

I Dream of Mistress

by [abbeynormal](#)©

It had been a long day of chasing criminals and then doing paperwork and Ray Callum was completely exhausted by the time he returned to his apartment. He fixed a sandwich but was almost too tired to eat it. Leaving half of it on a plate, he went to the bathroom and took a long, hot shower. When the water began to cool, he shut it off and dried himself thoroughly. He walked across the hall to his bedroom and slid on a snug pair of boxer briefs and then lay down on the bed.

Another cop had taught him the technique of directed dreaming and how to visualize what he wanted in order to bring it into his life. Today he used it to envision the petite, sassy civilian aide with brown hair and brown eyes who worked in his division. He recalled how she perched on whatever desk suited her with her short skirts and midriff baring tops; how her hips wiggled when she walked.

He then dreamed of being laid across her lap as she spanked him for some minor infraction. He let the fantasy continue to being stripped down to a leather G-string and in four-point restraints while she flogged him endlessly. Ray could hear her laughter, never quite cruel but always taunting him as he writhed in exquisite pain. In this state he knew that the erection he had developed was not just in the dream but also in real life. He was rock hard with excitement and wanted only to be released from his bonds and demonstrate to his Mistress just how well he could fulfill her needs as well.

"Do not cum, slave," he heard her taunt. "If you do, you will be punished."

Somehow he knew that the discipline would have nothing to do with corporal punishment and would most likely mean banishment from her presence.

"Please," he begged. "I'm so close."

"I know you are. And close is where you'll stay for now."

The flogging stopped and soft warm hands roamed his chest and abdomen. He could feel her soft full breasts press against his lower back as she embraced him from behind and soothed him with loving touches and soft words. His erection was just as firm though he no longer quite felt the urgency of an impending orgasm. He was just beginning to relax when her fingers grabbed his nipples and twisted them cruelly.

The urgency was back and he felt wetness oozing out the head of his penis and running down the shaft. She laughed again in her marvelous way before picking up a crop and applied swift firm lashes of it to his nipples. Though he tried to remain silent he couldn't hold back.

"Please!" he shouted. "I'm begging you to let me cum."

"Beg more," she hissed as she continued to torture his chest.

"Mistress Kali, if I could, I'd get down on my knees, promise you the world and then deliver it on a silver platter. Just please let me cum."

Instantly his restraints were released and he fell to his knees to kiss her feet and offer his thanks for the marvelous torture. She took his chin in her hand and lifted it so he looked directly into her stern face.

"You mentioned something about giving me the world on a silver platter," she reminded him.

"Yes, Mistress. What would you have me do for you?"

"I think you should give me an orgasm using only your mouth. And you are not permitted to cum until I do. Do you understand?"

"Clearly."

"Then lie down. I want to sit on your face."

He complied instantly and was nearly smothered in her soft wet folds. It was clear to him that their activity had been as exciting to her as it was to him. He eagerly lapped up her wetness and inhaled deeply of her sweet scent. His skills in this area were well honed and he knew exactly what kind of sensations brought her the most pleasure. His tongue and lips skillfully manipulated all her sensitive spots until she was gasping and panting with delight.

Despite the fact that she was writhing and squirming hard above him, and animalistic noises escaped her mouth, he managed to contain his own arousal. At first he simply focused all his concentration on the few square inches of her flesh that he was permitted to touch, and in such a limiting way, but at the end it was simply by sheer willpower that he held back his orgasm. His erection was so stiff and his balls so tight, that he groaned as she finally sighed in contentment and then stood above him. Ray hoped she would now finally grant him the release he sought but she simply took a deep breath to collect herself and then walked away, leaving him prostrate on the floor.

Another groan caught her attention and she turned to look at him, or more specifically, the bulge that threatened to burst from his G-string.

"Oh, go ahead and take care of that," she instructed waving a hand dismissively in his direction.

While he fervently hoped she would, in some way, assist him with that task, he knew better than to ask for it. A small nearly silent sigh escaped his lips as her pulled off the restraining garment, reached for his penis and began to quickly stroke himself. He'd been on the edge of an orgasm for so long that he knew he would finish quickly. Even though he usually preferred to draw out his self-pleasuring, this was not the time for such things. He just wanted the release that a climax would bring and in minutes he achieved it. His entire body convulsed as white hot semen burst forth from him, spattering his chest and abdomen. He groaned again, this time much louder with the force of his ejaculation and continued to milk himself dry.

When he was finished and his body melded limply into the carpet, he heard a sound and turned his head towards the source. Mistress Kali was standing in the doorway. Her features were obscured due to the strong light at her back but he recognized her shape instantly. She was applauding him.

"Very good, slave."

Her voice was faint and the vision of her was fading from him. He knew the dream was done. At first he was sad to see it end but he'd learned that the best way to bring something into his life was to see it already there and this was just a first step in that process. Ray felt himself slowly becoming conscious again and only then realized that he had fallen asleep with his arms raised and feet spread in a classic flogging position, as if he'd been cuffed to a St. Andrew's cross.

"Jesus, no wonder the dream seemed so real", he muttered to himself, before assessing the rest of his surroundings. The room was dark and he checked the clock to see if he had overslept. The duvet was damp under his body and he surmised that he must have perspired during his dream since he had dried himself thoroughly after his shower. And he knew he was going to have to change into another pair of briefs.

- The End -