



***Enolah
and
Kristen*** (*Fdom/
F, rom, body worship, v*)

*by Lady
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I didn't have to look at her face to see she was furious. She slammed the door on the

way in and she stalked blindly past me, even as I reached out to greet her. I grimaced inwardly, for tonight was a special night.

The bra, panties, garter belt and thigh-high stockings were all pure white and completely transparent for her pleasure. She said it went well with my tan. My blonde hair was tied back because she liked to see my neck. The seams on my stockings were perfectly straight and my high heels were brand new, as she didn't like slovenliness.

"How was work?" I asked in a small voice, walking quickly behind her. She wore all black, as usual. A tiny leather skirt, see-through shirt, no bra, panties so small they almost weren't there, and only high heels and a garter belt, along with her own pair of thigh-highs. Her long mane of blue-black hair was down and in a sexy kind of disarray. That was her bartender's uniform for the club. I hated watching her walk out the door every night, thinking that so many other women would be looking at her like this.

"Fine," she snapped in answer to my question. Her pace didn't even slow as she passed the long-stemmed roses set out on the kitchen table.

"Happy anniversary, Enolah," I said in the same weak voice. She hadn't forgotten, had she?

"Anniversary?" She asked, finally turning around to look at me.

"One month today," I said, pasting a smile on my face to hide the hurt. It meant so much to me. She merely kicked off her shoes and walked into the bathroom, slamming that door as well. "I love you," I called out.

"Love you, too," she responded noncommittally.

As soon as I heard the shower running I began to cry. I tried to reason with myself. Of course she was busy. She worked late into the night, providing for us both. She was the strong one, the one with all the responsibilities. I only had to stay at home and keep myself beautiful. It wasn't such a terrible thing that she forgot. But it didn't stop the sobs that wanted to tear out of me.

"Kristen," she said suddenly, in a low and menacing voice. Enolah almost never yelled. She didn't have to. I got up and looked at myself in the mirror, upset all over again. My eye make up was smeared and there were telltale red streaks on my cheeks. I grabbed a tissue and tried to repair the worst of the mess. "Kristen, get in here," she said in the same voice.

I dropped the tissue and went into the bathroom. "Yes?" I said, trying to smile.

"Look at this!" She snapped. She pushed aside the curtain, allowing me a breathtaking look at her body, and pointed into the corner.

"I'm sorry." I said, even though I didn't see what she was talking about. My eyes were having trouble leaving her pussy and that small, dark triangle. If I looked hard enough I could see a slight coral-red from her lips.

In one fluid movement she'd grabbed my upper arm and was pulling me into the slick shower. Her blood-red fingernail pointed at a small white spot on the tile. Freezing cold water pelted down on me, soaking my beautiful lingerie. I began to cry again as I realized what it was. Soft Scrub, dried to a powder and stuck on.

"I'm so sorry, mistress," I sobbed. "It will never happen again." I took a washcloth, meaning to rub it off, but she slapped me and let go of my arm at the same time. I slid quickly to my knees, my hands on the shower floor at her feet.

"You want to get bleach on my washcloths?" She said incredulously. "You lazy little slut." She swept down and slapped me on the back of the head. I cried harder but wetness surged between my legs as it always did when I was near her. "I'm sorry, mistress," I repeated.

Her small, perfect feet were mere inches away from my face. I could smell the sweat and the liquor of the bar on her body, even a bit of her own juices. I raised my face and tentatively licked her knees. It was as high as I could reach from my position. She slapped me again - no more than I'd expected.

"I love you," I moaned, wanting nothing more than to make her happy.

"You're a lazy little cunt," she bit out and raised a foot. I cringed back, expecting her to kick me. She never had before, but I knew she sometimes forgot herself when she was angry. Instead of a kick, I merely felt the weight of her foot on my shoulder, pushing me back into a kneeling position. The cold water spat over her shoulders and head and into my face, but I don't think I even blinked. My nipples were so hard they ached and my face was on fire. Her black eyes blazed into me.



"Mistress," I pleaded, reaching a hand up to her perfect thigh. She let me touch for a moment, putting her hand on top of mine and guiding it. She smiled down at me, a smile that meant she was about to bite.

"You like being my slut, don't you?"

I nodded mutely, trying to guide our hands to her pussy. "You'll do whatever I tell you to, won't you?"

Again I nodded, my fingers coming so close...

"Then get the fuck out of my shower." With that she grabbed my arm and pushed me out. I stumbled to the floor and watched her close the curtain again. Tears stood out in my eyes. I looked down at my ruined stockings. My hair was wet and plastered to my face. I felt like the slut she said I was.

"Please don't do this to me," I begged.

She made no response so I stood, sobbing in earnest, and made to leave the bathroom.

"Kristen," she called out, peeking behind the curtain with shampoo in her hair. "Don't you dare get the carpet wet. And wipe up that puddle you made."

I nodded dumbly and wiped it up. Instead of leaving, I put the seat down on the toilet and waited for her. Perhaps she would let me brush her hair or powder her body. Anything just to touch her a little.

Enolah stepped out of the shower and stared at me. Her piercing eyes were enough to make me start crying again. "Look at you," she sneered. "Mascara all down your face, wet hair snarled and unkempt, the pretty clothes that I bought you ruined. It's obvious you have no gratitude in you. Look at all that I've done for you. This is how you repay me."

I fell to my knees again, clasping my hands in front of me with my face on the cold floor. No words I could think of could undo hers. It was all true, but I never intended it. I started at her feet out of the corner of my eye. She never moved, just stood there dripping on the floor. The sounds of my tears echoed off the walls. I was so ashamed.

Finally, she sighed. "Get up and go to bed. You can sleep on the floor tonight and we'll discuss your behavior in the morning."

I didn't have the strength to obey her. My whole body rebelled against leaving her. "It's our anniversary," I whispered pathetically.

"So it is."

"Please," I said, anguish in my voice. "Let me love you tonight. I promise I can do better. I can be a good girl."

"Prove it," was all she said, but my heart leapt. With more enthusiasm and desire than I've ever felt in my whole life, I sat up on my knees and buried my face in her pussy. There were still cold droplets of water clinging there and I licked them up. "I love you," I murmured over and over as I tried to delve my tongue deeper into her. But she wasn't moving. I knew before I even felt her stinging slap that I'd done wrong again.

"That's all you ever think about. Just getting between my legs." She grabbed a towel off the rack and wrapped it around her body, denying me the sight of her nakedness.

"Enolah," I cried, grasping at the hem. "Don't leave me."

"Why? Because it's our anniversary? Because you want to get fucked?"

I winced at her crudity. That wasn't it at all. I lived for her, not for me. "Please let me be good. Just one more chance."

Her hand shot out and grasped my throat lightly, but I could feel the potential pressure of it. I didn't resist. I had complete faith that she loved me and would never truly hurt me. Her discipline was for my own good. "Just one more chance?" She hissed, her long fingers tightening bit by bit.

"That's all you ever get. One chance after another. You're not worth the money it takes to feed you." She squeezed down once, hard, then released me. "Stand up."

Shakily, I stood. Horrible thoughts of her throwing me out of her house in just my wet clothes were in the front of my mind. I couldn't have been more stunned when she took my towel and began drying me off. Her moods swings never failed to startle me.

"My little sweetheart," she crooned softly. "You're just a dumb animal. I know you don't know any better."

I closed my eyes and felt her gentle hands on my body. I'd forgotten that I was having trouble breathing. I felt her reach around me and take off my bra. My nipples hardened again at the cool air coming across them. Her tongue was hot when she licked them. The towel moved down my stomach and between my legs, which caused a tremor to pass through me. "You're ready for me, aren't you?"

I could only moaned in answer. I felt the towel run down each my legs and then felt her gently removing my panties.

"Open your eyes, Kristen." She wore a smile of distinct pleasure and more heat surged through me. "Now you look to be the slut that you are."

I only wore my stockings, garter belt and heels now. I was acutely embarrassed and so very wet because of it. She took my hand and led me into the bedroom. My first duty was combing her long hair. I loved doing this, running my fingers through it in such an intimate way.

She sat in front of a mirror and watched my every move. Occasionally one hand would reach back and caress my ass. I was so cold, with the air conditioning blowing on my moist body, but her touch was fire. She discarded the towel and I stared at her breasts while working on her hair.

At long last she turned around to me, at which point I sank to my knees immediately. She handed me a bottle of lotion and put one foot out, toes pointed. I grasped the heel

and placed her foot between my breasts, bending my head to lick her toes as I squeezed some lotion out of the bottle.

I sucked her toes while I massaged and moisturized her leg, occasionally rubbing her foot as well. After working in high heels for seven hours, her feet were always tired. I delighted in bringing them back to life, loved hearing her moan when I hit the right spot or eased out an ache. I treated the other leg with the same care, thrilled to hear her little murmurs of pleasure.

When both were done I was given a slight nod to indulge in my favorite pleasure. I lay down on my back and placed her left foot between my breasts and her right on my face. I scraped my teeth across her instep and the pad of her foot, nibbled on the heel, and licked all of it. I sucked her big toe and nibbled at her short, painted nail.

I loved worshipping her feet, tracing the delicate arches with my tongue, teething on her hardened heels. They were so small and perfect. I rubbed my tongue up and down the length, kissing the tops of her foot as well. Her other foot pointed again and I felt her big toe tracing its way down my belly. It stopped just below my navel and I moaned in frustration, rubbing my cheeks on her foot and lifting my hips to her.

Her foot pressed down flat on my stomach, pushing into my flesh. I groaned and licked harder, hoping she would sense my desire. She answered my need immediately, and her toe was suddenly massaging my clit. She placed her foot at an angle so that it jay just inside the slit of my pussy. I rubbed my hips up to her, writhing as she loved me in this manner. The feel of her foot sliding in my juices was enough to make me orgasm almost immediately.

My pussy lips grasped at the side of her foot and I begged her with my body. Then her toenail nicked my clit on purpose. I screamed and bit down on her heel as she laughed. "You fucking slut," she sneered. "Lick your wetness off me."

Eagerly, I sought out her other foot and sucked it like a baby would a bottle. I could taste my juices on her, running my tongue up and down the side of her foot. I wanted to devour her. Both my hands grabbed onto her ankle and when she put her foot fully down on my face I only wanted it pressed harder. I squeezed my thighs together, trying to receive a bit more pleasure. My fingernails sunk into her calf. I wanted more.

"You little bitch," she suddenly exclaimed. Then both her feet were off me and she was prying my legs apart. Her black hair hung in her face and I couldn't see her expression. Soon enough, I did. She turned to me, her face a mask of fury.

"You get no pleasure without my permission. Keep your whore's legs apart from now on." Upon saying that, she pushed her index and middle fingers directly into my cunt cruelly. I screamed but couldn't help arching my hips to meet her. The thrust of her

fingers was punishing, meant to give no pleasure. It didn't matter. I felt ecstasy. I opened my eyes to see her watching me intently. Her fingers moved in and out of me slowly, digging into the softness of my swollen pussy.

"I only do this because I love you," she said.

"I love you, my mistress," I said and began to cry again. She got up off me and sat at the edge of the bed. I knew what she wanted and crawled to her, feeling so very undeserving. With tears on my cheeks, I carefully spread her alabaster thighs and kissed them passionately. I didn't go immediately to her lovely pussy, but teased her gently. I loved cherishing and worshiping her body. She was the only lover I'd ever had who would let me take my time in it.

I felt her body ease back and knew that she was propped up on her elbows and staring at the top of my head. I loved nothing more than to look into her eyes as I tongued her and see her expression. Slowly, I licked her lips, savoring the taste of her juices. My hand wanted to stray to my own pussy, but I kept them both firmly planted on her waist. I licked the inside of her, rubbing my tongue on the ridges of her labia, then around and around in a tight circle. Her hips were moving on their own accord, grinding more into my face.

I loved it and pushed my tongue in farther. Her clit was between my lips before I could stop it and I sucked it without thinking. Her hands grabbed my head and she smothered me in the most beautiful way possible. My face was pressed firmly between her legs and I couldn't breath. I didn't care. My hands sought her breasts just as she began to orgasm, wetness actually spurting out of her sweet pussy. I rubbed my face in her juices and drank her.

Her thighs closed on my head like a vise and even as I struggled she reached another orgasm, making any pain on my part negligible. How I loved her. When her thighs finally relaxed I licked the wetness off her thighs and got on the bed with her. She gave me a slow smile and reached out to caress my face. My own need was making my whole pussy quiver.

I kissed her hesitantly and she returned it with surprising force, her tongue delving into my mouth, her teeth nibbling my lips. I climbed astride her and lowered my hips onto hers. I settled between her thighs as we kissed, feeling my enlarged clit rubbing against her mound. I moaned into her mouth and her hand grabbed my ponytail, forcing my mouth to move with hers.

"Love me," she whispered, though no less demanding. I rubbed my pussy on hers, relishing in the feel. My tortured clit was so swollen that it felt about to burst. I felt like I was fucking her with my own tiny cock. I could feel my wetness running down

the inside of our thighs. When her legs wrapped around my hips I thought I would die.

"Mistress," I sobbed in her ear. Her free hand reached for my breast and she pinched my nipple, then rolled it between her thumb and forefinger.

"My sweet slave," she uttered. My hips rubbed frantically against hers, feeling that I was once again close to coming on her. In one swift movement she tightened her legs and effectively lifted my pussy from hers. "Stop," she said softly.

I couldn't stop the hot spark of temper at that word and my eyes showed it before I could mask it. She rolled over on me before I could even apologize. A sound slap and a hard look made the tears begin in earnest. Her hand stroked my throat and I braced myself, knowing what was coming. She closed around my windpipe and bit down hard on my shoulder. An airless, soundless scream issued from me and when she looked back at me there was blood on her mouth. I watched in fascination and terror as her pink tongue licked at it.

"You will always do as I say," she seethed as her head bent again to taste my blood.

At last the pressure on my throat let up. I drew in a great gasping breath and only nodded. She sat up then and positioned herself above my face. Slowly, never letting go of my throat, she lowered her lovely ass onto my open mouth. How could I have been angry with her? My tongue came out of its own accord and I began licking before she even got close enough. Licking my mistress' ass is something I've always felt very privileged doing.

When I met her it was the one thing she was shy about and I opened her up to it. It made me feel so dirty to lick her tight little asshole and to kiss and nibble her cheeks, but knowing I was the only one who'd ever done it to her was a heady feeling. I licked her and delved my tongue into her with aggression. She moaned and writhed on top of me almost immediately. Her hand alternately grabbed and released on my throat.

I wanted to touch myself so bad that the need was driving me insane. Mindlessly, I ate her beautiful ass, kissing and licking and biting. She began rotating back and forth on me, my tongue coming into contact with either her pussy or her ass. I didn't care which.

My fingers kneaded her ass cheeks as she fucked my face once more. My hands roamed over her narrow back. I delighted in the sweet taste of her ass and the way she rubbed her juices all over my face. When she stopped I merely looked up at her, dazed. Her breathing was heavy and her eyes were alight so I knew she'd not had another orgasm. She bent down and kissed me, then got off the bed, making me wonder what she had in mind.

"My sweet slut," she said, turning her back on me. "This is for getting angry with me."

I watched in confusion as she opened her drawer full of "toys". Turning back around I saw that she held a whip. It had a long, woven handle and many short strips of leather at the end. It was an instrument designed specifically for a pussy or cock. I cried out, just seeing it. It was a sweet torture, indeed.

"Get down on your hands and knees," she said patiently. I did as she bid immediately, spreading my thighs wide. The whip came down on me just as quickly, striking the mark perfectly. I howled in pure pleasure and arched my back, allowing her whip more access to my clit. I could hear the smacking sound of my own wetness as her whip struck.

The striking became more rhythmic, moving in time with my craving. She would speed up and bring me to an excruciating brink, then slow to a teasing lick. I was sure I would never be satisfied again, I was so in need.

I broke, lowering my head to the floor and begging for mercy. I heard her laughter, taunting me. But the little whip sped up, harshly caressing my clit. I rocked back and forth and then, at long last, I exploded. I screamed, my fingernails digging into the carpet.

She rubbed my pussy lips with the rounded handle of the whip as I rode the waves of my orgasm. She was close now. I felt her hot breath on my ass. I felt like it lasted for hours and when it was over I promptly dropped to the floor, shudders still racking my body.

I became aware of her feet at my face a while later. She was nothing if not patient. I gave her, her tribute, lazily licking her toes and the tops of her feet. I kissed them in gratitude even as my eyes slid shut.

"Come with me, Kristen," she said quietly and took my hand, pulling me up. I wanted to balk at the idea of any more, but she only led me to the bed and lay down beside me. I cried a bit more when she pulled me close and kissed my forehead.

"I love you," Enolah said. "I'll never let you go." I felt her hand between us as she began alternately masturbating me then herself.

I snuggled closer to her, my face in her breasts. "I love you, my mistress." I said sleepily.

We both knew I would never leave.



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