

DELICACIES



erotica

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Delicacies

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“Whatsoever gets you
through the evening hours,
wow, go for it, man!”
— *Moliere*

(Quote unverified at press time.)

PART THREE



Silvia moved to one side of the chamber where whips were hung neatly on Victorian hatracks. “Flogger trees,” she called them.

Princess Coral and Lady Silvia licked their lips in anticipation. They stood together, quietly watching Alessia, one of their newest subordinates, as she prepared an ornate ceramic hookah by packing the bowl with finely ground indica leaf, arranging the coal tray, attaching fresh mouthpieces to the tubes, and connecting the hoses to the stem heart.

Coral and Silvia were both wearing dresses that reached to just above the knee, but the translucent fabric and contour styling meant their bodies were teasingly on display. Coral had long ago established a dress code that enabled everyone to know a woman's rank at a single glance, which is why Alessia was wearing quite a bit less than her two superiors.

The women watched Alessia complete her preparation of the antique smoking device and then looked to them for further commands.

“Pleasure Girl,” Coral said.

“Yes, Princess Coral,” Alessia replied.

“Stand at the ready,” Coral stated with quiet authority.

Alessia stood at attention and trembled slightly as the two doms leisurely glided over to stand behind her.

“At this point,” Coral told Silvia, “I would like to point out some advantages of the ‘do me’ outfit being worn by our erotic toy.”

“Please do,” Silvia replied.

Coral and Silvia took another moment to admire the young woman from head to toe. “Her stay-up nylons are an excellent choice with that corset,” Coral said.

“I agree,” Silvia replied. “Her bondage shoes are also nice.”

“Yes. Are they new?”

“No, just highly polished, but they do have the latest O-rings, the ones made with that new lightweight polymer.” She indicated the large metallic rings stitched into each leather shoe at the outside of the ankle.

“These locks are a nice touch.” Coral used the toe of one of her shoes to jiggle the shiny gold padlocks on their sub’s high heeled bondage shoes. “And it’s ideal that the locks are on the front so everyone will be able to see she is a captive, even when she’s wearing a dress.”

Silvia and Coral slowly walked around their pleasure toy. Because Alessia was in a bridal corset, her hips, breasts, ass, and pussy were on display. The two doms exchanged comments about Alessia's form, posture, and outfit. Princess Coral reiterated that Alessia was to be Lady Silvia's personal sub and provider of pleasure for the week.

"I think," Princess Coral said to Silvia, "you are really going to enjoy playing with this one. I selected her to help you celebrate your new title of 'Lady' in our organization."

Silvia replied with a nod and a smile that held the promise of discipline, punishment, and rapture.

Both women turned their attention back to Alessia. The young woman had reached that magical moment in her development where her body was firm, ripe, and curvaceous in all the ways that attracted both women and men.

Straight males and lesbians wanted to be *with* her; straight women and gay men wanted to *be* her (or at least have tea while exchanging notes about Kegel exercises, sheet thread counts, skin lotion, and vibrators).

“This outfit displays your charms,” Silvia remarked. “You may respond, pleasure girl.”

“Thank you, Headmistress,” Alessia said. “I mean Lady Silvia.” She faced Coral and Silvia, put her right foot slightly behind her left, and delivered a quick curtsy before standing at attention again.

“That was well performed, *mon sucre d’orge*,” Silvia said to her. Both Coral and Silvia had lately taken to calling many of their girls by that expression, which they claimed meant “my little piece of candy.”

“Thank you, Lady Silvia. May I return to my tasks?”

“Not just yet,” Silvia told her. “You need another appraisal and, perhaps, a kiss from one or both of us. Is that acceptable to you, Princess Coral?”

Coral smiled. “You are doing an excellent job training your charges.”

“Thank you for noticing that, Princess Coral,” Silvia replied.

Coral nodded at Silvia, then took Alessia’s hands, pulled the young woman close, and kissed her. Silvia smiled as she watched. After a moment, Coral stepped back

with a satisfied expression. “I’ll leave you two now.” Coral smiled as she moved to the door.

“Thank you, Princess Coral,” Silvia said, and she was echoed by Alessia. They both waited until Coral had exited the chamber, and the thick, soundproofed door was tightly shut.

“And now,” Silvia told Alessia, “we will continue your training, my little beauty.”

“Yes, Headmis—I mean Lady Silvia.”

“Either form of address is fine, my pet.”

“Thank you, Lady Silvia.”

“Now, hold your pose in silence.”

Silvia began running her hands over her captive’s body. She started on the back of one knee and went down to the girl’s ankle, switched legs, and went back up to the thighs, and continued to the hips. Silvia took her time with the caresses. She especially enjoyed the sensation when sliding her hands past the top of the girl’s nylons. She repeated her motions and said, “It is so lovely to feel your body under the sheer nylon and then onto your flesh. You enjoy this too, don’t you, my pet?” It was not really a question, but Alessia answered in the affirmative.

Silvia continued sliding her hands over Alessia's body. Waist, hips, ass, breasts, arms, shoulders, and neck all received attention. After a brief pause, Silvia instructed her victim, "Lick your lips." Alessia obeyed. Silvia kissed her, caressed her again, then repeated the procedure. Eventually, Silvia paused to regard her sub. Both women were breathing harder than before the session began, and both were enjoying themselves.

"Your bondage collar may need to have a leash attached," Silvia said.

"Oh, please, no, Lady Silvia," Alessia responded. "I will obey your commands."

"Yes," Silvia said. "Yes, you will. But it might be nice for us to administer a few additional spanking strokes, just to remind you of your position as a pleasure girl."

"Yes, Lady Silvia," Alessia whispered.

"Keep your knees together and your legs straight as you bend forward," Silvia ordered. The girl obeyed. Silvia enjoyed watching the girl's nether regions become even more available for play, discipline, or punishment. "Your enticing pussy is now on display,"

Silvia noted. “Should I spank you on your ass and pussy, or on your ass and thighs?”

“Please spank me on my ass and thighs, Lady Silvia,” the girl said.

“Excellent,” Silvia replied. “Good girl. Now, wait at attention.”

Alessia straightened up as Silvia moved to one side of the chamber where whips were hung neatly on Victorian hatracks. “Flogger trees,” she called them. She selected a small, dark leather riding crop. As she returned to stand behind her captive, she waved the crop back and forth, creating a menacing whir as it arced through the air. “I do love that sound,” Silvia said.

Slowly, almost lovingly, Silvia used the leather tongue at the end of the crop to repeat the same slow caress of the young woman’s body as before: from ankle to hip, from hip to breast, from breast to neck, and then down the back to the ass, thigh, knee, and calf, finally reaching the girl’s other ankle.

“Anticipating the spanking is such fun, don’t you agree?” Silvia asked her pet.

“Yes, Lady Silvia.”

After pausing to kiss her plaything, Silvia repeated the “whip caress,” often pausing for extra attention to the inside of the thighs, the hips and ass, and the breasts. Occasionally, she administered a spanking stroke on the ass.

Silvia stepped closer and gently nuzzled Alessia, first on her shoulder and then on her neck. She whispered a compliment to the young woman, then asked her to help with the evening’s entertainment. “Work with me as we entertain two gentlemen callers, and I will make certain you will experience ecstasy later. Would you like that?”

“Oh yes, Lady Silvia!”

“Excellent. Come with me.”

Together, they went to the changing room door, opened it, and signaled to the women waiting inside. “Good evening, my pets,” Silvia told them. “It is time for you to provide pleasure to our guests.”

Four women entered the chamber. Each of them curtsied before moving to the center of the room clad in their high heeled bondage shoes, bondage bracelets, bondage collars, and various articles of silk, lace, and nylon lingerie.

Silvia took her time inspecting the outfits of the ladies, sometimes running her hands over various parts of their bodies. “Gorgeous,” Silvia murmured to one of the women. “Alluring,” she said to another. The other two received smiles and an “Ummmm” from deep in her throat. Eventually, she turned to Alessia and told her, “Ask the gentlemen to enter.”

“Yes, Lady Silvia.” Alessia curtsied and moved to the chamber’s main entrance. When she returned, two middle-aged men in business suits followed her. Both had a look of awe, and both were trying to conceal it.

“We welcome you to an evening of pure pleasure,” Silvia told them. “Please have a seat and we will begin.”

As the men sat at the table, Silvia watched the subs place wine glasses and freshly uncorked bottles on the table near the hookah. Alessia was careful to stay near Lady Silvia, always ready to assist in the session.

“Gentlemen,” Silvia announced, “I hope you enjoy some of our *vin rouge ou blanc* to accompany the marijuana. Ayahuasca and mushrooms are also available. But let’s begin with wine.”

Both men offered their glasses, and the subs poured. Silvia joined them at the table and her glass was filled by Alessia.

“Soon,” she said to the men, “we will explore all the ways that our girls aim to please. Does that sound good to you?”

The men glanced at each other, nodded, and then nodded again while regarding Silvia.

Lady Silvia picked up the smoking tube nearest her, took a long puff and held the smoke in her lungs for several seconds before exhaling.

The men did the same.

She coiled the hose before setting the mouthpiece atop it.

The men followed her lead.

She sipped from her glass of chardonnay. Savoring the combination of alcohol and THC, she got a faraway look in her eye and said, “The blend of substances will increase your satisfaction, contemplation, and relaxation.”

The men did not disagree.

Between puffs, Silvia spoke about the history and function of the smoking device. “The hookah began in India and Persia,” Silvia told them. “The earliest ones were made from

coconuts. While that would be both traditional and organic, I prefer our ceramic version.”

The men offered no argument.

Silvia continued to narrate the process of heating the indica leaf, drawing puffs from the hoses to create an oxygen vacuum inside the vessel, which forces the smoke to pass through the water chamber before reaching the mouths, throats, and lungs of those participating in the ritual.

The men were oblivious to everything except the lingerie-clad women.

Every so often, Silvia would instruct her subs to perform a task. It might have been as mundane as a request for more wine, but it could also be a command to pose for the men. The men did not object to the objectification.

“Well,” Silvia said with a smile, “now it is time for me to demonstrate how you may enjoy these four lovelies.”

Silvia rose from the table and approached the four women she had been addressing as “our quartet of pleasure girls.” She stood next to one of them and admired her body for a moment before continuing.

“Slavegirl Kittie,” Silvia said, “meet your masters for this evening.” The girl curtsied. Silvia turned to the businessmen and said, “Kittie has been very disobedient, always refusing to follow our commands and not at all eager to provide pleasure. It would be helpful if you would take this short crop and administer a couple of spanking strokes on her ass. Then, if she begs you to fuck her, I hope you will help us discipline her by doing the honors.”

Just hearing her suggestions sent a jolt of adrenaline through each man’s body. This sensation was pleasurable in the extreme and everyone who experienced it wanted more. Silvia formally pressed a small crop into a man’s hand. He turned and used it to lightly spank Kittie a couple of times on the soft curves of her ass.

“Wiggle for master,” Silvia told the girl.

The captive dutifully swiveled her hips to her left, then to her right, then brought her ass back to the center.

“Those were the proper motions, Slavegirl Kittie, but it will be even more exciting for Master if you move more slowly,” Silvia said.

“Perform well, or I will spank you, and you know what that means.”

The girl performed the same movements but much more slowly than before.

“That’s better,” Silvia told the captive woman. Turning to the men, Silvia said, “It takes more effort to move the hips slowly, which is part of their training. There is a kind of elegance to their movements when they use muscle control like that.”

“Um-hmm,” was all the men could say.

“Captives must be made to appreciate the delicate nature of their interaction with us,” Silvia said with a wicked smile. “A captive needs to be persuaded to perform. Perhaps ‘motivated’ is a better word. Each captive must learn that she is a sexual plaything, a sensual toy whose only goal is to provide pleasure and satisfaction to whoever is in charge of her body during one of our sessions.”

Silvia used the word sessions most of the time, but she also referred to these erotic bondage-and-discipline bacchanals as trysts, performances, assignments, and scenes. Most of her girls called them dates. “No matter what name or term is used,” Silvia noted, “these are

events that come with satisfaction guaranteed for the master or mistress who is fortunate enough to be in charge.”

During her speech to new male clients, Silvia was careful to outline the penalties that would result from harming her girls. Spanking was fine, even making their flesh redden was acceptable, but no marking of the girls’ bodies. Once that was understood, Silvia would signal to Alessia that she was ready to depart, and the two of them glided out of the chamber.

Silvia and Alessia sauntered down a wide, oak-paneled hallway to a double door that was once shiny brass but was now a beautiful teal patina. They entered and locked themselves inside Silvia’s private pleasure room.

“We’ll begin with three kisses,” Silvia told her sub. “Hands behind your back.”

Alessia obeyed and Silvia kissed her.

“Hands on your hips.”

Alessia obeyed and Silvia kissed her.

“Forearms on my shoulders.”

Alessia obeyed and Silvia kissed her.

“Very nice, my lovely pet. Now, go select a ‘nothing skirt’ and model it for me.”

“Yes, Lady Silvia.”

Alessia turned and walked to the changing room door, careful to put a little swing in her hips because she knew Lady Silvia was watching her movements.

While Alessia was selecting a micro-mini skirt, Silvia removed her own dress and panties, then lubricated and slid a vibrator into her vagina. She donned a set of elastic straps and attached them to the vibrator to keep the stimulation toy inside her.

Moments later, Alessia returned to the pleasure chamber wearing a skirt so short that the hem was above her pussy even when standing up straight.

“You look yummy,” Silvia told her. “Now, stand at the ready,” she ordered.

“Yes, Lady Silvia.” Alessia stood up tall, legs together, arms at her sides, head up, shoulders back, and spine straight.

“Very good,” Silvia said slowly as she ran her eyes over her pleasure toy. “Yes, that’s very nice. Keep holding that pose.” Silvia moved behind her sub and took a moment to appreciate the curves of her legs and hips. “You want me to enjoy playing with you, don’t you, my pet?”

“Oh, yes, Lady Silvia!” Alessia said.

“Good. Now, keep your legs as they are and begin slowly bending forward.”

“Yes, Lady Silvia.” As Alessia leaned forward from the waist, the hem of her skirt moved up her ass, providing an enticing sight.

“Very nice,” Silvia said. “Hold that pose.”

Silvia languidly reached out to run her hands over the young woman’s thighs and ass. There was a sharp intake of breath from Alessia as Silvia’s fingertips ever-so-slightly brushed against her vulva. “Are you ready to give and receive pleasure?” Silvia cooed, knowing the answer.

“Oh, yesssss!”

“Good girl,” Silvia whispered.

Silvia extended her hand and caressed the inside of Alessia’s thighs for a moment, then again moved up to tease and torment the V between the girl’s legs. Alessia gasped, but managed to hold her pose.

Silvia smiled serenely as she continued the foreplay. Keeping her middle finger elevated, Silvia used her index and ring fingers to gently caress the lips of the woman’s pussy.

There was a lovely moan from Alessia.

After Silvia slid her fingers just beyond the girl's labia, she lifted her index and ring fingers while placing her middle finger in the now glistening valley between the girl's thighs and began a new luxuriously slow caress.

Within a few moments, Alessia was in a profound state of excitement. Her breathing grew increasingly deep, and she began moaning very quietly. She was in a state of sweet torment, as the girls called it. Alessia shuddered as if trying to keep all the pleasure contained within her torso.

Tenderly, Silvia slid her middle finger upwards, just barely brushing against her sub's clitoris. By the time she inserted her middle finger delicately inside Alessia, the girl was climaxing, reaching a controlled frenzy that consumed all her senses for several minutes.

Silvia alternated between caressing, teasing, and tormenting Alessia, but always allowed her to climax whenever she got close.

In addition to using her fingers on the body of her pleasure pet, she also employed feathers. Starting on the labia majora, Silvia manipulated the feather up and down, side to

side, and in slow circular motions, bringing Alessia to heights of orgasmic delight.

The two women spent the next seventy-five minutes enjoying orgasm after orgasm, pausing only to catch their breath and enjoying sips of wine as well as puffs of THC.

Soon, Silvia and Alessia were delightfully exhausted. They moved from the pleasure chamber into a nearby bedroom, where they fell asleep wrapped in each other's arms.

When Silvia awoke, rays from the rising sun shone through the room's diaphanous floor-to-ceiling curtains, casting a shimmering glow on their bodies. A sudden breeze from the lake formed a delicate zephyr that floated through the open terrace windows causing the tiny bows on Silvia's lingerie to quiver.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Stunningly beautiful, easily bored, and very high maintenance, Victoria Sarkozy-Reiss glides through life with a faint whisper of a smile on her face, as if she acknowledges the cosmic humor of our earthly situation while realizing the intense angst of our brief moment in cosmic time.

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the snark of Jimmy Ray, and the erotica of
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