

A Master and a Mommy

By

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Chapter One

'The Day Josephine Asked'

"Master, can we please find me a Mommy?" I gazed at my dominant with what I hoped was an adoring expression; not too much of a 'porny', anime look, as both he and I find those eyes just a bit disturbing.

"A Mommy?" he echoed.

"You know, like ageplay." I batted my eyelashes. "Since you're horrified at the idea of me calling you 'Daddy'."

He snorted with laughter. "How thoughtful of you to think of me in what you want."

"But I'm just asking!" I giggled. "See? I'm so cute, I need a Mommy."

He studied me skeptically, just short of rolling his eyes at me. "What sort of woman would she be?"

"Tall." His snort made me pause for a moment before I continued. "Yes, I know most adults are taller than me, but I mean tall for a lady. Hair down to the small of her back, a burnished auburn. Long, delicate fingers. With a beautiful voice. She'd have a kind face."

"So how do you think we should go about looking for this Mommy?" He traced his fingers over my naked skin, causing delightful shudders to dance through my torso.

"We could look online. I'm sure there are plenty of kinky dating websites that'll have sections for ageplay." I dragged my teeth over my bottom lip, hoping that the course of the conversation meant that he was indeed receptive to my desire.

He kissed my forehead. "After I enjoy your body again, you have permission to go put up an ad. I know you'll make it obvious that you're a collared submissive looking for a Mommy with my permission. It's up to you whether you'll accept the idea of an online only relationship or not. I admit, I'm not entirely sure where this interest of yours is coming from."

"Thank you." I wrapped my arms around his chest, hugging him gleefully.

"Good girl," he murmured as he rolled me flat onto my back, his body moving over mine.

I gasped, arching my back.

"That's my girl." He kicked my legs apart with a knee.

"Please." I lifted my hips to him.

He thrust his cock into my cunt.

I gasped again, the sound melting away into a low groan at the sensation of him filling me. My arms wrapped around his chest once more. I struggled to wrap my short legs around his waist, but ended up just twining my legs with his.

"Remember to tell me when you're coming."

"Yes, Master." I pressed my lips to his shoulder as he thrust hard into me. I flexed my pelvic muscles, clamping down on his cock with each inward thrust.

"Are you my hungry girl?" he teased.

"Yes," I whimpered. My favorite tease. I held on tight, enjoying the brutal strokes.

Suddenly he pushed his hands under my ass, drawing me even closer.

I cried out sharply, his cock pushing deeper into my cunt. "Master!" I gripped his ass with both hands. "Coming! Coming, Master!" I lost my breath at the rippling movements of my cunt muscles before I screamed my release into his broad chest.

"Good girl. I love to feel you come." He pulled out and, in a blur of limbs, straddled my head.

I opened my mouth wide, gazing fondly up at him.

He groaned as he shoved his cock into my mouth. His cum garbled my moan as it filled me. He shot into my mouth and down the back of my throat.

I swallowed, his cum going down my throat making me smile. "Thank you."

He kissed my forehead before rolling onto his side. "For what?"

"For making me come. For coming in my mouth so I could enjoy the taste of you." I cuddled against his chest and nestled my head into his armpit, my cheek placed just so I could enjoy his pounding heartbeat.

"My good girl." He stroked my hair.

"Yours, Master." My chest seemed to expand with love.

"We'll have a shower and something to eat before you get on your computer."

"Yes, Master." I closed my eyes. If he wasn't going to order me to do something, I wanted to enjoy these sensations longer.

So good to have a bellyful of Master's cum and a meal shared, I thought. I looked up to

smile at him as we both powered up our laptops.

"Love you, girl."

"Love you, Master." I looked back down at my computer once the start screen finished loading. Kink dating? Okay, the ageplay section. I cursed under my breath while drudging through the monotonous steps of creating the account. Thank goodness to be allowed a glass of soda!

Click. Click. Click. What to write?

My Master says I can look for a Mommy. I'm not sure I have a 'Little' in the way I've seen on ageplay websites, but I'm interested. But yes, as you can tell, I'm a collared slave. I'm not looking to replace him, but to find a Mommy who wouldn't mind being part of a poly triad—he hasn't said if he'd be interested in playing or anything—although a few things about ageplay seem to squick him, hence this profile of mine. I'm open to starting online, being all online, or being offline, in relationship—I just want to play! I picture my Mommy to be tall for a Lady; I'm only 4'11" so tall is very relative to me. She'd have beautifully silky, long auburn hair. She'd have long, fine fingers, like you see on a professional pianist—sorry, I can't help but giggle at that word. Most importantly, she'd have a kind face—I admit, I'm not entirely sure what I mean by this—and temperament. I still need my Master to give me details, like if I'm allowed to converse with mommies on the page, in chat, etc. without his prior approval, so it may take me a little time to respond at first.

I uploaded a fully clothed picture of myself—no need to give the pervs something to get excited about—and then saved it before moving on to the 'fetishes interested in' page.

"Josephine?" His voice startled me.

I looked up from my screen at Andrew's voice. "Yes, Master?"

"It looks like you're happily creating this profile?"

"Yes, Master. I'm having a lot of fun, although I realized we haven't talked about some permission things."

"Like what?"

I pushed my feet flat against my footstool and flexed my calves. "Do I need your permission before I reply to a woman who's messaged me? This site is all free, for email-type

messages and private chat."

"First reply, no, but after you've read her profile, if you're interested, at that point I expect you to show me her profile before anything more than that one reply is sent. If she happens to be online—if you can even see that sort of thing in the site's system—if I'm home and awake, get me right away. No sense to keep you from chatting with a potential Mommy who's online."

"Thank you!" I felt the smile stretching my cheeks in my excitement. "I'm working on the 'fetishes' list now."

"Don't tell me." He grinned. "You want her to give you an enema, 'cause I think those are pretty gross?"

I giggled and re-crossed my ankles the other way around. "Of course!" Then I pulled on my bottom lip with my thumb and forefinger. "Um, Master?"

"Yes?" He raised an eyebrow as he studied me.

"Do you have any thoughts about what you'd want your relationship with my Mommy to be?"

He chuckled. "Are you trying a roundabout way to get me to play your 'daddy' sometimes?"

"Not at all." I could feel my cheeks getting hot nonetheless. Embarrassment? Shyness? Imagined, potential humiliation?

"We'll have to see," he said. "Most of the Mommy types you see on shows about kink weigh more than I do. I'm not at all interested in that."

I nodded. "Yes, Master," I said, forcing my voice not to be a whisper.

I looked at the list.

Enemas? *Yum.* Pre-teen/teen? *I think.* Diapers. *Eww!* Pacifiers. *Fighting ewws!* Childish clothing? *Love it! Already do it!* OTK spankings? *Love the image.* Brush paddling? *Most definitely!* Intercourse? *Why don't they have 'interested but need permission'?* Back rubs? *Gladly, but why doesn't this have a give/receive choice?* Bubble baths? *Look forward to them.*

Good start.

I edited my profile in keeping with what he had just said. Then I logged out and went to the library's website. Still smiling, I typed 'ageplay' into the search bar and clicked on the button.

How did it get to be dinner time already? I glanced at the window blinds and noticed the encroaching darkness.

"Master?"

"I thought you'd fallen asleep at your computer." His smile moved over me.

"No, I was just really into what I was reading." I closed the web pages I'd opened and hibernated my computer. "Ready for dinner?"

"Past ready."

I pushed my hands against my thighs; I wasn't going to cover my blushing cheeks; wasn't that what little girls are supposed to do? Blush?

"Stop your blushing and go get food, you silly slave." His grin lessened the sternness of his command.

"Yes, Master!" I placed my laptop on my footstool and hopped up. What to make for dinner? I opened the fridge door and considered what was left from my last shopping trip. "Steak and steamed veggies?"

"Sure. I'll make it 'til they're done."

Oh, not going to blush for failing as a submissive. I started heating up the grill pan for the steak. A silly, mumbling song danced through my head as I moved. I quickly chopped up some broccoli and cauliflower. Water and then the veggies dropped into the veggie steamer—I hadn't fucked up dinner too much. I pulled on my bottom lip.

"How many steaks are left?"

"One large steak." Just right for him to feed me as he chose.

"That'll do."

The happiness spread through me like a palpable thing at his pleasure. I pulled the steak out of the fridge before gathering some spices; a marinade of teriyaki sauce, olive oil, and various other seasonings were joined in a bowl to soak the meat. I moved through the steps while half my mind remained active in listening for him.

I held my hand for a moment over the pan, checking to make sure it was properly pre-heated. Thank goodness he was patient while I taught myself to cook. I carefully placed the steak on the pan, set the timer, and washed my hands.

"Come sit at my feet while the food cooks," he ordered.

"Yes, Master." I checked that the vegetable steamer was heating before hurrying to him. I

hoped my body language didn't show that I noticed he'd put his laptop aside. I sank onto my knees in front of him.

"Sit comfortably on your butt with your back to me," he clarified.

I adjusted my position, bringing my legs up from under me and folding them against my chest. I leaned back so my back almost touched his easy chair.

He pulled me in with his strong legs. "Sweet girl, I'm proud that you managed to tell me what you wanted. Or is it needed?" He started to stroke my hair and I sighed, happy to be enveloped by his body and the smell of his cologne.

"I'm not sure which word is fairer. It has been an awful long time since I've enjoyed the affection, love, and care of a woman." I licked my lips before craning my head to look up at his face. "You know I've always liked women who are older than me, and it seems like a Mommy might be good for me in a number of ways."

The caressing hand continued as he spoke. "Write down the ways in which you think a Mommy would be good for you. I'm interested, and I think it might be valuable to share with any women who reply."

"Yes, Master." I pressed my face against his flannel-covered leg for a moment. "I should check on the steak. I think it might be time to flip it soon."

"Of course." He jammed his hands into my armpits and pulled me up onto his lap. "Have I told you today how much I love you?"

"Yes, many times. I love you too, Master." I laid my head on his shoulder and enjoyed him cuddling me.

I turned the burner off and served the steak onto a plate.

"Put enough veggies on the plate for the both of us."

"Yes, Master." I grinned despite my attempt not to; what a lovely treat to be fed. I scooped two helpings of the steamed vegetables on the plate before covering it with butter and then sprinkling everything with some salt. Then I served the steak, smiling to think of his enjoyment of it. My grin grew bigger as I selected one of the large forks and a steak knife from the drawer before turning toward the living room.

"Slowly." His grin almost mirrored my own, while holding a touch more teasing sensuality than I thought possible in mine. "Slowly so I can enjoy your approach."

"Yes, Master." With my thumb, I secured the utensils. I relaxed into the thought of pleasing him as my feet took me from the cold tile to the rich, deep pile of carpet.

My gaze fastened onto the plate as I worried about the steak juices dripping. I probably moved slower than he'd even meant me to, so worried was I about those juices.

"I don't think you're going to spill the food if you move just a bit faster."

My gaze jumped up to his; yes, his amusement was as rich as the tone of his voice. "Yes, Master."

I took several steps, stopping just in front of him.

"Hand me the plate and kneel up between my feet."

I obeyed, anxiously watching the plate transfer from my hand to his. I enjoyed sensing the fluidity of my movements as I often did in the midst of sinking to my knees. My shins pushed into the carpet before I settled back for a moment and then straightened my legs again.

"Good girl." He patted my head, then cut a large bite of broccoli in half and held it out.

I rose just a bit more and opened my mouth. My moan sounded even as I accepted the gift of food from him. I fought the shudders that wanted to vibrate out from the pleasurable feelings between my legs. He then fed me a bit of cauliflower, which was covered in melting butter.

I swallowed, my eyes half-closed. "Thank you, Master."

He patted my head again.

I watched him pick up the steak knife.

Methodically, just as methodically as if he was torturing me, he cut the steak into bites.

"You may put the steak knife into the wash water you ran before returning to kneel."

"Yes, Master." I accepted the knife from him. The slightest rush of feeling came into my legs, the warning of how numb my legs will be when this meal is over. With little running steps, imagining him watching my ass and thighs as I moved away, I ran to the kitchen and deposited the knife in the hot water. I didn't even realize he had noticed me doing that.

"Crawl back to me."

I chewed on my bottom lip. Of course, he would be enjoying his steak as I enjoyed the show I was putting on for him. As I dropped to the floor; a slightly disturbing thought came to me of what it might be like when my body can no longer handle movements like dropping. The cold, hard tiles hurt, and I hurried across them to the carpet. Moaning, I moved my right knee

onto the carpet. I always forgot just how different the carpet felt on my knees than on my feet—what was comfortable became painful. Knowing that he was watching, my focus moved to my hips, then my shoulders.

I arched my lower back and held it, imagining my ass presented to him. I relaxed my arms to lower my chest as I continued forward until I reached his feet.

"Pull your hair back before you rise. Hold it up on the back of your head."

"Yes, Master." I eased my weight back into my hips before lifting my hands from the floor.

"Just like that."

My hands curled into each other within my hair. One black curl escaped my fingers and hung down along my nose.

"So pretty." He tucked the strand behind my ear.

I pressed my head against his hand.

"Here you are." With his other hand, he pushed a piece of steak between my lips.

I closed my eyes. The steak on my tongue, his hand still touching me: both such lovely, stimulating sensations. I started to chew; yes, I had seasoned and cooked it to his tastes. Thank goodness I like to eat steak as he does.

His fingers slipped down the side of my throat.

I moaned. I held my body tight as his touch left me and when I opened my eyes; he'd begun eating. I lowered my gaze to his lap.

He was wearing the blue, green, and yellow flannel pants. They were loose, and I had been proud to find these comfy pants for him. He didn't have his slippers on; I wondered if I should offer to get them.

I looked up at his chin. My lips parted.

He swallowed. "Yes?"

"Did you want your slippers, Master?"

"Do you think I'm cold? I was just noticing how hard your nipples are."

My gaze dropped to my chest even as I felt that he was right—my breasts had become a sensitive mass of tissue. When did that happen?

"Not cold," I whimpered.

"Really?" He leaned forward to brush a large, warm hand over first one nipple, then the

other.

"Don't feel cold, Master," I added, hoping it was the answer he was looking for.

"Yes, I'd like my slippers."

A quick picture of the house popped into my mind. Slippers at the foot of the bed. I fell onto my back and flipped over.

His laughter sounded above me.

Up on my hands and knees, I started forward. I felt the carpet less as I hurried through the rooms, through the hallway to the bedroom. Without turning on the light, I approached the bed. I put my hand down on a slipper before realizing I was that close to the bed. After grabbing the slippers, I balanced them on my back.

"Hurry up, girl," he teased, although I probably heard less teasing than he intended.

I started crawling faster, worry over the slippers tripping through my mind. I focused on a very level back, regardless of my speed.

"Good girl." He laughed, no doubt having seen his slippers on my back. "You may put them on me now."

I tilted my back to drop the shoes to the floor before grabbing one. I studied his right foot as I pulled the black fuzzy slipper over his skin. Sighing, I gave his left foot the same treatment, prizing the sense of peace that filled me, a series of orders completed.

"Back up."

I smiled and rose to my knees again.

He caught my sides with his legs and arched an eyebrow knowingly when the smallest hint of a moan escaped my suddenly trembling lips. He pushed down on my bottom lip and I opened my mouth. He gifted my obedience with another bite of steak.

The lovely feeling of warmth flooded my body—so glad we both love steak. I wonder if my Mommy will like steak, how she might like her steak cooked.

He ate in silence for a few moments, although I knew he was watching me. I shivered at his study. I gazed at my hands, unsure what to do with them.

"Fold your hands against the back of your head again, with your hair gathered up. I enjoyed that."

"Yes, Master." My fingers shook as I moved my arms behind me, catching my hair and piling it on the back of my head. Again an errant curl brushed against my skin, the very bottom

of the curl teasing the middle of my back.

He groaned, whether from the steak or something about me, I wasn't sure. "Open."

I swallowed awkwardly with my lips parted. I lifted my tongue within my mouth to catch the bite of steak he'd given me and hoped he would consider this a well-prepared steak, because I loved the bite he'd given me. Actually, I'd love it even if it was overcooked, just because he had put it in my mouth. I slowly enjoyed the taste as I chewed, gazing at his chin, his lips.

"Now some veggies." He waited, with bits of broccoli and cauliflower on his fork.

My focus shifted between the fork, Master, the fork. So much stimulation—and we were just eating.

His free hand brushed against my nipples, which instantly grew harder. His fingertips danced around my breasts, circling them until I leaned forward. After I'd accepted the bite, he let his hand slide down my chest onto my stomach. While they were filed neatly, his nails still teased my skin, his hand strength bringing an arousing pressure to his touch.

I moaned even as I swallowed.

"You know, it's often in simple moments like this that I most appreciate lifestyle BDSM." He cupped my cheek for a moment. "I'm enjoying a good steak, and your beauty, from the comfort of a recliner. Best of all, I think, is that you're enjoying it too, from your perspective."

I smiled at him. "Yes, Master. It's so good to watch you enjoy the food I've made for you, even all these years later."

"Do I not take care of you enough?" he said suddenly.

I bit the inside of my lip—how had this become about ageplay? "You do wonderfully, but I think the ageplay relationship allows for a different sort of care."

"Sure. Masters are allowed to get nervous too, right?"

"Of course, Master." I smiled again.

I came back from the kitchen; the dinner dishes cleaned and put away, and returned to my kneeling position between Master's legs.

"What reward should I give you for a wonderfully prepared dinner?" He traced my lips with one finger.

I pushed into his touch. "But you already treated me to sharing the steak, to feeding me from your plate. I would never think to beg for more reward." That was bordering on BDSM

erotica talk; but at least we weren't using third person.

He pulled me over his lap, face down; I noticed his feet were still on the floor. He grasped my ass in both hands and squeezed.

I groaned, my hips lifting my ass. The groan morphed into a harsh grunt when the first spank radiated through my backside and I smiled at the size of his hands. I arched into the next slap.

He brushed his finger over the top of my ass-crack. "Should I fuck this ass tonight?"

I lifted my head, slightly confused in my arousal. "You'd enjoy it, Master."

"But would you?"

Pleading moans dripped from my lips at the continued strokes of his thumb. "I always do, Master."

The massaging stopped just before he started to spank; one of those spankings that go until I hold my breath, when I know the next slap will come, but not where.

He slowly rubbed my ass, the skin already hot and sore. He dipped one finger into my cunt—I gasped—that he then moved in and out.

I made the smallest hip movements; begging, but not.

"You are so wet, little girl." He dragged the moist finger up my perineum and between my ass-cheeks.

"Yes, Master," I whispered, just before that finger inched into my asshole. Trembling, I finally released the breath I'd been holding.

"I can't wait to have my cock here." He pushed his finger in as far as it could go, aided by my pussy juices coating his finger.

"Yes, Master." I wasn't sure why I was responding; that wasn't a question. I made a soft crying sound at his finger leaving my body.

"First I want this ass hotter." His spanks started to become blows, hard and heavy-handed.

"Thanks, Master." I gasped at the pain.

He laughed, the sound soft, and edged with his own arousal.

"I like hearing you thank me for your spankings, especially when I haven't ordered it." He caught the very bottom of my ass-cheek with a cupped hand and, unprepared for the blow, I slid forward to hang off his chair. "None of that." He threw me over his shoulder before starting to

his bedroom.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to, Master."

"Of course not." He flipped on the overhead light before tossing me onto his bed. Without pause, he rained cupped-hand spanks on my backside again, catching spots he hadn't yet touched.

I arched, writhed, and moaned. I shook with each slap. I was about to beg when he stopped spanking. My moans turned into whimpers when two of his fingers pushed into my cunt and started to move, back and forth, fucking me. My sounds took on a sad note when he pulled out of me.

"Sh. Onto the middle of the bed," he ordered.

I shot backward, despite the pain still radiating through my ass and thighs. I caught a glimpse of his hand stroking his semi-hard cock as I moved. Just behind him, I dropped to my stomach, the cushiony blanket softening my fall. I felt the bed shift with his movements; his legs pushed against mine. I pushed my mouth into the pillow I'd inadvertently wound up with under my head. It soaked up the sounds as his cock pressed at my asshole. I breathed in and lifted my hips. God, I wanted to feel his cock filling my ass!

"Good girl."

I cried out as his cock slid into my ass in one swift thrust. "Thank you, Master." I bathed in the dozens of different sensations the thrust and withdrawal of his cock caused deep in my body. The pulsing of my cunt muscles started quickly.

He grabbed my hands, twining our fingers together before pushing my palms down flat on the bed. "Feel so good," he whispered into my ear. "Does it hurt too badly with your freshly spanked ass?"

"No, it feels good, Master," I panted. And it did feel so good; the mixture of pain from the force of his body against my skin with the pleasure of his cock filling me. My nerve endings were alive with the delicious sensations. The slap of his thighs against mine made me rear back into him.

He pulled out suddenly and, with one strong hand, flipped me over onto my back. He pushed my legs up, folding me almost in half.

I groaned at his hands lifting me onto a folded pillow.

Strongly gripping both my cheeks, he spread me apart and thrust back into my ass.

I felt my lips move into a smile even as my eyes closed.

"Pretty girl." He took hold of my ankles.

"Oh, oh!" I cried out. My favorite position!

He leaned back slightly and then crushed his thumb against my clit.

"Master, please!" I begged.

"That's right, my slut. Come with me fucking your ass!"

My body clamped down on his cock. "Thank you, thank you, thank you, Master!" I bucked against him, wanting him as deep in me as I could get him. The orgasms exploded repeatedly as he continued to maul my clit with his thumb. "Coming... again, Master!"

"Again? I think it's still."

I loved his sexy grin above me as he was fucking me.

"Gonna fill your ass."

"Please fill my ass. Please come in my ass, Master!" My fingers pushed into the bed.

"Good girl." His forehead furrowed with his concentration, his eyes just barely open. He thrust, hard, grunting in his effort. His hands slipped down to my thighs as he pulled me hard against him.

"I'm coming!" I froze in place as I felt the wonderful heat and fullness of his cum rushing into me. "Thank you, Master. Fill me please!"

He dropped me back onto the pillow; I didn't quite realize he'd lifted me further up. We groaned together as his softening cock slipped out of my ass.

"That looks so good." He pressed his thumb against my asshole and said, "Keep my cum inside you, wench," before pushing it up inside me.

"Yes, thank you." I shuddered against him, still feeling the aftershocks of the hard orgasm. "It feels so good, I come so hard when you fuck my ass."

"I know." In and out, in and out, his thumb manipulated my ass.

"Please, I'm so sensitive," I begged.

"How sensitive is that?"

"Very, very, please!" I bore down on his thumb, moving my hips, fucking it.

He slapped my pussy lips with his other hand.

I screamed at the mix of pleasure and pain. My body arched up off the bed starting at my shoulders as he forced my orgasm to continue.

He pulled his thumb out of me and I fell back to the bed. He rolled onto his back and

pulled me to his side.

"Thank you, Master," I gasped, before happily laying my head on his chest.

"You're welcome, good girl. Rest. We'll go enjoy a bath in a bit."

"Yes, thank you, Master."