



ROLE REVERSAL

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CRYMSYN HART

Role Reversal

By

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“Do you know what you want?” her voice purred like velvet in the back of her throat.

He swallowed hungrily, scared and intrigued as he kneeled before her. The question was loaded, anything that he wanted was moot as he was her bitch. His eyes met her unfeeling ones. His body yearned for her, his fingers enflaming the secret parts of her. She was his Mistress, the one only he answered to. Had been that way for years now. She allowed him access to her bodily temple, dangled the keys above him only when she craved his touch.

Lithe and taunt muscles sculpted her body. Her skin shown in the candlelight like cooled chocolate mocha. Her eyes were dark as night and kept her secrets. Full lips hid two deadly points that her tongue rested on, feeling the length of fangs that he had never been allowed to feel. Maybe tonight would be the night she would grace him with the privilege of being a feeder, instead of just using him to fuck with. He cast his eyes to the floor as his hands stayed tied behind him, desiring to run over that smooth skin, to feel the weight of her pendulous breasts, to play with the pert, dark nipples between his teeth, to roll them between this thumb and forefinger pinching and kneading them until she cried out and forced him to stop. Oh yeah, his desire to be fucked was almost as bad as it was to be a feeder.

He heard that one bite could make a man weep — it was ten times the rush of orgasm. A hard on already pressed against his thigh. He stared down at nothing more than her bare toes, fuck me red painted on the nails. He wanted to bend down and worship those toes, kiss her feet, work up her legs to her moist center and unwrap her with his tongue, taste her juices on the back of his throat.

“Have you made up your mind yet? Make your choice, fuck me or feed me? Either one, you’re trying my patience, Mathew. Have you ever wondered why I don’t plunge my fangs into your depths?”

“No, Mistress, I would never presume.” He was surprised that she even thought of him as something that had a mind and not just a warm body to fuck. He tore his gaze from the

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carpet grains and looked up at her face. Studying the line of her cheek, the way her chin had a slight dimple in the cleft, and how her mouth turned down at the sides as if she never knew how to smile. Her nose was straight, as if cut from a profile and her hair braided with charms woven in at turns that chimed when she moved her head.

“Ahh yes, of course, taught to respect the Mistress. Don’t answer her, keep your mind blank no matter what. But you, Matthew, have not kept your mind blank. Like others you’ve fantasized about me. About the whole fucking lifestyle, and you’ve formed an attachment to me even though you were taught not to. But besides that. I like you. I haven’t liked a servant for years.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“Stop thinking about fucking me and listen.”

He met her eyes and his face filled with blood as his cheeks flamed. His dick was still hard, he still wanted to throw her down on the bed and make her him, feel her teeth slide into him as he slid into her, fucking and sucking, making it last all night. Her hand ran down his stubble studded cheek, her nails scraping like razor burn. His cheek turned into her palm and he took in the musky scent of her skin.

“If I fuck the food, I kill the food. You I’ve fucked, and I haven’t nicked yet. Doesn’t that tell you something?”

“Why do you like me, Mistress?” he whispered. He moved his cheek along the curve of her leg and felt the warmth of her flesh. Every time he assumed it would be cold, dead, because of the creature she was, but it always scalded him. Her system burned hotter than a human’s and warmer still when she was impassioned by something. She would need blood soon. He had the privilege of watching her feed, of her striking snake quick to those brought to her. She was deadly, a queen cobra, and never spilled a drop. Her mouth was stained berry red, letting the dead weight of dinner drop to the floor when she was done. The expression on

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their faces was always of ecstasy— like staring up at heaven opening up. His tongue moved over her flesh, but hers had no taste no salt to it.

She knelt down, grabbed his chin, and forced her gaze on him. Her lips smashed against his and her tongue probed his mouth, he tried to return her frenzied kiss, but she pulled away before the shock of her action settled in. “I like you. You’re sweet. You’ve lived through two others before me. You’ve been here for years, raised in this harem of ours, but you have a mind of your own. You just keep it hidden. And for a while you reminded me of someone I knew, long ago. But...” Her voice trailed off as he leaned in and kissed the side of her neck, nipping at her ear, running his tongue over her jugular, taking the skin in between his teeth, biting only enough to leave impressions. She moaned against him.

“Untie me, Mistress.”

There was hesitation before she reached behind him and undid his bonds. Once he was free his hands enclosed her breasts, measuring the weight of them. His mouth nuzzled the space in between as his hands moved to grip the globes of her ass. He grabbed her hard— something he never dared before, and forced her to cry out. His eyes met hers, and there was nothing more than acceptance in them. Yes, tonight she was all his. He wasn’t the slave any longer.

He buried his face in her soft curls, using his hands to separate her nether region from behind. The wetness caressed his face and the sweet tang of her erupted on his tongue. Two fingers slid inside of her, scalding him. His tongue found her node and he flicked over it, nibbling it like chocolate. Hands pressed against the back of his head as her hips bucked against him. His free hand gripped her harder, and she cried out from the pain. He loved the sounds coming from her. She was his puppet now; she was getting fucked.

His dick was hard against him, straining to be used. The moans escaping her lips were more than he could take, He moved from her clit and stood up, kissing her, letting her taste what he had tasted. Against the flesh of her lips he felt hard fangs underneath. Matthew picked up his conquest and sat her on the edge of the bed, leaving her spread eagle. He spied the

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restraints and with a devious look, took her hands and tied them roughly, attaching them to a hook on a side of the bed frame. He met her eyes and they flickered to the floor. He smiled.

He stood before her erect, waiting to be fucked. He took her head and forced his length into her mouth, deeper than he should have, but she wasn't going to die from his dick suffocating her. Oh no, she was already dead. Moist lips enclosed him, a tongue working his shaft, the friction of her teeth making him move into her more, so he could experience the pain of them scraping along his smooth skin. The vacuum of her mouth almost made him lose it just then, watching her run the length of him, buried to up to his balls. But after a few more tantalizing strokes of her tongue, he pulled out and pushed her down on the bed.

There was nothing more than excitement on her face. Her body glistened with a slight sheen of sweat. Her tits separated perfectly. She was slick and ready for him, her cunt wet and waiting. One knee on the bed, he found her opening and moved into her. Slowly at first, then harder. At the first stroke she enclosed him in her warmth, burning his tender flesh. Her muscles were tight and met him hard. She squirmed underneath him, her breath coming in small pants. His hands gripped her tits as he plunged into her, moving harder, slamming her, pressing her tits to bruise her. Her face was beautiful, fangs bared, eyes only slits, tears leaking from the sides. Oh yeah, she was his.

He was coming, hard. He bucked into her, releasing everything and landed on top of her. He stayed there for a moment, feeling how their bodies fit so well together. Like they were made of one another. God, he wanted her again. Wanted her to fuck and feed from him. Why not die with her fangs buried in his throat? Finally, he moved away from her and without saying anything, untied her hands. She sat on the bed. This was the part where he was supposed to be on his knees, but he kept staring at her. Waiting.

“Hmm...you never showed me that before. Now do you understand why I like you?” she said as she caressed his still hard dick. Under her touch he was stirring again. She walked around him, her nails caressing his chest, taking a nipple and twisting it as she breathed

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against his throat. “I know your mind, Mathew. Always have, since you were born. I was just waiting for you to grow up. Mature. And you’ve certainly grown.”

Her fangs trailed along his throat teasing him as her free hand took his dick and yanked it, snapping it to attention. The sensation of her fangs made him moan. Yes, this was what he wanted.

“I can give you so much more. Tell me, and I’ll do it. You do want it, don’t you?”

Her teeth slipped into his vein. He lost control of himself from the pleasure that flooded his body. His hips convulsed and he shot cum. He felt her smile against him. And then she began to draw in his life in small sips. With each motion of her sucking, with her moving up his dick, he bucked, out of control and shooting air. The pain of the spasms in his hips was distant and numb.

I thought so, she purred in his mind.

Cold descend on him, but he didn’t care. He knew what he wanted. But as suddenly as it all began, it stopped and he was on the floor staring up at her. She smiled at him, the charms in her hair making a death melody. He was choking, drinking in warmth that spread to all parts of his body. He didn’t know what to do except keep swallowing until the source was taken away. He could not move, do nothing except wait. Darkness descended on him again and he slept.

The next time he awoke, he was cold and warm. He tried to move, but found he was bound, hands and feet all spread open. He scanned his surroundings and found he was in the same room. She was nowhere. Warmth closed on his dick, and he swallowed in a moan. Wetness and pain burned on either side of his legs, more at his wrists, and then the pleasure hit him, more powerful than he could fathom. He arched his back, felt something rip from his gums and tasted blood as his own teeth cut his lips. He moaned as he writhed in his restraints. It was too much for his mind to comprehend.

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“Husb. It only gets better. Besides you said you wanted this. You wanted to be a feeder. Well, now you will be — forever and ever. Just imagine bite after bite, fucking until you think you’re going to die from the pain and beauty of it all. Being refilled and drained all the time. Besides, this way you’ll remember who made you, who gave you this passion. Now be a good boy and let us eat. We’re starving.”

He didn’t know what to do, couldn’t find his voice as his hips vibrated and his limbs strained in the restraints, but every time he was bitten, colors swam in his eyes. God, to be fucked to death and beyond. That was what he wanted. Another mouth and more pleasure.

“Fuck me and suck me.” That was what he yearned and like she promised, she had known his last desire.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Crymsyn Hart is a bestselling author of Erotic Romance. Her worlds are filled with luscious vampires, gorgeous gods, quirky witches, and everything else that goes bump in the night. Hell, there is even a delicious cheesecake god floating around, but if I were you I wouldn't eat his brownie cheesecake.

Crymsyn worked as a psychic for many years in Boston while attending Emerson College. She graduated with a BFA in Writing, Literature, & Publishing. When she gets bored, she sneaks away to local cemeteries and coffee shops to find peace and quiet. Granted, graveyards might be a great place for the dead, but she still has to listen to their chattering. It can get annoying when all you want to do is write, but she can tell you quite a ghost story. Crymsyn shares her life with a small zoo, two playful puppies and her hubby Mark. If you come after dark, you're more than likely to find her snuggled up with a gory horror movie, or a bloody vampire movie.

Crymsyn has a collection of Living Dead Dolls and five bookshelves overflowing with books. Of course there's always room for more.

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