

# **The Desires Within**

**By: Emily Sinclair**

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## **By Emily Sinclair**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter 1: Surprise Find](#)

[Chapter 2: New Home](#)

[Chapter 3: Disciplining Angie](#)

[Chapter 4: Fisting Cindy](#)

# Chapter 1

## Surprise Find

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When most people bring me their computers to fix they make sure to delete anything incriminating or embarrassing they'd rather a stranger not see. Most people don't realize that with the right software recovering such deleted files is a simple matter. In the ten years that I've been repairing computers I've seen it all – intimate love letters, hate-filled emails, sexy pictures, and racy videos.

When my friend Angie brought her computer to fix, I never imagined in a million years the treasure trove I'd find buried on her hard drive. Angie and I have known each other since we were ten. We grew up three houses apart, went to the same schools, and hung out with the same geeky friends. She was incredibly shy then, and twenty years later was still very shy. Why? I couldn't tell you. She has a body to die for with long legs, round hips, bubble butt, the softest swell of a belly, and breasts I could play with all day. She partially hid her cute face behind strands of her long reddish-black hair.

So when I found nearly six thousand pictures and more than three hundred videos of her hidden under fifty layers of uninteresting folders I nearly had a heart attack. These weren't pictures of family vacations, or the awkward photo with a drunken friend at the bar. No, these were more like something you'd find on a porn site.

The pictures showed everything from sexy lingerie to full on masturbation with everything from hairbrushes and cucumbers, to some surprisingly thick dildos. I was seeing a side of my dear friend that I didn't know existed and which was turning me on something fierce. Feeling the pre-cum already leaking from my throbbing cock I pulled it out and started slowly jerking off as I started a video titled: In search of a master. I never loved working from home more than today. If I was in an office I'd have a serious case of blue balls right about now.

The video started in Angie's living room. After several seconds she appeared on screen and I nearly blew my load all over the place. For all intents and purposes she was naked. She wore a black leather body harness that left everything exposed, and a pair of stiletto heels. She walked sexily in front of the camera and then knelt down so her ass was resting on the heels of her feet.

"Hello," Angie said nervously into the camera. "My name is Angie Harcourt and I'm a submissive looking for a Master or Mistress to control every aspect of my life. I do not have extensive training, but I'm more than willing to go through any and all training that my new Master or Mistress deems appropriate for me. I'm looking to live as a submissive 24/7 so if I interest you please contact me on fetlife. My user name is sub underscore Angie."

I watched half a dozen more videos before I blew my load all over the place. I was so turned on my cock remained hard and I watched another dozen before dropping another load. After cleaning up I got out one of my external hard drives and copied every picture and video of my friend she had stored on her hard drive. I was forming a plan in my head that, if successful, would make Angie and I both very happy.

I had not real training as a Dominant other than what I've read online, seen in pictures and movies, and did in the bedroom with the few girlfriends that were into that sort of thing. Angie didn't need to know that though. I picked up the phone and dialed her number.

"Hello?" Angie said answering the phone.

"Hey Angie, its Paul. I'm just calling to let you know your computer is all fixed and you can pick it up whenever you'd like."

"Great. I'm at work right now, but is it ok if I swing by afterwards?"

"Sure. I'll be home all night."

"Cool. See you around six then."

"See you then." I hung up the phone, my cock starting to throb again at the sound of her sultry voice. I looked over at the clock hanging on the wall. 1:22 - that gave me four hours to get to the store to purchase everything I thought I might need. I wasn't one to frequent adult toy stores, but under the circumstances I didn't have time to order everything online.

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There were a million things I wanted to buy, but in the end I kept it simple just in case things backfired on me. I was taking a huge risk that could cost me a longtime friend, but I had hopes it wouldn't. I placed the three bags of toys on the kitchen table. I hated that strong odor new toys had so I tossed the dildos and other toys in the dishwasher to clean them before use. I laid the riding crop, flogger, cane, gag, and cuffs out in a row and nearly nutted in my pants as images poured into my brain.

By the time Angie arrived to pick up her computer I was ready to rip her clothes off and screw her silly. She wore a simple white blouse and navy blue skirt that showed off her long, toned legs, and a pair of high heels. Her hair was done up and her glasses made her look more like a sexy schoolteacher than the advertising agent that she was.

"Hey Angie," I said answering the door. "Come on in."

"Thanks," Angie said stepping inside. "I hope it wasn't too much trouble fixing that old computer."

"It was nothing. Although I would think about getting a new one sooner rather than later."

"Yeah, I know. You know me. I hate throwing anything away unless it's beyond repair."

"Well, it should last a few more months at least."

"So, how much do I owe you?"

"I told you before, I don't charge my friends. But if you insist on paying me then you can kneel at my feet." This was the moment of truth. I expected one of three things to happen. First, and most hopeful, she would kneel at my feet like an obedient submissive and we could get on with the fun. Second, she would laugh and think I was joking. And third, she would slap me across the face and stomp out, ending our twenty year friendship.

"Um, excuse me?" she said. "What did you just say?"

"I said kneel at my feet. Or do I need to motivate you?" I said picking up the rattan cane I had leaning against the back of the recliner.

"What...what are you going to do with that?" she said, her eyes growing wide.

"That all depends on you. I won't repeat myself again." I swooshed the cane through the air, the sound making her jump back a step and I could see her hands trembling. I breathed a sigh of relief when she got down on her knees as she had in so many of her videos. "That's a good girl. Now, tell me Angie are you still looking for a Master?"

"OH MY GOD!" she gasped. "You...you found my videos didn't you? Oh god this is so humiliating."

"Nothing to be humiliated about. I'm not going to lie Angie, I jerked off three times to your pictures and videos. I never knew you had this side to you, but I love it. Now tell me, are you still looking for a Master?"

"Yes."

"I want you to stand up and strip out of your clothes for me."

"Are you serious? You...you want to be my...Master?"

"Right now I want you to do as I asked."

I watched her intently as she stood up and slowly unbuttoned her blouse, letting it fall down her arms to the floor. She unhooked her bra and removed it too giving me the first in-person look at her magnificent breasts.

"I'm going to enjoy sucking your nipples Angie. My god you're beautiful."

"Thank you," she said meekly as she unzipped her skirt.

"Wait!" I said stopping her from removing her panties. "Turn around. I want to see you bend over slowly and when your panties are off place your hands on the coffee table with your legs shoulder-width apart."

"What, what are you going to do?" she asked eying the cane still in my hand. I only stared at her with a sly grin so she turned her back to me and wiggles out of her tiny thong. The sight of her bare nether region made my cock throb to life in my pants and it was all I could do not to walk over to her and lick her inviting slit.

I did walk over to her however, but not to lick her, or even fuck her. I gently circled my fingers on her naked ass. She jumped at my touch, but remained bent over the table. I could see she was trembling now from head to toe and that drove me wild. SWOOSH! THWACK! The cane landed hard across her ass.

"AHGH!" Angie screamed as the cane landed. "Thank you Master." That was it. I never asked her to thank me for swatting her. I saw it in a few of her videos where she was spanked by other men and women, but I never once asked her to say it. Her calling me Master was all I could take.

"So, you do want me as your Master then?"

"YES! Paul. Master. Please swat me again Master."

"Do you like to be spanked, Angie?"

"Yes Master."

"What if I struck across your breasts? Would you like that?"

"Oh god Master! I would love it. I'm a pain slut Master. I love to be spanked all over my body."

"Then I suppose I'll have to find another way to punish you when you're bad won't I?"

"Yes Master."

"I'm going to fuck you Angie. Do you want that?"

"Yes Master," she said pushing her ass back towards me.

"Tell me, did you leave the pictures and videos on your computer hoping I would find them?"

"No, Master. I thought they were hidden where no one would find them. I'm glad it was you though. You, you won't show them to anyone else will you?"

"Never. You have my word on that." I removed my pants, ran to the kitchen to grab the flogger, and then returned. I rubbed my cock along her slit and asshole. She pushed back to take it and I stepped back to prevent her from doing so, her moans of frustration turning me on even more.