, pulsated as her sheath gripped him in spasms. He grunted against her mouth, his breath hot and mint-scented. Gums aching, she revelled in the sensations bursting from her bud to her core.

Faster...

She dug her nails into his skin, and a growl rumbled in his throat. Divine licked his neck, grazed her teeth against the salty skin. His orgasm

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peaked, and hot cum warmed her cunt at the same time she bit and his liquid life warmed her mouth. She drank and pumped, and Thomas slapped her ass with one hand, the other travelling the length of her spine. Hot, copper-tanged blood trickled down her throat, and she swallowed. Delirium overtook her, and she came, breathed frantic breaths in and out of her nose.

Shuddering, she pulled her fangs from his neck, his cock from her pussy. Once again, his hands hung limp by his sides. His chin rested against his chest, his eyelashes against his cheeks. She retreated back to the corner, euphoria dancing in her chest. Her giddy laughter reverberated around the room, and Thomas lifted his head, looked at her, adoration shining in his eyes.

“Do you still love me, Thomas?”

“Forever,” he whispered.

“Yes. Forever....”

Divine unhooked a black coat from the back of the door and wrapped it around herself. Thomas eyed her, his deflated cock resting against his thigh. Blood drizzled down his chest and over a nipple to pool in his navel. She smiled, left the room, and padded along a stone-floored corridor. An arched wooden door stood ajar at the end. She pushed it open and walked out into the night.

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The full moon, cow milk cream, cast its fuzzy glow on the hilltop. She rooted in her pocket for her cigarettes and lit one, inhaled the sharp smoke. On an exhale, she peered into the distance, already looking forward to her next client.