

Mistress Demuire

Mistress Demuire sat frowning at her spell book; it seemed it should be much easier to put this to quill and paper. How was she ever to finish her work for the Great Library if it should take this long to put these spells to paper? Not even to mention that the errand boy she had sent for more ink was taking far longer than a walk across town should merit.

At that precise moment, her errand boy flew into the room, his excitement overwhelming his usual worship of his mistress. “Mistress, it’s the most amazing thing!” He shouted, tossing himself to the floor as he attempted to remember his manners and kneel before her when he entered her presence. “There is a Master Mage in town; he is rumored to be coming here to meet you in person. They are saying that he is renowned across the entire southern cities and beyond!” He breathed heavily trying to catch his breath.

“And his name?” She asked perturbed over the excitement of some nameless infiltrator to her hometown.

“I believe it was Master Uiender, Mistress,” he spoke more quietly, lowering his eyes to the floor at her obvious irritation.

“I see,” she said looking back to her work. “Have you brought me the ink I required?”

“Yes, Mistress.” He handed her the brown bag that he had stashed in his vest pocket.

“Well, if this Master is so spectacular, then I do suppose you should busy yourself finding the maids and getting the place prepared for him.” Her hand waved him towards the door in dismissal. “As for myself, I do have much more pressing matters.” She knew the name of the mage, but it was of no importance, he was not of her guild and she would not let such interruptions prevent her from completing the job at hand. For such famed casters to visit her was not at all unexpected, and this one was of the least importance.

The sun was setting as she finished the final scroll and carefully sealed it with her ring. Enchantments were best completed before the sun had found its way down from the heavens. She set aside the quill and ink and brought the small chest to the table to prepare it for shipping.

Carefully she set each of the scrolls into the chest and sealed it shut. A charm placed on the lock would prevent it from being opened by any but the intended recipient. As she set the chest onto the shelf, a quiet knock sounded at her office door.

“It’s about time,” she muttered. “Enter,” she called to the door and sat comfortably into the settee.

Her errand boy entered and knelt before her. “Mistress, a message boy has just arrived for you.”

“Very good, send him in.” She said, busily smoothing down her purple robes to hide the anger that this mage would send an errand boy instead of come to present himself to her.

A dark cloaked figure entered behind her servant, and though her servant elbowed him, the newcomer neither knelt nor bowed before her grace. Instead he spoke quickly as if he had some place else he wished to be.

A scroll rolled out from between the dark figures fingers.

“My Lady, I formally request your presence at the Chateau Regale for a midday meal on the morrow. We will be dining on the veranda so please wear something light. Our business is of utmost importance and shall take little of your time. Signed, Master Uiender.”

His cloak smacked gently as he clicked his feet together in some sort of salute and walked straight back from the room without further to-do.

Mistress Demuire was appalled. Her mouth stood agape as he walked from the room and she considered any number of things to do to this vagabond that dared disrespect her in her own home. But before she could even come to her feet, he was long gone. Even her errand boy stood frozen in the doorway, astounded.

She did not sleep that night, storming endlessly through the rooms of her bedchamber, she did not call her usual gathering of the household to assign new chores, and she did not demand her errand boy to sit by her bed and read from the local paper. Anger at the way this Master came into her town and ordered her about seethed at her soul. She considered what she might say to him, she even thought more than once of refusing to appear at his appointment.

Sunlight streamed in across her closed eyelids as the boy opened the curtains. “It is nearly time for your meeting, Mistress.” He spoke softly aware of her distress.

“Yes, I do suppose it is.” She muttered and stood for him to undress her. His fingers worked deftly over her ties and buttons, and she did not take the usual pleasure of watching his quiet gasps of pleasure as each section of her pale skin was revealed.

He went to the closet and pulled light garments from them to dress her in. He was careful to pick clothes that complimented her light brown hair and green eyes. Her figure was magnificent in any of the things that filled her closet, but this outfit he so enjoyed to dress her in.

Mistress Demuire paid no heed to what he did, her teeth bit into her bottom lip as she considered yet again the ramifications of not presenting herself to the arrogant snob that ordered her to appointments and did not request them.

Fingers worked delicately over the fastenings of the silk undergarments. His eyes never left his work as his fingers came within a hair’s breadth of her fair skin. She snapped if it tickled, and snapped if he was too rough, and snapped in general if he appeared to take too much pleasure in her naked body as he dressed or undressed her. Still, he found great pleasure in this one indecency she permitted him.

More than once the other servants of her house had whispered to him of why she would allow a male servant this duty. He always frowned and acted as if it was a chore that did not please him. He told them of her complaints, and of the difficulty in doing this for such a particular woman. Many rumors of his sexual preferences lingered in the servant’s quarters, but he did not let them bother him. To him it was an honor that she held this trust for him. Besides, he had other things on his mind that entertained him while he dressed her that were far more fascinating than the rumors of his peers.

Grumbling she caught her robe in her hands and pulled them from him as he finished the last lace of her favorite sandals. “I am out of time and I am not pleased that we must do this. You are coming with me. Follow.” She announced and straight back headed for the door.

He followed, as always, three steps behind. His duty to prevent any harm to come to her, but truly she wanted him there in case she should decide she needed something from a shop or vendor. She also would wait at doors for him to open them, seats to be swept of any dust that might be where she wished to sit, and anyone detaining her would be immediately referred to him.

They reached the Chateau Regale and once at the door he announced the presence of Mistress Demuire. They were lead upstairs to the Mage's quarters. He sat at a table surrounded by blooming flowers and vines, and the cloaked man that had brought the message the night before stood to his right as if a statue. Still nothing of this dark figure was available to know who or what he was about. It unnerved Mistress Demuire a bit to see him cloaked and mysterious even here.

Master Uiender eyed her up and down, no effort to hide the inspection. "Be seated, My Lady." He spoke with a deep voice that fit well with his graying hair and soft wrinkles that formed around his eyes and mouth.

It was quite a challenge for her not to voice her opinions on his failure to use her respected title. Somehow, she managed to approach the wicker table and sit herself on the chair across from him. Her errand boy took up his usual position behind her chair and she took some comfort in that.

The mage made small talk that she barely heard; she nodded and answered matter-of-factly to most of it. A frown settling notably into her forehead. Why had she come? She wondered to herself.

"My Lady," Uiender spoke scolding. "You have touched none of the quaint finger sandwiches, nor have you sipped at your tea." He leaned back into his chair carefully checking his grey and silver robe for crumbs. He turned to his message boy that stood beside him and waved his hand as to dismiss him. The man quietly stepped to the door and motioned her errand boy to follow.

"No!" Mistress Demuire spoke a bit too quickly and loudly. With a gently cough she continued. "I wish him to stay with me."

"I would hardly consider him to be much assistance should any danger befall you here, My Lady." The mage grinned at her.

"He is not here for assistance in that manner." No other excuses as to why she would keep this boy at her side would come to her.

“He is what? 16? How old are you young sir?” He asked leaning over the table inquisitively.

“I am 25, Master Uiender.” Her errand boy answered a bit perturbed at the insinuation that he was just a mere child.

“Ah, yes, well that too, is still a bit young. Your name, young sir?”

“My name is Derrick, Derrick Offinis; Master Uiender.” He was in no mood for this and did not wish to leave his Mistress’s side. He hoped these questions would give her time to find a reason to keep him on the veranda with them. He looked out of the side of his eye to see the other servant still standing at the door waiting for him.

“Very good, Derrick, Derrick Offinis; young Sir. I humbly request a moment in private with your Mistress. Do you feel that I will bring any harm to her in the few moments you shall stand in the hall with Sir Robin?”

He stared first at the silken hood that covered the brunette locks on his Mistress’s head to the bright brown eyes that smiled at him from across the table. Then he looked over at the dark cloaked figure that waited for him at the doorway. He wondered if more harm would befall him by entering the hallway than she could ever fear in here with this aging mage. “It is not my decision, Master Uiender. I shall abide by the wishes of my Mistress.” He finally spoke.

She had been staring endlessly at the eyes of the mage as they spoke. Something in her was both warning her to keep her errand boy here and begging her to send him away. The thoughts tore at her. She paused and bit lightly into her bottom lip. No sound came from her and so the mage spoke again.

“It is your call, Mistress Demuire.” He leaned back in his chair as if resolved to wait it out. “Shall he go and we might get on with business, or does he stay and we continue the small talk until you overcome your fear of me?”

Her eyes burned with an angry fire at his words. “I do not fear you or anyone else, Master Uiender.” She waved her hand at her errand boy, “You may step out,” Her eyes locked on to the elder eyes that stared her down and she did not see the scowl that produced near stamping from her servant.

As the door closed behind the two, she spoke up. “You dare challenge me, mage?!”

“Oh, little one, it is not at all a challenge.” He lifted his tea to his lips indifferently sipping on it. “However, I have more grown up matters and more private matters to discuss with you.”

She balled her fists into her robe. “I am not certain that I wish to discuss further matters with an insolent lowly mage!” Venom dripped from her voice as she spoke.

He watched her closely as he reached into his robe pulling forth a long clay pipe that seemed to sport a small-carved drakeling for a bowl. A small flame sprouted in it for just a moment and he took a slow drag off it and breathed out as he spoke. “I shall allow you that one error, My Lady.” He took another slow drag from the pipe as he watched her anger try to consume her. “The next mistake, however, shall require me to take you over my knee and spank that tight little ass of yours.”

She stood to her feet so quickly she nearly toppled the small wicker chair. “How dare you!” She spoke outraged at the presumption that he could spank her. As if she was some small child that had stolen a cookie from the local bakery. Enough was enough; she raised both hands in the air to cast on him. Suddenly something lifted her from the ground and then set her down roughly into her chair, and rooted her feet to the veranda floor.

“I would not presume to think you will enjoy what comes next if you should continue that incantation, My Lady.” he spoke calmly sipping his tea again. “However,” he leaned back into his chair enjoying the redness of her face, “if you enjoy that sort of thing I would be happy to grant you that pleasure.”

“I never!” She shouted angrily at him. Her fists clenching her robe so tightly that her knuckles turned white with frustration.

“Yes, I am sure you never. It is rumored that Mistress Demuire is the most renowned of all Ice Queens in this part.” He tapped the end of his pipe as he continued. “It is one of the reasons I have come here. To find out if it is true that you have ‘never’.” He smiled gently at her. “But, only one of two reasons.”

“I think that is none of your business,” she muttered through clenched teeth.

“Yes, I imagine that it is not my business.” He smiled, tapping his pipe again as if the paiha weeds that sat in it smoldering were being difficult. “However, I still wish to know.” He looked up at her and paused so she might find her way past her anger to take a breath. Without changing from the mere conversational mood, continued, “If the Mighty Enchantress, Mistress Demuire, has ever felt a hard cock thrust deep into her wet pussy.” His eyes seemingly studied the raising smoke of his pipe.

She didn’t notice the careful way he watched her reaction. Her anger causing her face to redden almost as bright as Sand Verbana in full bloom.

“I will not discuss this with you.” She muttered and looked at the floor purposefully. She knew the roots would wear off soon, and she wondered if she should challenge this immoral, pervert of a man.

Lost in her thoughts of maiming him, or torturing him, she did not notice him step from his chair to stand beside her. He however did notice the slight rise in her breasts at the conversation, and the way her nipples stood out slightly through her leather vest.

“You won’t hurt me, My Lady.” He said leaning over her, watching her face flush at the closeness of his face to hers. “However much you wish too.” His finger touched under her chin and lifted her face to peer into her eyes. “You are dismissed, and should you wish to continue this conversation later; or discuss the safety of your precious cargo that ships out this weekend; I shall be here for at least one more day.” At that, he walked purposefully through the far door never looking back.

Her lips were dry and she stared at the tea on the table. It would not be befitting her to step out and let her servant see her in this state. He had almost kissed her, she thought. Her fingers trembled lightly over the cup as she brought the chilled tea to her lips. The anger somehow misplaced as she dealt with a new emotion that crawled under her skin and threatened to consume her. Passion.

Mistress Demuire strolled with her usual confidence down the street, but any watching was well aware that this was not usual; her errand boy was not three steps behind her. She had ordered him to scrub the office floors and the bedchamber walls. Hoping to give him enough to do to keep him too busy to think too much of why she would leave without him.

Her footsteps brought her quickly up the stairs to Master Uiender’s room and she stood staring blankly at the door for a moment. Two things stuck in her mind. Did she know how to knock on the door? It had been quite some time since she had done that for herself. What should she say when the door was answered? And she wondered yet again why she was here, and why

without her servant.

Slowly she raised her hand to the door and gently gave it three little taps. Maybe no one would hear it; maybe she could return home and say there had been no one here. Maybe that is not exactly what she wanted to do. Before she could think of anymore, she heard a voice telling her to come in.

Her fingers and palm were trembling softly as she grasped the door handle, she hoped her fingers were not too clammy to turn the knob and do as she had been asked. The door came open quite easily though and she took a small step onto the soft rug that covered the apartment floor.

The mage sat across the room lounging in an easy chair, the vagabond standing behind him next to the fireplace. The mage smiled gently at her as she entered the room. "I see you have returned, My Lady." He said waving her to the small sofa beside his table. As she sat, he put his book on the table, took his pipe from his lips, and looked her up and down.

A gentle blush took immediately to her cheeks, and she crossed her legs under her as she sat. Her ensemble was something she had picked from her closet. Something she knew that her servant would have picked for her if he wanted her to look her prettiest for casual picnic, something slightly revealing.

The gentle green silk sleeves of the blouse were completely see through, while the vest carefully covered the more important things that any proper lady kept from public view. It left a small opening at her belly that only the see through shirt covered and tucked into her belt. The dress was two parts, the first being of the same silk that made up the blouse and hung to her ankles in the strips that opened as she walked. The top was the same leather material as the vest and carefully lay over the parts that again, any proper lady kept hidden from curious viewers. Her sandals were the same leather again, softly tied with silk to her ankles.

Uiender grinned happily at her outfit. Nice, he thought; she might be exactly what he expected of her. But he spoke nothing at first. Just watched as her eyes stared intently at the floor and pinkness of her cheeks increased.

"My Lady does me a great honor in her appearance. Has any other old mages had the pleasure of seeing you so scantily dressed?"

His hand took her hand slowly to his lips and he kissed her fingertips, enjoying the soft tremble that shook through her. His lips lingered a bit too long, he needed to know how serious she really was, and how much of what she wanted was true. "Have you come to learn or to listen?" He asked setting her hand back onto her lap and patting it gently.

Her eyes looked up at him nearly blankly. For a moment, she did not know what he meant, or how to answer what she thought he asked. Wringing her fingers lightly in her lap, she said nothing.

“I think you are ready to learn, but I think you will listen first to what I have to offer. Later, if you have been well behaved through it, I will give you the information you need.” He stood and walked pointedly to the straight back chair across from her. He leaned his elbows onto his knees and stared deep into her eyes as he began to speak.

“You are an Ice Queen, content in ruling your little world with an iron fist. You receive immense pleasure from ordering around people whose names and lives you know nothing about.” Outrage crossed her face and he raised his hand to stop the words that wanted to flow from her gaping lips. “However, somewhere inside you, you long to receive punishment for your behavior, long to know the restraints of a master that can conquer and control you as you do others.”

Now her feet hit the floor with a thump. Why had she come here?! She demanded of herself. To hear this rubbish?!

“You WILL remain seated, My Lady.” He said with dire seriousness echoed in his eyes. She froze and realized that as she had gone to stand, the vagabond message boy and the earth elemental stood on either side of her. “You will also remain quiet, and you will receive everything you came here today to gain.”

No words escaped her open mouth as she tried desperately to assess the situation she had placed herself into. Was this what she had come here for? It was not what she had envisioned, but what exactly had she envisioned? His words struck too close to home, they were not what she wanted to hear at all.

He smiled, giving her a minute to analyze her situation. “Now, we will begin. No more chatter about the why, or the how. Well shall simply head straight to the point. Remove your vest.” He said it with such straight forwardness that at first she had no clue what he had spoken. Her fingers grasped tightly into the cushions of the soft sofa she sat on.

“Remove your vest. Slide your little fingers into the laces and pull them lose, My Lady.” He spoke slowly and clearly so as not to lose her in any single word. Her green eyes stared angrily at him for a moment and she did not move to comply. “Do it, or I shall have it ripped from you in such a way that it will be irreparable.” His voice held no hint of sympathy for her anger. She glanced at the vagabond standing next to her; he appeared to be looking at the mage, but through his hooded cloak, who could even be sure.

Her eyes trailed over to the pet the mage had summoned to help contain her; it too appeared to look at the mage. “Now!” He ordered, sternly and quietly, but still causing her to jump a bit.

Reluctantly she took her hands from the sofa and brought them to the laces. She moved slowly trying to decide if what she did was wiser than refusing him. Her eyes watched his for some sign that he was enjoying this, but his expression was that of a professor as he taught his class, nothing to read that this was any different from a lesson in magic she might have gotten from any number of their peers. In frustration, she watched her fingers instead. Slowly pulling loss each lace from the other. As she pulled the last lace lose she looked back up at him again.

“Off.” Was all he spoke and she pulled it slowly from her shoulders. Her nipples rubbed gently against the silky blouse in their freedom. Much to her dismay, they were hard and stuck up against the material quite eagerly.

“You may cover your breasts with your hands.” He said smiling at her. “However, you must keep your hands moving in small circles.” Her hands had already pushed over her breasts, they were a bit smaller than the fullness of what they tried to cover, and she frowned at the condition to which he placed on this. The vagabond fidgeted a bit and she decided that moving coverage was better than none at all.

“Separate your knees, My Lady, and pull your bottom to the edge of the seat.” He ordered, sitting back comfortably in his chair.

This time she stopped and gave him a glaring look. “No.” She said firmly.

“I shall give you a moment to reconsider your decision,” he said as if to give fairness to what they did. “However, I will also take this time to allow you to understand that ‘No’ answers result in my reddening your ass. If you are sure that you are somehow being hurt by any of this, I will require you to speak the reasons, and we shall address them.”

She opened her mouth to speak but found no words there.

“And you will continue to move your hands in a circular fashion over your breasts while you consider this matter.” He ordered.

When her hands moved slowly over her breasts but she had still not spoken, he leaned forward and spoke again. “Separate your knees, My Lady, and air out that frigid hidden space of yours.” He said with a touch of cruelty in his voice.

“No.” she answered and immediately regretted it. The earth elemental grabbed one of her wrists and the vagabond grabbed the other, pulled her roughly to the mage, and dropped her to the floor.

“Then you wish me to redden your bottom.” Sitting back in his chair, he slapped his leg for her to come to him. “Lie over my lap and accept your spanking like a lady.”

“No,” was the only words that even entered her head and as she spoke them she realized she might not wish to say that again.

“That is two, My Lady.” He slapped his thigh again. “Or shall we make it three for failure to respond in a timely manner?”

She slowly got to her feet, not sure what was overcoming her. Her senses did not seem themselves. Unknowing what would happen should she refuse any longer, she went to him and let him out her across his lap. His hand lay gently on her bottom.

“You are doing fairly well, My Lady.” His hand rose from her bottom and came down with a robust crack. “However, next time,” his hand rose and fell over her bottom again, this time bringing a cry from her lips. “You shall receive your spankings on a bare bottom.” He rubbed her bottom softly as she regained her composure and stood her back up.

Her fingers rubbed her eyes lightly to remove any sign of the tears that had almost fallen. “Return to your seat and continue where we left off.”

Reluctantly she obeyed. Once in her seat she pulled herself to the very edge and parted her knees slightly. As her hands returned to their duty on her breasts, he spoke.

“Spread your knees wider, and press your hands less firmly against your breasts. Your palms should softly rub over your hard nipples.” She glared at him but complied. As her knees spread wider the skirt fell softly between her legs, but even that was not enough to prevent the soft smell of her sex from flowing gently into the room. Her face reddened and she was nearly tempted to challenge him again.

He waited just another moment to see if her nerve would come to her. When it did not, he gave the next command. “Stand up,” when she did not immediately move he frowned purposefully at her. “I think we have been over this, My Lady. Stand up.” She looked at him for a moment but then did as he commanded.

Her hands hung loosely at her sides. He scratched his beard, as if considering what he would have her do next. "Remove your belt and your overskirt." He finally said. When she failed to respond, again he looked at her sternly. "I will not ask you twice again, My Lady."

She placed her hands on her belt, loosening it, she let it drop to the floor, and pulling one button loss, the skirt followed. She made no attempt to cover the see through underskirt that revealed her g-string covering precious little of her womanhood.

"Sit on the floor, and pull your knees up to your chest, you must keep your legs apart and lean your back against the sofa." He paused for a moment and looked purposefully at the vagabond that stood to her right. "If you feel that you can behave, I will send out Sir Robin. However, the pet will stay for good measure."

Nodding she sat on the floor as he instructed. He waved his hand at the servant who left swiftly through the front door. As soon as the door had closed, she spread her legs wide. Some part of her enjoyed this far more than she ever wanted to admit. A spark of warmth had found its way into her middle and her desire to follow the commands of this mage tore at sensibilities. Her hands held the light material between her legs as she waited for his next words.

"Pull up your skirt, up to your waist; you hide nothing I have not seen before." His voice light. "Gently pinch one of your nipples between your thumb and finger and roll it."

A little gasp escaped her lips as she complied. Her nipples growing even harder as she did it. The mage moved a bit in his chair to make himself more comfortable, but she did not notice. His own hunger nearly broke him from the job at hand, but he was a professional. Duty before pleasure.

"Suck your index finger into your mouth and get it nice and wet." She did, her eyes closed as the warmth began to climb slowly up her stomach. Her legs bounced slightly and he smiled. Her smell permeated the room, and had she been more aware she would have seen through the one illusion that rested in the room, but her need drove her beyond that realization.

"Slide your finger between your legs, into the wetness that soaks through your panties." Her head lay back onto the small sofa as the wetness soaked over her finger. Little gasps of pleasure leaving her lips. "Rub small circles into your clit, gently." He spoke and raised his hand in a sign of patience to the movement in the corner chair.

She trembled softly as her fingers explored her inner lips, feeling the warmth and the wetness grow at her every touch. She forgot to listen for more commands, her other hand working slowly over her breasts, each touch increasing the loudness of her gasps. Minutes of quiet ecstasy overtook her, she did not care that the mage watched, she nearly enjoyed as much

her silent audience as the immense pleasure the touching brought. As her fingers began to move more rapidly, Uiender realized it was time for the next step.

A silent wave of his hand released the illusion that surrounded the man in the corner. Derrick stood up slowly, they had discussed some of this, but watching it had made him far more desperate to live out his fantasies than he thought possible. Uiender waved the errand boy to stand before his Mistress.

Derrick stood before her, “Treddi,” his voice a whisper. She responded to her first name with a loud gasp and her eyes opened burning with the hunger that was now a wave of ecstasy waiting to overcome her.

“Derrick,” her voice quiet and needy. Her fingers did not pause; it was as if she could not stop them had she wanted to.

“Show him your wetness, show him the one part of your body he has not had the pleasure of viewing. Whatever he asks of you, you will give him.” He spoke quietly, almost as if a voice from the shadows.

Both hands slide down between her legs now, her legs spread out more showing the g-string soaked with her wetness. Her fingers dripped as she spread her lips open for him to see. Derrick knew he would have trouble with what came next. His hardness ached painfully against his leggings, begging to be set free to explore the marvelous sight that was before him.

Master Uiender had spent weeks preparing him for this moment. Explaining to him the mind of Mistress Demuire. He wanted all that he could have, and this was the way he would learn. He knelt before her, her scent permeating his entire being.

“Tell her what you want from her, Derrick.” The mage’s voice a silent whisper in his head. Nothing seemed to exist besides his Mistress, but he heard the voice anyway. His hand reached out gently for hers, and she did not resist as his fingers lingered lightly over the soft swollen clit that her fingers explored as he watched.

“Derrick,” she whispered again, unable to bring the hunger to words. Her hand grasped tightly in his followed him back to the buckle on his belt. Their eyes met and he beheld the sight he had longed for these past 5 years. He was no longer a child in her eyes, he was a man. Yearning and need softened her eyes. No longer did she hold the control of her whole world, now she searched for release, hunger to succumb to the pleasures that engulfed her.

“Take off my belt, Tre.” He told her quietly and she did without objection. His fingers moved between her legs and took over the soft exploration her fingers had abandoned. Slowly, bringing a faint gasp, he pulled loose the string of her g-string and it fell to the floor.

As her fingers dropped the belt to the floor and undid his leggings his voice gained confidence. His manhood freed, he wrapped one hand lightly into the brown locks that fell over her face. “Tre, I want to feel your soft lips.” He leaned over kissing her softly. “On my cock.” He whispered. Her gasp of pleasure made his hardness jump. Her fingers grasped him as her lips pressed down to plant little kisses over the tip.

The moan that escaped his lips as he tried to keep his composure urged her on. Her tongue slowly drifted down the length of his hardness and a hidden desire to fulfill his every wish crept up from the hidden recess of her soul. She wanted him to demand of her anything, everything. His fingers held tightly to her hair, nearly painfully, but she did not squirm, she didn't want him to let go.

He had not known of her secret love, of her secret desire to be claimed. Even now, with her hands carefully exploring every inch of his manhood, he was not completely aware of the intense pleasure this brought her. His mind focused on keeping control over the part of his body that wished to lose itself in the satiny touch of her lips and fingers.

She grasped tightly to him, holding his hips as she wrapped her lips around his rigid manhood and sucked it deeply into her mouth.

Suddenly his hands tugged her head up. Derrick's eyes struggling to keep control of the situation. Submissively, she whispered. “Do I displease you, My Lord?” His hands grasped her waist tightly and pulled her to him. A smile danced in his eyes, never once thinking he would hear those words uttered from her lips. With a hunger that she knew would bring her over the edge again, he set her onto his lap. Her tender folds pressing against him, bringing a wave of ecstasy that nearly brought tears to her eyes.

“Oh, you don't displease me.” He pulled her closer, her legs wrapping around his hips, her warmth pressing roughly on his throbbing manhood. “Should you displease me, My Love, I would spank your pretty bottom.”

Her squeal of delight seemed to lighten the whole world around him, as if he sat basking in the spring sun. His hands gently moved her hips over him, sliding her wetness across him, it soaked down between his legs, and he moaned. “I want you to ride my cock. Press your sweetness over me,” his voice barely a whisper, “hurry, before you miss your reward.”

A soft squeal escaped her again, begging for fulfillment, to feel him pressed deep within her when his need overcame him. She moved her hand between her legs and grasped him tightly, aiming quickly and suddenly thrusting down on him.

In the heat of their lovemaking, they did not notice the mage had left. Wrapped completely in each other. Derrick's need overwhelmed him at the soft delectable skin that encompassed his manhood, sliding over it again and again. Knowing he could do it again, and that she would enjoy other means of pleasure as well, he pulled her down on him faster.

Moaning heavily her fingernails bite into his shoulders. She could not recall a time when she had wanted or needed this more. It had been awhile, a very long while since she had allowed any of this sort of pleasure into her life. He grew in her; she wanted him to cum deep in her. Her only thought was the feel of his orgasm shooting into her, filling her with the fevered ecstasy. As his hands pulled her faster, she let out a scream of pleasure.

Morning would find them wrapped in each other's arms. Gentle sunlight streaming onto them through the crack in mauve drapes that she would not have put in even her least visited room. Master Uiender visited them after a time, with breakfast in bed. The three talked the day away. At the end of their discussions, it was decided that Sir Robin LaRouge would personally insure that her scrolls arrived safely to the Great Library, and that Mistress Demuire and Master Uiender would need to collaborate on a few new spells that would bring insight to both their guilds.

It was this time that Master Uiender would come to take Derrick under his tutelage; leading him to become the great mage and Master he is today. Barely a year later, church bells rang over a beautiful bride and groom as a wedding announced the marriage of the Demuires. Being that she was renown throughout the city, Derrick opted of his own accord to carry her last name. Her father to this day sings the praises of the man that brought him back the daughter with the sunshine smile.

Rumor also has it that Master Uiender spends late hours in their quarters discussing 'things' during his many long visits. A story for a later time, I believe.