

# Daniel's cruel German Mistress

An erotic story

## The Encounter

I really should have known from the start. After all, Michelle has always used sexual pleasure as a reward. It was not for nothing that Bastian, our mutual friend, called her Venus Flytrap behind her back. We met at a dinner he gave to celebrate finishing his Master's. Today, I would say that I was introduced to her for inspection. Even Bastian admitted to me later on that he had wanted to set us up from the beginning.

*You two are a perfect match. You with your shyness about conflict and your reserved manners. Michelle with that forceful and decisive way about her. I knew immediately that she would crack into that shyness you were trying to hide behind your brittle shell.*

"And how did you know that such an attractive woman would be interested in a boring guy like me?"

*I told her about your financial background, you know, that you had a boring but lucrative job.*

There it was again. This prejudice that statistics and mathematics are boring subjects. For me, there was nothing more fascinating than evaluating and analyzing large sets of data. But I had long since given up trying to convince my fellow human beings of how interesting forecasts based on recorded figures could be. But because of my profession, people often thought I was a bore, too.

"You talked me up with my fortune and secure income? Like a business worth investing in?" I asked angrily.

*Daniel be a realist. Do you really think you'd ever have landed such a hot and fascinating woman any other way? You know that Michelle's playing in a completely different league when it comes to looks. And of course, she weighed what she has to offer against what you bring into the relationship. That's how relationships work today. You should be thanking me.*

Did our relationship work? In some ways it did, I thought sarcastically. But Bastian was right. What he called my reserved manners was actually an extreme case of shyness. The more interesting I found a woman, the more cramped up around her, and the crazier I became. In the presence of attractive women, I mutated into a clumsy jackass. As a result, my sex life largely remained on the virtual plane. But how much did I wish that a woman would take the initiative and force me, so to speak, into happiness. As time went by, my fantasies had moved more and more in the direction of bossy, dominant women.

And so, I immediately fell in love with Michelle. Her way of smiling and how she moved so skillfully lasciviously, and her sense of humor had bewitched me from the very first. How she threw back her blonde curls and how her well-formed breasts pressed against the fabric of her blouse. Her slender wrists with the many silver bracelets. That low clanging sound they made when she moved her hands.

Everything about her was enchanting, and when she caught me staring at her, her knowing gaze seemed to see directly into my soul. After dinner, when we helped Bastian to clear the table, I hurried behind her into the kitchen. Her gait, the motion of her buttocks under the tight dress, seemed like my promised land. Michelle is not lean, but has exactly the right curves in the right places. Her bottom was exactly how I envisioned the perfect female ass.

She watched me put some glasses in the dishwasher. Suddenly, I felt her hand on my arm. It was the first time we touched, and I felt it like a hot iron that penetrated the fabric of my shirt.

"No, Daniel, not like this!"

I swallowed and looked at her questioningly.

"Put the glasses in the upper rack."

I just nodded and changed the position of the glasses.

"There you go. That's it," she said happily, patting my butt like a pony that had done something right.

Then she went back into the living room with her provocative gait. I stared at her, my mind full of heated images of how she might look like naked. Immediately my cock stiffened in my pants. I quickly readjusted it and thought about quickly rubbing one out in the toilet. But I decided against it. I didn't want any of the other guests to wait outside the door until I was finished. I'd also rather spend a little more time in her presence at that moment. So, I followed her and hoped that the bulge in my jeans wasn't too obvious.

Meanwhile, the smokers of the little party had retreated to the spacious attic balcony to indulge their vices. Michelle stood leaning against the parapet and blew the smoke of her cigarette into the warm night. I stood next to her, trying desperately to think of something entertaining or at least witty to say.

But I couldn't think of anything, save maybe: Do you know by how many years smoking statistically shortens your life? I didn't say that, of course. She smiled at me and my silence didn't seem to bother her.

"Don't you think it's a beautiful evening?"

"Absolutely," I confirmed. "It's really very warm for this time of day."

"Unfortunately, I have to go after the cigarette. I have to get up early tomorrow."

"May I take you home?" I asked, and was amazed my courage. I never knew myself to daring. But she was definitely worth overcoming my shyness.

"No, Daniel, you've been drinking. I'll get a taxi."

That almost sounded a little reproachful. I guess that's where the nursery teacher in her came out. That's what Bastian told me she did for a living. I lowered my gaze, feeling a little rejected.

"But you may give me your number. Maybe I'll get back to you."

I immediately perked up. The prospect of her calling me made my heart beat a little faster. It didn't matter that she seemed to assume this was what I wanted. On the contrary, her assertive way of

treating me was exciting. I gave her my number and she said goodbye to Bastian with little kisses on both cheeks. They both looked at me, smiling and I felt caught, like a little boy. She waved at me again and disappeared. Shortly after, I also left the party and Bastian said with a wink:

"Go easy on her in your dreams."

At home, I masturbated thinking about Michelle. Then I fell asleep, my head full of rather indecent fantasies.

### **The Dinner**

She let me stew for a whole week before she called. Of course, she'd been with me in my fantasies the whole time. What hadn't I thought of doing to her, with my hand rubbing up and down my cock. No, that wasn't quite it. Actually, she had done a lot of things to me in my head.

*Hello, Daniel, remember me?*

"Of course, of course I do. Hello, Michelle. Nice to hear from you."

*If you want, you can take me out to dinner, Daniel.*

"Of course, I do. Gladly. Where do you want to meet and when?"

She gave me the name of a trendy Italian restaurant in the center of the city. It was known for his exclusive diners and his exorbitant prizes. Normally, regular mortals had a hard time securing a table, but Michelle said she was acquainted with the owner. So she set date and all I could do was accept her proposal. But I never would have thought of doing anything else. After I hung up, I lay down in my bed and masturbated extensively while thinking of her. Fortunately, it was Sunday and I had time to indulge in my dirty fantasies. My mother was at one of her annual trips to a spa resort in Merano, freeing me of the otherwise obligatory Sunday coffee with her. All in all, I got off three times that day, and each time my fantasies became harder and more unrealistic.

Finally, Wednesday arrived. After work, I rushed home to get dressed for the occasion. But I only had one suit, which I tended to wear to any official occasion. This could only happen to a man; not at all thinking about his outfit until three hours before the date, I scolded myself. In the end I decided on the suit's black jacket, combining it with a blue shirt and a relatively new pair of jeans. When I gave myself a last look in the mirror, I couldn't help but feel just a little disappointed. I didn't mind my figure or my face, which could be described as quite appealing, but the outfit simply lacked the pizzazz I had been hoping for. I reckoned a little more aftershave than usual might help to make up for the lack of interesting clothes. Then it was time to leave. There was no way I was going to be late.

I stopped my car in front of the modern apartment building. I was a little bit surprised, wondering how a nursery school teacher could afford such a beautiful home in the city. I got out of the car and rang the bell. When nothing happened for a few seconds, I wondered if I got the time wrong. But there was no doubt about it. So, I rang a second time.

"It's alright, Daniel. I'll be right there."

Was there a small sense of annoyance at my impatience in her voice, sounding from the speaker at the door? I looked at the camera and made a soothing gesture.

After an endless ten minutes, she appeared smiling in the doorway. But it was worth the wait. She wore a colorful summer dress that hugged her body perfectly.

The plunging neckline revealed the swell of her delicious breasts. She had tamed her blond curls in a silver hoop. Black high heels gave her gait a strong erotic touch. She waved and when I held the passenger door open, she embraced me and gave me a sensual kiss on the mouth. I froze in surprise, and before I could try to return the kiss, she pulled away from me laughing. I handed her the seatbelt and took the opportunity to look down at her cleavage. My cock twitched in excitement. Noticing where my gaze had lingered, she gave me a knowing smile. Almost a little dizzy with arousal, I walked around the car and got behind the wheel. During the trip, we talked about Bastian and his party. Her hand kept straying to my thigh and I had trouble concentrating on traffic. Don't screw it up, I admonished myself several times. You'll never get a chance like this again.

There was no parking in front of the restaurant and so Michelle said:

"You drop me off here and find somewhere to park the car."

She was being assertive again in that way I found so fascinating. She treats you like a flunky, my ego complained without being asked. I thought of the kiss and of her hand on my thigh and both overruled my ego's objections. I found a place at the next underground car park and rushed back to the restaurant. A little out of breath, I entered the venue. The arrogant-looking usher regarded me with a disparaging look.

"Do you have a reservation?"

He almost sounded like he doubted this would be the case and resentment rose in me. Who did this guy think he was? But then I saw Michelle sitting on a bar stool at the counter. She was surrounded by a couple of men, apparently competing for her attention. The gay restaurant owner joked with her. Her dress showed a lot of thigh.

"Ah Daniel, there you are at last. Come here."

She lifted her champagne glass. The usher's jaw dropped and I pushed past him. Michelle introduced me as a friend, and I'm sure I grew by a few centimeters at that moment. The owner personally led us to a nice table on the slightly elevated deck in the back area. From here, we had a good view of the city's celebrities or those who wanted to be. Leone, the owner, left without taking an order.

"I've already ordered everything," Michelle explained.

That was all right with me. After all, it meant I didn't have to reveal my ignorance of high Italian cuisine and fine wines. I was just hoping that she hadn't ordered anything that I wouldn't know how to handle. A handsome young man in tight black pants and a white shirt brought us a carafe with water and two glasses.

"Leone's current favorite," Michelle said as the waiter moved away.

I looked at her questioningly.

"His boy toy," she explained, and I got a sense that she was annoyed at my obtuseness.

"They say Leone likes it pretty rough and has a lot of wear and tear. It seems like everybody who works here has to open up for him."

As little as I was interested in Leone's sexual preferences, I liked how easily she spoke of these things. The boy returned and brought a delicious starter. I didn't know what I was eating, but it tasted amazing. The same was true for the main course. But when I wanted to pour myself a glass from the red wine on the table, Michelle raised her hand.

"You still have to drive."

Respectfully, I set the bottle down.

She smiled with satisfaction at my obedience and took a sip of wine.

"It's really good. Leone knows how to treat his special guests."

I took a sip of water and comforted myself with a glance at her cleavage. She noticed my look and grinned.

"You like my boobs, don't you?"

I almost choked on a bite of food, feeling caught. But why deny the obvious, especially as she was the one who mentioned it?

"Yes, I do," I replied honestly.

She adjusted her cleavage and laughed.

"You're not the only one, Daniel. But who knows, maybe you'll get a look at them today. We'll see."

I didn't dare to ask for the conditions this opportunity hinged upon, but a mere chance to see her breasts was turning me on. She encouraged this when she put her hand back on my thigh. We were at an angle towards each other, and this whole time I had been feeling her knee pressing against my leg.

"Would you like to look at my tits, Daniel?"

I just nodded, because there was this dry itch in my throat that made it feel impossible to voice an answer.

Michelle let her hand wander bluntly into my crotch. Her fingers examined the bulge in my pants, which caused my little friend to jump to attention.

"Somebody's is really excited about that," she said loudly, laughing.

I was fascinated by how casually and naturally she dealt with sex. In my masturbatory fantasies, I always dreamed of such women, but the reality had always been quite different. In the presence of self-confident and attractive women, I became nervous and often started to sweat. It was different with Michelle. She somehow managed to make my shyness and insecurity dissipate so easily. I didn't know at

the time that she had already and inescapably spun me into her web of desire and promise. For the time being, I thought I was just enjoying her presence and erotic charisma.

After the meal, she withdrew to the toilet. Not without telling me to get the car. I paid the sinfully high bill with my credit card and hurried to the underground car park. After all, I didn't want to keep her waiting and I was also hoping that she would make good on her promises. She was saying goodbye to Leone with a kiss on the cheek in front of the restaurant when I stopped at the sidewalk. A hint of jealousy pricked my heart. But then I reminded myself that he wasn't into women and jumped out of the car to open the door for her. She left me standing there for quite a while, though, laughing and joking with Leone. Finally, she sat down in the passenger seat. I started the engine and looked her with a hopeful, questioning glance.

"We're going to your place. I want to see how you live."

My heart was leaping for joy, but then I thought about the condition of my apartment. Fortunately, my cleaning lady had been in on Monday, and since she was a very careful and thorough cleaner, I hoped that everything was still fine.

*Would you like to look at my tits, Daniel?*

I kept hearing her saying it in my head, breezily as if it was the most natural thing. I parked the car in front of my small house, situated in a quiet residential area, and led Michelle out of the car. I opened the door for her. She entered the living room and looked around curiously.

"Your furniture is a bit old-fashioned, but we can change that," she commented.

I looked around and agreed with her. My furniture was not particularly modern, but that had never bothered me before.

"I inherited the house from an aunt. Some of the furniture was hers," I apologized.

I realized that I justified myself for something that was none of her business. But my desire to please her controlled me completely. She opened the patio door and looked at the garden.

"But it's beautiful here."

Michelle took a seat in my favorite leather armchair and lit a cigarette. Nobody had ever smoked in this house, as far as I could remember. I looked at her with a hint of amazement. Sensually, she blew the smoke into the room. It took me a while to realize that she needed an ashtray. I quickly brought her a small bowl. She smiled at me and pointed to the patio door.

"Stand there and take off your clothes," she said lightly, as if she had asked for nothing more than a glass of water.

"What do you mean? I'm supposed to what?"

"Daniel, let's not be unnecessarily complicated. You want to see my tits, and I want to see your cock. What's your problem? Is it the order you object to?"

Her logic was sound. But all I really heard was that she would show me her tits if I obeyed. So I started undressing. She was watching me attentively. I got out of my clothes awkwardly. When I stood in front

of her in socks and black boxer shorts, which I had bought especially for our meeting, I hesitated. She raised her eyebrows and I realized that I couldn't back down now. That would have been even more ridiculous than presenting myself to her naked. So I pushed down the shorts and when I straightened up again, I held them in front of my genitals, unsure and rather embarrassed. Michelle made a gruff movement of her hand and I obeyed, dropping my hand aside. She looked at my cock smiling. I felt the blood rise to my face; I was probably bright red by then. Her gaze made me feel increasingly insecure. I didn't know if my penis had the average size, but I think most men would have been embarrassed in this a situation. Neither of us spoke. She smoked calmly, then squeezed out the cigarette butt. She leaned back and crossed her legs. I suddenly felt reminded of that famous scene in "Basic Instinct", because for a fraction of a second I could see that she wasn't wearing any panties. The thought that she had been sitting next to me like this all evening turned me on so much. As embarrassing as the situation was for me, my cock continued to grow, making the situation only more humiliating. I mean, apart from some visits to sex workers, I didn't have much experience in all things erotic. And now the most erotic woman I'd ever met was inspecting me at me without a hint of embarrassment on her part. Examined me like a commodity.

"You're a little piglet, Daniel," she said laughingly.

Well, at least she didn't seem to be angry at me for the way my body reacted to her. I'm sure she had seen a number of erections before mine. Crooking her index finger, she gestured me closer. My cock swaying with each step, I approached her. I was still holding those stupid boxer shorts. I hadn't even thought of refusing. Obediently, I stood naked in front of her and waited for further instructions.

"Make it go really hard."

I swallowed.

"Excuse me? You want me to... what?"

"You heard me, Daniel. Or are you seriously saying you don't know how to rub one out? You of all people!", she added laughingly.

Of course, she knew that I regularly pleased myself. A man my age without a partner – it didn't take much imagination. Nevertheless, the realization that she knew about it was of quite a concern to me.

"Michelle, please! I am embarrassed," I said, trying to deny her request.

"Oh, Daniel, you've been such a good boy until now. You shouldn't be embarrassed. I've seen a lot of erect cocks. Now do it! I want to see how big it gets."

I almost asked why she wanted to know, but at the last minute I held back. I put my hand around my half erect shaft and closed my eyes with shame. Slowly, I started to jerk off. Since I am not circumcised, playing with my foreskin excited me quickly. I almost forgot that I was masturbating under supervision, so to speak.

"Don't cum!" I heard her stern voice, bringing me back to reality.

I flinched and stared at her. I had never heard her speak so sharply before. **Tatsächlich hätte ich mich fast vergessen (I almost came then and there?).**

"Put your hands behind your back," she said, "and put those silly underpants away."

I threw the boxer shorts aside and crossed my hands in the back of my neck. Like a fist the gut, it hit me just how humiliating the situation was. She sat clothed and relaxed in the armchair and I stood naked and with my cock trembling with excitement in front of her. But ashamed as I was, it was also one of my deepest fantasies coming to life. Michelle moved closer and touched my testicles. Then she ran her fingertips over my shaft. I took a deep breath. Her tender fingers pushed my arousal almost to the point of pain. A broad smile showed how much she liked making me so horny. Had I known at the time how much she enjoyed seeing me in misery, maybe I would have pulled the rip cord then and there. But at the time, she was rather opaque about her sadistic tendencies.

Slowly, she pushed her dress down over her shoulders revealing her breasts. Of course, she wore no bra and so her firm breasts bobbed freely out of the restricting fabric. I greedily watched them move. She grabbed her purse and said:

"I think I have the right size with me."

Then she pulled out a condom and tore the package with her teeth.

"We don't want you to make a mess, do we?"

I was struck silent. Somehow, she managed to push the rubber over my erect cock without me ejaculating. It wouldn't have been the first time I'd come early, but she looked like she had some practice at this. Then she advanced to the edge of the chair and said:

"Because you've been such a good boy, you'll get your reward."

She took my erection between her wonderfully soft breasts and immediately I began to move my hips. Tenderly, she pressed her breasts around my cock, and then put her hands on my ass. I had never come this fast before. Groaning I unloaded myself into the rubber. Michelle giggled.

"Well, that was quick. Somebody must have needed it bad," she said amusedly.

She pulled away from me and pushed me back with her hands. Then readjusted her dress until she looked perfectly presentable again, and rose from her seat.

"Take care, Daniel," she said and patted my cheek.

She called a taxi on her cell and went to the front door. I followed her with the sticky condom still on my shriveled dick. At least I managed to lower my hands from my neck.

"Michelle, will I see you again?"

She turned around, looking amused.

"Sure, Daniel," she called over. "But don't jerk off until then, understand?"

"Yes, Michelle, I mean... no, Michelle."

But she was no longer interested in my assertions. The door closed behind her and I stared at it for a long time. Then, against my habit, I allowed myself a shot of liquor.