

# erotiKa

Vol. I

*By Antoine Vargas*

Real people. Real pleasure. Real confessions

15

sensual tales. One truth:

Eroticism lives just one choice beyond fear.

# Enjoy your reading...

*Most of these stories were inspired by real people.*

*By confessions. By whispered memories.*

*By moments lived, sometimes years ago— and sometimes  
just last month.*

*They've been dressed in fiction... but their truth remains.*

*Because desire, like stories, lives among us all.*

*I didn't write to shock.*

*I wrote to stir.*

*To show that this—yes, this— could happen to anyone  
brave enough to say yes.*

*I hope you, dear reader, take as much pleasure in reading  
these tales*

*as I had collecting, imagining, and writing them.*

*Thank you for daring with me.*

*— Antoine Vargas*

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# 11. The Master

— *By Antoine Vargas*

Emma and Lambert had long shared an intense and deeply connected relationship. And yet, they felt an insidious routine slowly creeping in. To counter it, they had introduced monthly “kinky nights”—a playground where pleasure and pain danced hand in hand. Emma was curious and bold, while Lambert, a confident man with a dominant charisma, found himself unexpectedly enjoying the occasional surrender of control that these experiences brought. Still, the balance was delicate, often punctuated by nervous laughter when little Emma tried to impose her will on her imposing husband. It was hard for Lambert to obey his lovely wife without bursting out laughing.

Their interest in the BDSM world gradually deepened, and one night, intrigued by its possibilities, Lambert asked some questions in an online forum. Most of the replies were superficial, but one user—“Mike\_kinky81”—stood out for his confidence and authority. Mike offered to guide the couple into this world, as their Master.

One intimate evening, Lambert shared the interaction with Emma. To his surprise, she responded with barely veiled enthusiasm.

“Why not try something different?” she suggested, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

After a few days of consideration, Lambert contacted Mike again for a virtual experiment. They created a WhatsApp group where Mike would issue instructions remotely.

The first task was simple: Emma had to go to work without underwear and provide photographic proof on command. Lambert, though amused, found it a bit unoriginal. But three days later, another message came in.

— I order you to pleasure yourselves, face to face, without touching each other. Whoever climaxes first will give the other a proper spanking.”

That evening, a strange energy filled the bedroom. Emma and Lambert settled onto the bed, the sheets wrinkled beneath their tense bodies. A palpable nervousness hung between them. It had been so long since they had given themselves over to such intimacy—even alone, let alone together.

Emma glanced over at Lambert, who avoided her gaze with an embarrassed smile. His cheeks were already slightly flushed, and she felt a warmth rise in her. The idea of masturbating under his eyes—though he was her husband—stirred a troubling mix of excitement and shyness.

Lambert, for his part, tried to keep a relaxed appearance, though his hands trembled slightly. What Emma didn’t know was that he had cheated. Earlier, hidden away in the bathroom, he had given himself a head start under the pretense of a quick shower. The idea of losing this competition drove him mad.

— Shall we start?, Emma murmured, her voice a little husky.

Lambert nodded, an uncertain smile on his lips. She settled in, her hands gliding slowly over her own body, exploring each inch with tentative strokes. Then, as if she'd remembered a secret weapon, she abruptly opened the bedside drawer. Lambert's eyes widened when she pulled out her small pink vibrator.

— It's not against the rules, right? she said with a provocative smile.

Lambert swallowed hard. He knew exactly what that device could do. Every time she used it, Emma would reach peaks in record time. It shattered his plan completely.

Yet he couldn't take his eyes off her. Emma's movements became bolder, more sensual. Her breathing quickened, and her soft moans turned into a delicate melody that filled the room. Lambert let himself drift into his own fantasies, lost in a mix of images of his wife, shared memories, and especially this new game.

Emma, for her part, found her thoughts drifting more and more toward their mysterious Master. She imagined that commanding voice dictating their every move, that man she had never seen but who now held a huge place in her fantasies.

The race was close. Their trembling bodies gave themselves over to solitary pleasures—but it was Lambert, overwhelmed by his wife's gasps and sighs, who surrendered first. The melody of her moans finished him off.

— I win, he said in a triumphant tone, though his voice betrayed a breathless quiver.

Emma, frustrated but strangely thrilled by the intensity of the moment, had no choice but to submit. She got on all fours on the bed, her heart pounding in her chest. Lambert, embracing his

role, delivered a series of firm but measured spanks, leaving her soft skin a lovely shade of pink.

Each strike was a blend of pain and pleasure for Emma. She bit the pillow to muffle her sounds, but inside, she savored the sharp sting of her defeat.

When the punishment ended, they curled up together, their bodies calmed but still trembling. But Emma couldn't sleep until she had shared the entire session with Mike. Her fingers danced across the screen, describing each moment with almost poetic precision—even adding reflections about her own submission.

— Master, I lost tonight. My husband beat me to it, but it was intense... and deeply unsettling. I look forward to your next challenge.

She hit 'send', a satisfied smile playing on her lips despite the lingering heat on her skin.

For her, this wasn't just a race to climax. It was a descent into a world where every emotion—humiliation, excitement, competition—became fuel for their connection.

Several days went by before the Master spoke again. Emma found herself looking forward to his messages—a mix of anticipation and arousal.

The following week, Mike sent over a shopping list: handcuffs, a whip, nipple clamps, a chastity cage for men, and other exotic items. The request drew nervous laughter from the couple. They explored a nearby sex shop but left with only a limited selection.

When they told Mike they were missing several items, he didn't find it amusing.

— It's Master Mike, he corrected coldly.

As punishment for their lack of commitment, he imposed a consequence: Lambert would be denied orgasms for two full weeks but would be required to fulfill all of Emma's desires. The decision shook their dynamic—but Emma found it oddly thrilling. In the following days, she described their sessions to Mike with a blend of embarrassment and glee.

Then came a harsher punishment: Lambert was to tie Emma up and deliver twelve strikes with a whip—hard enough to leave marks, with photographic evidence.

That evening, Emma, restrained, felt a mix of apprehension and excitement. The first blows were hesitant, almost clumsy, but as the minutes passed, pain merged with a rush of endorphins.

Between lashes, Lambert slid his fingers between her legs to gauge her arousal. She was soaked. He smiled inwardly and teased her closer to orgasm—only to stop abruptly and deliver another strike, harsher this time, punishing her for enjoying it too much.

When Lambert finally sent the photo of her deep purple welts to Mike, Emma was in a trance-like state—caught between raw desire and a strange, euphoric release.

This new balance was transforming their relationship. Emma, initially reluctant, now watched for Mike's messages with growing eagerness. Each directive was a test—of her limits, and of the strength of their connection. Lambert, meanwhile, saw his roles as husband and lover reshaped, torn between jealousy and fascination at his wife's transformation.



A month passed, and the tension between them reached new heights. Emma eventually asked if Mike would ever meet them in person—but he declined firmly.

—Mystery feeds the game, he replied, reinforcing his aura of distant authority.

Though frustrated, Emma found something intoxicating in that refusal. The absolute control in his tone stirred an arousal she didn't fully understand.

Mike, for his part, was becoming a near-constant presence in their intimacy. This time, it was Lambert who faced humiliation. Under Mike's orders, he experienced the agony of a ruined orgasm—reduced to utter vulnerability, bent over the kitchen table while his wife executed the command.

Emma had been instructed to extract all of her husband's seed into a small container, taking great care to stop all stimulation just before climax. She touched him with all the sensuality and love she felt for him—then made one final, fateful stroke that triggered an uncontrollable series of spasms.

Since he hadn't climaxed in so long, Lambert couldn't hold back. He spilled into the container—copiously. Emma sent the photo to Mike, describing what had happened with calculated detail. She felt powerful, delighted to have pleased her Master at her husband's expense.

The weeks passed, and with every new directive, their boundaries stretched further. A constant sexual tension seeped into their daily lives—a heady blend of fear and arousal. Sometimes the tasks were small, playful. Other times, they forced the couple to reexamine their own desires and discomforts.

Emma relished these challenges. On the nights she messaged Mike with detailed reports, she felt electrified. She described, with delicious precision, the moments when she had dominated Lambert, how her pleasure grew each time he submitted to another of their Master's orders. Her descriptions carried a provocative pride—shared only with Mike. Her imagination burned. What did this man look like, this stranger orchestrating their games?

The same held true for the many times she herself was made to submit. Each memory of submission ignited heat between her thighs. Even if Lambert was the one delivering the punishments, her mind belonged to Mike—especially when she obeyed humiliating commands, like the time she was ordered to give her husband a blowjob in a restaurant bathroom, risking being caught.

She imagined sucking Mike's cock instead—fantasizing about its size, its weight, its smell. Her sexual excitement reached new heights.

One night, she dared ask for a photo. The reply came instantly—cold and sharp:

— Your curiosity does not need to be fed, Mike wrote. If you insist, you'll learn the hard way that submission is never one-sided.

Emma shivered as she read the words. The memory of the whip still vivid on her skin made her swallow her questions.

Meanwhile, Lambert grew quieter. His initial enthusiasm began to fade, replaced by something more elusive. He still participated, but rarely spoke of how he felt. With every new order from Mike, he obeyed silently, but Emma couldn't ignore the shift in his gaze. Was it regret? Or something else? A subtle tension took root—as if the game's rules were slipping out of his grasp.

One night, as Emma was drifting off to sleep, a thought struck her: “What if Mike wasn’t who she imagined? The doubt — fleeting but persistent — added a new layer of mystery to their relationship.

But for now, she pushed the thought aside, focusing instead on the adrenaline rush each new message gave her. What she didn’t yet know was that the most shocking truths often hide in the most familiar shadows.

The “challenges” started to space out, as if even the Master was growing tired of the couple. This shift unsettled Emma, who had come to crave those moments of tension—a stark contrast to a sexuality that had once again become routine. These trials had reignited a vitality she thought long lost. Her libido burned like it had at the very start of their relationship, a decade ago.

She found herself almost addicted to Mike’s messages and orders. Every phone notification sent a jolt of adrenaline through her—fear and thrill entwined. She relished the moments when she submitted just as much as when she became the instrument of Mike’s will in punishing Lambert. Yet she endured far more punishment than her husband ever did.

She remembered one particularly vivid evening. After a long, exhausting workday, she received an unexpected instruction: “go home immediately, undress completely, and wait—naked, on your knees, in the living room.”

Her heart raced the moment she read it. Never had she felt so overwhelmed just thinking about returning home.

Once there, she let her clothes fall to the floor, one piece at a time, until she stood entirely exposed. The cool air brushed her skin, sending shivers up her spine. She dropped to her knees, placing